

## Kun Is a Tease

### **First Yin: "Treading on frost. Solid ice is on the way."**

It doesn't seem like a very hospitable beginning for all-nurturing Kun. But development of frost crystals at certain points, leading to solid ice over a wide area, shows us an important characteristic of yin—it coalesces. What nurturing regime does not start with a closing down of some possibilities, a narrowing? If a field is going to give high yield and support many people, the soil needs to be made even and homogenous.

And what about money? It does not seem like a substantial nurturing base. When money first stood in for units of labor, the initial result was a chilling and a narrowing—the substitution of useless metal for the thing, the substitution of symbols for the life transitions, the degradation of free exchange into work under the control of tokens. But after this chilling conversion, money came to circulate widely and eventually served as a nexus of relations among many things; it became a base that we depend upon for our next stage of livelihood and development.

In the days when life was brewing, lightning darting through the ammonia atmosphere catalyzed amino acids that concentrated in the tidepools. The amino acids joined into chains, and there were many self-replicators operating in the soup. Cycles of replication were spurred on by other intersecting cycles. The problem was that although the teeming ferment diversified itself into countless iterations of molecular tinkertoys, these progressions of automata were not really going anywhere except to make a mat of scum on the surface of a tidepool, or a special variety of clay in which a slime of pre-life helped silicates self-adhere. It wasn't until the sealing off of cycles within this mat, when DNA became the one and only privileged replicator, and amino-acid replication got involved with DNA's making and unmaking, that the soup had a direction for embodiment. It couldn't happen until one set of replicators became the node for interactions of all other cycles. Some RNA segments that work in our cells today were once independent replicators, but they got integrated into DNA's web. Some other very far-flung replicator regimes were squeezed out of existence along the way before DNA could become the one and only universal molecular ancestor (which itself was squeezed through a fairly narrow bottleneck, as evidenced by the many homologous segments between humans and even our most distant vegetative relatives.) It was really the closing off of the DNA regime that allowed the genetic combinations that would produce the great richness of the biological world.

We live in a time when no new life regimes will come about without our intention. If it's going to be life at all, it will be DNA-based life from here on out. As new resources get

freed up, DNA will have its way. There are no fringes of slime that can reach that critical intensity to produce something else.

So all this points to the regularization of a matrix or substrate, allowing the generation of rich patterns. Development of ice crystals is a strange metaphor for this, because ice chills so many things off. But ice protects bodies of water throughout the world. A layer of solid surface ice protects the body of water from freezing to the bottom. It sounds crazy to say that ice protects a lake from freezing solid, but it's true. It would be normal for the coldest layer of a liquid to contract and sink. If the coldest water were to sink, this would cause a whole lake to approach freezing temperature at the same time. As water gets colder, it does grow denser up to a point, but there is a trick up its sleeve: as it approaches the freezing point, paradoxically it begins to expand. Thus the coldest water of all stays near the surface as it begins to form ice crystals. Once it becomes ice, it becomes an excellent insulator and does not transfer heat from the warmer water below. This is an aspect of water that protects our planetary ecology. [See Michael Denton's *The Destiny of Nature*]

So in many ways, the regularization of a matrix gives it generative, protective capabilities. This happens when the internal cycles of the supporting medium are interlocked. There is no part that is going off and doing its own thing. Even if some blocks of the matrix get isolated, there is still a functional, historical relation (a vertical relation) to the mother trunk of development. Kun is a state of being that is fully identified (subsided into) its own cycles. Right here at the bottom line of Kun we have a tiny step of seasonal change--from hoarfrost to deep cold. From one step we can infer the whole seasonal cycle. When talking about Kun, it is fitting to start with a cycle. The "Great Treatise" tells us that Qian knows through beginnings, because its awareness is tied to new departures. But Kun knows by carrying things through to completion, because it identifies with how things persist. Despite all these justifications, I still don't know why such a chilling metaphor was used at the beginning of Kun. (Come to think of it the top line of Kun, with dragons fighting in the wilds, is pretty chilling too.) Maybe the image of a chilled earth balances with First Yang in Qian--the bottom line's cold keeps Qian in hibernation. The coldness at the beginning of Kun, to me, represents the formal self-containment of a matrix which will show its generative powers with time.

