

Quodlibet 8

The Dialectic of My Town, *Ma Vlast*¹

8.1 Preliminaries

I continue here what I began in *Quodlibet 7*: the answering of questions and needs that arose in conversations during the Toronto Lonergan Conference in August, 2004. I think now immediately of a presentation by Paul Kidder,² which points to my topic and to what I think of in simplistic fashion as the mood of Plato and Academus: what might we do with the town? In terms of what we are at in the two series *Quodlibet* and SOFDAWARE - of which there were 8 essays - Plato and Paul are both operating compactly, as Lonergan was when he wrote *Insight*. The push in these essays is towards the difficult differentiations involved in functional specialization, and a main difficulty at present is to sense, note, suspect that the tasks discovered and described by Lonergan do demand new refinements of consciousness. This was discovered painfully by those who attempted the functional specialty Interpretation in *Journal of Macrodynamic Analysis* 4(2004). It is being discovered by those having a shot at Dialectic as a specialty for the next volume of that journal. And indeed this is being written with them in mind, as well as those who asked for suggestions during the August meeting. The previous *Quodlibet* tackled the question, Could I do Dialectic somehow by just

¹My reference here is to the composer Smetana and his work, *My Homeland*, the best know part of which is that wonderful riverrun on The Moldau. Each of us has our town and/or our river. Joyce commemorates this in that wondrous *Finnegans Wake* passage (196-216: twenty pages which, he said, nearly killed him), beginning with the Liffey and flowing past the Moldau (see note 47 below), through all “the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of.”(*Finnegans Wake*, 216).

²“Method in Urban Studies: in Honor of Jane Jacobs”: it was a reflection on Seattle and its architecture.

taking a particular author, or a piece of my own research? My answer was a qualified yes: the core of dialectic can be reached that way.

But there were also questions from those who were doing what might be called old-style dialectic analysis. Am I in the functional specialty dialectic? Such a question is best answered personally, but the previous *Quodlibet* does give a fair hint of an answer. Are you including the core of dialectic in your work? Then, even if your work is not reaching for a thorough *Assembly*, you are on the right track for us all, doing with the community a poor but relevant job, making a topic of the problem of conversion to *self-assembly*.³

“Am I doing dialectic?” In the previous *Quodlibet* I pointed to the possible relief of finding that “No, I am not”. You may not, indeed, be involved in doing or cultivating any specialty. No problem; or rather, only the problem of knowing just what you are doing in terms of Lonergan’s suggestions. It seems to me that the fostering of functional specialization will occur best through people following their bents with some awareness of the magnitude of the cultural shift from totalitarian ambition to collaborative⁴ humility. There are those of us who are happiest just digging around for new data, lost manuscripts: good. There are those of us who want to bring self-discovery into the classroom in an existential fashion: great. But all of us need to lift ourselves to a larger hope, a hope that there will be an increasingly richer back-up, guidance, for both the trenches and the researchings. What Lonergan achieved in his

³“It will make conversion a topic and thereby promote it”(*Method in Theology*, 253). I would wish you to think of this narratively, biographically and communally, and not just within the narrow confines of Lonergan’s selection of conversions. One can promote the riverrun madness of artists like Smetana and Joyce. But one can also advert to the pressing need of making a topic of the madness of understanding economic process, a substructure of riverrun. See note 37 below.

⁴In the conclusion of *Quodlibets 7* and *9* I draw attention to the 5th section of chapter 20 of *Insight* and to other relevant texts that help here. I think that the question of, and the beauty of, collaboration runs deep: the 29 occurrences of *collaboration* in the section of *Insight* mentioned can be read in an ontic reach for a sense of the mystical body.

discovery of the possibility of functional collaboration in February 1965 was an answer to his own question of Summer, 1953, about advancing from generic to specific hope. "In the thirty first place ... the antecedent willingness of hope has to advance from generic reinforcement of the pure desire to an adapted and specialized auxiliary ever ready"⁵ The twelve-years struggle towards its discovery surely intimates that something difficult was attempted, leading to a successful partial⁶ break-through to a massive paradigm shift. The failure of the community of followers to pick up operatively on the advance is another intimation, but only history will flesh out the evidence and the glory.

