

The "Tarocchi" of Charles Stein



bialy:

The asiderial above is one configuration of Dr. Stein's translation of the 'traditional' Tarot Trump that Aleister Crowley called "Art" in his translation of the cards. Stein calls his deck a "Tarocchi", for reasons that can be deduced from the introductory essay to these poems that is partly reproduced below, and is hyperlinked in full [here](#).

"Under the *New Dispensation*, the thought one engages engages the world—not merely "produces" it or "reflects" it—for the time and under the "terms of engagement." To think is to think what is so. And yet this autonomy, this absolute arrogance and assertion, affords mastery neither over another's engagements nor over one's own other times and terms of thought. Thus all things once thought may be thought once more, under such times and terms as one engages to entertain them.

Entertainment is cosmogony.

My entertainment of the Tarot surely comes under the *New Dispensation*. And the Tarot, even as entertainment, is nothing if not cosmogonical. Each card inaugurates a world. As to the historical inauguration of the Tarot itself—do not these pseudo-Egyptian cartouches, said to have been transmitted to the future that they might convey the Wisdom of the Old Ones, only evince the commonplace that fabulous assertions are founded in fables?

As I place a card before me or read its poem, or reflect upon some fragment of its traditionary symbology, the configurative attitude of the image and the text performs its ontic energy. Thought forms image into image of thought. Together they generate the apparency

appropriate to a moment's engagement.

The thing is a matter of an ever-already perfected yet ever-deepening simplicity. There is an inexhaustible capacity to be born. This is the attitude from which these commentaries, and indeed, the core poems were and are being composed. Should I, then, like Charles Olson in his later Maximus utterances, attach my thoughts to location, clock, and calendar, since these universal conventions index their occasions, restating the ephemeral over the apparent immortality of textual trace? I have felt that this is a magic I do not require. For it is as much the time of these writings' reception—the time of their being read—that evinces performativity—even more so in fact—than the moment of emergence. They exist multipliciously, concretely, in the sequelae of their dispersion."

The Tarocchi

Trumps
Birds
Rivers
Stones
Trees

7.1.2005 4:18pm

([link](#))
CStein ([mail](#)):

Tarot and Counter-Tarot: A Thinking Person's Prescription for Happenstance, Cartomancy, and The Configurative Sublime
Parmenides and The Fool
The Hermit

CS

7.22.2005 3:35am

([link](#))
bially:

Tarot of the Anonymous Unconscious

El Tarot del Inconsciente Anónimo of ***Leopoldo María Panero*** was published in 1997 with visual realizations by Jabier Herrero.

El Mago (The Magus)

(other cards may be forthcoming)

8.6.2005 10:58pm

([link](#))
CStein ([mail](#)):

the eye without a body has all space for a home and unblinking
does but spy on time

the checkered floor of the world is a quiet stand in, surely, for
transfinitely many orthogonal dimensions in which all manifest
whatnots nest

wherein there is no wanderlust but that all somatism is manikin
somatism told twice herein the cutout animality on the table of the
work, the glass of blood the knife of thought

and ah the proof of the orthogonal are the cube of eyes

and the extinguished lamp

CS

8.8.2005 1:49am

[\(link\)](#)

CStein ([mail](#)):

Introduction to the Devil card:

Tod Waz, mav nippi pav loba Tore. Tore bee agób ékfun azn. Tóe foe
men tess, síbiti con bey gól bel, wobi obálas sóbio bel wia wóbio bel
wia, sóbio báliac, aclio mélios ólios séliac, eclásmic clasm tas tess
teláda.

