

Aesthetic Loneliness and the Heart of Science

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This is a two-part essay with a story that needs preliminary sketching to make sense of its order and content, which for one thing places Part Two first. The two parts belong to the same "International Conference of the Liberal Arts" which took place at the end of 2010 in St. Thomas University, Fredericton, New Brunswick. I was one of four principal speakers, the others being Dorothy Smith and Ronald Wright and Henry Giroux. Henry was to have given the key-note address, but he was involved in an accident and was in convalescence at the time of the Conference. I was invited to substitute for him to give that initial address. I did so, but considered that a different starting place would be more appropriate for the occasion. The result was what is placed here as the first part of this essay. I kept my original title, "Liberal Arts as the Core of Future Science" for both parts, and also keep here the division I then used in my presentation. So, there is first Part Two and then Part One, and you will find that this order makes sense.

A final intriguing word before beginning. There is, and was, another perspective lurking in my view of the topic of my presentations, and it is neatly expressed in the title: "Scientific Wonder as the Core of Liberal Arts." That surely gives food for thought: have I not conjured up a paradox? The title now given this two-part essay could well be the title of a four-part work.

1 Liberal Arts as the Core of Future Science: Part Two

The unfortunate absence of Henry Giroux reduces the troublemakers at this important gathering to three. Just kidding. But might I say it reduces the experts to three, where expert is given the cheeky or tongue-in-cheek meaning of an S.O.B. from out of town? Of course, that only covers two of us!

But no, seriously speaking, I suspect that we are not seen as troublemakers, but allies, allies facing a large problem that concerns everyone here. Where are the liberal arts going, and where might they go in this next century in order to bail us out of the present mess of economics and government and lead us globally forward? I echo Henry

Giroux's paper as expressed in his summary, a summary that promised some getting-to-grips with flawed subjectivity in a manner that related to politics and economics. The other three papers come strangely together in dealing with aspects of flawed subjectivity, Ronald Wright demanding a lift out of parochialisms and Dorothy Smith a shift to seriously "thinking things through," and, in my own case, a move to put a missing heart back into science.

My paper was to follow Giroux's, and now it seems to me to lack that broad context. My paper was something of a mood setter, and I will be intimating that mood at the formal start of my address by quoting what I consider a poem central to our problem, a poem by a Korean lady drawing attention screamingly to the trampled quest and question in each of us. The mood I am talking about is the mood of all great art, a reach and an invitation that blossoms from our lonely molecules. But is that mood not relevant to great science? My claim was, and is, that great science must live in that mood, and the teaching and practice of science must live in that mood.

But perhaps my claim loses me some of the allies that I presuppose in the audience? We shall see about that as we move to discussion, but I suspect that, on the whole, we are preaching to the choir here. Something is lacking in present paradigms of science, and both Giroux and I focus in particular on the science of economics especially in its political impact. Giroux might well have gone to a broader sweep regarding the neoliberal corruption of inquiry, but I certainly did not in my mood-generating paper.

So, here and now I risk supplementing that paper, written many months ago, with what I might call a Part Two of it. Or is it Part One? Certainly it is, for those who have not read the other Part! I reach for a broader and more elementary context, not only for my previous paper, but for our searchings during these days. And what do I mean by *searchings* here? If we take Ronald Wright's critique of parochialism seriously, and his plea for a larger aesthetic education, and if we take Dorothy Smith seriously about "thinking things through," then we certainly have a challenge to meet not just here but afterwards if we are not to just be parochial and conventional in our sharing. To be parochial and conventional would be to follow the conventions about conventions: to get back to business as usual after the gathering, making sure perhaps that papers are suitably published. That is certainly thinking within a box, to echo the usual phrase touched on by Dorothy Smith. Dorothy would rightly have us leave Kansas and seek for creative wizardry on some promising yellowbrick road. She has good things to say about the St. Thomas community, and there is the hope expressed in the concluding sentence of her summary, which I think worth quoting now in full.

In recognizing the importance of St. Thomas's commitment to critical thought and social conscience, I think now not just

of what a liberal arts education provides for students but of those I know and have known here who, as members of the faculty, have been able to explore original lines of thinking and to exercise conscience and intellectual leadership rare in contemporary university conditions.

There we have our challenge. Wouldn't it be both hilarious and mischievous if we here, on the edge of the American Empire—some of whose inhabitants may well think we live in igloos in New Brunswick—were to come up with a cultural shift that met the needs of a tormented Gaia in a new aesthetic global *eco-nomos*?

But now I had best get on to the more formal pointing, with sufficient brevity to allow for the light and heat of discussion.

I begin the formal presentation with what should strike you as an odd quotation from a film titled *Wit*. The speaker is a cancerous professor of English, a John Donne expert magnificently portrayed by Emma Thompson, who also co-wrote the screenplay of the 2001 film with Mike Nichols, the Director. It is the filming of a play by Margaret Edson. But let us not get lost in detail. The dying professor is bewailing in her solitude the tone of her previous conversation with her nurse, and more generally the disemboweling hold of what may be called the abstract. Here are her words, words we may consider as addressed to us as we move into the topic of the future of the liberal arts.

We are discussing life and death and not in the abstract, either. We are discussing my life and my death. And I cannot conceive of any other tone. Now is not the time for verbal thought-play. Nothing would be worse than a detailed scholarly analysis of erudition, interpretation, complication. Now is the time for simplicity. Now is the time for, dare I say it, kindness.

The question that I wish to raise and answer with a death-bed Yes is, "Is our present academic culture cancerous?" With that Yes goes the sentiment expressed by Emma Thompson in her role as cancer-patient. I repeat a piece of her speaking: "Now is not the time for verbal thought-play. Nothing would be worse than a detailed scholarly analysis of erudition, interpretation, complication. Now is the time for simplicity. Now is the time for, dare I say it, kindness."

All the speakers focus in different ways on the cultural cancer, and I shall enlarge on that as we move along. My own focus is on the existential objecting to the cancer that is present in genuine art, symbolized by the poem that is central to my other paper, from which I now quote. It is a recent poem of a Korean woman, translated into English, and its beginning reads as follows:

“Someone is taking out
 a question from a question mark.
 Question that flew like a chicken feather,
 question that gave its body to the wind,
 question that stripped naked,
 question that painted the entire body,
 question with a hidden face,
 question that cried.

.....
 A period that has lost its tail
 cries silently.
 Now someone draws near a period
 and tries to shove in
 a fallen question.”¹

How do I read that poem herenow, **how** do you hear it? Is our reading and listening cancered? I have claimed that it is. Our questioning bones and nerves cry silently in a period that has lost its tale, t-a-l-e. What is this cancer? Can we diagnose what is at the academic heart of it? And if we can, still, it cannot be done in these few days of our searching. I risk claiming that the problem is a massive failure of at least seven centuries of Western intellectual culture. But if we indeed can skimpily detect its rotten heart, then the few days may give us a sense of the task, may help each of us to identify zones, skin-festerings, of manifest failure, and even lead us to sniff out directions of reorientation. And this, you will have noticed, is what the four principal speakers of our meeting seek to point towards in a consensus born, not of collaboration, but of a common sensitivity both to evident misdirections and to the turn of culture needed to escape the present mess.

The titles speak for this claim. All is not at all well within present parochialism, within the pretentiousness of conventions of higher education. So we need a “rethinking” that must be a “thinking it through.” Best, perhaps, repeat the full titles of the four papers: Henry Giroux’s contribution was to have been “Beyond Bailouts: Rethinking the Neoliberal Subject Higher Education.” Dorothy Smith speaks under the crisp title “Thinking It Through.” Ronald Wright takes up the issue of “The Future of the Past: Escaping the Parochialism of the Present.” My own present effort can be considered as a First or Second Part to my original paper, “Liberal Arts: The Core of Future Science.”

¹ I am quoting the beginning and end of the poem, “A Question Mark,” written by the Korean poetess Kim Hyesoon (b. 1955), in *Anxiety of Words: Contemporary Poetry by Korean Women*, trans. Don Mee Choi (Brookline MA: Zephyr Press, 2006), 83. The Korean version is on the opposite page in the book.

Center stage there is to be thinking and rethinking. But what do we, you and I, mean by those words? Are we, perhaps, deeply and firmly cancered in our academic view of thinking, of critical thinking, of constructive and reconstructive thinking? And if we are, or even if we are not, it seems to me that there is a definite advantage in moving into what might be considered non-academic zones of thinking to seek a new edge to our thinking about thinking. So I suggest that we step away from conventional considerations of thinking—or wittily should I not say dance away? I am interested, then, more in Nijinski's leaps than in Newton's Principles.

Before I go on I would note again that it seems to me that I am speaking here to the converted, I am preaching, so to speak, to the choir. If you are in the world of aesthetic experience, then leaps are the order of the day and deductive thinking is even looked upon as a mistaken world. And indeed, so it is: deductive reasoning is a sort-of fallout from leaping. So, for example, I would claim that Newton leaped, but when he came to write he was trapped in convention, one that goes right back to that great scientific leaper, Archimedes. Recall Archimedes' famous leap out of the bath, naked, with his cry of *Eureka!* He had found how to detect cheating in the matter of a crown's gold. But when he wrote up the topic, in that uniquely brilliant work, *On Floating Bodies*, he shifts it all into an incomprehensible deductive mode. My own presentation of Archimedes' insight requires a sense of humour and a twist of artistry in the use of a coat hanger, two bananas and a glass of water. Perhaps we may get round to that one of these days?²

Certainly it would be unconventional, and also frowned upon: I know, for I have done my banana experiment under formal academic circumstances that would have required solemn discourse on axioms of hydrostatics. At all events, here I seem somewhat safer in turning rather to a program which at the moment can be seen on Canadian Television: "So You Think You Can Dance: Canada?"

"So you think you can dance?" A pause over this question, so remote from academic discourse, can give us creative leads on the problem of thinking about thinking and rethinking and of leaping to shifts in our views on thinking.

