

## Bridgepoise 3

## Liberal Arts: The Core of Future Science

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 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’s 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.<sup>1</sup> 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

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<sup>1</sup>The work in question is Bernard Lonergan, *For A New Political Economy*, University of Toronto Press, 1998. I would draw attention to the dates of that work by Lonergan: essays and fragments that emerged in 1942-4 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 gamblings. The general editor of Lonergan’s *Complete Works* who commented on my eccentricity is Robert Doran S.J. I refer to this work below as **FNPE**.

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,<sup>2</sup> then by appealing to the readers to recognize my integral aesthetic response, and their own possibilities - possibilities with remote probability in this century.<sup>3</sup> My appeal came from Wordsworth as I ending my introductory note to the index - already an eccentricity - "And now I see with eye serene / The very pulse of the machine."<sup>4</sup>

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

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<sup>2</sup>25 lines of references on page 329 of **FNPE**. I do not expect you to rush to view or follow up those references, but at least I wish to 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 question mark, you prove my pointing. Come then, chase my tale into the round black whole of galactic you!

<sup>3</sup>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 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 be Fermat and Pascal in about three months by a painstaking application of uncommon sense." (E.T.Bell, *The Development of Mathematics*, McGraw Hill, London, 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.

<sup>4</sup>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!

apparently bottomless pit, the pit of a truncated<sup>5</sup> 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.  
 The round world goes around itself and I  
 Chasing my tale lose history in my eye.”<sup>6</sup>

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

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<sup>5</sup>“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*, edited by William Ryan and Bernard Tyrrell, Darton, Longman and Todd, London, 1974, p.73). Gradually here I shall make my case that an axial censor is at work on our molecules. (On **axial**, see note 11 below.)

<sup>6</sup>Tilottama Rajan, quoted in *Modern Indian Poetry in English*, edited by P.Lal, Writers Workshops Books, Calcutta, 1969, p. 427.

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.”<sup>7</sup>

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

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<sup>7</sup>I am quoting the beginning and end of the poem “A Question Mark” written by the Korean poetess Kim Hyesoon (b. 1955): *Anxiety of Words: Contemporary Poetry by Korean Women*, translated by Don Mee Choi, Zephyr Press, Brookline MA, 2006, 83. The Korean version is on the opposite page.

cement, the big banged “order of the universe’s dynamic joy and zeal”<sup>8</sup> 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 and education, and through ever further doctrines, have been trying to remake man, and have done not a little to 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.”<sup>9</sup>

And this is not a matter of “shoving in a fallen question.”<sup>10</sup> 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.<sup>11</sup> “The third stage of global meaning, with its mutual mediation of an academic presence, is a distant probability,<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>8</sup>B.Lonergan, *Insight*, University of Toronto Press, 1988, 722: concluding words.

<sup>9</sup>B.Lonergan, *Topics in Education*, University of Toronto Press, 1993, 232. The quotation is at the conclusion of the chapter on Art.

<sup>10</sup>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* (Axial Publishing, Canada, 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.

<sup>11</sup>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”, *Searching for Cultural Foundations*, (1984), available now on the website [www.philipmshane.ca](http://www.philipmshane.ca).

<sup>12</sup>The title of the Preface to McShane, *Searching for Cultural Foundations*, 1985, is “Distant Probabilities of Persons Presently Going Home Together in Transcendental Process,”

needing painfilled solitary reaching towards a hearing of hearing,<sup>13</sup> a touching of touching, 'in the far ear,'<sup>14</sup> 'sanscreed,'<sup>15</sup> 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."<sup>16</sup>

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,<sup>17</sup> 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

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pp. i-xxii.

<sup>13</sup>"Merced mulde" "Yassel 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.