What of my present little essays? At best they are doctrinal foundations: they point towards possibilities of doing dialectic the way Lonergan suggests. But they are more obviously a shot at communicating, a reaching out springing from Communications-badly-done in the manner described in *Method in Theology*.

"Communications is concerned with theology in its external relations. These are of three kinds."⁷ So, my efforts fit into my diagram⁸ of collaboration, W3: outside, then, the field of specializations, dictated by my random reflections on Communications as - I

⁵*Insight*, 726[747].

⁶Enlarging on this will eventually lead to a history and a dialectic both of the past forty years of Lonergan studies, and of the past four or so centuries of creative fragmentations in cultural reflection. However, one can also sense the partial nature of the break-through in the usual sense by examining the file of that break-through: on this see Darlene O'Leary, *Lonergan's Practical View of History*, Axial Press, Halifax, 2005. The second chapter contains the full relevant file, originally named in my cataloging of 1973 as Batch V.7. A main incompleteness to notice is Lonergan's non-attention to the relevance of the division to all fields of inquiry or to either the global dialectic random convergence of discernments or the corresponding but non-symmetrical ordered foundation-fostered divergences.

⁷Page 132, section (8).

⁸The diagram has been produced in various places here: its public appearance is on page 124 of *A Brief History of Tongue. From Big Bang to Coloured Wholes*, Axial Press, Halifax, 2001.

would like to call myself - a theologian. Do they fit in with one particular zone within the three kinds? Not really, though at present my concern is with the second, with “the transpositions that theological thought has to develop if religion is to retain its identity and yet at the same time find access into the minds and hearts of men of all cultures and classes.”⁹ But obviously here I am trying to share my concern with a limited group, those interested in Lonergan’s work, those curious enough to venture along this *Quodlibet* road.. Some of you, I hope - and indeed within the specific auxiliary I mentioned - will break through to the larger theological culture. At present it does not seem to be ready .¹⁰

I mention this discomfoting fact for five reasons.

First, there is the question that I am dealing with in this and the previous *Quodlibet*: how might I have a shot at dialectic by picking just a particular topic? The title of this *Quodlibet* adds other possibilities to those considered in the previous essay. You can have a shot at it by walking reflectively through your own village.¹¹ But your own village may be a particular zone of inquiry, and then the walk can take the character of a reflective re-visiting of a journal in the field of your interest.

Secondly, do not expect your reflective revisiting to be acceptable. Think of

⁹*Method in Theology*, 132-3.

¹⁰A recent effort of mine to reach that larger culture was deemed by an editor and assessors to be beyond the minds of the readers of the journal in question. It appears in Cantower 35, pp. 11-31. What I attempted was a sympathetic survey of the past decade of *Theological Studies* showing the rich shiftings of insights within Christology but indicating how there is present in that shifting a fragmentation desperate for the unity and beauty and efficiency of a functional collaboration. Are the shiftings being cycled into the hearts of all cultures and classes? Functional collaboration would shift discontinuously the probabilities from products to sums.

¹¹The mention of village recalls Lonergan’s comment “...it will give new hope to local life.... it will make the practical economist as familiar a professional figure as the doctor, the lawyer, or the engineer.... ”(*For A New Political Economy*, 37). But now I am thinking of elders, up-dates of Plato’s guardians.

Lonergan's proposal for economics, now sixty years old. "Is my proposal utopian? It asks merely for creativity, for an interdisciplinary theory that at first will be denounced as absurd, then will be admitted to be true but obvious and insignificant, and perhaps finally be regarded as so important that its adversaries will claim that they themselves discovered it."¹² A massive global paradigm shift for all disciplines in functionality. A modest part of your "town-visit" should be to make its introduction a topic. But I add my usual warning here: check your thesis- or your job-security.