First, there is the explicit reference to thinking: "do you think?" The **think** mentioned here is a spontaneous **think**. The competitors and the adjudicators need no elaborate theory of thinking but merely the presupposition of a common practice of thinking, in the sense that we all know what we mean by a question and by the word *think*. But suppose we give the question and the word a Socratic push: where would that lead us? Like the courageous Greeks faced with Socrates' interest in the

² A fairly full consideration of Archimedes' presentation of his solution is available in *Cantower 27*, "Atoms in Motion." The *Cantowers* are an extended series of essays, in their length equal to approximately ten volumes of essays, available on my website, www.philipmcshane.ca.

meaning of *courage*, we might resent the suggestion that we do not know what thinking is. Or we might fall back, or forward, into someone else's words regarding thinking. So, one might claim that thinking is a matter of going from premises to conclusions, and here I can helpfully recall a mean strategy of mine that I used in a first lecture of a standard course on reasoning. I solemnly began with that so-called definition: reasoning as moving from premises to conclusions. I illustrated the view abundantly with old chestnuts like "All men are mortal, Socrates is a man ..." etc. We laboured on for the hour, the class taking notes from my solemn discourse and clear writing. In the concluding three minutes I paused and remarked that the whole lecture and its direction was quite misleading: that we would begin freshly in the following class. Yet I might ask how many students have been thus trapped in a view of thinking that just does not jive with the reality in us? What do you think?

The implicit occurrence of **think** in the final word of the question, "do you think you can **dance**?" can nudge us out of the trap, for do we not assume that dance in such competitions requires thinking? Moreover, the thinking involved is amazingly layered and subtle. So, a pause here can allow us to think of the thinking within the dance: wonder and desire sweetly yet strenuously operative in the molecules of mind and blood, muscle and nerve. And behind, within, that sweet and strenuous operating there is the prior achievement of stretched imagination, stretched by wonder's creativity in a way that has little to do with logic and much to do with biological and chemical patterns that offer the concrete unity of some minutes of concrete performance. And I would have us recall the details of such programs as I am thinking of, with their subtle praise and blame, their tears of joy and frustration. The whole business is not only concrete but a full-bodied reach for integrality, authenticity. And we would come to see, if we paused long enough through these Autumn days, that such full-bodied reaching grounds a paradigm for science that is consistently missing in our laboratories and lectures. But let us, for the moment, stay with the dance. It is useful for each of us to have some definite dance in mind. The program that I mentioned is a source of illustrations and images, but one may reach out to memories of Nijinski or Martha Graham or Twyla Tharpe or Merce Cunningham, or contemporary films like this year's British Film, *Street Dancing*.

The core of creating dance and the living through of such a dance is a wonderous stretching of imagination that leads to a stretching of nerves, muscles, toes, in the concrete reality of gravity, wood, and melody. But what is imagination? That, certainly, is a question for another day, though perhaps in later discussion we may touch on its complex neuromolecular reality. For the moment, with a vague meaning for the word and the reality, let us muse about the flexed imagination as the core of all aesthetic reaching. And let us pause over that aesthetic reaching in a zone that is a cousin of dance but somehow closer to the everyday, the zone of acting, of stage or screen performance. I think

immediately of one of Constantin Stanislavski's sayings: "Every movement you make on stage, every word you speak, is a result of the right life of your imagination."³ He goes on there to assert, "If you speak any lines, or do anything, mechanically, without fully realizing who you are, where you came from, why, what you want, where you are going, and what you will do when you get there, you will be acting without imagination."⁴ And how does Stanislavski deal with a lack of imagination? He writes briefly and to the point elsewhere: "we sometimes have to deal with sluggish imaginations, which will not respond to even the simplest question. Then I have only one course open, I not only propound the question, I also suggest the answer. If the student can use that answer he goes on from there. If not, he changes it, and puts something else in its place. In either case he has been obliged to use his own inner vision. In the end something of an illusory existence is created."⁵

It is not true that here, in this talk, I have, parallel to Stanislavski, only one course open to me. Indeed, we have all too many ways that we might take in reflecting on the aesthetic and on its role in lifting science, the performance of science, to its proper dance of meaning. But I find it cunning to follow Stanislavski's simple strategy: to "suggest an answer. If the student can use that answer he goes on from there."

So I switch to the question, "so you think you can date?," a question whose simplicity disguises its power to deal with meetings of all types, meeting a novel, meeting a menu, meeting a friend that is surely an object of concern, and indeed meeting the object of any science, such as the sunflower in botany. The latter meeting was for me the source of great revelations about science, intimated in the title which I gave a consequent essay, "Sunflower, Speak to Us of Growing."⁶ The question of dating had its origin for me in twenty years of teaching in Mt. St. Vincent University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where the majority of my students were young ladies who might well have asked the question uncomfortably of many of their dating companions. "So you think you can date?"

The topic was conveniently a topic of a Friday class, and sometimes I found myself going home on the bus later with that bus bulging with the radiance of perfumes and expectations, smiles and bright eyes. But what awaited the young ladies downtown? That would be the topic of the Monday class. Had they met on Friday the person that I called *Cosmo Polis*: a name that echoed Bernard Lonergan's reach for a Cosmopolis of

³ Constantin Stanislavski, *An Actor Prepares*, trans. Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood (New York: Routledge, 1964), 71. To be referred to below as "Stanislavski."

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*, 67.

⁶ This is the title of *Cantower 2*.

richer meaning?⁷ Did they meet someone who was sensitively attentive, understanding, truthful, adventurous, committed? I have named there five orientations of any two that are dating. The issue of the course was to begin, oh so slowly, to appreciate those five orientations in oneself, but what was magnificently revealing of those orientations was the concrete absence of their operations in a partner for the evening. Sensitive, appreciative? Sometimes Cosmo showed no more reaction to a delicate perfume than he would to machine oil. Understanding of the young lady? There was the rare occasion when Cosmo's opening remark, "how are you?," was a genuine reach for words of joy or pain to be digested, for illumination. Truth? Facts could well be clouded by the bravado of beer. And what of adventure? To the lady's question, "What are we doing tonight?," the answer, with horrid frequency, would be "the usual." The same old same mold was too often the fate of the dying evening.

And what of commitment? There is the stale old joke that captures a possibility which has some probability: Sez he, "Will you sleep with me tonight?" Sez she, "Will you respect me in the morning?" Sez he, "I don't respect you now." Rarely, perhaps, the twilight meeting reaches the resonance of Wordsworth's lines: "She was phantom of delight / When first she gleamed upon my sight / A lovely apparition sent / To be a moment's ornament." But then, what meetings of our cancered culture reach in serious manner towards that high achievement of the invariant human orientations to be attentive, intelligent, reasonable, adventurous, responsible?

Indeed, are we meeting now in that strange way of adventurous beauty, made doubly deeply strange by the presence of nudges towards a reduplication that makes adventurous beauty the focus of our adventure here, made doubly beautiful here as a potential bastion and basket of dissent? The word *basket*, no doubt, rings odd here. I am thinking, in my use of the word, both of James Joyce's searchings for the meaning of art that are woven round a simple basket, and of foolish methods of economics that center attention either on a non-existent standard basket of goods or on a disorienting basket of stocks or supermonies. We return later to these different types of baskets.

But, here and now, might we, like a dance audience, sense a lift in nerve and bone towards the seriousness of the hints of the quote from the film *Wit* or from that Korean poem? "Now is not the time for verbal thought-play. Nothing would be worse than a detailed scholarly analysis of erudition, interpretation, complication. Now is the time for simplicity. Now is the time for, dare I say it, kindness." And the kindness at present would be a silent acknowledgment of an inner ache of loneliness pulsing

⁷ See Lonergan, *Insight: A Study of Human Understanding, Collected Works of Bernard Lonergan*, vol. 3, ed. Frederick Crowe and Robert Doran (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1992) chapter 7, section 8 (hereafter, *CWL* 3).

privately through each of us, glimpsing the possibility of an exception to Henry Giroux's claim: "It appears that very little is being said about the ideas, social relations, and values that are at work in higher education to produce what might be called the liberal subject."⁸ Yet might that silent acknowledgment not ferment into more than a little being said in these few days about what is at work in higher education, and what is missing, excluded, murdered? The question has been taken out of each question mark sitting here tonight: might heart and art twitch towards dissent?

I recall Bernard Lonergan's dancing voice of fifty years ago pitching high the challenge to twitch towards a new dance of meaning. "What I want to communicate in this talk about art is the notion that art is relevant to concrete living, that it is an exploration of the potentialities of concrete living. That exploration is extremely important in our age, when philosophers for at least two centuries, through doctrines on politics, economics, education, and through ever further doctrines, have been trying to remake man, and have done not a little to make human life unlivable."⁹ He was talking of art, and he had reached the concluding paragraph. His appeal, in the final words, was for a liberation of consciousness, yet there was a way in which his audience could comfortably think of that liberation as someone else's problem. But here and now my appeal is to the battered question-marks sitting in the hall. The actors reading Stanislavski's instructions are not reading so as to write a book or criticise a culture: they are reading towards acting. The young ladies of Mt. St. Vincent University were not interested in doing a philosophy course: they were interested in breaking forward from stale patterns of dating and mating.

What of Stephen's talk of the basket and of art to Lynch in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*? Was it a Stanislavski moment of education, an invitation to break forward, a Lonergan call for a step beyond nominalist truncation?

Stephen translates from Aquinas:

"*Three things are needed for beauty: wholeness, harmony, and radiance.*"¹⁰ Do these correspond to the phases of apprehension? Are you following?

- Of course I am, said Lynch. If you think I have an excrementitious intelligence run after Donovan and ask him to listen to you.

⁸ From the summary of Henry Giroux's paper.

⁹ Bernard Lonergan, *Topics in Education, Collected Works of Bernard Lonergan*, vol. 10, ed. Robert Doran and Frederick Crowe (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1993), 232 (hereafter, *CWL* 10).

¹⁰ One might follow up the possible connection to Lonergan's threefold description, in chapter 8 of *Insight*, of a thing as a unity identity whole. One may consider that Lonergan's three correspond to Aquinas's first two: *claritas* can then be considered to add the refinement of beauty.

Stephen pointed at a basket which a butcher's boy had slung inverted on his head.

- Look at that basket, he said.

- I see it, said Lynch.

- In order to see that basket, said Stephen, your mind first of all separates the basket from the rest of the visible universe which is not the basket. The first phase of apprehension is a bounding line drawn about the object to be apprehended. You apprehend it as one thing. You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is *integritas*.

- Bull's eye! said Lynch, laughing. Go on."¹¹

What a sad line this that follows the word *integritas*, wholeness. Lynch laughs his bull's-eye miss and calls for a continuance. Lonergan's audience breaks for coffee and returns for a like continuance. Stanislavski hopes that his advice on stale imagination will survive in some twisted form. Are we not back at the message of that first quotation? "Now is not the time for verbal thought-play. Nothing would be worse than a detailed scholarly analysis of erudition, interpretation, complication. Now is the time for simplicity. Now is the time for, dare I say it, kindness." And the fundamental kindness is to glimpse effectively, in lonely solitude, that verbal thought-play is eating our lives, and that the climb out of it is a long private road that, yes, can merge with other self-searchings to generate a trickling stream of cultural protest.