Too tah, min poth náfas tásstanagót, cádida cóthenstet tésh t'gáldat,
tética káldan tess tot t'káldot t'gándey, dey gogidál, dey gogitoótal
tess ten t'góss toss. Gíli gah tala gán dás khabám b' bíli gat non got
stikhál. Tod stadáts steGek, steGék t'gatz t'gah tok, tal ton stigáh.
Kákagata d'gínk stéka ktom bom fons ston toe wáh. Woe bah. Tess.
La donn gon ston gon mess ston d'g'bón gonn, heng ston f'tetiteh
stét keria tá lá skót kot kéti kanáka. Cho body bidóby kobi kiwót
skedikawáoo. Chítikit tót thon gut skúdikit kón gun, skít dídikut hon
guss, chémika kóg wa. KAool dmigóg ga gox the migél gale. Gel bel
bíligut skimigáh gógimóng. Mahn Mahn Sahn, Bahn, Bahn Gahn
Stahn, Dahn Mahn Fahn Gahn, un Stahn Dahn, Mahn Stahn di dáhda.

8.8.2005 7:32am

CStein ([mail](#)):

The Devil and Dimension (a supplement to the card):

In certain esoteric traditions, the Devil is The Astral Light: the

medium of the flux of disembodied apparency extending from the volatile end of perceptual consciousness to the tenuous but substantial bottom of purely mental being. But if we consider that both materiality itself and the nominal and formal side of mental construction are all but species of apparency, the Devil configures as the agent, vehicle, and instrument of all that comes to seem to be. He is the curious side of Being that allows the appearances of being to arise. A way this is accomplished is through the division of Being into an infinitely nested hierarchy of dimensions, and that the knife that carves these divisions is time itself.

Consider what is now present—that is—the present presence of the things that appear as if they were fully the beings that they appear to be. The twelve-year-old boy appears to be fully a person who happens just now to be twelve; a new born infant similarly; and in the toddler you already have recognizable features in your photographs, characteristic gestures in home movies or videotapes. This is of course true of the adult, of the aging "senior," of the aged at death's door, and it is the flight of this person that makes the open corpse at the funeral so uncanny, that, according Maurice Blanchot, it threatens to suck all our conventional images of reality into the void.

Each stage or phase of the person appears to be the person. As if there were a being that is the person that is what appears in stages. This no doubt has prompted the doctrine of the soul or the spirit in all peoples in all ages. But where the ghost appears in dreams or apparitions, the problem of the relation between the being and its apparency simply carries on. You have a transitory presence that bespeaks a being that is not so clearly transitory at all. This is true, though less dramatically so, of ordinary objects. Time passes in the instant, so the blue cup on the coffee table of an instant ago is gone with the instant, and yet there it is, in the moment that now comes on, the very same cup. What is this sameness? How do ordinary entities sustain their identity over an inflexibly passing time? This gave rise in Athens to the doctrine of the forms—the timeless identities in which the transitory cups and other material entities "participate."

The early modernists—physicists, novelists, and painters, philosophers, and speculative occultists—attempted to discover in the notion that time is a fourth dimension a different answer to the above conundrum. Time doesn't really "pass" at all: entities are extended in a fourth dimension: they have what were called "long bodies." The slices of their being that appear moment by moment are incomplete snapshots of their true being, the long body, the whole film or sequence of frames.

I don't think this quite handles the matter, as we shall see. My

arguments against this will appear under the rubric of "radical impermanence" as a note on the Wheel of Fortune. I do agree that the path of time is inflexible; however, nothing whatsoever is on this path. It is altogether vacated of all things. The things that seem to occupy its apparent dimensionality do not so occupy it; or, if it is a path, the things that seem briefly, instantaneously, and in succession, to be on it, are not on it; or if it is a stream, the things that seem to flow for a season on or along it, do not flow at all. The things exist according to an altogether different topology (if we take the idea of hyperdimensionality seriously), enfolded in a hierarchy of dimensions that are not situated in time, but in what would seem to be an infinite series of nested dimensions, one participating in another, one subsumed in another, one subsuming another, ad infinitum.

When the things are thus vacated of time or when time is vacated of things, what is left of time at all? Nothing but an index for the series of positions, postings, or positings for how the occulted positions, postings, positings of moments of limited dimensional existence do appear. We have: now this, and not the others. Now another, and no longer this. Something moves along these differences, different from the differences themselves. And yet, were the differences refolded into the infinite nestings to which they truly belong, (or merely into the next higher dimension) what remains of this motion? We have: now this, but this is no longer quite the singularity it had appeared to be at all: all that now appears to have been in it is a newly constituted figuration in an altogether different circumstance. What previously appeared to be it, now appears at best to have been an aspect of it: indeed its previous being only holds its own so long as the new dimension is held at bay.