**Second Yin: "Linear, multiplied upon itself, and growing large. Not practicing deliberately, yet there is nothing that does not further."**

Subside. How can we get an idea of what the world-spirit has done, unless we subside into what may now be incubating. If we don't subside, how can we hear an answer? How

can there be an answer unless spirit poses the question? What is spirit? We know spirit by the resonance from one being to another. Could matter ever have gotten so coherent by itself had spirit not been involved from the start? How were they united? Did spirit bubble up within matter? Did matter settle out of spirit? They have always been involved with each other. We cannot know the roots of Kun until we explore the Qian-Kun interface. Kun is a peg we can hang matter on, an emblem for material forms beyond enumeration. But Kun is too mother-like to be only matter.

Subside. Resign ourselves to being among the remnants. Every moment enters the next by leaving remnants. Resign ourselves to being nailed down. Resign to stuff being in one's way. Subside to being in other things' way. The pure energy dance was vibrating in tight strings, and part of it subsided. Resign yourself and use what vibrations remain to move the pieces of stuff around. Apply the remaining vibrations and see how they inform the ambience. Subside and an ambience will grow up around you. Subside until the forces push and pull with you, into great ambient whorls.

You would have been content growing that mat of teeming tinkertoy replicators, as they gradually accommodated to each other, as they produced pulsations among themselves for the sheer exuberance of it, and you would have watched the antic pulsations turn elegant if you had been there.

Deep down in the well of vacuum fluctuations, there were nodes that found themselves whirly-gigging in the blast of complexity waves. They had to interweave in the moment to preserve their coherence, so any sense of presence always went off into the fluctuations, and that made them one big presence. Then it happened again, building up layers of interplay as the nodes subsumed each other in a thousand different ways. At one level was intention to persist, but in order to persist they did amazing acrobatic jumps inside the other's outside, exchanging outsides and insides, with a great many jumpers in one jump, and each of them jumping a different way, and with presences always going down and then coming back around. They were all one presence but they were clear about the way they exchanged insides and outsides with each other. They were all one, but the nodes rotated toward persistence, and they were very tight, and they wanted the alternation that took them away from themselves not to pull so heavily, and they wanted the heaviness of that force to rotate around and come down on their presence, and it turned and they were hammered into sure persistence, but still it wasn't sure presence, because presence always had to be a mystery that gathered of itself, but their persistences got hammered, and they sank toward matter, and they became a sluggish, infinitely dampened reducing valve for all the far-flung scintillations, until they just sat

there. They just stood there and their existence turned into drama—a frozen stage-mask that had infinite scintillations feeding into it at any moment.

They were the pawns of a million complexity waves that the presences had swapped back and forth until they learned to play with them like pearl pinballs. And the condensations just sat there trembling internally from the recent impacts, and they had tremendous vibrations internally, but their form would not let them do the multiple simultaneous interpenetrative dances of their origins. They were drained of presence, but they had vibrations attuned to each other, and they began combining their forms, and they easily made forms on top of forms, until there were many levels of form. They were entities with intentions to exist, and they had inner vistas of their own history and possible futures. So presence was drawn in to inform them, as the clumping together continued.

“Subside” means to let the coalescence happen freely. Subside means to prepare everything as the presence draws near. It will not come from afar: it is already near. We are building a medium that can hold the presence. Each thing coalesces according to laws of the medium on its level. On the level above us, other laws will begin to operate. We don't know at which level the laws of presence kick in. We don't know where laws of medium end and laws of presence begin. We are embraced from above and below. Below there were persisting nodes that thrived on complexity waves, and here is our platform of form. And we are embraced from up above by presences that grew beyond our platform; they embrace us in a different way than from below. The world tree is bearing fruit through us, finding its way back to the ethereal.

Where we are, we work with precision, by simple laws, apply them exhaustively, apply them across a wide area, homogenize ourselves in a given dimension to make combination possible, apply the same laws if possible to one dimension on top of another, so we can fan out and stake out space with our persistence, making vistas of form that change geologically while the complexity waves dance around.