Thirdly, I wrote now of the visit and revisit as the modest part: that modest part is a sort of "doing badly" the tasks of the first half of page 250 of *Method*. While I have rambled round those tasks in the 8 SOFDAWARES and the previous *Quodlibets*, I have yet to write seriously about the six-part task: we will get to that in *Quodlibet* 11. But in these two *Quodlibets* - 7 and 8 - the focus is on the second half of the page, on self-assembly. As I wrote above, in the first paragraph, "the core of dialectic can be reached in that way": my core, my *cor*, my heartsaccord.

Fourthly, I return to the modest part, and emphasize another modesty which I wrote of elsewhere in some detail.¹³ It is a public minimalism that would emphasize not the subtleties of functional specialization, but its obvious convenience globally within any discipline. That is what I have been doing - without much effect of course: still, the second million years is on our side! - over the past 35 years,¹⁴ but I only recently thematized it as a categorial option. So, in the reflections on Christology mentioned in

¹²*Macroeconomics Dynamics: An Essay in Circulation Analysis*, edited by F.Lawrence, P.Byrne and C.Heffling Jr, University of Toronto Press, 1999, 106.

¹³See Chapter 3 of my *Pastkeynes Pastmodern Economics. A Fresh Pragmatism*, Axial Press, Halifax, 2002.

¹⁴My first effort was in 1969, when I tackled the zone of musicology. The result was presented at the Lonergan International Florida Conference of 1970. It appeared later, with a second Florida paper, in *Plants and Pianos*, Milltown Park, Dublin, 1971. See notes 24 and 42 below. Other efforts, in literature, linguistics, economics, physics, are referenced in the chapter mentioned in the previous footnote.

note 10 I was luminously and diplomatically omitting the core of dialectic: I was reading the past of the journal as “better than it was,”¹⁵ as crying out for a functional division of labour.

However, fifthly, we are here answering the personal and perhaps very private question of how to edge into dialectic from where we are, and my answer relates to the possibility of a self-assembly that would struggle to thematize one’s own heartsaccord. One struggles, then, to say clearly, if only to oneself, “Here I stand”. The curiosity of that stand, in the final phase of dialectic, is that it is foundational, perhaps even vibrant in the loneliness of previous fantasy unshared. But such a stand, when made public, is creative and can be discomfoting and publically critical: it becomes a challenge within dialectic to move on and up and round.¹⁶

8.2 Reverierun¹⁷

A colleague expressed delighted anticipation on hearing the title of this *Quodlibet*, even though she knew that the few pages would only be doctrinal, a fable of contents. She was prepared to reverie in a stretching of the first word of *Finnegans Wake*.

The single-word title of this subsection came to me a few weeks ago as I walked

¹⁵*Method in Theology*, 251.

¹⁶One can make a solid case for the transfer of Lonergan’s list, in the next chapter, of general and special categories to the “here I stand” associated with the challenge of page 250. The book *Insight*, of course, turns up discomfotingly in *Assembly*.

¹⁷The first word of *Finnegans Wake* - and one might say the last - is riverrun. It flows round from the ending of the book “The Keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the (618) riverrun, past Eve and Adam’s, (Adam and Eve’s is the local name for a right-bank Church as the Liffey nears the sea). Run, in Gaelic, pronounced **roon**, has the meaning both of beloved and of secret: recall the Nordic meaning. I change the word to reverierun. See below, at note 28. A lengthy reflection would be required to point to the lift from literary story-telling to literary foundationality that lurks in this shift of word, this suggestion of a different dream-book.

north on North Circular Road, parallel and close to Bloom's Eccles St, where I came to live in Dublin first in 1936. It captured for me the mood of what I think of as a Third *Ulysses* or a later *Finnegans, Awake*: not, THEN,¹⁸ a day in Dublin's usuality¹⁹ nor a night-life on the Liffey, not a riverrun, but a reaching reverie structuring the city's molecules in art-hope - towards post-axial meaning.