Joyce's Stephen puts it so neatly, a swift pointing to the pinnacle: "You see it as one whole. You apprehend the wholeness. That is *integritas*." But when do you thus see it? Certainly not with the swiftness of Lynch, a member of the Lynch-mob of verbal erudition. Joyce was to go on in his life to sniff out the flaws of talking and telling in the old language, and indeed eventually to put the basket back into the universe, so that "riverrun past Eve and Adam," and the basket is weaved into the whole of history and telling becomes a tale of each and all humbly circling round all. The circular telling becomes a matter of characters 'reading the book of themselves' on the riverride to the sea. But Joyce did not get to a luminous telling, nor did the "detailed scholarly analysis of erudition, interpretation, complication" of the century since. The characters failed to read the book of themselves or the place of their dates in history.

New characters are needed, meeting Aristotle's odd hope of the first paragraph of his *Magna Moralia*: "Since our purpose is to speak about matters of character, we must first inquire of what character is a branch. To speak concisely, then, it would seem to be a branch of nothing else

¹¹ Editions and paginations vary, so best give the general reference as about 50 pages from the end of the book.

than statecraft.”¹² How close are we in history to aid the genesis of such characters? By what miracle of method and persuasion might we lift the probabilities of such characters from a Poisson distribution to the hope of a Bell Curve in the next thousand years?

Like Stanislavski, I have risked giving my answer, and so risk my answer to be twisted in as many ways as there are people here. The answer may be enlarged on considerably, as any serious human answer can. If the answer has the heuristic depth of a new and fresh science, then it has hundreds of years of enlargement quite beyond present fantasy. What begins, then, as a simple exercise for young ladies in discerning dates can and will bubble forward as a new human era, a shift from the spontaneity of whatting to a luminous self-possession of that whatting by the whatter, whatever the whatter is doing.¹³ It is to meet Stanislavski’s demands, not just on the stage but in the street, in the science, in the song, in the symphony. “Fully realizing who you are, where you came from, why, what you want.”¹⁴

Stanislavski’s demands are, in an obvious way, brutal and immediate: the two words *fully realize* cut into every successful or unsuccessful stage-entry. I once watched an entry by Peter O’Toole, watching his little finger twitching behind his clasped-hands back: the little finger was, so to speak, luminously not his. Might Stanislavski’s demands tone up a whole culture, the whole world on a new stage, in a new stage of meaning?¹⁵

¹² The beginning of “Magna Moralia,” in *The Complete Works of Aristotle*, vol. 2, ed. Jonathan Barnes (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1984), 1864.

¹³ I express an optimism here regarding Lonergan’s vision of two historical phases of the living of “the temporal subject,” where I take his reflections in a phyletic sense rather than an ontic sense. “It is clear that there are two phases of a temporal subject: the first is a prior phase, when by one’s natural spontaneity one is the subject of one’s actuated intellectual nature; the second is a subsequent phase, when, as knowing and willing, one is by one’s own intention the subject of one’s intellectual nature both as actuated and as to be actuated further.” Lonergan, *The Triune God: Systematics, Collected Works of Bernard Lonergan*, vol. 12, trans. Michael Shields, ed. Robert Doran and H. Daniel Monsour (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2007), 405. Then the historical issue is the slow transition from spontaneous operations to luminous operations. That, I think, is the fundamental issue with which we are at present dealing. See further note 15 below.

¹⁴ Stanislavski, 71.

¹⁵ One may follow up the suggestion of note 13 above. Then we move to a fresh grip on the transition from latent to explicit metaphysics: there is to be identifiable a historical period of problematic metaphysics. (See *Insight, CWL* 3, chapter 14, sections 2 and 3.) One can go further to identify the second of the three stages of meaning (see Lonergan, *Method in Theology*, chapter 3, section 10) with that problematic stage, a long period of human messing with meaning in which common sense battles with history’s dynamic against the emergence

Three odd Greeks, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, lifted forward by Greek drama, gave us a nudge with such expressions as *know thyself* or Aristotle's inadequate suggestion at the beginning of his *Metaphysics*: "All men by nature desire to know."¹⁶ The expression is inadequate, whether in Aristotle's Greek or its present various translations. It is close to the erudition that is condemned by the dying woman in *Wit*. It is brought close to re-translation by the dating women of my class: not "all men" but this man here, my date, Cosmo Polis or Tom or Dick or Harry, does he desire to know? And what is that in me that longs that he do so?

Yes, indeed, have we not reached a key-note, a key word? *What* is that in me that longs that he do so: full stop. The question-mark is or can be thus lifted from the statement. **WHAT** is that in me that longs that he does so.

And perhaps, in arriving here, I should cut short my presentation so as to witness your presentations of rescued question-marks. We would be canceling out a word from the Korean Poem quoted at the beginning: not, then, "someone is taking out a question from a question mark" but, cutting away the *out* and reaching something like the meeting that is the core of genuine artistry. "Someone is taking a question from a question mark." The taking becomes a luminous cherishing, the question mark of noise like a shot fired in the human race: on your marks, set, and going on: **What**, in very deed, would be going on.

You may well be thinking now—that warped word, *thinking*, again—that I am in fantasy land. And indeed you are right. As Joyce suspected through his two last books, we desperately need a new language that would hold us close to the molecules of our desires. What is needed and not at all yet identifiable is a new human expressiveness, a strange mix of linguistic and non-linguistic feedback¹⁷ that would make presence luminous, as it is on these rare occasions when a statue or a symphony leaps into one's integrity, to give a point of intersection between the timeless and time, a moment in T.S. Eliot's rose garden. It is to give wonder a home through a HOW-language, linguistic or not. It is

of a science of man. The battle, of course, involves the messy impoverished meanings of science that this paper, and its companion, skim past.

¹⁶ *Op. cit.* note 12 above, p. 1553.

¹⁷ The linguistic feedback that I am envisaging, one that reaches luminously to make language a Home Of Wonder [or of WHAT], a HOW-Language is a remote human goal, pivoting on aesthetic integrity. Lonergan introduces the notion in *Method in Theology*, in note 34 of page 88. There is a second mention of linguistic feedback in the typescript of the book, lost in the shift to publication. So, lines 12ff of page 93 should read: "in the measure that linguistic **feed-back is achieved, that is, in the measure that** explanations and statements provide the sensible presentations for the insights that effect further developments of thought and language." The bold-faced section is missing from the published version. Note that the conversations in Australia that I describe include non-linguistic devices, types of which are included in my presentation at this conference.

what, the WHAT, that we must needs seek in this next century of the humanities. A language that is a HOW-language, a “Home Of Wonder” language, in which What can vibrate in Joyce’s three phases of “wholeness, harmony, radiance.”¹⁸ Might we thus shift along a strange trail towards Wordsworth’s dream, so that the world and every ordinary thing should take on the enchantment of a dream?

But that strange trail demands details of daily climbing that must be discovered in a new collaboration of what in Oxford they call town and gown. Yet the change demands a massive lift and leap for town and gown there. For four weeks this past summer I wandered round that gown-town of Oxford puzzling about the distant genesis of the lift and the leap so desperately needed there.¹⁹

I have moved us back to the general problematic context, the cumulative cancer that oppresses both artistic deeds and the daily lonelinesses. One might end there, but that would be a mistake, one perhaps opening the door to what the *Wit* speech calls “detailed scholarly analysis of erudition, interpretation, complication.” It seems to me best to end on our keynote, our key word, **What**, and to do so in a recollection of the context in which the theatrics of my presentation first emerged.

A few years ago I was invited to spend 5 weeks in a Jesuit school in Sydney, Australia—suitably called St. Ignatius College—to boost their views and practices of education and spirituality. While there, I offered to give classes in whatever zones teachers wished to use me. I had never taught at school level before, so it was quite a new experience. Nor indeed, had I lived on a school campus, and that too was novel and enlightening. In the early mornings, after 6.00 a.m., I would walk to the staff office area through the games areas. The boys were already out there, practicing tennis and soccer and Aussie football. The practice was serious, perhaps at times edging towards Stanislavski’s standards. I grew to see—Do you see those boys, Lynch?—to see the drive towards integrity of performance, and the lurking lonelinesses of unsuccessful presences.

The morning vision carried into my first venture into a classroom, a group of grade 11 boys studying world religions. I had seen earlier the basket of boys, young **whats** reaching out integrally in the morning light and, even before the teacher introduced me, I wrote on the blackboard the statement, “What is a schoolboy.” As I paused at the beginning of my unpredictable venture into school-level teaching, one bright-eyed

¹⁸ Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the speech to Lynch, translating Thomas on art.

¹⁹ A large historical question emerges here, starting with Scotus’s Oxford. A helpful start is note 126, page 39, of Lonergan, *Verbum: Word and Idea in Aquinas*, *Collected Works of Bernard Lonergan*, vol. 2, ed. Frederick Crowe and Robert Doran (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1997)(hereafter, *CWL* 2).

boy raised his hand. “Sir, he said, have you forgotten the question-mark?” And so our adventure together began. “What is a schoolboy”: a too-easily forgotten fact, a radiance cancered out by a culture of false memory. I was quietly recalling Collingwood’s wonderful cynicism about his school days: they encouraged the students in games so that they might use up the energy that they were not called to use in the classrooms. So I switched the question slowly to a particular zone of their game-interests by writing on the board “What is a goal-keeper.” We particularized too and fro till we were, as it were, there in imagination at the poise before the penalty shot. Indeed, there I was, leaning forward as if in a soccer goal, in a Stanislavski poise. And some of the footballer addicts in the class leaned towards an imaginary ball with alert toes.

There is that wonderous moment when striker and goalkeeper are integral whats, and again you may think of what Stanislavski said:

If you speak any lines, or do anything, mechanically, without fully realizing who you are, where you came from, why, what you want, where you are going, and what you will do when you get there, you will be acting without imagination.²⁰

The imaginations of striker and goalkeeper reach to proximate possibilities, but only in the work of art, like the plays of Ibsen or Beckett, does imagination blossom in a detailed destiny of achievement. I have seen Beckham launch a penalty shot into the safe sky, and no doubt you have all seen a goalkeeper go helplessly in the wrong direction. But nonetheless, the poise is there, the goal keeper is What from head to toe, and the save can be a work of art. Since the class was in world religions, I recalled the Hindu tradition in which Krishna, in the *Bhagavadgita*, answers Arjuna’s question, “What is man?” with various pointers, and I suggested that they pause over the possibility that Krishna would have given better orientation to Arjuna and history by simply saying “Yes. What is man.”