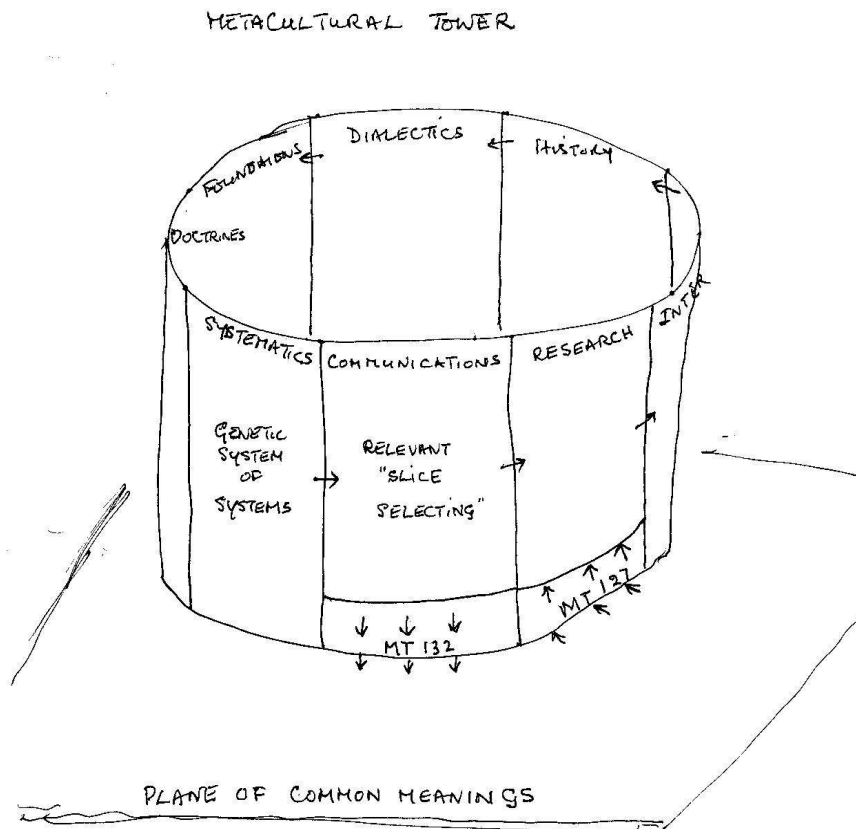
<sup>14</sup>See John Bishop, *Joyce's Book of the Dark: Finnegans Wake*, University of Wisconsin Press, 1986, 343-46.

<sup>15</sup>*Finnegans Wake*, 215, line 26.

<sup>16</sup>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 [www.philipmcshane.ca](http://www.philipmcshane.ca) The notes within are in the original text.

<sup>17</sup>See note 3 above. This paper is related to the cyclic 'bringing together' of factors, such as the protest 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  $pqr \dots$  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*, 144).

question mark is to reach new front-line heights in a Tower of Able.<sup>18</sup> 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.




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<sup>18</sup>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, Wi) and envisaging it as a community of global care functionally collaborating, in eight groups, towards cosmic integrity.



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 on seven Ps from the alphabet of searchers. Seven? Well, it is an apocalyptic number that calls to mind “seven angels with their seven bowl of the seven last plagues.”<sup>19</sup> So, I think - alphabetical order - of Pert,<sup>20</sup> Phode,<sup>21</sup> Piaget,<sup>22</sup> Picasso,<sup>23</sup> Polanyi,<sup>24</sup> Pound,<sup>25</sup> Proust.<sup>26</sup> They serve, not plagues,

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<sup>19</sup>*Revelations* 21: 9.

<sup>20</sup>Candace Pert, reasonable will known for her early book, *Molecules of Emotion*, Touchstone, New York, 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 27 and 61 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, *A Third Collection*, 141, top lines). *Method in Theology* 250 contextualizes this task in a subtle effective communal strategy: a discomfoting invitation to historical and autobiographic honesty.

<sup>21</sup>Frances Ford Phobe, 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* (Longman Press). 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 good will is 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 Megaphores” ( *New Theory Review* 8 (1995)) for a glimpse of that **Existential Gap** in her thinking and writing. (See the index of Lonergan, *Phenomenology and Logic*, under *Existential Gap*, for a larger perspective on the gap in question in this group of footnotes).

