

The 22 Triumphs of the Hebrew Alphabet :: A Visual Compendium of Tarot, Linguistics and Be Bop Kabbalah

(Click on the image to enlarge)

Aleph is an Ox



Beth is the Magician's House



Gimmel Guards the Abyss



Daleth is a Door to Venus



Hé is a Window on the Stars



Vau Fixes the Supernals



Zayin Belongs to II



Cheth is the Chariot to Geburah



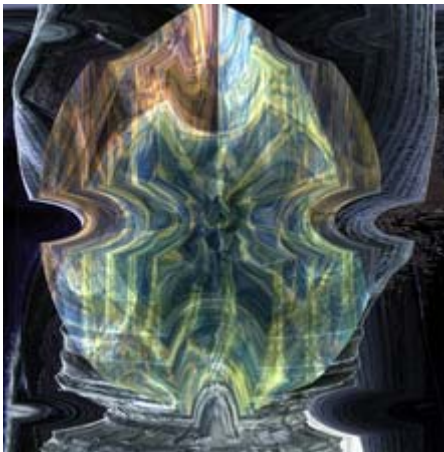
Teth is a Serpent



Yod is Fundamental



Kaph is a Pun on Palm



Lamed is an Ox-Goad (AL is a Name of God)



Mem is the Initiate's Mirror



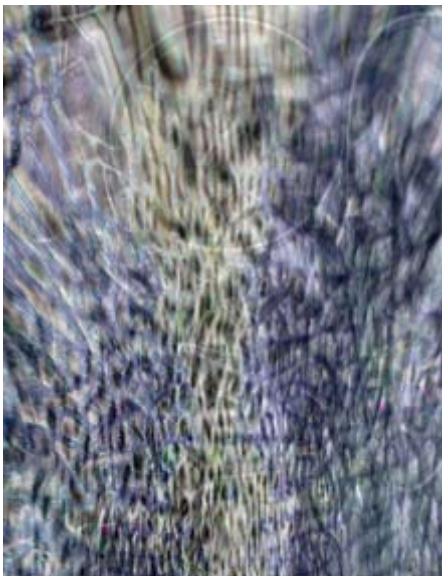
Nun is a Notariqon



Samech is the Philosopher's Stone



Ayin is the Devil's Eye



Pe: The House of God



Tzaddi is for my Father



Qoph Connects the Back of the Head to the Moon



Resh is a Distant Sun



Shin is The Fire This Time



Tau is the 4-Fold Universe



bialy:

re: Ayin configured as the eye of the Devil, cf two essays of Charles Stein titled, *The Devil and Dimension* and *The Devil and Inversion* posted [here](#) on 8 August 2005.

8.10.2005 2:02pm

CStein ([mail](#)):

a most configurative eplosion among the cells (indeed

without a zillion of animation cells there be
the continuous efflorescence of

light-water-sound-mass ayin

as the aeon

I
before the water
seeking forms

was a little man

woven

through

self-raveling fabric imbued

on

own

eye

8.12.2005 4:59am

bialy:

Samech holds no secrets

9.8.2005 5:50pm

bialy:

Eyes of the World

a Comment from Dorothy Rubin

10/10/05

Hi Harvey,

Re: The Chariot to Geburah

I was at Yom Kippur services in 1986 and while following the liturgy I bumped right smack up against the chariot ...I couldn't read anything further for the rest of that solemn day...it was all chariot and eyes, what did it mean...it was very strange, but thrilling.

"His sight is pure; round about him is the mass of waters, rain-clouds dark and dense; those who bear his chariot are full of eyes all around. Glorified be the Lord, whose commandment is clear and enlightening the eyes." Ezekial 1:18

Anyway...I painted my first successful painting as a result of this "piyyut" which hung in a museum for six months as part of a figurative exhibit...

I attach it...the painting is done in oil and quite large, 48 x 54...it is not a very good photograph..it was taken with an ordinary camera and just scanned in.

Harry has me painting a series of four paintings that will make up one figure for an article already on its way to BioEssays...pretty exciting stuff for me even though Harry is a very tough critic.

dorothy

10.11.2005 5:23am

Dean Esmay ([www](#)):

Reminds me of a Robert Hunter poem by that same title, "Eyes of the World." It immediately brought to mind this portion:

There comes a redeemer
and he slowly too fades away
There follows a wagon behind him
that's loaded with clay
and the seeds that were silent
all burst into bloom and decay
The night comes so quiet
and it's close on the heels of the day

Wake up to find out
that you are the eyes of the world
but the heart has its beaches
its homeland and thoughts of its own
Wake now, discover that you

are the song that the morning brings
but the heart has its seasons
its evenings and songs of its own

There's an annotation that explains part of it [right here](#).

