

Posthumous I : The Gross Immorality of Lonerganism?

Well now, that title surely caught the attention of a few extra people, maybe even an annoyed attention, maybe even enough annoyance to bring forth counterclaims. I am not, indeed, accusing present Lonergan studies of gross immorality. I am hoping, however, that my gross suggestive claims and title might start the shift from what might be considered “invincible ignorance” to some level of moral discomfort. Invincible ignorance is a state where persons just do not know better, just do not advert to the objective moral tone of their doings.

What invincible ignorance am I talking of in this essay, this series of post-mortem essays? I must stay simple and blunt: [1] Lonerganism stands pretty firmly in its implicit rejection of explanation and its heuristic underpinning; [2] Lonerganism is quite settled in the dodging of Lonergan’s fundamental contribution to that heuristics, an invitation to global functional collaboration. [1] refers to the primary message of *Insight* (see, explicitly section (2) of chapter 16, section 3.3; pp.528-29); [2] refers to the *Gregorianum* article of 1969 that found its way into *Method in Theology* as chapter 5.

The *Prehumous* series of essays drew attention to such deficiencies, and the *Humus* essays of a few years ago homed in more precisely on history and hope in the context of Fred Crowe’s gallant struggle to “move the first sod” (*Theology of the Christian Word*, 149). From Crowe, I slowly got the lead that became a slogan of the Halifax Conference of July 2012, “this deserves recycling”. What I wish is that this slogan become the chemical bent of younger Lonergan *aficionados*. I would wish their initial keenness or fondness to be transposed into a chemical self-cherishing that is, frankly, beyond (but only in Poisson distribution sense) the generations of Lonergan scholars that came after mine. But why not add here my page-description of that transposition presented at the 2012 Halifax Conference? Best leave it to the conclusion: it is a massive cultural challenge that at first will sound quite weird.

What seems quite weird of course is my writing Posthumously. I think of my favorite posthumous work of Chopin, *Opus 66*, whose middle section became the popular song, “I’m always chasing rainbows”. I spent many hours on that work, and indeed in chasing dreams, in the mid-1940s. We are all, unbeknown to ourselves perhaps, chasing the three-coloured rainbow of divine circumincession. In that context I have been chasing, for more than two decades, a heuristics of the post-mortem chase that merits the name “Infinite Surprise” (the final words of my *Wealth of Self*). Ten years ago I wrote *Cantower 9* with its odd title, “Position, Poisition, Protopossession”, but it was a very incomplete pointing when it came to protopossession. To get to grips with the heuristics of post-mortem presence is the tricky business of a strange poise that I am tackling in this beginning of my ninth decade. So I move weirdly in the world of Michael Jackson’s “Man in the Mirror”, pushing on from that little final book of mine, *Method in Theology 101 AD 9011: the Road the Religious Reality*. In your later

adult growth you may find such weird pointing helpful in your **Upanishad**, sitting (*shad*) devotedly (*ni*) near (*upa*) your own desires. But for the present I appeal to your loneliness in a more elementary fashion. The *Humus* series was tuned to Chopin's preludes. I think of this series as tuned to his Mazurka's but with the twist in that I am thinking of them as skirts for a woman from Mazovia (the original meaning of mazurka) whose name is Grace M. Fortune. But that is the larger melody initiated in the fourth mazurka.

Meantime, there is the faltering steps needed to reach an episodic disturbance of your chemical superego (See *Humus 2: "Vis Cogitativa: Contemporary Defective Patterns of Anticipation"*) towards a lively dance in 3/8 time. And now, time – and plenty I hope - for the Halifax Page!

Halifax 2012 : "This Deserves Recycling" : Moving, **Phrasing**, into Functional Talk

Moving: this gathering is to be a moving experience, laced with humour. We all have something to say, worth saying badly. Can we, in five days, create a mood, an ethos, of suspicion of a "totalitarian" (Florida Lonergan Interview, 2nd Coll., 213) badness, by stumbling towards a functional talking that is a seeding of TIDYRING up Lonergan studies? TIDYRING: has it not a tidy ring to it? It refers to an ethos pointed to in those first nine Q./ A. on the site www.philipmcshane.ca, and in the phrase that begins the title above: the ethos to be intussuscepted through communally chemicalizing that phrase, "**This DYserves RECYCLING.**" Get it?! Get it in a year or two? Or in a generation or two of Tower Work: "Episodes that are destined for long term memory are not lodged there straight away. The process of laying them down permanently takes up to two years. Until then they are still fragile and may quite easily be wiped out ... they appear to be shunted down to the hippocampus from the cortex, where they are registered as neural patterns in much the same way as they are in the cortex. However, because the hippocampus is connected to so many different cortical areas it is able to create a global representation of things." (Rita Carter, *Mapping the Mind*, Phoenix pb, 2002, 270-71)

The Tower Community has to humbly reach to chemospirally "create a global representation of events", "a symbolic indication of the total range of possible experience" (*Insight*, 421: the first paragraph of 'Method in Metaphysics'), the neurochemical underpinning of its Standard Model, an effective solution to the problem identified in *Insight*, chapter 7, section 8 .6 and chapter 17, section 1.

So: we have papers and speeches prepared: we have to try to chemojump about our psychic skins to SAY them differently, helped by each other. Most of us will be like tire-makers in a car-factory throwing tires around, when they should be directed to the wheelwright. But, as Fred

Crowe puts it, we will try to “move the first sod. Someday, if others have the same idea, the mountain will be moved” (149 of his *Theology of the Christian Word*). To have the same idea, and the idea of course, is to be in “repentance” (*Insight*, 722, line 17) to the chemical “order’s dynamic joy and zeal”. (*Ibid.*, last line).