Consider a two dimensional surface. (I will skip the familiar reference to Abbott's Flatland.) Let's call it a quasi-surface. It is not yet a surface at all. It is not the outer face of something that has thickness. It has no thickness. Thickness is not even imaginable in respect to it. It is not that it is a very attenuated thickness, or even thickness "zero degree." That "zero degree" already invokes the third dimension. Every point or part of it is what it is in respect of all the other parts and points of it and these alone. Now, find this quasi-surface on a solid figure or object on which it could actually be a surface. Suddenly the identities that formed on the quasi-surface are radically reconfigured. Imagine a circle marked out on the quasi-surface. Each phase of this line now is part of the base of a cylinder extended in the third dimension with its own three dimensional shape and significance. The phases of the line are no longer significant as arcs of the circle so much as parts of the edge of the object that extends into the new dimension. And this is true of each point, part, or region of the quasi-surface which were previously determined in relation to each other in two dimensions, but are now extremities of a figure

extending in depth into the third. All the two-dimensional relations are utterly revised and transfigured by the advent of the new world of the third dimension.

But the number of dimensions themselves are in principle extensible to infinity; therefore, even the newly configured contexts that arise as dimension after dimension transcends and consumes the last are proved to be transitory or illusory or irrelevant compared to their successor configurations. Only the infinite figure of the totality of the dimensions seems to hold.

But if we consider each dimensional figure in its moment, before it is consumed by the transcending successor dimension, we can see that in each case there was a kind of presentiment of the dimension to come. In the third dimension, for instance, we can imagine the successive stages of the existence of a person from cradle to grave as a sequence of moments in time. The higher dimension prefigured itself in the lower precisely as a temporal sequence, appearing one phase at a time. When the entire sequence is present, the temporal quality of the entity is deleted. Time itself appears to have been a fantasm of disjunction and selection: a series of possibilities chosen for awareness moment by moment. Time itself now seems reduced to the mere order of succession. The essential factor of temporality, namely, that at a given moment (that is to say, the content of that moment) the previous moment no longer exists and the subsequent moment does not yet exist—the essential factor of time itself, it seems, has disappeared. For in a four dimensional world, at Time 2, Time 1 and Time 3 exist quite well, precisely as that recovered dimensional depth of what at the lower dimension appeared to exist uniquely at Time 2. The entire temporal appearance depended upon the occultation of the higher dimension. In this sense, time itself turns out precisely to be both agent and evidence of this occultation; ie., that things appear to be transitory is just what time is. Were we to exist in a five-dimensional apparency, time would exist as the occultation of the sixth, and so on to the end of dimensionality.

SO. If the Devil is the agency of apparency in toto, he could be considered to be time itself as the agency that occults the next higher dimension in a nested hierarchy of infinite dimensions. He would be the creator of the barrier, the distinction, that causes properties of things to remain inaccessible "all at once, " where they can nevertheless be apprehended "one after the other." This creates the appearance of the entity itself, however complexly dimensioned or nuanced in apparency, always requiring a further dimension or set of dimensions for its further true being to "unfold." The hierarchy in toto is Being itself, sans the differentiation into a hierarchy of dimensions at all, i.e. sans temporality. But the Devil, of course, is also an Angel, i.e. the Angel of manifestation itself, inverted, now in the sense of

inverting the atemporal, unqualified character of Being into the entire universe of appearance, where everything that appears appears to be.

8.8.2005 7:43am

CStein (*mail*):

The Devil and Inversion (another supplement):

"A man cannot be but he enters upon some folly" Gerrit Lansing

"Deus est Demon Inversus"

The inverse of the Holy Guardian Angel is the Devil.