10.11.2005 8:08am

CStein ([mail](#)):

Gimmel Guards the Abyss

From which side, you may well ask?
One may.

The Humbaba Head was Said to Guard the forest where Gilgamesh wished to do what exactly? The thing was made out of whale intestines and instead of ambergris, sported a single Eye amidst the labyrinthine Coils of what he was. His slaughter was not the sententious slaughter of the god that, as we know, promotes the conversion from secondary to primary natures; but the instauration of clear-cutting and other late day horrors. Go in suspicion of ye Guardians, not that they menace ye, but that you had better best see if you must not align 'yeslefs' upon their very causes. On this side the Great Abyss, there needs no guarding, since it is the mine-forged manacles of suburban happydale consciousness itself that holds the Deep at bay. And on the other side—well, we say, The Gender Garden – is the Guard (the God) Himself. All the snows of yester year, the tensile strength of last year's icicles, and the eyes in the mote to boot. Whoo'd a thunk it?

So no. This is not the guardian but the thing it self, its very stamp and egress. Friend to all.

11.24.2005 3:18am

CStein ([mail](#)):

Re: Daleth

Jewels and Jollies. The substance of the light as water falls from above and forward rushes ejecting from impossibly spherical hollows spheres with irregular encrustations segmentations, at the headwaters of the familiar river of bottles, forest of decanters, streetscape of tombs and tomes and tones and stones...

and might be induced to say this, or might have been, of the Transform Space itself "that every arrow and every point has within itself [in the manner of pointy things to carry spaces along with them—until it becomes a drag, man] an internal torque or evaginal ruse that totes the entire space back up into itself that is to say back down out of itself rendering it all "radiantly mysterious and darkly

alive." empipto ↔ expipto Peter Manchester sayeth the Door Swings
Both Ways

11.24.2005 3:42am

CStein ([mail](#)):

He Hey Hey That ain't Hay Make
Hay
While the Moon
Wines

The Empire is looking visible
in
or out
.not.
but light glints
off glass
as it imperceptibly runs
along itself
so that transparency
is refractory

from here
they conduct
such cool experiments
upon Empires

the horse
in lilac
garments
trimmed

digitates appendages

The grandfather of Technicon Industries was into laboratory glass.
I learned this from Henry Allen
who spoke without vocal apparatus
at
175
Riverside Drive
11/24/05
while nephews
viewed
cartoons

the horse holds a 4x5
and catches
glimpses

in ground glass

it is a good thing to displace empire

to see with untoward machinery down in the
boiler room or better
up on the roof with the orchids

at the side bench
peering at a pseudobulb
with a magnifying glass
while Theodore Horstmann was opening a bag of osmundine.

Well, that's enough for a bloody Haich.

1:11 AM (it says

11.27.2005 1:15am

CStein ([mail](#)):

MEMs the Word

fabric
ensconced
these spheres

no there is no
fear in sphere

but the sphere is the where
in which
an Archimedes spiral winds
outward towards the stars

and time
bleeds
from timeless
and the sensible world
pleads its sensibleness

within the zone
of sophia's wallet

what? George is buying an hearing aide at last

The Soul
controls
time
and sweetly keeps her silent vigil

what she sees
without speaking
is the world

The point
is
anoint
ed

appointed
to the sphere

which doth appear

and in it
every
thing

11.27.2005 1:37am

CStein ([mail](#)):

zayin

we are in the Great Hall
everywhere is Egypt
in the form of local insects
ascending the tilted column

my grandfather your grandfather
a swarm of Russian esoterics
with wintery interiority

a column has an inside
it unfurls as the russian's coat
his head is far too small

oh may the column recuse its terrible inertia
may the inside sleep
may the great Egyptian lotus
assuage the cosmos for its grievous song

somewhere elsewhere
the Lovers hang
out beneath the angel's
sooth administration

but here all that is deep absorbed
in color's roughnesses

scratched insignia on marble
rubbings on significant plate of bronze

11.28.2005 5:14am