

ZENARCHY

by Kerry Thornley

The Only Solution Is A Yin Revolution

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"What is really being said is that intelligence solves problems by seeking the greatest simplicity and the least expenditure of effort, and it is thus that Taoism eventually inspired the Japanese to work out the technique of judo -- the easy or gentle Tao (do)."

(from PSYCHOTHERAPY EAST AND WEST by Alan Watts, Random House, 1961)

"The True men of old waited for the issues of events as the arrangements of Heaven, and did not by their human efforts try to take the place of Heaven."

-- Chuangtzu

(from THE TEXTS OF TAOISM by James Legge, Dover Publications, 1962)

"It is interesting in this connection to recall Dr. Reich's distinction between matriarchy and patriarchy, as given in THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM. According to Dr. Reich, work-democracy and self-regulation of primary drives were characteristics of primitive matriarchy, and both were destroyed by the rise of authoritarian patriarchy. Recent anthropology has cast doubt on the existence of the 'primitive matriarchy,' but, as G. Rattray Taylor shows in his SEX IN HISTORY, there can be little doubt that cultures do show more Matrist tendencies in some periods of their development, and more Patrist tendencies at other periods. Patrist periods are characterized by sexual repression, limitation of freedom for women, political authoritarianism, fear of spontaneity, worship of a Father God, etc. Matrist periods, on the other hand, are characterized by sexual freedom, high status for women, political democracy, spontaneity, worship of a Mother Goddess, etc. This agrees with Dr. Reich's picture of the distinction between Patriarchy and Matriarchy.

"Chapter 6 of the TAO TE CHING says:

The valley spirit never dies
She is called the Eternal Female

"According to Needham, Blakney and other Sinologists, this Eternal Female is the goddess of pre-Chou China forgotten by the conventions of the Patrist Chou State and official Confucian philosophy. Blakney considers the early Taoists to have been recruited from peasants who remembered the Shang State and its Matrist orientation."

(from "Lao-Tse and Wilhelm Reich, Prophets of Inner Freedom" by Robert Anton Wilson in the September 1963 issue of WAY OUT, School of Living, Brookville, Ohio)

"The True men of old did not reject (the views of) the few; they did not seek to accomplish (their ends) like heroes (before others); they did not lay plans to attain those ends. Being such, though they might make mistakes, they had no occasion for repentance; though they might succeed, they had no self-complacency. Being such, they could ascend the loftiest heights without fear; they could pass through water without being made wet by it; they could go into fire without being burnt; so it was that by their knowledge they ascended to and reached the Tao."

-- Chuangtzu

(from THE TEXTS OF TAOISM by James Legge, Dover Publications, 1962)

So Follow The Way
Of The True Men Of Old;
Find Shade In The Summer;
Grow Fur In The Gold.

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INCARNATIONS: Everything She Needs

"And upon this day I say unto you: Each Sentient Being is an Incarnation of Me, and whosoever upon hearing this Truth shall come to know it, is blessed; and twice-blessed are they who shall be unable again to forget it; but thrice-blessed is that Man or Woman who needed never to be told."
-- Visitations 13:5

THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH

You know her. We all do. Anyone who has ever lived in the Maight or North Beach or Taos or Old Town or the French Quarter or the East Village or anyplace like that has met her, because that's where she belongs, and she knows it from childhood.

She has a horsey angular face and long straight hair and is dedicated to her art, whatever it may be. Bob Dylan had to be thinking of her when he wrote that song about how "She's got everything she needs; she's an artist; she don't look back..."

So serene is this chick that everybody wants her -- for friend, lover, or just to have around -- and it is that serenity which so transcends her features (that on anyone else would be homely), making her the center flower in every bouquet of Beautiful People.

Usually she hangs out with heads. Not because she is necessarily a head herself, though she may or may not blow a little pot, but because she has that thing about her -- that cool. And she never goes around boasting about not needing a crutch to get there (and thereby revealing a greater dependency far than anyone ever develops for drugs). But you know she's turned on by her ways -- just watch her pet a cat!

I used to sit up all night with her once in awhile. She'd sketch and I'd write. Maybe between us we'd have a dime and so we would buy a coffee or Coke and relax in a place where they didn't care how long you sat around after you ordered. Then when our asses got numb maybe we'd go for a walk and then go up and be on her balcony in the summer night air.

No matter what her name is, her voice is always soft -- except when she expels that hyena laugh. And then it doesn't matter because what she is laughing about is really very funny.

She is so thin and frail, and you think her blood must be ten degrees cooler than yours. You worry about her also because you know she is a poor judge of character, accepting as friend everyone who comes along, no matter how bad their scene. This gets her into an occasional creepy situation and sometimes puts her through some drastic changes. But when it is all over you will feel silly that you got uptight, because she'll be the same as before.

Maybe some night when you are talking she'll tell you that the squaw boat, made from hide stretched over a light wooden frame, is the safest way to go -- because in a storm that'll sink the mighty battleship, the little saucerlike vessel just rocks up over the biggest waves and down again on the other side.

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