<sup>22</sup>Jean Piaget needs no introduction. The powerfully sincere young man ventured into a life of attention to children’s thinking and growth, and produce, 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

but sometimes leachings and leechings of humanity's tadpole age, and sometimes

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the child, escaped his life-long efforts.

<sup>23</sup>Pablo Ruiz y Picasso, the man of my joke in the text about fakes. 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 artists 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 20 above.

<sup>24</sup>Michael Polanyi, known for such works as *Personal Knowledge* and with whom 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*, 413) that one is in as molecular spirit. That position, a very odd post-Hegelian business, is vastly difficulty 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. Essays in Honor of Robert M. Doran S.J.*, Marquette University Press, 2009, 405-421.

<sup>25</sup>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 *Cantower*. 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.

<sup>26</sup>Finally there is Proust, and "Proust's exquisite partial synthesis" (Jose Ortega y Gasset, *Mission of the University*, translated with an Introduction by Howard Lee Nostrand, 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" (M.Proust, *Remembrance of Times Past*, Random House, New York, vol. 2, 1042), relying on posthumous nudgings.

sunflower seeds of a spring to come.<sup>27</sup>

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 panting forth fakes, dwarfed tadpoles instead of frogs, weak seeds instead of sunflower smiles.<sup>28</sup> Instead of panting 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.<sup>29</sup> How, then, are we to sense the emerging story, further beyond us than, say, Bruckner’s 8<sup>th</sup> symphony is from Beethoven’s 8<sup>th</sup>, or Sophia’s violin flight from Bach?<sup>30</sup> The catch is the catch of a new context of creativity and invention, of our petty horizons reaching for the

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<sup>27</sup>See note 11 above on axiality. As noted in footnotes 20 and 23 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 61.

<sup>28</sup>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 26 is intimated by the titles of two of the Cantowers mentioned in note 35: 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 43 and 48.

<sup>29</sup>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.

<sup>30</sup>I am thinking of a recent recording that has Anne-Sophie Mutter first play Bach concertos and then play Sophia Gubaidulina’s *In Tempus Praesens*. Yes, one can hear Bach in *In Tempus Praesens*, but, tadpole-wise. (*Deutsche Grammophon* 2008. The conductor, with the London Symphony Orchestra, is Valery Gergiev.)

*Field of Dreams*.<sup>31</sup> It is “the problem of general history, which is the real catch.”<sup>32</sup>

But let us plod a little in my P-soup.<sup>33</sup> 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 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”<sup>34</sup> and works. But what is understanding?,<sup>35</sup> 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.”<sup>36</sup> The view, “the essential

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<sup>31</sup>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 the first footnote above - still calls.

<sup>32</sup>B.Lonergan, *Topics in Education*, 236.

<sup>33</sup>A more methodically suggestive set of alphabet soups are given in Fusion 5, “What Collaboration Might be Achieved in 2010-2015?”

<sup>34</sup>B.Lonergan, *Verbum: Word and Idea in Aquinas*, University of Toronto Press, 1997, 238.

<sup>35</sup>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 relation. 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 P.McShane, *A Second Collection*, 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*, Axial Publications, 2010.

<sup>36</sup>*Insight*, 544.

invisible to the eye,”<sup>37</sup> suffers expression and can shrink in the reading of a cosmic *haiku*, a basket case,<sup>38</sup> 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.”<sup>39</sup> The named water of the dewdrop is burdened by the neurodynamic context within which it is read, readymade, by normal reader, despite the dream-maker’s viewsurge. 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.

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?<sup>40</sup> 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, that 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

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<sup>37</sup>Antoine de Saint Exupery, *The Little Prince*, Harbrace Paperback, 1973. See the following note.

<sup>38</sup>We are nudging ourselves towards optimism and effort about the future reading of a basket or a basket case. Can we join James Joyce (*The Portrait of an 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 ...’ ” (*The Little Prince*, 32-3).

<sup>39</sup>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.