That week or so in Dublin, after the Toronto Lonergan Centennial Conference of August 2004, I walked as I had walked Manhattan²⁰ during the Spring of 2002, but now with larger minding. I walked, you might think, like Lonergan's zoologist,²¹ watching and sensing with systems of functional collaboration in ontic minding. It was a larger minding in so many ways: I had grown way beyond²² my Manhattan self, but also Dublin, unlike Manhattan, was my town, a molecular me-mesh of 68 years, never left.²³ So, I *assembled* and *completed* and self-assembled, street-wise. The assembly, of course, was random, yet it comes closer than you might expect to the Lonergan-reach of the top

¹⁸The title of Cantower 5 is "Metaphysics THEN", which raises a question continuous with the pointing of the previous footnote, a question which is to be considered in the following *Quodlibet.*, the orientation towards the concrete future expressed in the word *fantasy*.

¹⁹In the conclusion of chapter 4 of *Lack in the Beingstalk. A Giants Causeway*, Axial Press, Halifax, 204, I note the massive destructiveness of "the usual" in Dublin's talk, between friends, from parents to children, etc. Adult growth dies early: it gives fresh meaning to Joyce's short story of the Dubliner's, "The Dead". For a meshing of those short stories with relevant reflections on growth, see Cantowers 7, 8, and 9.

²⁰Cantower 14, "Communications and Ever-ready Founders", parallels chapter 14 of *Insight*, but moves towards a concretization of strategies. The third section focuses, with the help of local and historical traveling, on "Founders of New York".

²¹When father and son "both pause to look at a giraffe, the boy will wonder whether it bits or kicks, but the father will see another manner in which skeletal, locomotive, digestive, vascular, and nervous systems combine and interlock" (*Method in Theology*, 83).

²²See note 29 below.

²³There is Samuel Beckett's description of an Irishman: "An Irishman is one who, somewhere else, is where he was".

of page 250 of *Method*. Not only was there the assembly and self-assembly of my 68 Dublin years: the reach was a reaching of reachings, a reading of street signs and faces, library-loads and bottled lonelineses, talk turning mind-molecules towards the staleness of an axial smell. But there were also membered and remembered walks with Lonergan in those streets, both in his Ulysses days of meaning and in his wiser cycling-minding steps.²⁴

His 1930s decade of economic stretching was with me as I perused, in Eason's Bookstore on O'Connell St, Denis L.O'Grady's new school-text on economics.²⁵ That text is being spread as a mental illness in teenage brain-sellout through Dublin, through Ireland., preparing a way for sick first-year university courses. Might I not reverie about a "No Thank You, Denis" as I did previously about the current Irish University text, an outrageous outreach of Mankiw?²⁶ But the reverie, to be beautiful, needs the pragmatic envisagement of a complex of revolutionary communities.²⁷

²⁴Two different contexts here. There were the walks like the Ulysses walk, in Easter 1961, round Stephen's Green, down O'Connell St, in order to buy him shoes; the walks and dinings and evenings of drinking together for two weeks in 1971, when he talked of oddities of his life and lectured on functional cycling. But there is the other context: the little book, *Plants and Pianos*, mentioned in note 14, in which I weave *Ulysses* and Bloom into *Insight's* take on botany, and *Finnegans Wake* into the cycling book's incarnation in musicology. See below, note 42.

²⁵[*Leaving Certificate*] *Economics*, Follens, Dublin, 2002. The text is for the final two years of school, leading to the equivalent of grade 13 in Canada.

²⁶I am referring to *Beyond Establishment Economics. No Thank You, Mankiw*, written by Bruce Anderson and myself. In the Editorial Conclusion "Inventing Ireland: Here Comes Everywhere", I reflect on the tainted university text, *The Macroeconomics of Ireland*, Gill and Macmillan, Dublin, 1998, written by Anthony Leddin and Brendan Walsh. I conclude the piece with the words, "No Thank You, Anthony and Brendan".

²⁷I extend foundational fantasy in this direction in the two final chapters of *Pastkeynes Pastmodern Economics. A Fresh Pragmatism*: But here, surely, there is an existential question for those who take Lonergan's suggestions of economic democracy seriously: a minimal challenge of making conversion to economic understanding a topic.