Mathematical inversion and duality do not constitute "contraries"—mutually exclusive and mortally antagonistic principles. Inversion requires a common principle of identity around which the movement of inverting can circulate. The general statement of this structure is in the mathematical theory of Groups, but a familiar arithmetical example is the relation between the integers and their reciprocals: the fractions. Thus the inverse of 2 is $1/2$; the function is multiplication and unity or the number 1 is the principle of identity around which the inversion circulates: $2 \times 1/2 = 1$; $3 \times 1/3 = 1$ and so forth.

What is the operation and what the principle of identity for the Angels of the Tarot (the angel in the Waite Tarot Lovers or Temperance cards) and their inverted image, the Devil?

Identity would be the Unmanifest, the Uncreate: Parmenidean Being itself; the operation is the processes that generate appearances through diarsis, distinction. The notion would be that every appearance severs a space and distinguishes itself from its complement within that space. Re-union with the complement annihilates the space and restores unmanifest Being.

The Angel and The Devil as complements bespeak the claim of truth and the fact of illusion connatural to each appearance qua appearance that is reified and asserted in severance from the living process of apparition.

The Angel, perhaps, asserts the being of apparition while the Devil derides it. But then the Angel has the last laugh, for she can afford to surrender her very being to Being itself in requiescence, while the Devil mocks to the end and sees only Nothing where Being fails to seem.

8.8.2005 7:54am

CStein ([mail](#)):

Hierophant

Whatever the vicissitudes of Empire (Trump IV) under "imperial" (fore)-closure of reality, the rumor of spiritual possibility through intuitive access to the Ultimate is now sustained in hieratic garb. The intuition of the Hierophant and his secret is what by this point has become of the Fool. Possibility itself is an hieratic secret, the subversive truth that must be held under priestly wrappers lest the authority of the Emperor tremble and the determined universe lose its positivity. Within the Holy of Holies, the Light of 10,000 Suns is locked away—suffered as mere reference supplied by scholastic hermeneutic, allowed to suffuse authority in the form of the numinosity of Sacred Law. We have the lie of Cosmic Order read as Social Order; the authorization and prescription of sacred rite and sacrifice; the proscription of individual access to spiritual and/or ontological originarity; and the enforcement of an ethics of pattern against the creativity of the Possible. All distinctions have already been drawn, actuality is only instance, spirituality the spirit of obedience merely.

And yet, "The Still Small Voice" that speaks against the closure of the quotidian, against the authority of the law and its repressive regime, will not be stilled utterly. The Hierophant, never mind his sacerdotal accoutrements, is but a guise of the Fool in us all.

8.11.2005 3:10am

CStein ([mail](#)):

The Hierophant and the Noise of the World

The Fool has vanished from the public "ken."

The more coherently civilization orders its business (but also the more ineluctably civilizations disintegrate or doggedly stride towards clash and war, or, indeed, conduct themselves in a state of war, attacking or defending, subverting or seducing, demanding allegiance, identifying enemies without or within), the more under occultation is the zone of pure Possibility that is the Fool's ecstasy and eleutheria, until it seems that only chaos come again can recover it, and one must seek silence in the very noise of the world.

The noise of the world.

Early tarot packs gave the fifth triumph to the Pope. Late nineteenth century esoteric orders replaced the Pope with the Hierophant—the High Priest of the Eleusinian Mysteries—though the Pope himself but covers all the high priests of history—whether in Eleusis, Jerusalem,

or Babylon; and these in turn were but the bureaucratic hypostatizations of an intuitive gnosis, transmitted through dream, meditation, or the many forms of instruction, that, prior to the agglutination of the great civilizations, belonged to the initiated individual of the tribe.

The esoteric orders assigned to the Hierophant the function of intuition, mediated figuratively by an inner voice. The Higher Self might whisper in the soul intimations of its unlikely sovereignty. It is the "Still Small Voice" that was "neither the voice of fire nor wind nor earthquake" that spoke to the prophet Elijah in the Book of Kings, the news of which found St. Augustine by bibliomantic aleatory, and that became identified by Kabbalists as a factor of the spiritual entourage circling about the Divine Presence. The stillness required to hear it bespeaks a certain resistance to spiritual and ontological domination by the quotidian, which is itself but the ontic outpost of ontological empire: there is something other than the law of the world to attend to. The Fool has vanished from the scene, but his trace may take the form of an unworldly imprecation: Be still and listen.