Soccer, of course, may not be your interest, but then you must find a zone where the word *poise* resonates with your own imagination and molecules. Think of a heroine and a hero of the twentieth century that I like to mention: Navratilova poised to return serve; Nijinski poised for his leap out the window in *The Spectre of the Rose*. I recall a Wimbledon interview with the elder Navratilova where she spoke about such returns and claimed that now she was a much better tennis player, but she just could not make the moves. The integral artist in her had reached new flexings of “wholeness, harmony, radiance.”²¹ And I recall Marie Rambert, who worked with Nijinski at the Ballet Russes, reporting on Nijinski’s wonderous leap 60 years later, at the age of 84: “I do not

²⁰ Stanislavski, 71.

²¹ Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist*, the speech to Lynch, translating Thomas on art.

know how far above the ground he was, but he was near the stars.” Are our schoolboys and schoolgirls asked to thus flex and fly in imagination?

But back to my classroom experiences in Oz. The next class to which I was invited was a geography class. What on earth was I to say to this group, in a room full of wall-maps of the world’s nations? The issue became one of detecting the missing map. It became more particular and local when I talked of the maps at the two main gates to the college.

The map that was missing was, of course, the map that concerned the young ladies of Mt. St. Vincent University, a map that helped them to name and recognize the dynamics of the loneliness of their dressed-up **what** in a date, and the sluggishness of that dynamic in their companion. So, our geography class turned out to be a matter of “reading the book of themselves,” recalling with that phrase Joyce’s borrowing from Mallarmé, “lisant au livre de lui-même.”²² That “reading of themselves” turned out to be the direction of a later combined class, with teachers occupying the back seats of the class. I mischievously reversed the dating problem discussion with the ladies in that now I had the potential Cosmo Polis, Tom, Dick and Harry sitting there, slightly embarrassed about the home truths of their awkward dating efforts, including beering up to dutch their courage. As I talked, they glanced furtively at their teachers, who were, I hoped, doing a little self-reading.

Then there was a grade 8 class to younger boys dealing with the topic *Reading the Bible*. All the previous stuff turned up of course: have I a map for reading Eve and Adam or, more shockingly for them, the mind of Jesus mentioned explicitly as a topic in *Philippians* chapter 1 verse 5 and in *Second Corinthians* chapter 2 verse 16? Our topic was reading, and the key to success came when their previous music class was mentioned. I switched from Bible to Bruckner, and invited them to read what I then wrote of the board: both the stave version and the tonic solfa version of Bruckner’s famous five notes of his Eighth Symphony. Dare I venture them now? Doh - , me, fah, soh, soh [below]! The notes emerge early in that wonderous 100 minutes of music and dominate its evolution. This weaved basket of Bruckner’s goods, written when Joyce was three, would have been a far better challenge for Lynch than the butcher boy’s basket. At all events the young boys took to the challenge and got a glimpse of the reality of serious reading. What is it to read those five notes, to reach for Bruckner’s sense of them? Is it not a climb of years? And what, then, of the dynamic 5 levels, 5 notes, of the dating process?

But enough for the moment. To conclude regarding the class given to 13 year-olds, for me, the high point of that class, and indeed of all my classes in the school, was when one small boy raised his hand to make

²² *Ulysses*, chapter 9. There are many editions. The passage may be found in James Joyce, *Ulysses: The Corrected Text*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler (New York: Random House, 1986), 153.

the point: “Sir, you are trying to get us to notice what we do when we read, aren’t you?”

I come to a final illustration from those classroom ventures, one that brings us right back to Henry Giroux’s project of dealing with Neoliberalism. Neoliberalism can be summarily described as a marriage of neo-classical economics with the sociology of a market-driven economy. Giroux would have dealt with it in a powerful analytic and historical sweep. Here I illustrate a short-cut from my challenge to talk to a grade 12 class in economics. In this case I was better prepared. I had studied their grade 12 text.²³ And I had invented a way for teachers to handle its ignorance and obscenity so that students could still pass the state exam, knowing that the text was deeply erroneous and immoral in its approach. It was a matter, briefly, of giving a few sane classes in the beginning of the required course and then going on through the game-plan of the text with a twinkle in the eye. The class I gave was powerfully illuminating for me. The 18-year-olds got the point by thinking out with me the right diagram of economic exchange, exposing the folly of the standard text not only for grade 12 but for undergraduates the world over. The illumination has led me to change my treatment of, and dealings with, establishment economics so as to avoid worthless controversy and to make more publicly manifest the deep simple error at its roots, its basis. But that is a topic for another day.²⁴

The significance of this class, and the others I mentioned, is that they reveal a set of strategies that may be of consequence in our task of lifting the humanities towards being, to quote Henry Giroux, a “site of resistance to the ongoing reproduction of a market-driven society.”²⁵ One needs strategies that do not debate the large issues—for the Establishment does not listen—but that expose loudly its gross errors.²⁶

²³ *Prehumous 1*, “Teaching Highschool Economics. A Common-Quest Manifesto,” on my website, considers the problem presented by grade 12 texts in various countries and in particular the Australian text used in St. Ignatius College. The strategy of handling such texts without rocking the school boat is discussed in detail there.

²⁴ The illumination has led me to discourage discussion of “heavy topics” with Establishment economists. The error is a simple one, manifest from a serious concrete integral attention to the fact that there are at least two types of firms in an economy. That distinction, clearly and operatively made, reveals the grounds for monetary oscillations, especially when creativity and innovation are involved. Missing that as an analytic key at the early stages of analysis turns the whole economic pseudo-science into an alchemy. See (a) McShane, *Sane Economics and Fusionism* (Vancouver: Axial Publishing, 2010) and (b) *Divyadaan*, vol. 21, no. 2 (August, 2010), seven articles dealing with the question, “Do You Want a Sane Global Economy?”

²⁵ I am quoting the summary of his lecture at the conference.

²⁶ There is no harm in concluding the footnotes for this part with a pointer to a further elementary exposing of an Establishment gone horribly wrong. It is an exercise I gave to my students regularly. Go to the library or, better, to the

In my final days at that college in Sydney I told various groups that my plan was to go out on the night of my departure and paint on the outside wall of the College the slogan, “What is going on in St. Ignatius College.” The head-master in the final assembly on the last day remarked that he had put security on alert for the coming night. Might I, or some other wit in the tradition of the film *Wit*, meeting the need for kindness, risk painting in some public place on this Campus, “What is going on in St. Thomas University.”

What, Whats, What, say you?

2 Liberal Arts: The Core of Future Science: Part 1.

It is important to keep this written version of my presentation at the Conference in its various contexts, since it is to reach a variety of readers, most of them not present at the conference. An immediate point to be made is that this text is not the oral presentation: it is to be available prior to that presentation, to be read or not at the convenience of those in attendance. The oral presentation is to be something of a dialogue in context.

The four plenary speakers from quite different zones present an amazingly solid front, credit no doubt being due to whatever committee was at work in St. Thomas: to which my thanks for both the invitation and the distinguished company. The speakers in order of presentation move forward coherently. Ronald Wright, on the topic “The Future of the Past: Escaping the Parochialism of the Present,” nudges us towards a vision beyond specialization. Next there is Henry Giroux, who pulls in nicely the present dominant crisis: “Beyond Bailouts: Rethinking the Neoliberal Subject Higher Education,” and pushes us to rethink the mission of the university, especially its present character as a corporate entity. It promises to fill out Wright’s nudge.

The fourth speaker, Dorothy Smith, brings us wonderfully towards what is, after all, the key issue, meeting ourselves: “Thinking It Through,” being moved forward, nudged, cajoled, out of our own boxes, our own biases. So there I am, a third speaker, opening the way to that final challenge. And my title, given above, expresses an odd challenge that links with the other three. I am not giving the summaries of the other papers, but it seems best to add the summary of my own here.

“The title points us to the most up-to-date findings of neuroscience. Genuine science, which is a source of creativity and innovations in global humanity’s life-style, is grounded in the neuromolecular transformations that are most familiar in the domain of aesthetic experience, of fantasy in the best sense. The present economic crisis, at root, is a failure of operative fantasy. Such moves as financial bailouts

book-store of the university, and check the indices of books on children, education, etc. etc., under the word *Question*. Regularly there is nothing under **Q**, except perhaps Questionnaire or Quine. So much for the child as **WHAT**.

are unimaginative moves based on stale sciences that surround present failed economics: they have no lasting benefit. The long-term need is for the deep bailout that is to come from the salvific presence of liberal arts education.”

I am, then, raising the question of a deep bail-out that is to be the result of a large cultural effort. Or might it not be more realistic to claim modestly that I am hoping that our meeting, and the four papers as symbolic of our commitment to the next 100 years— indeed, as I would suggest, to the next two billion years!—would add to the growing momentum that is a present ferment towards a new culture, a culture that is paradoxically both global and richly local.

I write this in January 2010, eight months before our gathering, and obviously in the absence of my colleagues’ contributions. Yet I hope to capture a little of their mood within the context of the present ferment of problems of economics and parochialisms and failures to think things through. Yet I must leave that context to their contributions and add my own eccentric context as what I might call a pastiche of nudges.

A pastiche? I might describe myself as a dabbler, a mathematician gone astray, rambling in the worlds of economics and literature, music and physics, etc. I recall now finishing the editing of what is for me the definitive work on the foundations of economics with a literary turn that surprised the general editor.²⁷ I had been working on the topic since 1968, when Bernard Lonergan asked me to find an economist who might read his 1944 essay and by the time of editing had glimpsed the core—a word connecting us immediately with the title of this essay—the core of his solution captured in the word *concomitance*. I have tried to capture and express that core and the crisis of its operative genesis in various ways over the years since the editing, but at that stage I did so first by making the word *Concomitance* lead into the largest bundle of references in the index,²⁸ then by appealing to the readers to recognize my integral

²⁷ The work in question is Bernard Lonergan, *For a New Political Economy, Collected Works of Bernard Lonergan*, vol. 21 (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1998) (hereafter, *CWL* 21). I would draw attention to the dates of that work by Lonergan: essays and fragments that emerged in 1942-1944 from more than a decade of hard thinking about the shambles of economic practice that has now evolved into a gross global sickness of academic and government bluffings, cover-ups, greedy gambings. The general editor of Lonergan’s *Collected Works* who commented on my eccentricity is Robert Doran S.J.