So I invite you to wander, reverie,²⁸ your own realm, assembling but above all self-assembling. Who are you and how do you stand regarding and regurgiting and guarding the differentiations that your realm, whatever it is, desperately needs? You are most likely younger than I and thus - normatively - less refined in your sensing of decay and desire.²⁹ I would wish you, against all odds, to take the path of accelerating growth, of becoming increasingly a stranger to yourself of last week, so that you see in your realm the larger possibilities and probabilities that I conclude to in this essay. If you are lucky, you will not be alone, but, through this and later centuries, witness the blossoming hoped-for emergence "that intellectual collaboration would develop down the ages."³⁰ But, even if you are not alone, your luck must involve being somehow beaten on a head, where Zen becomes Ven life-teaching. Certainly, I can claim that I have had my share of luck and rough-luck. Who am I the walked in Dublin this August? I stood and stand as someone beaten up and down by a warped Christian education and the Dublin culture of the usual; but school years also were Chopin times and the geometry of Descartes. There was the lift of a Dublin listening, in Easter 1961, to Lonergan musing about the shock we shared in the shift from naive realism. There was a new walking of the city after the summer of 1966 when he startled me into the functional business, that is so much richer now, 38 years later.

In 1968 Lonergan sent a card to me in Dublin asking me to find an economist. I failed, but a quarter century struggling with his 130 paged economic text of 1944

²⁸The French, looking back to Middle French and to *rever* (to wander), has the meaning of fanciful dreaming or musing. The next *Quodlibet* will push for a more accurate notion of foundational fantasy, which is what I am asking for here.

²⁹Of central importance through our efforts is a slow-growing suspicion that there is such a thing as accelerating adult growth, that it's fostering is a focal facet of the emergence of the third stage of meaning. See my brief blunt statement of the challenge in the final pages of *Lack in the Beingstalk. A Giants Causeway*, Axial Press, Halifax, 2004.

³⁰*Insight*, 727[748].

changed my seeing of Dublin. While Leopold Bloom fiction-walked in 1904, Joseph Schumpeter climbed in Austria to the edge of the peak of economics, but was sidelined.³¹ Later Ezra Pound accused Mr. Joyce of missing his critical chance by not reading Douglas.³² Later still - a distraction this - a learned chap approached my wheelchair³³ under Joyce's Ballast Office clock, mistook me for someone wise, and told me of Pound's conversation with Paddy Kavanagh: "Are you a genius?" "No" sez Kavanagh, "but I am a very very clever man". And through the decades of my Dublin years, starting in Keynes' 1936,³⁴ Flawed Keyned and Hicked³⁵ economics scarred Dublin's face and faces with naive central planning. And later Eurocentralism gave us a glorious wasted lift.³⁶

³¹Schumpeter's greatest work, *The Theory of Economic Development*, was bubbling up at the time. It did not flow into the tradition. His later massive 2-volume work, *Business Cycles*, appeared at the wrong time, in 1939: Keynes and Hitler and New Deals shelved him. But people have begun to pay attention to him in recent decades.

³²The relevant text is quoted on page 73 of *The Shaping of the Foundations*. It is available in an essay by Pound on Joyce on pp. 251-2 of *Pound Joyce. The Letters of Ezra Pound to James Joyce with Pound's Essays on Joyce*, edited by Forest Read, Faber and Faber, London, 1967.

³³A decaying hip gave me the pleasure that year of being wheeled round Dublin by my good wife Sally: a fresh view of the city, breast-high, bardshigh, tomastoned. ("bard's highview, avis on valley! I would like to hear you burble to us in strict conclave, purpurando, and without too much italiote interfairance, what you know in petto about our sovereign beingstalk, Tomas Tamazeus. O dite!" [*Finnegans Wake*, 504]) . Sally wheeled me, too, that year, into a parade that moved down O'Connell Street past the revolutions G.P.O, protesting racism. The wondrous voice of Sinead O'Connor started us off from the edge of The Garden of Remembrance, a grove that grew on me, in me, hightonedview, these few years later.

³⁴The year of the publication of Keynes' *General Theory*.

³⁵What really went into operation was Hick's simplification of Keynes view, published in 1937.