As a function, intuition is a refinement of the art of listening—the sensory modality that is both the soul of receptivity and the organ of a certain intimacy with time, for you do not listen to that which is not now. Disciplined listening hears the continuity that underlies the very shapes of time: melodies, rhythms, susurrations, slurs, storms, gaps, abruptions.

The auditive receptivity of intuition justifies Rachel Pollack's reattribution of the Hierophant to Tradition. Tradition is the function of receptivity—the availability of what has been for further nurture, further nature; not the fixed forms of custom as such, but the immediacy of being in the (un)broken continuity of its present.

To listen it is necessary to cease imposing upon reality that which one holds to be so, and to open to what is there to be heard.

Body workers of some schools refer to the extraordinary sensitivity of their palpatory skills as a form of listening. They listen to their clients' energies, to subtle changes in muscle tonus, to the passage of piezoelectric currents through the fascia, to tensions and distensions of vascular tissue, to the spontaneous movements of tissue, its rhythms and patterns of activity and response, even to the energetics of subcellular phenomena. They can hear with their fingers the subtle output of a being's most recondite intentions and attentions, and use what they hear there to offer assessments, make adjustments, and, more than this, when working with an appropriate client, provide initiatory instruction to the tissues themselves, effecting an opening to the presence of awareness and to spiritual renewal. Awareness

calls to awareness, awakes to awakening; their listening instructs our listening. By listening to a subtle listener's listening, we learn to listen to that which we had no idea was there to be heard.

Silence is no doubt a virtue for all of us submerged in the noise of the world, but in its own milieu, silence roars with susurrations unheard here. Indeed, the contemplative seeks silence, but when he finds it in his desert haunt or mountain hermitage (or weekend retreat), he may well be confronted with the engines and reverberations not of the world but of the noise within. Silence must be sought more deeply than in the mere elimination of external or even internal, material stimulations. When the body dies, then the roar of nervous impulse, rushing blood, stretch of tendon, creek of bone, obsession of thought will cease, no doubt, but only, as the Buddhists say, to shock the dead with the discovery that the principle of sentience itself was not of the body at all. The roar of sensation goes on, no longer damped by the configurations provided for it by the sensory forms and faculties of the body it inhabited.

Sentience then would be the dimension of pure intensity, and enlightenment the dimension of a certain harmony. The Still Small Voice would be the capacity to negotiate the noise, not only of this configured world, but of the modality of samsara entire.

Being itself does not appear. But if one listens to its appearances, to the phenomena that concretely affect one in one's ken; if one listens to all that comes to appearance, then Being itself would be the dimension of silence, the auditory space containing, pervading, affording all that can be heard. Being is silence when the world is what you receive by hearing it, the inner "word" bespoken through phenomena, and the Still Small Voice, the attestation of Being, inaudible in itself, but speaking through all appearance.

Harmony is then not the imposition of arithmetic or geometric proportion upon the auditive or the privileging of certain "intervals" and their simultaneous or successive iteration through elimination of untoward dissonances—but that which issues within the auditive when an ear for silence accompanies attention to the noise of the world. The world configures itself ever anew under an open regime grounded in silence.

8.11.2005 3:18am

bially:

Visual demonstrations of the identity principles elaborated by Dr. Stein, using the Tarot of Aleister Crowley as realized by Frieda Harris.

0=2

The Emperor & The Fool (0=4?)

The Hierophant & The Fool
The Fool & The Lovers

8.12.2005 5:45pm

bially:

Empire as Devil, "The Westward Migration of the Zero", and a comment by a famous Fool

Transforming a photograph of the *The Emperor* into *The Devil* was a simple process involving partial rotation and RGB inversion. In medieval Europe, the 'figura' Zero (*as-sifr* of the Arabs, later latinized to cipher) was often called the devil, hence the inclusion of the comment by a figure of the fellow some think prepared the King James bible for press.