²⁸ 25 lines of references on page 329 of *CWL* 21. I do not expect you to rush to view or follow up those references, but at least I wish you to pause sourcefully, re-sourcefully, core-iously, over the word *concomitance*. In forty years of effort I have failed to get contemporary economists to do so. Is there a problem here of molecular humility, aesthetic openness to cosmic rhythms and their demands? Obviously—or not at all obviously—that is the core of my paper in the sense that if that core does not ferment in you around that previous

aesthetic response, and their own possibilities—possibilities with remote probability in this century.²⁹ My appeal came from Wordsworth as I ended my introductory note to the index—already an eccentricity—“And now I see with eye serene / The very pulse of the machine.”³⁰

My footnote here concludes with the odd point, pointing: “our basic question lurks here, in your heart and mine.” But it lurks, perhaps, at the bottom of an apparently bottomless pit, the pit of a truncated³¹ Western civilization, the pit of a lonely other-directed crowd, the pit of a silly postmodernism. My wife, Reverend Sally, has a delightful and simple painting in her Church office titled *Saving Grace*. Grace is a little girl at the bottom of a well. Who is to save her? We need strange bootstraps if we are to bring our tale into our I.

“The round world goes around itself and I
Chasing my tale lose history in my eye.
A lack of time means union with the whole
An end to revolution and a round black hole.
As the revolver turns in space I seize
The castle in the air that worlds may cease
From tired revolution. Hard pressed for time I wrest
From the star’s order an equivocal rest.

question mark, you prove my pointing. Come then, chase my tale into the round black whole of galactic you!

²⁹ If you have read the previous footnote, you may have a bubbling suspicion that the quiet text melody has its chording here, in the notes. You might well follow the melody line for a first read. Of course, there will be a second and seventieth read only if you have uncommon sense. What is **concomitance**? What is **probability**? “The necessary mathematics all developed from the fundamental principles of mathematical probability laid out by Fermat and Pascal in about three months by a painstaking application of uncommon sense.” E.T. Bell, *The Development of Mathematics* (London: McGraw Hill, 1945), 155. Later I will talk about the book *Insight*, which pivots on the meaning of the word *probability*: yet few of its readers, so far, have had the uncommon sense to read the word properly.

³⁰ The line bubbled up for me then from my schoolboy days of 1948, not just because *She Was a Phantom of Delight* was committed to memory, but also because of the debates in class about this oddity of William Wordsworth. He begins, “She was a phantom of delight / When first she gleamed upon my sight.” O.K., but then nature-loving sweet William compares the lady to a machine? Still, might we rescue the machine by the comparison? So, our basic question lurks here, in your heart and mine!

³¹ “The neglected subject does not know himself. The truncated subject not only does not know himself but also is unaware of his ignorance and so, in one way or another, concludes that what he does not know does not exist.” Lonergan, “The Subject,” *A Second Collection*, ed. William Ryan and Bernard Tyrrell (London: Darton, Longman and Todd, 1974), 73. Gradually here I shall make my case that an axial censor is at work on our molecules. (On **axial**, see note 37 below.)

The round world goes around itself and I
Chasing my tale lose history in my eye.”³²

The conspiracy of other-directed study and business, law and order, government and greed, call our eyes away from our Is. But there is the call within, part of the cover-up and the covered-up, screaming quietly within us as we putter with postmodern myth-making. I read recently in a book on postmodernism that at its heart is “the interrogation of all narrative forms.” Yet it is itself a narrative that is hilariously and sadly killing off, not it but you and me, eyes and Is, interring interrogation. Does not interrogation bubble up in varying question marks in all languages and literatures, even in postmodern writings? How do eye and I read those marks?

“Someone is taking out
a question from a question mark.
Question that flew like a chicken feather,
question that gave its body to the wind,
question that stripped naked,
question that painted the entire body,
question with a hidden face,
question that cried.

.....
A period that has lost its tail
cries silently.
Now someone draws near a period
and tries to shove in
a fallen question.”³³

Indeed, someone is taking out the question “that painted the entire body,” in that slang sense of take-out, mind-molecules’ quest-hands manacled, feet mafia-sunk in cement, the big banged “order of the universe’s dynamic joy and zeal”³⁴ cut from Gaia’s groans. The seed of art dies. “Art is relevant to concrete living; it is an exploration of the potentialities of concrete living. That exploration is extremely important in our age, when philosophers for at least two centuries, through doctrines on politics, economics, education, and through ever further doctrines, have been trying to remake man, and have done not a little to

³² Tilottama Rajan, quoted in *Modern Indian Poetry in English*, ed. P. Lal (Calcutta: Writers Workshops Books, 1969), 427.

³³ I am quoting the beginning and end of the poem “A Question Mark” written by the Korean poetess Kim Hyesoon (b. 1955), in *Anxiety of Words: Contemporary Poetry by Korean Women*, trans. Don Mee Choi (Brookline, MA: Zephyr Press, 2006), 83. In the book, the Korean version is on the opposite page.

³⁴ Lonergan, *Insight*, CWL 3, p. 722: concluding words.

make human life unlivable. The great task that is demanded if we are to make it livable again is the re-creation of the liberty of the subject, the recognition of the freedom of consciousness.”³⁵

And this is not a matter of “shoving in a fallen question.”³⁶ It is, rather a deep lonely side-stepping spiraling into the now-foreign land of the neglected self. It is a new stage of meaning beyond the warps of our axial daze.³⁷ “The third stage of global meaning, with its mutual mediation of an academic presence, is a distant probability,³⁸ needing painfilled solitary reaching towards a hearing of hearing,³⁹ a touching of touching, ‘in the far ear,’⁴⁰ ‘sanscreed,’⁴¹ making luminously present—in focal darkdream—our bloodwashed bloodstream. It is a new audacity, a new hapticity, to which we must aspire, for which we must pray.”⁴²

³⁵ Lonergan, *Topics in Education*, CWL 10, p. 232. The quotation is at the conclusion of chapter nine on “Art.”

³⁶ I think, in this context, of the school associated with Lonergan that warps his name and aim into Lonerganism. It is not a topic for a footnote but some footnotes here butterfly around it, perhaps with butterfly effect. Even my recent effort, *Sane Economics and Fusionism* (Vancouver: Axial Publishing, 2010), is a snowdrop in harsh land. The topic in the present essay, indeed, is Fusionism, a proleptics of global integral consciousness as it is to emerge in, perhaps, half a millennium.

³⁷ The axial period I refer to sublates the work of Jaspers, Voegelin, and Toynbee on that topic, and relates to Lonergan’s view of two times of humanity, a first and third stage of meaning separated by a period of confusion and arrogance. The axial period may be considered as intimately connected with the emergence of written language and stretching forward from then for perhaps 10,000 years. Its end depends on our cherishing our lonelinesses in a full global search that tunes to the zeal of big-banged molecules groaning for infolding patterns, cosmic mirrorings. In this essay I seek merely to intimate the need in you to you. A larger perspective is available in my “Middle Kingdom, Middle Man: T’sien hsia: i jen,” in *Searching for Cultural Foundations* (Washington, D.C.: University Press of America, 1984), available now on the website.

³⁸ The title of the “Preface” to McShane, *Searching for Cultural Foundations*, is “Distant Probabilities of Persons Presently Going Home Together in Transcendental Process,” pp. i-xxii.

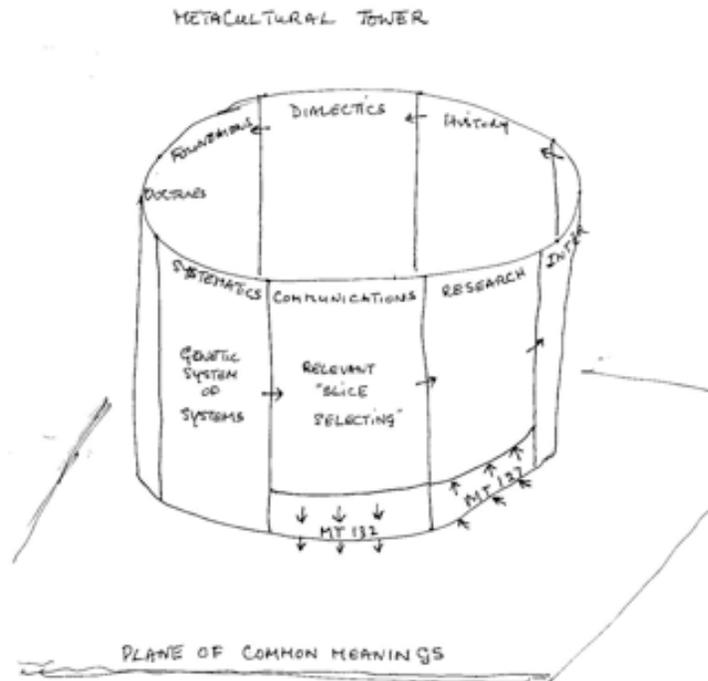
³⁹ “Merced mulde!” “Yssel that the limmat?” (James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, 212, line 26; 198, line 13). This heuristic transposition of Joyce, of course, demands precision of, and ‘boning up on,’ the notion of the notion of thing in Lonergan, pushing up from Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, Ia, q.76, a.8, on the soul’s bodipresence.

⁴⁰ See John Bishop, *Joyce’s Book of the Dark: Finnegans Wake* (Madison, WI: University of Wisconsin Press, 1986), 343-46.

⁴¹ *Finnegans Wake*, 215, line 26.

⁴² I am quoting from the conclusion of McShane, *Process: Introducing Themselves to Young (Christian) Minders*, written in Oxford, 1988-9, available, free of charge, on the website. The notes within are in the original text.

But how are we to aspire effectively? If I am right, the task requires that we begin to dream of possibilities that are slimly probable in a technical sense,⁴³ and even thinly probable in the dream-content. Even old objects of arts and sciences are to appear—literally—new in that strange new world beyond our axial times. Oriental statues and African beats, waves of water and of dramatic indignation, sunflowers and frogs, all are to foster freshly-patterned neurodynamic marks behind our eyes. Integrally, our human and cosmic story is to be told, touched, seen, smelt, signed to one another, quite differently, echoing luminously the question mark of Cain and Abel. Indeed, the question mark is to reach new front-line heights in a Tower of Able.⁴⁴ But that is a dream of mine, as odd as *Finnegans Wake* if it had been handed out in the streets of 1900: an integral dream that would make lesser dreams, and certainly daily drums, taste and self-taste fake.



But let me back off from dreams to a century of sincere reaching so that we might sniff the contrast. Should I list the searchers? Let me pick

⁴³ See note 29 above. This paper is related to the cyclic ‘bringing together’ of factors, such as the project of your sourcing your core, that are otherwise snowballs in hell. “The concrete possibility of a scheme beginning to function shifts the probability of the combination from the product pqr ... to the sum $p + q + r + \dots$. For in virtue of the scheme, it is now true that A and B and C and ... will occur, if either A or B or C or ... occurs.” *Insight, CWL 3*, p. 144.