³⁶The 1990s brought the years of the Celtic Tiger. A bundle of European-donated money flowed annually into the country, enough - if well used - to generate a few decent Rostow take-offs. On various messes in Irish economic policy and practice, see Richard Douthwaite, *The*

But of course other things happened in that Dublin century of the longer cycle of decline. Oriental eyes and black skin now brighten Henry Street and Moore Street, sites of outdoor business and of the 1916 Easterweek End. Instead of windowed corsetry teasing Leopold's eyes, large photoed barebums framed in thongs call out to mine. Overhead trains now join Joyce's Howth in the north with Beckett's higher-class south, and joy is blocked off in a Temple Bar where "the usual" is disguised frenetically.

I am not asking you to reach for the full range of assembling and self-assembling that I weave round here, skimming autobiographically.³⁷ That certainly is the discomfoting task and core-task of page 250, of the full dialectic effort. I am asking you rather to reach for a minimal assembly and self-assembly, so that conversion to functional specialization at least becomes a topic.

On this last August trip to Dublin there emerged a focus of attention. I returned regularly to The Garden of Remembrance, a quiet enclosure on Parnell Square, commemorating the dreamers and their followers who occupied the General Post Office a few hundred yards away, and other convenient and inconvenient Dublin spots, in an Easter Monday stand against an empire.³⁸ My Cantowers, started with that stand in mind, indeed started on Easter Monday - also April Fool's Day - of 2002. But the Garden of Remembrance reaches further back, with the dominance of Oisín Kelly's

Growth Illusion, The Lilliput Press, Dublin.

³⁷See note 3 above. Making conversion a topic with narrative honesty is, I must repeat, a necessity of taking the end of page 250 of *Method* seriously. I make no attempt to do that here, but I might well have worked through the last five decades pinning down ventures into various zones and the patterns of growth involved, and reaching forward into this accelerating eighth decade. Some normative reflection on the process is given in Cantower 9: "Position, Poission, Protopossession".

³⁸I am thinking of one inconvenient spot, Stephen's Green Park, surrounded by high buildings. Joseph Plunkett (dying poet and strategist of the 1916 revolution) and Countess Markievitch were led to dig in there - they slipped out to a local 'Green' building, the College of Surgeons, soon enough - from admiration of the trench warfare in Europe.

magnificent sculpting representing **The Children of Lir**, a glimpse of which I give you on the next page.³⁹ Carved on the surrounding wall, in Irish, English and French, are the following reflections of Liam Mac Uistin:

*“In the darkness of despair we saw a vision,
 We lit the light of hope and it was not extinguished
 In the desert of discouragement we saw a vision.
 We planted the tree of valour.
 And it blossomed.
 In the winter of bondage we saw a vision
 We melted the snow of lethargy
 And the river of resurrection flowed from it
 We sent our vision aswim like a swan on the river.
 The vision became a reality. Winter became summer.
 Bondage became freedom.
 And this we left to you as your inheritance.
 O Generations of freedom remember us, the generations of vision.”*

³⁹Lir was the Irish god of the sea. His three children were turned into swans by a wicked step-mother, and condemned to swim the seas for 900 years. The sculpting depicts them coming ashore and dying, with swans surging upwards. It has, of course, a whole range of ascensional symbolisms.



I read this in my own way, as you do now in yours. Yet perhaps some of my musings can be shared. I was thinking, as I read and copied that text, of *Generations* in broader contexts. The generations of the past as the processions of inner words blossoming from assemblings and *completions*; the generations of, towards, the future, that are foundational characters. And I was thinking of the Ultimate Foundational Characters that are the Generators of Dublin, "Howth Castle and Environs,"⁴⁰ lifting us sufferingly slowly, cyclingly, and collaboratively forwards to pragmatic visions and PragmaticVision.

