

"TRUE PEACE"¹

I am a wall, and
my breasts represent
its towers, and in his eyes
I have found
true peace.²

If you have struggled hopefully forward with me so far, you have found a mix of the nun's story and the none's story hovering in your somewhat bewildered psyche. In that mood, or perhaps even without it, without any bent towards seeking light on the mystery of being and of being you, I invite you to come forward with me in a shockingly simple manner to delight in the discovery of the core of it all. "Now is the time for simplicity. Now is the time for, dare I say it, kindness."³

At best you have glimpsed the genuine joyful darkness that hovers over the exchange of the nun and I in that class of 1960: the distant vision did not frighten her. There was the climb ahead of years of graduate groping in the tricky world lit initially by Newton and Maxwell and Einstein and Schroedinger.

But then the nun and I got back to the climb and the groping of a first-year course. And that is where you and I are now, poised in our different ways. This new beginning has its seeds in much messy searching by me. Were this a one-on-one struggle we would move

¹ See the following note. True peace emerges in the Tower Core of humanity when the question "what is finitude?" is asked luminously and answered in His Ayes, even when his eyes are hidden in strange religions. A deeper Christianity will blossom out of that full global leaning, in positive *haute vulgarization*, towards Gaia Brightening. Then we will have arrived in Cosmopolis (see note 4 below).

² The Song of Songs, 8:9–10.

³ A Favorite quotation of mine (see my *Lack in the Beingstalk*, p. 157: "Epilogue. The Intussusception of Progress"): from the 2001 film *Wit*. It takes larger meaning in the present context. There was Lonergan's 1934 hope: "I am not certain I speak wildly: out of the very progress itself to produce a mildness of manners and temperament which will support and imitate and extend the mighty power of Christian charity" (*Essay in Fundamental Sociology*, 42–3). He hoped for an ever-freshening cyclic dynamic (ibid., 20). My question, my hello to you in these essays: is the core of it all symbolized by $\{\mathbf{M}(\mathbf{W}_3)^{\theta\Phi\Gamma}\}^4?$

forward with much more ease to glimpse the long climb towards the meaning of the key paragraph of Lonergan: for that is what we are starting towards now. And I immediately note that such one-on-one is there for you: you and I, or you and someone else, battling in some simple way and truth to the life of that paragraph in the mindscape of Bernard Lonergan. E-mail me, and we can start from your own corner of the woods, from your own garden, perhaps from your own growing pet. I have, in my garden, the magnificent result of planting last year and tending a little sprig of Virginia Creeper. It awed me last year as it spread its wings across ten meters of fence. Might you now think of such a tending of the sprig that is to blossom in “Arriving in Cosmopolis”?⁴ For that is what I invite you to dwell on and, yes, in.

And yes, there is the advantage of analogues and fantasy. Two images dominate my present poise in that departure from Kansas. The image of the oldest tree in the world, standing on its 9,500 year old leg in Sweden; the image of Anton Bruckner hovering, in shocking creativity, over the beginning of the second movement of his eighth symphony: “where is this five-note nudge going, and how might I guide it with my sixty-year-old poise?”⁵

Do either of those images attract you, or some other quite different seeding: a line of paint on a canvas, a twirling beginning of a verse? Might you find something that attracts you as a beginner’s puzzle about what we are at, so that we could begin a positive sharing? Of course, what we are at may still be a beginning puzzle, despite my efforts in this series or elsewhere. Yet it would be foolish of me to rehash the problem, e.g., of “academic disciplines,”⁶ and indeed would it not be equally foolish to present, either compactly or at length, my central previous effort to get you and others on the right track?

That right track, oddly, came from *Method in Theology*’s shot at introducing properly scientific hermeneutics, and not from the third part of *Insight*’s 17th chapter. It is and was a matter of pausing over the title of section 2 of chapter 7, “Interpretation”: “UNDERSTANDING THE OBJECT.” If The Object is a TOUGH Challenge, the best

⁴ A lecture delivered in Puebla, Mexico, in 2011. I gave there a date of arrival: 9011 A.D. The essay is available on in English and Spanish at: <http://www.philipmcschane.org/website-articles>.