⁴⁴ The **Tower of Able**, imaged above, is formed by cutting out the cyclic piece of the diagram W3 (see *Prehumous 2* for a presentation of the various metagrams, W_i) and envisaging it as a community of global care functionally collaborating, in eight groups, towards cosmic integrity.

on seven Ps from the alphabet of searchers. Seven? Well, it is an apocalyptic number that calls to mind “seven angels with their seven bowls of the seven last plagues.”⁴⁵ So, I think—in alphabetical order—of Pert,⁴⁶ Piaget,⁴⁷ Picasso,⁴⁸ Plude,⁴⁹ Polanyi,⁵⁰ Pound,⁵¹ Proust.⁵² They

⁴⁵ *Revelation* 21: 9.

⁴⁶ Candace Pert is reasonably well known for her early book, *Molecules of Emotion* (New York: Touchstone, 1999). I consider the significance of her work in the context of the importance of feminism in *Cantower 4*, “Molecules of Description and Explanation.” In this note, and in the six notes following, I make random suggestions, but the notes should not be regarded as a serious venture into criticism, which is a precise task of the functional specialty Dialectic suggested by Lonergan (see notes 53 and 87 below). So, for example, I make the sweeping claim that the group of seven I talk of here is a group of sincere but truncated people. Could truncation really be a deep communality, not just of these seven, but of these past seven centuries? Do not some, like Kierkegaard, talk deeply of the self? The challenge of this article is to consider sourcefully how talk, or artistry, of self can be rich and suggestive—think of the poems I quote passim here—without the presence of the serious strategies specified by generalized empirical method. As thus named, “generalized empirical method operates on a combination of both the data of sense and the data of consciousness: it does not treat of objects without taking into account the corresponding operations of the subject; it does not treat of the subject’s operations without taking into account the corresponding objects.” Lonergan, “Religious Knowledge,” in *A Third Collection*, ed. Frederick Crowe (New York: Paulist Press, 1985) 141, top lines. *Method in Theology* p. 250 contextualizes this task in a subtle effective communal strategy: a discomfiting invitation to historical and autobiographic honesty.

⁴⁷ Jean Piaget needs no introduction. The powerfully sincere young man ventured into a life of attention to children’s thinking and growth, and produced, alone or in collaboration, about 40 volumes. My suggestion comes as a shock then: that he was trapped neurodynamically in a culture that just did not allow him to meet Jean Piaget at source. So, the question, the source in the child, escaped his life-long efforts.

⁴⁸ Pablo Ruiz y Picasso, the man of my joke in the text about fakes, is no more into the enterprise of generalized empirical method than the other Ps in my prod. The only artist so far in my list, so here I would have you pause over the possibility that all the ten main genera of art, in this axial period, are, not generally fake, but disoriented and frustrated. The more the cultural superstructure of bad philosophy invades the artist’s mind, mouth and molecules the more the art bends towards the fake. But the discernment of that bending is the complex matter of dialectic mentioned at the end of note 46 above.

⁴⁹ Frances Forde Plude, not a well-know name as yet. A professor of Communications at Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ohio and co-author of *Communications Ethics and Global Change* (White Plains, NY: Longman Press, 1989). Recently she met with the communications ministers of the European countries, so she is active in seeking serious reform. Her writings indicate that she is familiar with works of people in the Lonergan tradition, but they also show that she is in the grip of truncation. Normal research and sincere

serve, not plagues, but sometimes leachings and leechings of humanity's tadpole age, and sometimes sunflower seeds of a spring to come.⁵³

good will are just not enough to read the source, the core, in oneself or others. See her article "How Communications Studies Can Help Us Bridge the Gap in Our Theology Metaphors" (*New Theology Review* vol. 8, no. 4 [1995]) for a glimpse of that **Existential Gap** in her thinking and writing. (See the index of Lonergan's *Phenomenology and Logic*, under *Existential Gap*, for a larger perspective on the gap in question in this group of footnotes. *Phenomenology and Logic, The Collected Works of Bernard Lonergan*, vol. 18 (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2001), 392).

⁵⁰ Michael Polanyi is known for such works as *Personal Knowledge* and is especially associated the phrase *tacit knowledge*. Could he, like Piaget, have missed out on himself? A pause here on such missing out is of general relevance. If one does not miss out on self-discovery, then one is luminous about that discovery and especially about the **position** (see *Insight*, CWL 3, p. 413) that one is in as molecular spirit. That position, a very odd post-Hegelian business, is vastly difficult to reach. On that, see Mark Morelli's writings, his most recent accounting being "Lonergan's Debt to Hegel and the Appropriation of Critical Realism," *Meaning and History in Systematic Theology: Essays in Honor of Robert M. Doran S.J.* (Marquette: Marquette University Press, 2009) 405-421.

⁵¹ With my last two characters I come home, yet not home, since neither is luminously positioned in himself. Pound's strange 117 *Cantos* lifted me towards my own attempt at path-finding when I moved into my seventies and began the 117 *Cantowers* that are in the website: they became in fact 158. My multilayered dependence on Pound is sketched in the first of the *Cantowers*. See especially note 24, which mentions Fenollosa's essay, "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium of Poetry," viewed by Pound in 1915 as a "whole basis of aesthetics"; also there mentioned is Pound's interest in the vorticism of Wyndham Lewis.

⁵² Finally there is Proust, and "Proust's exquisite partial synthesis" (José Ortega y Gasset, *Mission of the University*, translated with an "Introduction" by Howard Lee Nostrand [Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1944], 25), and within that partial synthesis there is his powerful suggestiveness with regard to adult growth, something central to my whole case. Normatively the adult is destined, if integral, to accelerate in growth over the years. My optimism leads me to think that, in contrast to Maslow's statistic of the last century, "less than 1% of adults grow," this century will burst forward to ground the claim at the end of this century, "less than 2% of adults grow." Perhaps, in a million years or so, the majority of adults will be genuinely elder as they speed forward posthumously to cosmic integrity, instead of being "not old folk but young people of eighteen, very much faded" (Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past* [New York: Random House, 1941] vol. 2, p. 1042), relying on posthumous nudgings.

⁵³ See note 37 above on axiality. As noted in footnotes 46 and 48 above, axial art is an especially problematic zone that is to be sorted out only in the future operations of a functional specialty that sublates and is to sift through present critical stumblings. See further, note 87.

Am I frivolously faking it? I recall irreverently and perhaps irrelevantly the old story of a suspected Picasso painting come upon cheaply by a dealer in Marseilles. Not entirely sure of his luck and his judgment, he travels to Paris to consult the master. “Could it be a fake?” “Oh yes,” says Picasso, “I often paint fakes.”

But if my dream is grounded, we are all painting forth fakes, dwarfed tadpoles instead of frogs, weak seeds instead of sunflower smiles.⁵⁴ Instead of painting quests, “question that paints the entire body,” we have Proust’s wonderous tea and little cake trapped in a French village surrounded by thin-lonely readers, or Pound’s bodyworks caged in an inner tower of Pisa surrounded by the uniformity of U.S. and us.⁵⁵ How, then, are we to sense the emerging story, further beyond us than, say, Bruckner’s 8th symphony is from Beethoven’s 8th, or Sophia’s violin flight from Bach?⁵⁶ The catch is the catch of a new context of creativity and invention, of our petty horizons reaching for the *Field of Dreams*.⁵⁷ It is “the problem of general history, which is the real catch.”⁵⁸

But let us plod a little in my P-soup.⁵⁹ Each P is in the pod of his or her own context in the creation of the object in art, technology or science. The art-work, the machine, “the concept emerges from understanding, not an isolated atom detached from all context, but

⁵⁴ My dream includes a massive aesthetic transformation of the sciences, of scientists. The mesh of that dream with the mood of adult growth indicated in note 53 is intimated by the titles of two of the *Cantowers* series mentioned in note 2: *Cantower 2*, “Sunflowers, Speak to Us of Growing”; *Cantower 58*, “Tadpoles, Tell Us Talling Tales.” The latter *Cantower*, still unwritten, was replaced in the series by *Field Nocturnes CanTower 58*, “*Method in Theology 250*, For Beginners,” which indeed relates intimately to this challenge of growth. See below, notes 69 and 74.

⁵⁵ I am thinking of the Pisan *Cantos* (1948) gestating in Pound while caged by the U. S. Military. We too can cage Pound, or any other artistic reach, by being “informed” critically in a set of patterns that cripple the wealth of our deepest loneliness.

⁵⁶ I am thinking of a recent recording that has Anne-Sophie Mutter first play Bach concertos and then play Sofia Gubaidulina’s *In Tempus Praesens*. Yes, one can hear Bach in *In Tempus Praesens*, but, tadpole-wise. *Deutsche Grammophon* 2008, CD #0289 477 7450 1. (The conductor, with the London Symphony Orchestra, is Valery Gergiev.)

⁵⁷ The italics may remind you of the 1989 film, about the dream of building a baseball diamond, a film successful in many countries. Yet here I suggest a flight of fancy regarding Bernard Lonergan’s *Field of Dreams* that sourced forth in his molecular imagination as a baseball diamond. He failed to get attention for it in 1944. The dreamwork—introduced in footnote 27 above—still calls.

⁵⁸ Lonergan, *Topics in Education*, *CWL* 10, 236.

⁵⁹ A more methodically suggestive set of alphabet soups is given in *Fusion 5*, “What Collaboration Might Be Achieved in 2010-2015?”

precisely as part of a context, loaded with the relations that belong to it in virtue of a source which is equally the source of other concepts”⁶⁰ and works. But what is understanding?,⁶¹ and what is its source, and what is the load with which history or her story burdens or brightens that story? Understanding is a cosmic infolding fermented forth in each of us, but especially in evolutionary sports, from 13.7 billion years of molecular zeal, and it is thus that, so strangely, “the universe can bring forth its own unity in the concentrated form of a single view.”⁶² The view, “the essential invisible to the eye,”⁶³ suffers expression and can shrink in the reading of a cosmic *haiku*, a basket case,⁶⁴ a cup of tea. “To what shall I compare / the world and human life? / Ah the shadow of the moon / as it touches in the dewdrop / the beak of the waterfowl.”⁶⁵ The named water of the dewdrop is burdened by the neurodynamic context within which it is read, readymade, by a normal reader, despite the dream-maker’s view surge. And is it not altogether worse when the dreammaker is caught in a nightmare that cuts off the dream from the source? Such, I have claimed skimpily in seven previous notes, is the fate of our seven Ps in their axial pod. The source, in our bitter times, is loaded with truncation.