This surely is daft reverie: but what pragmatic visions might there be, fermenting in the galatic molecules of global village for the second and the sixtysecond millennium of my town? Perhaps other shapings of answers will push on towards the third *Ulysses*, lifting lanes and longings beyond the usual, like the *Perelandra* of that strange Belfast man C.S.Lewis? At 40, Joyce swung into the years 1922-39 in a reach for his anastomotic word⁴¹ - might it be *riverrun*? - as I at 40 swung forward from *The Shaping of the Foundations*⁴² to try desperately to "say it all" for beginners in *Process: Introducing Themselves to Young (Christian) Minders* in 1989, a book of a year's walking in my other town, Oxford.⁴³ "Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of our cries as we spring to be

⁴⁰*Finnegans Wake*,3.

⁴¹I deal with this reach, in the context of Kavanagh's reflections on the elder Shakespeare and on *Pericles*, in the final section of chapter 2 of *Lack in the Beingstalk. A Giants Causeway*, Axial Press, Halifax, 2004.

⁴²See notes 14 and 24 above. *Plants and Pianos* became the first two chapters of this four-chapter book, which then became symbolically a four stage thing, the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Finnegan-Blooming.

⁴³I walked Oxford during the winter of 1988-89, avoiding its academics but availing of its libraries, in an effort to write the book, *Process: A Paideiad* promised at the end of *Wealth of Self and Wealth of Nations. Self-axis of the Great Ascent* (available now on www.philipmcs Shane.ca). It was to have been an advanced book: but it was too soon for such a book, so I settled for the introductory work, *Process: Introducing Themselves to Young (Christian) Minders*. (Also available on the website).

free.”⁴⁴ And those longer wordings of mine relieve me in my present brutal brevity. So there is some good, I think, in recalling them and indeed recalling the final words of that solitary Oxford bookwalk:⁴⁵

“The third stage of global meaning, with its mutual mediation of an academic presence, is a distant probability,⁴⁶ needing painfilled solitary reaching towards a hearing of hearing,⁴⁷ a touching of touching, ‘in the far ear,’⁴⁸ ‘sanscreed,’⁴⁹ making luminously present - in focal darkness - our bloodwashed bloodstream. It is a new audacity, a new hapticity, to which we must aspire, for which we must pray.

Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Calling all downs
 Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrection!
 Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally,

⁴⁴*Finnegans Wake*, 627.

⁴⁵The notes belong in the original text. I noticed, as I typed, that the final note referred to a note, 94, of that other text, *The Shaping of the Foundations*, and it does indeed broaden the context. So its conclusion is worth adding here: “*Sandhyas* is a Sanskrit word meaning ‘twilight, the period between aeons, period of junction’. No one, you may say, can beget the habit of thinking all the mesons of, thinking all the oxygen of, thinking ... of, say, Frederick the Great’s horse, or of Bucephalus. No one? Can? ‘A way, the Margan, from our astamite, through dimdom done till light kindling light has led we hopas but hunt me the journey on, iteritinerant’ (*Finnegans Wake*, 594). Time, the second million years, is on our side”.

⁴⁶The title to the Preface (pp. I - xxii) of McShane(ed), *Searching for Cultural Foundations*, University Press of America, 1985, is “Distant Probabilities of Persons Presently Going Home Together in Transcendental Process”.

⁴⁷“Merced Mulda!” (*Finnegans Wake*, 212, line 26) “Yessel that the limmat?” (*Ibid.*, 198 line 13). See John Bishop, *Joyce’s Book of the Dark*, University of Wisconsin Press, 1986, 342. This transposition of Joyce, of course, demands precision of, and ‘boning up’ on, the notion of the notion of thing, pushing on from Aquinas, *Ia*, q. 76, a.8, on the soul’s bodipresence.

⁴⁸See Bishop, *op. cit.*, 343-46.

⁴⁹*Finnegans Wake*, 215, line 26.

O rally, O rally! Phlenxty, O rally! To what lifelike
thyne of the bird can be. Seek you somany matters.
Haze sea east to Osseania. Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff,
Havv, Bluvv and Rutter. The smog is lofting".⁵⁰

⁵⁰The final quotation is from *Finnegans Wake*, 593. See my comments, note 94 of page 185 of *The Shaping of the Foundations*. The text there broadens the kontekst.