⁵ Anton Bruckner was born in 1824. The 8th symphony emerged in various versions in the late 1880s. The symphony is sometimes nicknamed *The Apocalyptic*, but this was not a name Bruckner gave to the work himself.

⁶ Recall the short discussion of the topic in [Vignette 16](#), “Academic Disciplines.”

you can do is build a decent genetic heuristic of shots at understanding it. In my present poise I would nudge it further to understanding also THE OBJECTIVE.

In my musing about this Vignette I came at one stage to envisage a very long weaving round the care of a small plant, like my Virginia Creeper. You may wish to replace my small plant with a small failing plant of your own, or an ailing pet, or a strangely sick friend. In the latter case, during the past decade, I have appealed regularly to the television show, *House*, to develop an illustration of you or me answering the question, What best to do? Gregory House has a team around him from round the world, competent in best answers. Those best answers have a genesis in millennia of searchings and practices. Musing on that genesis and on the teams appeal to it and beyond it can get you, yes you, on the road to glimpse what any of the team mean by checking a suggested treatment. The poise is one of comparison with their own grip on the genetic best, in my terms on the geohistorical emergence of comprehensions and cures. There has been a massive global venture in sifting out that best, poised in critically eliminating front-line suggestions.

The long weaving I envisaged was some months of moving through that area in the case of neurodynamic disorders such as those that found a place in episodes of that program. This *Vignette* would then have emerged late in this year of 2018. But I dropped the idea. A long Vignette might have as much success as Lonergan's 32 pages on the problem, which is zero success. Why wait for such a grim Christmas gift from my Lonergan colleagues?

So, instead, I reach out now to you, yes you, shooting for some seeding of collaborative interest. At the April gathering at Loyola Marymount University the question arose, with some humor, about the identify of the “not numerous center.”⁷

For which Lonergan hoped. In my presentation—it was on the 139 words that I call *Lonergan's 1833 Overture*⁸—I suggested unhesitatingly that that center would be one that was pushing for his meaning of “compared” (the 122nd or 18th last word of the passage).

⁷ *Collection*, “Dimensions of Meaning,” *CWL* 4, 245.

⁸ I very deliberately mention the number of words in the passage because LOL there was a mistake at the very beginning of this Vignette enterprise when I claimed that there were 217 words in the passage and so there were to be 217 Vignettes. Now, happily, there are only to be 139. Where in heaven's name did I get that 217?! Presumably I had decided to take the counting higher up on the page. And no one checked: so how many other ways have I been misleading? ;)

There is to emerge in the method of theology and thus in theology—or philosophy or what I call *futurology*—what in physics is called a Standard Model.

Here I paused and indeed did pause seriously, musing over the remaining three Vignettes of this stage in my writings, *Vignette* 16, “Academic Disciplines”; *Vignette* 17, “Conferences, Gatherings, Papers, Poises”; and *Vignette* 18, “Ontic and Phyletic Growth.” You should surely be tempted to go back to them now, to seize me tossed upon waves of uncertainty in this 24th Vignette⁹—where might I move and how might I move in these next years of the Vignetting, U-netting, fishing for one hundred and fifty three big or small fish to generate “a perhaps not numerous center”?

As I re-digested now the words before my break, just above, at Standard Model, I found that I had sown the seed of the answer that bubbled out of my return to the problem of those three earlier Vignettes. I recalled my long Cantower struggle which was, after all, just a less mature effort, a much less mature effort, to get the functional show and tell on the road. As I battled on through that series, month by month, there emerged the title of the entire series of about ten volumes: “Roun’ Doll, Home James.”¹⁰ The series sits there: Finnegans Wake? Lonerganians Wake! Mon cul! Then there is John’s last chapter just implicitly referenced, where “Jesus called out, ‘Have you caught anything friends? And when they answered, ‘No,’ he said, “throw the net out to starboard and you’ll find something.” Starboard is the right side of the ship, and it brought to mind one of my essays on N.T. Wright’s faulty *New Testament* fishing: the title recalled was “Turn Wright.”