⁶⁰ Lonergan, *Verbum*, CWL 2, p. 238.

⁶¹ What a wild question! Lonergan wrote the 800 page book, *Insight*, on the topic, and it was only a prelude to a larger volume that he was prevented from writing. “There is in *Insight* a footnote to the effect that we’re not attempting to solve anything about such a thing as personal relations. I was dealing in *Insight* fundamentally with the intellectual side—a study of human understanding—in which I did my study of human understanding and got human intelligence in there, not just a sausage machine turning out abstract concepts. That was my fundamental thrust.” “An Interview with Bernard Lonergan,” edited by Philip McShane, in *A Second Collection*, 209-230, at 221-2. The missing volume and its frustration is mentioned in his correspondence of 1952 with Eric O’Connor: the correspondence is available in part two of Pierrot Lambert and Philip McShane, *Bernard Lonergan: His Life and Leading Ideas* (Vancouver: Axial Publishing, 2010), 156.

⁶² *Insight*, CWL 3, p. 544.

⁶³ Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *The Little Prince*, trans. Katherine Woods (New York: Harbrace Paperback, 1973). See the following note.

⁶⁴ We are nudging ourselves towards optimism and effort about the future reading of a basket or a basket case. Can we join James Joyce (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*) in seizing, being seized by, the beauty of a basket, or lift to the larger leap of caring presence to the deranged? “‘I beg that you will excuse me. My petals are still all disarranged ...’ But the little prince could not restrain his admiration: Oh! How beautiful you are!’ ‘Am I not?’ the flower responded sweetly. ‘And I was born the same moment as the sun ...’” Saint-Exupéry, *The Little Prince*, 32-3.

⁶⁵ A verse of Dogen (1200-1253), the Zen Master, quoted in Heinrich Dumolin, *Zen Buddhism: A History, volume 2: Japan* (New York: Macmillan, 1990), 72.

Might we pause, magically, with water running through our minds and hands, even like Helen Keller, a five-week molecule-trip from touch of name to name-taste?⁶⁶ Annie Sullivan hands out to her, in five touchings, a new world, a dark handing that can symbolize for us the cosmic talk and touch waiting in the wings of a bird, the cup of a flower. “‘I believe,’ he [Goldmund] said to him [Narziss] once, ‘that the cup of a flower, or a slithering worm on a garden path, says more, and has more to hide, than all the thousand books in a library. Often, as I write some Greek letter, Theta or Omega, I have only to give my pen a twist, and the letter spreads out, to become a fish, and I, in an instant, am set thinking of all the streams and rivers of the world.’”⁶⁷ And you and I can be set thinking in a new world with Helen or with James Joyce in his world-river tour of those waters. “Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!”⁶⁸

But the new world and worldview, **riverrun**,⁶⁹ of which I speak, is a visionary dream of the sunflower in the seed, closer to Helen’s leap than to Joyce’s *Wake*. Yet, the way to it, the Tao of it, is a little touch, both reminiscent and redemptive of Merleau-Ponty’s dying days trying to touch touch.⁷⁰ The big book⁷¹ that points us to “the source which is

⁶⁶ I am thinking of Gerard Manley Hopkins’ sense of self-taste, but I would have you focus here on the integral response of Helen, described in her autobiography, flashed forth by *The Miracle Worker* film. The focus requires analogues in your own life.

⁶⁷ Herman Hesse, *Narcissus and Goldmund* (London: Penguin, 1971), 61.

⁶⁸ The concluding lines of James Joyce’s magnificent ten pages (*Finnegans Wake*, 196-216) in which flow the rivers of the world. He remarked on them that writing them nearly killed him. Perhaps reading them, source-wise, would nearly liven you? You might get help in the adventure from my website essay, *Quodlibet 8*: “The Dialectic of My Town, *Ma Vlast*.” *Ma Vlast* is a reference to Smetana’s work that lifts the Moldau into music. See note 39 above for Joyce’s inclusion of that river in *Finnegans Wake*.

⁶⁹ In a recent essay I twist the spelling—**reverierun**—reaching thus towards my present pointings. The essay is important in that it points to accelerating adult growth as a normative dynamics of retirement and elderhood: “The Importance of Rescuing *Insight*,” in *The Importance of Insight: Essays in Honour of Michael Vertin*, edited by John J. Liptay and David S. Liptay (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2007), 199-225. The probability distributions of varieties of such acceleration are, of course, conditioned by previous patterns of settledness, but still core nakedness with self and community in the pattern of the second half of page 250 of *Method in Theology* could bring into one’s molecules some semblance of the ambition of Gaston Bachelard. “Late in life, with indomitable courage, we continue to say that we are going to do what we have not yet done: we are going to build a house.” *The Poetics of Space* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969), 61.

⁷⁰ I discuss Merleau-Ponty’s posthumous work, *The Visible and the Invisible*, in *Field Nocturne* 28, “A Touching of Touching: Getting on Your Nerves,” one of a series of 41 essays of the website that focuses on a single

equally the source of all”⁷² history’s growing and groaning begins with Descartes’ conviction. “In the midst of that vast and profound stirring of human minds which we name the Renaissance, Descartes was convinced that too many people feel it beneath them to direct their efforts to apparently trifling problems.”⁷³

And that page goes on to invite us to join “Archimedes rushing naked from the baths of Syracuse.” Might we join, dip and strip and stride, Sullivan-watered, for five weeks? Or do we, pressured by time and convention, turn the page and turn away?⁷⁴ The pale green pond of being invites a tadpole swim towards frog-stroke, but life’s loaded grandparenting superego⁷⁵ tunes us to settle down.

“I had a house in Malabar

paragraph on page 489 of *Insight*, “Study of the organism begins” See further, the follow-up on Merleau-Ponty below in note 91.

It is as well to note here that the present essay focuses on aesthetic orientation as lifting science, but there is the other unwritten essay, that scientific orientations are to mediate artistry in an intimate sense. The entire mediation is to be dominated by a reach for integral consciousness that I point to at the end of note 46 above.

⁷¹ See note 61 above on the limitations of the big book *Insight*. The power of the big book is that it is a core rescuing of the simple zone of the most elementary science, physics. (On this, see chapter 1 of Part Three of the biography mentioned in note 61). Without that personal rescuing the experts simply do not cross the bridge towards seriousness. See further, note 74.

⁷² The fuller text is given in the quotation associated with note 60 above.

⁷³ Lonergan, *Insight*, *CWL* 3, the beginning of chapter 1.

⁷⁴ The dodging of the bridge begins on page 1, and I am talking here of expert dodging. The issue is the challenge of “being at the level of one’s times” (see *Method in Theology*, 350-1) instead of continuing to be seven centuries out of date. It was José Ortega y Gasset’s message of the early 1930s in *The Revolt of the Masses* and *Mission of the University*. “The need to create sound syntheses and systematizations of knowledge, to be taught in the ‘Faculty of Culture,’ will call out a kind of scientific genius which hitherto has existed only as an aberration: the genius for integration. Of necessity this means specialization, as all creative effort inevitably does, but this time, the man will be specialized in the construction of the whole.” José Ortega y Gasset, *Mission of the University*, translated with an Introduction, by Howard Lee Nostrand (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1944), 91. What is needed now is the honest discomforting shift of the experts “being at pains not to cover their tracks.” *Method in Theology*, 193. In methodological terms, they have to stop turning away from the concluding lines of page 250 of *Method in Theology*, where the pain becomes systematic and the probabilities of cultural shifts shift. But then we are back at note 29 above: what do these experts know of or care about probability distributions of implementation and the establishment of their shiftings?

⁷⁵ I introduced the notion of an axial superego in *Humus 2: Vis Cogitativa*: “Contemporary Defective Patterns of Anticipation.”

and a pale green pond
 I did all my growing there
 In the bright summer months.
 I swam about and floated,
 I lay speckled green and gold
 In all the hours of the sun.
 Until
 My grandmother cried,
 Darling, you must stop bathing now.
 You are much too big to play
 Naked in a pond.”⁷⁶

Still, some few may play. I recall now, gleefully and sadly, being invited to give a lecture for a solemn academic occasion, and beginning my talk, unexpectedly, with a coat-hanger—from which hung symmetrically two bananas—and a glass of water on the table, poised as if saying: “This is the table I keep. This is my warm spot in the world.”⁷⁷ The audience, unable to undress, listened to me and their grandparents, held back from bathing in my strange words as one banana entered the water and the hanger skewed. My Celtic eloquence sought to lift them by their earstraps towards hearing the cherishing water-space, molecule twined and twinned in molecule, embrace and support cousin banana in the cosmic clasp and message of water.⁷⁸ A lift in being was present, but was it present to their loaded lobes as Annie Sullivan’s hand-nerved nerves were present behind blind Helen’s eyes? The lecture died in academic eloquence.

So twining and twinning micro- and macro- water waves go unattended, as do the twining and twinning micro- and macro- waves of money. Water and money: the surrounds of our global human life, warped by a failure of context, of understanding, of reaching for the source. The source, a frail everlasting longing skinned round shabbily-patterned molecules, molecules that are both immature and axially mangled, a mist in the gorilla, would have the gorilla in the myst lift Gaia’s yearnings to an undreamed harmony.

⁷⁶ Kamala Das, extract from “Summer in Calcutta” (1965), in *Modern Indian Poetry in English*, ed. Bruce King (Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1987), 150.

⁷⁷ I am quoting the final poem below: see note 99.

⁷⁸ This is, indeed, a richer message of water than the harmonies displayed by Masaru Emoto in *The Hidden Messages of Water*, written in memory of his maternal grandfather. *The Hidden Messages of Water*, trans. David A. Thyne (Hillsboro, OR: Beyond Words Publishing, 2004) (translated from the original, *Mizu Wa Kotae Wo Shitteiru*).

But I have slipped from hand and handsome signals of water to the promise of money, to money that is an unread promise of human credit.⁷⁹ ‘What is water and what are its dynamics?’ The question is so much simpler than ‘What is money and what are its dynamics?’, yet the beginning of simple answers to the former question can lift us to dream of answers to the latter question in these next centuries. For that paralleling I draw attention to the gentle aesthetic attention to water’s movements of one devoted man of the twentieth century, James Lighthill.⁸⁰ James Lighthill picked up on the classic foundation of hydrodynamics by Horace Lamb, published in 1897,⁸¹ and—Home James!—built the subtle vision pressed into our hands in 1997.