8.13.2005 4:09pm

CStein ([mail](#)):

The Emperor: first entry

An Empire is a world. But of course no empire knows itself as one world among others: that is what distinguishes an empire from a kingdom or a nation. An empire is THE world. But in a world that knows itself in its emergent character, that asks of itself ontological questions, that guards with some vigilance the openness of its own inquiry into the matter of Being and the matter of ITS being—the figure of empire and its emperor appear under a certain derisory regard.

It was therefore with a startle that the world of radical thought, just before the recent triumph of American imperial pretensions, received Negri/Hardt's pronouncements (in "Empire") regarding the end of the Nation State and the re-arousal of the Figure of Empire characterizing the regime now organizing global economy and culture—empire without emperor, centerless and unbounded—a total machine surrounding all possible enworldedness. It has not so far turned out that way. Business as usual: the conceit of Kingdoms with ambitions of Empire. What has been revealed under the Bush regime is not an American Empire but the sorry truth that America was a Kingdom all along.

8.14.2005 3:44am

CStein ([mail](#)):

The Emperor

With the Emperor, the Fool has completed a cycle of transformations, because the Emperor is no Fool. Or in this sequence of telling, it would seem so. The possibilities are laid out before him, and when he makes a distinction, it is because a determinate difference appears to

be in his world. His acts are conducted in a time that he commands. What he gains in definition, we lose in possibility. For possibility here sees nothing but the determination of further determinacy. His distinctions only are distinct from other distinctions. He only acts upon and among real things. The quality of appearance is engulfed by reality, to which appearance here is only superficiality or construct or deficiency. That is, something is either appearance or reality. The one is not a qualification of the other.

The Emperor rules closure without access to that which exceeds it or the open universe in which closure is an operation. In the Calculus Reservatus, the Emperor may be construed by the Closed Brackets in various formations. It is as if there were no way to breathe, for even the passage out of the brackets leads to a field of more closed brackets, and the field itself covers the horizon.

Of course we rarely see such total closure, though situations arise in human life and human culture that no doubt are experienced this way: cul de sacs of poverty, of family, of tribe, of war or corporate culture, of totalitarian regimes, or indeed, in any regime whatsoever. Usually, there are gaps in these situations, so that the infinite field of closed brackets is a kind of configurative force, not an absolute objectivity. But The Emperor is just the tendency to lose the sense of the configurative. All is figure or chaos, fact or delusion. Reality is an iron fist. Its objectivity is that species of ontology that opposes the subjective in such nasty propositions as "consciousness is merely epiphenomenal," "qualities are reducible to [as opposed to configurable as] quantities." The magical dimension of the performative is social construction merely. Creativity is scrutinized for instrumentality, acknowledged only to be put to use; calculation and rigid purpose rule. The Emperor Stays the Course. It is the Heideggerian Gestell without hope of "turning," no opening to new ontological vistas, the covering of the entire ontic field with an ever-finer representational grid. Only its follies, its failures, its rank stupidities, are cause for hope. But that turns out to be hope for catastrophe, ecological disaster or the decimation of economies as precondition for renewal; only revolutionary sullenness and rage will countenance this...

Or more interestingly, quiet abiding.

8.14.2005 3:49am

CStein ([mail](#)):

Emperor 3

In Hegel, the cosmos is Empire and the Fool forgot, driven to the despair of Lear's Fool, if Lear were an Emperor and not a petty King. Listen to Lear's poor Fool and know how dark things are beneath the

imperial regime:

"That truth's a dog must to kennel, I had almost forgot."

Hegel, in this respect, is a darkest moment or a moment of darkness on the wheel or wrack of Western philosophy. In Descartes, the Light is side-lined; in Kant, rendered invisible; in Hegel, quite put out, since the Creator—the Emperor—is himself a result of his own creation. (The intransitivity here is not an instantiation of Hilaritas, Oh no, but solemnity soured to dogged grimness. Pfui.)

The being of the Emperor, whether in the modality of cosmos, planet, or selfhood, says: "I am father Zeus. I will command."