<sup>40</sup>I am thinking of G. M. Hopkin’s sense of self-taste, but I would have you focus here on the integral response of Helen, describe in her autobiography, flashed forth by *The Miracle Worker* film. The focus requires analogues in your own life.

an instant, am set thinking of all the streams and rivers of the world.”<sup>41</sup> 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! Tellmetale of stem and stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!”<sup>42</sup>

But the new world and world view, riverrun,<sup>43</sup> 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.<sup>44</sup> The big book<sup>45</sup> that points us to “the source

<sup>41</sup>Herman Hess, *Narcissus and Goldmund*, Penguin, 61.

<sup>42</sup>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 13 above for Joyce’s inclusion of that river in *Finnegans Wake*.

<sup>43</sup>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*”, *The Importance of Insight. Essays in Honour of Michael Vertin*, edited by John J.Liptay and David S.Liptay, 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*, Beacon Press, Boston, 1969, 61).

<sup>44</sup>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 paragraph on page 489 of *Insight*, “study of the organism begins ....” See further, the follow up on Merleau-Ponty below in note 65.

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 20 above.

which is equally the source of all”<sup>46</sup> 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 then to direct their efforts to apparently trifling problems.”<sup>47</sup>

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 week? Or do we, pressured by time and convention, turn the page and turn away?<sup>48</sup> The pale green pond of being invites a tadpole swim towards frog-stroke, but life’s loaded grandparenting superego<sup>49</sup> tunes us to settle down.

<sup>45</sup>See note 35 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 most elementary science, physics. (On this, see chapter 1 of Part Three of the biography mentioned in note 35). Without that personal rescuing the experts simply do not cross the bridge towards seriousness. See further, note 48.

<sup>46</sup>The fuller text is given at note 34 above.

<sup>47</sup>Lonergan, *Insight*, the beginning of chapter 1.

<sup>48</sup>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 Jose 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.”(Jose Ortega y Gasset, *Mission of the University*, translated with an Introduction, by Howard Lee Nostrand, 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 3 above: what do these experts know of or care about probability distributions of implementation and the establishment of their shiftings?

<sup>49</sup>I introduced the notion of an axial superego in *Humus 2: Vis Cogitativa*: “Contemporary Defective Patterns of Anticipation.”

“I had a house in Malabar  
 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.”<sup>50</sup>

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.”<sup>51</sup> 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.<sup>52</sup> A lift in being was

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<sup>50</sup>Kamala Das, extract from “Summer in Calcutta” (1965), *Modern Indian Poetry in English*, edited by Bruce King, Oxford University Press, Delhi, 1987, 150.

<sup>51</sup>I am quoting the final poem below: see note 79.

<sup>52</sup>This, indeed, a richer message of water than the harmonies displayed by Masuru Emoto in *The Hidden Messages of Water*, written in memory of his maternal grandfather, Beyond Words Publishing, Oregon, U.S. Translated by David A. Thayne from the original *Mizu wa*



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.

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.<sup>53</sup> 'What is water and what is its dynamics?' The question is so much simpler than 'What is money and what is its dynamics?', yet the beginning of simple answers to the former question can lift us to dream of answers to the later 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.<sup>54</sup> James Lighthill picked up on the classic foundation of hydrodynamics by Horace Lamb, published in 1897,<sup>55</sup> and - Home James! - built the subtle vision pressed into our hands in 1997.

Bernard Lonergan's vision, pressed into our hands in 1997<sup>56</sup> cries out for ... for a

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*Kotae Wo Shitteiru.*

<sup>53</sup>Chapter 2 of my *Sane Economics and Fusionism* (Axial Publications, 2010) gives a broad perspective on problems relating to credit.

<sup>54</sup>See *Collected Papers of Sir James Lighthill*, Four Volumes, edited by M. Yousuff Hussaini, Oxford University Press, 1997.

<sup>55</sup>Horace Lamb, *Hydrodynamics*, 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.

<sup>56</sup>That was the year I edited the volume mentioned in note 1 above: *For A New Political Economy*.