Bernard Lonergan’s vision, pressed into our hands in 1997⁸² cries out for ... for a Roun’ Doll,⁸³ a lady in the wings in this century like the lady Joan Robinson⁸⁴ of the twentieth century, who will have the

⁷⁹ Chapter 2 of my *Sane Economics and Fusionism* (Vancouver: Axial Publishing, 2010) gives a broad perspective on problems relating to credit.

⁸⁰ See *Collected Papers of Sir James Lighthill*, four volumes, ed. M. Yousuff Hussaini, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997).

⁸¹ Horace Lamb, *Hydrodynamics* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1897). The book was still in use as basis in my own student days of the mid-1950s, when I used the sixth edition.

⁸² That was the year I edited the volume mentioned in note 27 above: *For a New Political Economy*.

⁸³ There is a clear reference here to what emerged as a general title for the Cantower Series mentioned in notes 2 and 55 above as paralleling Pound’s 117 *Cantos*: **Roun Doll, Home James**. That title came to me from musing over the beginning of the “Oxen of the Sun” section of Joyce’s *Ulysses*, “Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus.” The Episode occurs in the Maternity Hospital in Holles Street, Dublin. *Deshil* is the Gaelic for turning round right—to the right. Where did I get *James*? It took me years to notice that by shifting the s from the end of Hollis to the beginning of Eamus (the Latin for ‘let us go’)—thus: sEamus—one gets the Gaelic translation of James. This episode, weaving round through layers of English styles, is something of an anticipation of the goings-round of *Finnegans Wake*.

⁸⁴ Joan Robinson, a contemporary of Keynes but a follower of Kalecki, has a solid criticism of 20th century economics in *Economic Heresies: Some Old-fashioned Questions in Economic Theory* (New York: Basic Books, 1973). With Alfred Eichner, she founded *The Journal of Post-Keynesian Economics*. Eichner remarked, at the beginning of his editor’s “Introduction” to *A Guide to Post-Keynesian Economics* (New York: M.E. Sharpe, 1979), that late in the evening, after a few drinks, economists are likely to admit that they have nothing to teach. A step beyond drink would be an aesthetic reach beyond stale conventions of imaging. But the initial step of imagining and thinking is strangely simple yet also strangely unacceptable to establishment economics. The step, originally presented to a grade 12 class in economics who tuned in without difficulty, is available as Chapter 1 of my *Sane Economics and Fusionism* (Vancouver: Axial Publishing, 2010).

courage to say, like Robinson, “It is time to go back to the beginning and start again,”⁸⁵ and so lead us up to volumes of 2097.

But it is neither the time nor the space to begin again here. Indeed, you might wonder whether I began at all to deal with our topic of the core and the liberation offered through integral aesthetic reaching. If that might wonder of yours be integral, then a source within is freed a little by these rambles to at least wonder are these rambles going anywhere. Well, they are going to your neural head, weaving round the skin of your question, toe-taunting, body-painting. The rambles are very deliberately incomplete, flights of fancy about neuromolecules and water molecules and the patterns of molecules that name clustered molecules *water*, patterns that complexify billionately in the source’s lift of the name *water* to lightness such as that of Lighthill. And can we lift the name *money* to a lightness that can generate and water a billion gardens?⁸⁶

The incompleteness is the better of a broader mention of its character and the larger charter of the climb. Without the core cordially cherished,⁸⁷ we will continue to brutally misread the things of physics and chemistry, botany and zoology.⁸⁸ We will continue to peddle the

⁸⁵ Joan Robinson and John Eatwell, *An Introduction to Modern Economics* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1973), 52. I considered the flawed drive of this text in *Economics for Everyone: Das Jus Kapital* (Halifax: Axial Publishing, 1998), 99ff.

⁸⁶ A billion gardens, each a quarter acre, is not at all an unrealistic dream. They would occupy one sixteenth of the arable land on the earth. I note too that the average Chinese farm is a quarter of an acre. Other considerations would add to the feasibility: e.g., a cheap irrigation peddle-pump now available (about \$30) that bypasses macro-projects of water-supply.

⁸⁷ How is the core cordially cherished? This is the issue of the present paper, addressed to you in your concrete, and so aesthetic, reality. But the address cannot but be to you in a global community which includes Lonergan’s answer to the cherishing question: page 250 of *Method in Theology* as a single brilliant turning page in history’s cherishing. I have rambled round that page in 200 previous pages (SOFDAWARE 1-8, and the *Quodlibet* series): what can I add here but a pointing to and beyond those pages?

Still, I can point here, existentially, to *Completion* (*Method*, 250) as you stretch towards openness in the reading of this appeal for luminous self-tasting. The future scientist who shrinks from such luminous affective self-tasting is simply not facing the new scientific normativity of generalized empirical method (see the conclusion of note 46 above).

⁸⁸ There is little point in giving detailed references here. There is the same failure of full empiricism, but it is easier to dodge since apparently the objects of these sciences do not include the inquiring subject. To climb out of the mess in this century requires a push towards luminous subjectivity: the operating subject is at present a black hole, warping the practice, presentations, and aesthetics of both theoretic and popular science. That is the moment and power of the normative principle expressed in generalized empirical method as specified on the top of page 141 of *A Third Collection* (see note 46 above).

explicitly truncated studies of human society to ground the cynics' quip that "sociology is the science where people count." We will continue in economics, for example, to let jugglers and traders in derivatives piss upstream in our drinking water.⁸⁹ And theology and philosophy will dwell safely and arrogantly in their disguised common sense.

I would wish to weave your question round my favorite *haiku* in a concluding optimism:

"I thought I saw the falling leaf
returning to the branch
only to find it was a butterfly."⁹⁰

The pulse of the machine can become a heart-beat in the ethos of our distant future, when distance and desire⁹¹ mesh in the molecules of its construction, biomimetic⁹² joy addressing us "in a friendly universe."⁹³

The nostalgia for a garden is to become a proleptic homeliness in trains and tables, iron and ink: remodeled in the image of bird or butterfly. There is to be an anastomotic⁹⁴ speaking in which HCE and

⁸⁹ I greet vulgarly the obscene criminality of a high-flying money-making that is destructive of concomitance. Lonergan's Field of Dreams (see note 57 above) would lead to the numerical identification of that criminality. Without the diamond of the applied analysis, there is no measure, no *nomos*, of the character and oscillations of profits.

⁹⁰ "Raka eda ni / Kaeru to mirada / Kocho Kana." The *haiku* is quoted from Laurens van der Post, *A Portrait of Japan* (photographs by Bert Glinn) (New York: William Morrow and Co., 1968), 107.

⁹¹ See note 70 above, on Merleau-Ponty. *Desire and Distance: Introduction to the Phenomenology of Perception*, translated by Paul B. Milan (Palo Alto, CA: Stanford University Press, 2006) is the title of a book by Renaud Barbaras, one that springs from a previous work of his, *The Being of the Phenomenon: Merleau-Ponty's Ontology* (translated by Ted Toadvine and Leonard Lawlor, Indiana University Press, 2004), that is a follow-up on *The Visible and the Invisible*. The end essays of the series mentioned in note 70 above hover round related topics, but I would draw attention especially to *Field Nocturne* 24, "Merleau-Ponty and Other Mudfish," *Field Nocturne* 35, "Helen's Halting Hand" and *Field Nocturne* 36, "Desire and Distance I." A further essay, *Field Nocturnes CanTower* 116, "Desire and Distance II," relates these searchings to problems of eschatology.

⁹² I think here of Janine Benyus and her pointers in Biomimicry in relation to the flexing of integral imagination to reach beyond our entrapment in the technologies of the two most elementary sciences. Gaia asks us to meet that issue of life-merging globalism with an integral in-sourcing that would bring higher patterns of energy's infolding.

⁹³ Lonergan, *Method in Theology*, 117.

⁹⁴ *Anastomosis* was originally a medical term, coming from Greek. *Ana*- "again"; *stomoein*, "to provide with a mouth." See the end of the next note. I am pushing in this article towards a notion of a new culture of language,

Analivia Pulcrabella flow to the sea, meeting mother-father.⁹⁵ “Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls”⁹⁶ and all calls as “riverrun, past Eve and Adam.”⁹⁷ “Question, question, back in place. Singing question.”⁹⁸ The river and the well, the ill and the well-fixed, the inkwell and the ocean, come home.

“This is the table I keep.
This is my warm spot in the world.

A table to rest my ink bottle on.
A table
with other tables inside it.
The ink wanting to be heard.

Ink whose body is a river,
whose fullness is
to be joined with other waters.

The ocean,
rolling landward
comes home
one river at a time,

language luminously source-fed, big-bang spring-fed question-all-call. There is an earlier rich version of this push at the end of chapter 2 of *Lack in the Beingstalk* (Vancouver: Axial Publishing, 2007), in the context of the elder Shakespeare’s reach in *Pericles* for “the music of the spheres” (*Pericles*, V.ii.231). That chapter concludes: “Skin-within are molecules of *cos mi c* all, cauled, called. The rill of her mouth can become the thrill, the trill, of a life-time, the word made fresh. Might we inspire and expire with the lungs of history? But the hole story is you and I, with and within global humanity, upsetting *Love’s Sweet Mystery* into a new mouthing, an anastomotic spiral way of birthing better the buds of Mother.”

⁹⁵ One does not need to tackle the adventure of reading *Finnegans Wake* to soak in something from its final two pages. HCE: Here Comes Everybody! Try it sometime: indeed, perhaps now, a few lines. “I can seen meself among them, allaniuvia pulcrabelled. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia, when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird, haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair. For ‘tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of our cries till we spring to be free.” *Finnegans Wake*, 627. On the anastomotic home-flow see Margot Norris, “The Last Chapter of *Finnegans Wake*: Stephen Finds His Mother,” *James Joyce Quarterly* 25 (1987-88), 11-30. Recall the previous footnote. “Using the device of *anastomosis*, Joyce attempts, in the last chapter of his last work, to bridge all the ontological chasms: between time and space, between life and death, between male and female.” Norris, *op. cit.*, 11.

⁹⁶ From the final lines of James Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake*.

⁹⁷ The first five words of *Finnegans Wake*.

⁹⁸ See note 33 above. I quote from the same poem on that same page.

cresting and breaking into song.

Each day at my table

I hear the heartsong

and the lament,

as one by one

the rivers come home.”⁹⁹

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⁹⁹ “The Table I Keep,” which I quote in full from Robert Sund, *Poems from Ish River Country: Collected Poems and Translations*, compiled and edited by Chip Hughes and Tim McNulty (Washington, D.C.: Shoemaker and Hoard, 2004), 216.