Will I turn Wright? I admire him greatly, and not only brood over his books but listen to his refreshing pod-casts as he talks of lifting scripture reading from the usual salvation-preaching to a poise of kingdom-seeding. Yes, he’s right, but he—or rather scripture ingesting in all religious tradition—needs to “turn right.”

⁹ The uncertainty was about continuing the project of writing Vignettes for 16 years in the hope of shaking up the settled decadence of Lonerganism: especially its dodging of Lonergan’s suggestion of genetic contextualization—*Insight* 609–10. The decision to cut off the series now led me to the completion of the series in the three *Vignettes* 16, 17, and 18. Might this cut-of not better stir the heir apparent?

¹⁰ This title for the *Cantower* series emerged only slowly: it appears at the end of [Cantower 31](#), “Time and Distance: *Feynman* I, chapter 5; *Insight*, chapter 5.” See further, the following note.

But it is important for you and I to get to grips with that need. Yes, the Cargo pants, but does not the crew pant? Do you pant? Might you pant effectively and breathe globally in new rhythms?

So, I took the nudge seriously, to try the other side of the boat. The side that would pull back from saying “Deshil Alles Eamus”¹¹ to saying in your ear, calling in your proper name, Deshil alle Seamus, Deshil Alles Tom, Dick and Mary: thus, to reach some individuals who might take the madness of Lonergan seriously: “mine and catholic.” But to take that madness seriously, in these next decades, not by focusing on the rough waves of functional collaboration but in rippling into the quieter seeding that was pointed to in the previous Vignette: an honest venture, here and there, into a geohistorical genetics of all scriptures¹² that could lean us slowly into the poise of the fullest heuristics of an “understanding the object” that is also an understanding of the objective, the Objective, to fuse into a single explanation, to Fuse into a Single Explanation. But my reach now seems best be weaved round hellos to individuals: my twenty-four Vignettes are there crying out “Deshil Alles Eamus.” But my right turn now is to reach some hello-saying of you, individual, not plural, that edges towards blossoming into a sharing in the venture of **The Interior Lighthouse**.¹³ The Single Explanation leaned and leans towards me “under the Moorish wall,”¹⁴ nudging towards this twist in the pounding cantos and the bruckenhart cargo-pants “and then I asked

¹¹ The phrase is from the beginning of a chapter in *Ulysses* on child-birth and language birth. *Deshil*, in Gaelic, means roughly “go round to the right.” It took me three decades to shift the s from *Holles* (*Holles* is the name of a street in Dublin with a maternity hospital: but you get the lurking German meaning) to *Eamus*, to get Seamus, which is Joyce’s first name in Gaelic. Might it take three decades or three centuries to get the cyclic notion into “the next cycle of human action” (Essay in *Fundamental Sociology*, 20)?

¹² See the final section of [Vignette 21](#), on Prescription: I quote its conclusion in the next note.

¹³ My hello regards the heart-longing of *Insight* for a genetic perspective. It is with that intent that Lonergan moves in the late stages of chapter 15 (484) “to reveal the heuristic significance of the notion of development, and to prepare our statement of the integral heuristic structure that we have named metaphysics.” Please, please, go back now to the conclusion of *Vignette 21*, and my challenge of rising to an adequate Prescription for a serious effective lift of global care. “Notice my minimalist plea. Forget about functional collaboration as a suggestion. Think of the claim that, whether you are dealing with the scriptures of Luke or Luther or Lonergan, the writings of Hegel or Husserl or Heidegger, the live-styles of Hens or Hawks or Hydrangeas, the oddities of Jeremiah or Jesus or Janáček, you need a genetic perspective.” (thus concludes that Vignette on Scriptures; thus indeed concludes the appeal of this series: might some of my colleagues come out in the open and claim me to be in error?)

¹⁴ The sixth last line of Joyce’s *Ulysses*.

him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I say yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will yes.”¹⁵

¹⁵ The last five lines of *Ulysses*. So, happily, but in the sadness of “The None’s Story” (*Vignette 20*), ends my Vignette series.