Roun' Doll,<sup>57</sup> a lady in the wings in this century like the lady Joan Robinson<sup>58</sup> of the twentieth century, who will have the courage to say, like Robinson, "It is time to go back to the beginning and start again,"<sup>59</sup> 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 mighted 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

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<sup>57</sup>There is a clear reference here to what emerged as a general title for the Cantower Series mentioned in note 29 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*.

<sup>58</sup>Joan Robinson, a contemporary of Keynes but a follower of Kalecki, has a solid criticism of 20<sup>th</sup> century economics in *Economic Heresies. Some Old-fashioned Questions in Economic Theory*, Basic Books, N.Y., 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* (M.E.Sharpe, N.Y., 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 simply 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*, Axial Publishing, 2010.

<sup>59</sup>Joan Robinson and John Eatwell, *An Introduction to Modern Economics*, McGraw Hill, London and New York, 1973, 52. I considered the flawed drive of this text in *Economics for Everyone: Das Jus Kapital*, Axial Publishing, 1998, 99ff.

in the source's lift of the name *water* to lightsomeness such as that of Lighthill. And can we lift the name *money* to a lightsomeness that can generate and water a billion gardens?<sup>60</sup>

The incompleteness is the better of a broader mention of its character and the larger charter of the climb. Without the core cordially cherished,<sup>61</sup> we will continue to brutally misread the things of physics and chemistry, botany and zoology.<sup>62</sup> We will continue to peddle the 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.<sup>63</sup> And theology and philosophy will dwell safely and arrogantly in their

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<sup>60</sup>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.

<sup>61</sup>How is the core cordially cherished? This is the issue of the present paper, address 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 20 above).

<sup>62</sup>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 20 above).

<sup>63</sup>I greet vulgarly the obscene criminality of a high-flying money-making that is destructive of concomitance. Lonergan's Field of Dreams (see note 31 above) would lead to the numerical identification of that criminality. Without the diamond of the applied analysis, there is

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.”<sup>64</sup>

The pulse of the machine can become a heart-beat in the ethos of our distant future, when distance and desire<sup>65</sup> mesh in the molecules of its construction, biomimetic<sup>66</sup> joy addressing us “in a friendly universe.”<sup>67</sup>

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

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no measure, no *nomos*, of the character and oscillations of profits.

<sup>64</sup>“Raka eda ni / Kaeru to mirada / Kocho Kana”. The *haiku* is quoted from L. Van der Post, *A Portrait of Japan*, (photographs by Bert Glinn), William Morrow and Co., New York, 1968, 107.

<sup>65</sup>See note 44 above, on Merleau Ponty. *Desire and Distance: Introduction to the Phenomenology of Perception*, translated by Paul B. Milan, 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 44 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.

<sup>66</sup>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.

<sup>67</sup>B. Lonergan, *Method in Theology*, 117.

anastomotic<sup>68</sup> speaking in which HCE and Analivia Pulcrabella flow to the sea, meeting mother- father.<sup>69</sup> “Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls”<sup>70</sup> and all calls as “riverrun, past Eve and Adam.”<sup>71</sup> “Question, question, back in place. Singing question.”<sup>72</sup> 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

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<sup>68</sup>*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, 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* ( 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.”

<sup>69</sup>One does not need to tackle the adventure of reading *Finnegans Wake* to soak something from its final page. HCE: Here Comes Everybody! Try it sometime: indeed, perhaps now, a few lines. “I can seen myself among them, allaniuvia pulcrabelled. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia, when she would seize to my other breast! And what she is 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.” 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).

<sup>70</sup>From the final lines of James Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake*.

<sup>71</sup>The first five words of *Finnegans Wake*.

<sup>72</sup>See note 7 above. I quote from the same poem on that same page.

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,  
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.”<sup>73</sup>

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<sup>73</sup>“The Table I Keep,” which I quote in full from Robert Sund, *Poems From Ish River Country*, compiled and edited by Chip Hughes and Tim McNulty, Shoemaker and Hoard, 2004, 216.