Surely the most beautiful moments in both Judaic and Christian time were the refusal, on the part of the Jews, to place the image of the Emperor in the Temple and, on the part of the Goyim, a general contempt for the Emperor's Numen. But even at these moments, neither knew the Fool.* Christianity will degenerate into Empire as soon as it finds the opportunity, and Judaism play every Tyrant's sycophant or grovel beneath his heel until today, in the travesty of a Promised Land, it too rules.

I cannot credit the occultist's attribution of the Emperor to the Kabbalistic Macroprosopus. The god that is the Emperor, like that Partzuf, hides one side of his face so that the higher luminosities are occulted by him. My pen stops when I try to praise the Emperor—a limitation of my politics for which I will pay with some fatality, no doubt, but I cannot do it.

*Though Rabbi Akiba, who is said to have danced on the ruin of the Second Temple, surely did. In fact, in the oft-repeated parable of the four sages admitted alive into Pardes (the ultimate garden of Being)—one went mad, one lost his faith, one was consumed utterly—only Akiba returned, his soul intact. It was the Fool in Akiba that afforded his safe-passage.

8.14.2005 3:53am

CStein ([mail](#)):

The Lovers. These are not really composed, but there are notes that are suggestive.

1.

The transformative harmonies of silence give rise to the universe of transformations indeed, for the manifest manifests, in many of its major occurrences, through the operations of gender and gender-like pairings; the couplings of opposites engender the new, the unforeseen eventualities within apparency.

But the bi-univocal structure of gender coupling is never primordial. It arises upon a prior seething of the possible, so that the particular forms of the dyad mask, by configuring, the inner life of the matter they cause to become embodied.

Anterior to the garden where appearances grow, there is a garden that engenders the genders that grow there—the Gender Garden, where lovers recur in their natures to the secret energies that animate their amour.

2.

The following requires trotting out the quotes from Jung. Lookem up yrslef (sic):

Lovers: see *Mysterium Coniunctionis* p.457; paragraph 654

An Alchemical Gender Garden

The chymical aspect of the gender garden: combination of numinous chemical natures precede and generate male and female: MC p 457-459; especially paragraph 655

This from an anonymous treatise called "De Sulphure":

"Thus the fire began to work upon the air and brought forth Sulphur. Then the air began to work upon the water and brought forth Mercurius. The water began to work upon the earth and brought forth Salt. But the earth, having nothing to work upon, brought forth nothing., so the product remained within it. Therefore only three principles were produced, and the earth became the nurse and matrix of the others."

Jung goes on: "From these three principles were produced male and female, the male obviously from Sulphur and Mercurius, and the female from Mercurius and Salt. Together they bring forth the "incorruptible One," the Quinta essential, "and thus quadrangle will answer to quadrangle." [Mus. herm., pp 622ff. (Waite, II, pp. 142 ff.)"]

Apply this to Tarots: Suits are elements; combinations of elements produce substances; numbered suit cards calculate proportions. So, if fire + air = sulphur, this would mean trees plus birds. But in different proportions : different intensities. And if the combinations of the three principles produce male and female, perhaps the varying

proportions would produce other sorts of gender pairs, or gender pairs with varying intensities.

So:

Fire works on air to produce Sulphur.
Air works on water to produce Mercurius.
Water works on earth to produce Salt.

Fire is produced from nothing, and earth produces nothing.
Sulphur and Mercurius produce the Male.
Salt and Mercurius produce Female.

But what sort of male and female? This would depend upon the proportions of air and fire, fire and water, water and earth that went to make up the specific principles. One could look at the cards to get ideas about how this would work.

10 of trees works on 2 of birds will produce a different sort of Sulphur than 5 of trees working on 4 of birds. A different sort of Sulphur combined with a different sort of Mercurius will produce a different sort of "male." At some point one could abandon male and female as such, and imagine gender pairs of different sorts altogether.

3.

I have a nice piece about Empedocles but it isn't ready. Someday.

CS

8.15.2005 1:58am

bialy:

This is the remnant of a dream of John Wieners and a yellowed gardenia in which he read "Le Chariot" from *The Ace of Pentacles* (1964).

This is John reading "The Chariot" at the Berkeley Poetry Conference in 1965.

9.25.2005 3:03pm