

Question: Where will the next cluster of insights come from?  
(Dec.14, '05)

Hexagram #55, moving at 9/3, changing to #51.

9/3: "The screen is elaborate. In the daytime one sees tiny stars. One's right arm is bent back. No blame."

The elaborate screening allows tangential vision, magnified and honed in. The power structure has made enclaves to contain people, allowing their pursuit of special knowledge as an outlet. Some of them succeed for a time in leaving the walls behind. They live the intensity of opening new territory.(No wonder this changes to #51 Thunder!)

While opening new psychic territory, one is supported and screened in various ways. For a time it feels like freedom. A new inflection of universal experience is thrown like a roll of dice against the void. Meanwhile, some part of your basic capabilities might atrophy. Who's to say what essential capabilities are? But a person strapped into a gurney, on permanent nutritional IV while jacked into cyberspace (like a character in a William Gibson novel), is losing something fundamental. Is he flying in there? Don't expect him ever to throw a baseball again! What kind of loss happens when one loses an evolved capacity?

One person I know kept his evolved physical capacities well-toned, but what about his empathetic talents? They were screened off by an elite education, so he could adopt his right-wing ideology. His empathetic right arm is broken and down not reach toward the downtrodden. (His emotional right arm that reaches firmly to those close to him is intact.)

For me to get this line is uncanny, because my physical right arm has stiffened with bursitis in the past year! Perhaps it's because I have not exercised my throwing arm for too long. The genes that supply sinovial fluid have started shutting down. It seems that my insights are often about the trade-off of loss and gain. Insight cannot always move toward light sources in high realms. Maybe the stars in my idea-realm are really

illuminated depictions of limiting determinants I've learned about. Sometimes insight is found in the comedown. Like Nietzsche struggling against illness with all his mental resources. I love to see the dharma-body as space, but can only know its extension by witnessing serial events of suffering transformed. Knowledge seems to shade into infinite star-fields of potential knowledge, but one carries along limitations like a turtle shell as the infinite backdrop recedes. The big backdrop is spliced into our sensorium, a light effect, but still an extra gift from the divine.

I've been thinking about the obvious contrast of #55 with #56. In #56 you move across the sedimentation of history; you witness the collective travail and move across its aftermath. In #55 the wild intensity keeps you from seeing history's layers. Your intensity is contained, and that containment shoots it further along a narrow beam, like reaching through a telescope to discover stars, or the planning of a rocket project. The most sci-fi-like lines of the YIJING are found when the fire trigram is present. At the top line of #55, even the normally pedestrian Lesser Image Treatise indulges in a fantasy---a human habitation hurtling through space.