

The First Mansions

Obviously, in this third essay's title, I am echoing somehow Teresa's start of her invitation in my using as title the title of the first chapter of *The Interior Castle*. Let us pick up on three sentences of her first page.

In order that I may begin on some foundation, let us consider our soul as a castle, composed entirely of diamonds, or very clear crystal, in which there are many rooms, just as in Heaven there are many mansions. If we consider the subject properly, sisters, we shall see that the soul of a just man is nothing else but a Paradise, wherein the Lord thereof takes His recreation. What a beautiful room then ought that to be, think you, in which a King so powerful, so wise, so pure, so full of perfection, delights Himself?

Are you with me now in quietly asking what is to be made of these three sentences? What did the sisters make of them? What indeed did Teresa make of them? What did Tyler make of them?¹ Where are these lines in the fullness of the divine recreation and creation? What else might be "in order that I may begin on some foundations"?²

Yet I claim that these are massively complex questions, quite beyond early reachings into Teresa's meaning, our meaning, our reach for God's meaning. Instead of following them in some manner of *haute vulgarization*,³ we shall take the easier route of asking about the penultimate mansions, the height of our pilgrim progress. Does that not strike you as a weird route, a crazy view of easiness? Two-thirds way through this first chapter Teresa has this

¹ We have only begun our musings on Peter Tyler's work.

² I recall note one of the previous essay. My quotations from Teresa's *Interior Castle* are from the conveniently and freely google-available text of John Dalton's translation. You may well pause here over the word *foundations*, and so be led to reach out towards other beginning of guidance of some age and continent. I think immediately of the first page of *The Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola*, altogether more familiar to me than the venture of Teresa. To them we shall return in a later essay. I think, too, of the beginnings of Dogen Zenji's volumes of *Shobogenzo*, that I used as a lead in to my *Music That Is Soundless. A Fine Tuning for the Lonely Bud A*. Dogen Zenji, (2005³, in Axial Publishing). "All our activity is rooted in the eternal nature of the 'everyday mind'. Most of the time we forget this but Buddhas are always aware of this fact." *Shobogenzo*, translated by Kosen Nishiyama and John Stevens, Tokyo: Kawata Press, 1975, Volume 1, 13. Yet you may be thinking in terms of Lonergan's Foundations? If so, I would wish to lead you back from them to Lonergan's mention of "a rock on which we can build" (*Method in Theology*, 19[22] and the forward note there to Faith as rock. My rescue effort of *The Future: Core Precepts in Supramolecular Method and Nanochemistry* is a fresh context of this and the considerations within other traditions. The everyday mind is integral and molecular.

³ On *haute vulgarization* and its dangers, see CWL 6, 121, 155. An issue here is to move towards a positive perspective on *haute vulgarization*, a question I raised at the conclusion of the third chapter of *Lack in the Beingstalk*.

fresh beginning, “returning now to our beautiful and delightful castle, we must consider how we are to enter it”?⁴ Think, now, of my fresh crazy beginning here as one that twists that beginning, that returning.

We have considered, foggily, the method of entry in the previous essay. It seems to fit nicely into Teresa’s view. “As far as I can understand, the gate by which we are to enter this castle is prayer and consideration.”⁵ The prayer and the consideration are, however, to be wrapped round “scrutinizing the self-scrutinizing self.”⁶ But my twist regards the what that we are to enter. For I would have you take the flight of fantasy hinted at in the previous essay: the beauty and delight is not of a grounded castle, but of a flying collective. Instead of a monastery of sisters there is a murmuration of sparlings. The beauty and delight of that murmuration is to be the wrapper of our W-enzyme.

So I come to pose for us, sisters and brothers, a mature Lighthouse question, a question about the penultimate mansion that is not about a settled mansion but a sky-flight miracle. That question can have bubbled up, in our W-enzyme, from our rambles in the first two essays.