We apply the waves we command reflexively, in a series, and that is extension in the (supra-) physical realm. We multiply the meta-symmetries upon themselves, until we have volume in our system of rules. We let all symmetries unfold into each other until it is hard to trace any limit, and each narrow region opens out. Each portion opening into time could be followed forever. Nothing is practiced with the intent of becoming, yet becoming happens.

//I confess it: the writing of this line was a failure! I'll keep trying to join Kun in her motherliness and communitarian spirit. I must descend into the imaginings more than

once. I hope to trace a continuum, from the sheerest fluctuations to the solid supportiveness of Kun.

**Third Yin: "Holding compositions within. Perhaps engaging in the king's service: not claiming achievement oneself, but being part of the completion."**

The DNA code came to spark things, but an extensive interlock of cycles was already there, swirling around it while it formed. The mystery within the floating mat was mystically ready: when life advances, seed and matrix are as one. It is your prurient mind that looks to the seminal code as bringer of awakening. It is your mind that needs two forces--the giver and the receiver. But really that came later, while two of us were taking refuge from a storm. The two of us could have been taking refuge as one, but we had time to think for ourselves, so we often conceive ourselves as two. Here I am, tormenting Kun by imagining her this way. I am only trying to show my respect for her inner fertility that has never been a featureless "substance." And here at Third Yin her inner history is brought to the fore. Her inner history is lies hidden in her grain and strata. Holding lovely markings within. Not just markings--whole compositions are traced in how her markings fit together. Yet this is not a landscape where we can go sightseeing: only by bringing things to completion does she really show what she is made of.

Purpose comes along and needs her stable formations as a reference point. What she offers is reinterpreted in light of purpose, and so she becomes a servant. She has never stated a purpose for her inner completion. Each new spark of intention draws near to her receptive form; where all prior intention has subsided, the spark finds a place to nestle.

Another take on Third Yin: The superb inner composition of a metamorphic rock is useless unless the precious marble is quarried and cut by the king's stonemasons. More often, the exquisitely formed rock is broken down, then pressed into schist, than broken down further, then deposited as clay, then colonized by soil organisms, enriched by mulch, until Her inner markings take the form of life functions. The mineral particles are joined as a fabric of soil—with bacteria and fungal rhizomes—ready to take the seed and grow the fruit. She in her cycles reaches no fulfillment, but the completion grows from her. The king's business depends on agriculture.

**Fourth Yin: "Enclose it in a sac. No blame, no praise."**

The old bag keeps some things in her purse that we don't know about. Sorry, Kun, but I'm all mixed up about you. At Fourth Yang, Qian takes his leap and gets swallowed up. And here is Fourth Yin ready to receive the quickening thunder. This stage of Kun is a crucible, a reaction vessel for one of life's experiments. Each time the toss of Fourth

Yang's dice yields something different, so the outcome at Fourth Yin is not subject to praise or blame. Whether the outcome is good or bad, how can we judge fate for throwing us like dice? The outcome of gestation will be something new under the sun: the child is the truest judge of what he becomes, because only he can fathom his own inner will.

**Fifth Yin: "Yellow inner robe. Sublime good fortune."**

When the ruler takes Her fashion sense from the earth's color, that has to be a good thing. Land-dwellers will feel someone is standing up for them. Thank heavens we have a counterweight to the imperial insignia of the dragon.

**Sixth Yin: "A dragon does battle in the wilds. Its blood is yellow and dark colored."**

The land cannot defend itself. Kun is the force that lives within the land, and when she has been goaded and pushed too far, a yin dragon will emanate from her. The battle happens in an open place, but if open space is not available, it will be cleared by destruction. This is like Kali dancing with her necklace of skulls. As the plunderers are swept away, the blood that is shed is her own blood. In this gorefest she displays her true colors: her internal circulation has always contained creative-receptive cycles: cycles that were once in harmony. Let us hope the ground will not be cleared with too much crunching of bones and festooning of intestines on trees. Battles can be waged on other levels. Let us hope this is the blood of her sublimation.