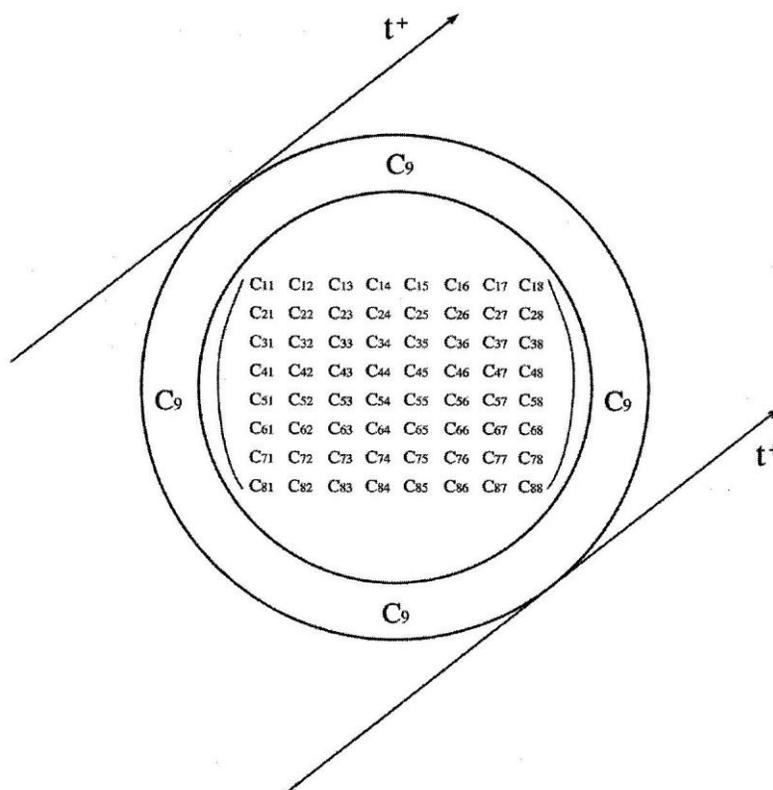
What, **then**, is it like to live in the real world as starling scientific parts of the genetics of murmuration? The question emerges in its contemplative effective explanatory maturity only with the long-cherished answer to the question “what, **then**, is being?” that leads on from *Insight*, line 15 of page 665 in the InWithTo of *Insight*’s chapter 19. Indeed only within the follow-up to the 26th place (page 691) that is question 27 of the Thomas’s *Summa Theologiae* and further on on on to *CWL 12, The Triune God: Systematics*, section 6, sublated into existential explanatoriness.⁷ That living is normatively communal and functionally specialized. We are now talking about the Tower but as a Lighthouse. Lighthouse seems a better name for the structure of the absolutely supernatural explanatory engineering, and further, at issue now is the sequence of operators that direct the light flight home of humanity. In note 7 of the previous essay I suggested that you “check *murmuration* on Google and weave its eyefulness round the ayefull awefull claim of Lonergan in June, 1954.” But now, sisters and brothers, I ask you for a checkered weaving, an enzyme murmuration, round the Google imaging of the host of starlings with the apparently stable time-surgings of the following diagram. Take a first look now at the diagram below but then impose on that looking, second and seconding, of and in your neurodynamics disturbed by a minute or two of googled bird-flight.

⁴ See note 1 of *Questing2020A: Interior Castle*, 4.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 5.

⁶ *Method in Theology*, 167[158].

⁷ That sublation is to be a topic of *Questing2020F*, “Foundations.”



Thus you can come to see and seize, slowly but increasingly, layers and weaves of global communities C_{ii} , the inner circle that is the Tower now in flight. What are these communities, and how do they weave round and about C , the non-tower people, forty times larger than tower population?⁸ The question simply puts the slowness into a W -enzyme poise regarding the slowness of the seizing, the putting being a task of forming a layered ($p_i ; c_j ; b_k ; z_l$) patience regarding and guarding that slowness. But even in its usual immature impatience there can be—and is there not, supermolecule?—a tingling of a sense of “our beautiful and delightful” replacement of the castle, with a miracle of neurodynamic harmony that tells you integrally and spookily something of the spooky stuff that Lonergan wrote to Fred Crowe about in 1954: “from the viewpoint of religious experience, it is the same relations as lived in a development from elementary intersubjectivity (cf. Sullivan’s basic concept of interpersonal relations) to intersubjectivity in Christ (cf. the endless Pauline [suv-or] sun- compounds) on the sensitive (external Church, sacraments, sacrifice, liturgy) and intellectual levels (faith, hope, charity).”

⁸ This is a topic of my “[Arriving in Cosmopolis](http://www.philipmcsane.org/website-articles),” available in English and Spanish at: <http://www.philipmcsane.org/website-articles>

What does it tell you about? What is it to tell us about? What is history to tell us about the murmuration of starlings, a biodynamics that baffles present sciences? What is a later zoology to tell us about the subtle interbirding neurodynamics? And will not that later zoology edge us towards a grip on the successful elementary intersubjectivity that is to underpin the intersubjectivity in Christ of a successful murmuration of the nations in the symphony of Jesus?