## **SOFDAWARE 3**

## Reading Care into Method 250

February 2004

We move now into elementary considerations. Just how elementary or complex will emerge as we go along, but take it that I am writing in a doctrinal descriptive way that is aimed at beginners. You should be able to notice twists in this: the twist towards a more you-centered writing and reading, the twist towards a new patience with the fundamental task of being human. This latter twist may strike you as strange: after all, are we not obviously human, indeed cultured, benefitting perhaps in our non-Western culture from the advances of sciences, technologies and the arts in the previous millennia of the West? Well, let's not get into that for the present. If you have tuned into my previous writings, in or before the Cantowers, you have a notion that I have my suspicions about all the sophistications.

I presume, of course, that my audience here is mainly some sub-group of those interested in Lonergan's suggestions, though it is open to creative reading by any interested person, provided you can lay your hands and eyes on the relevant pages of Lonergan. Indeed, you and I will notice, as we venture through these next essays, that those familiar of Lonergan's words may well be handicapped in the reach for fresh reading.

My effort here was originally envisaged as the first of four sections, moving,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>There are twists involved here into which I cannot enter now. There is a reach within my apparently simple strategy that hosts the fantasy of a post-axial calligraphic lift to linguistic meaning that parallels, but on another level of inwardness, the efforts of the Korean King Sejong (1397-1450) - we will meet him shortly - in his invented alphabet. The connection to Lonergan's fantasy is given in a note in *Method*: "At a higher level of linguistic development, the possibility of insight is achieved by linguistic feed-back, by expressing the subjective experience in words and as subjective." (88, note 34) But one does not need the relevant third-order consciousness perspective to read oneself creatively into the beginnings of this new beginning.

secondly, towards some grip on the elementary dynamic structure of our caring in the context of our famous page 250, towards a seeing, seizing, how that structured you, or I, operates in this context and where and how it, the structured carer, turns up as a topic. The third section was to place the previous two in the full context of functional specialization, what I call the hodic context, and a final section would have faced us with fuller long-term problems of the structured carer's luminous self-assembly. I still have in mind that project, but it will be distributed over a group of essays. At all events, the first section became this entire essay, poised on the turn of a page between the words *Assembly* and *include*.<sup>2</sup>

## 1. Here-Now Care

Where does the beginning begin?<sup>3</sup>

I am interested in the care that turns to page 250 of Method on the word assembly. and finds.... Finds? Finds a greeting by an old guy in his mid-sixties. What is that care, you-caring thus to turn the page to **read**, to be **impressed** by that greeting?<sup>4</sup> For it is not something familiar called *care* but the molecular oddity named you that

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>Assembly ends page 249 of Method; includes begins page 250.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>No need at this stage to recall Eric Voegelin as the source of this question, when he is writing of beginning to write a sentence that will end with a stand on being. Our beginning turns on a page turning, a wing in a many-winged book swinging through the air between two words, that could well well up into inner winds of psychochemical change. I wish you, then, to poise, like Archimedes before the floating body in his clinging to its sensitivity to the call of earth's centre. The page floats in the passage from that last word of page 249, *Assembly*, and the first word of page 250, *includes*. To inscape the parallel you would need to have come with me through the craziness of Cantower's 27 in its long pause on that first page of chapter one of *Insight*. But do what you can in your battle with the conventional need to move on instead of bringing the page to move back and forth, back and forth, a koa-cousin Koaning.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup>The boldface print merely alerts you to the neurochemical oddities that one normally does not think off: where the reading resides and what Thomas would call the **species impressa**.

reaches an appendage out to swing a thin slice of being through 180 degrees to begin again and again, word-openings to your future.

We are not in a hurry. You could well poise, hold the page-slice vertical, the door half open. A monkey might do the same, but are you thus monkey-poised?

I am interested in the final step of the end of the last paragraph. You caring to read "?" This old guy, at 72, writes to you a "?". You care; you cannot but care, even enough to be annoyed at, What? Me monkeying round? Me monkeying round with "?" or with you: or is the annoyance due to the fact that somehow you and ? are identical? Or with the non-fact that you and ? are obviously identical?

I am beginning again on a road I took, with Lonergan's help, 48 years ago. Or a road I took with Chopin 60 years ago. Whatever. Perhaps with Hopkins, 54 years ago. But now, 54 years later the **I** that I inscape is not "Immortal Diamond" but a massively complex chemical unity with an attitude.

I can play with a friend's puppy, catch the cosmos reaching forward in each its eyes, chemical unit to chemical unit, eye to eye. And we can both turn our eyes to the half-turned page. We can both register, among the marks, the word *Assembly*. But be alert to my turning of the page. Were I alone I catch, am caught by, eye-catching, the marks *include* spaced out in its little top corner. The puppy is not so caught: a chemical complexity without my attitude? Attitude?

I am the **assembler**.

And the assembler that I am **includes** .....

It is to include, enclose in patterned neurochemistry<sup>6</sup>, that patterned page that

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup>The last two words of G.M.Hopkins' poem, "That nature is a heraclitean fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection".

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup>I suspect, whether you are a Lonergan student or not, that you are not used to this nudging. You might pause and puzzle about what, after all, is a phantasm: does it include

chemistry? It would be no harm to pick up and read Rita Carter's little book, Mapping

surrounds *include* with varying cloudiness - are you a speed-reader? The page, an object patterned physiochemically, has a foreign dignity, is a foreign (aggregate) dignitary, wending its way through the cosmos, unreached<sup>7</sup> by my patterned neurochemistry: no fixed address. Yet it is the dark address of an elderly Canadian, its assembler.

You and he are both assemblers. Here now, in the excitement of a page-turning, his typing finger pokes you in the eye, in a peculiar psychochemical meshing that, parallel poking puppy-eye, leaves the puppy in its habitat, unbemused. But are you nowhere bemused, by this page and that page, by this word or that, twisting round your cranial chemistry? Have you met that old man's or this old man's finger, prying? The turned page corners you with the mark *include*. Corners you? Are you somehow included in the *include*? What could that *somehow* mean? "All we know is *somehow* with us; it is present and operative within our knowing; it lurks behind the scenes." A muddle of mysteries here, herenow, nowhere.

I wish you to slid with me past such mysteries, merely to muse on page-turning, yet on another page-turning to a sight for soar-eyes, as if you turned the page 249 and found, not western print, but? Perhaps the *Autumn Mountains* of Wang Yuan-ch'i, 10

the Mind, Phoenix pb, 2000.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup>I do not wish to enter into the strange topic of position and poisition. It is a life-climb story, but if you are odd enough you might try Cantower 9: "Position, Poisition, Proto-possession".

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup>The concluding paragraph of chapter 9 of *Insight*.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup>There is a deep set of problems here of the peculiar non-dispersedness of the non-pup events that Lonergan hides under his swift introduction of the word *spiritual* in *Insight*.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>10</sup>I include only the top section of Plate XV from page 192 of Max Loehr, *The Great Painters of China*, Phaidon Press, 1980: *Autumn Mountains after Huang Kung-Wang*, 1702.

with its dense corner-calling-calligraphically.  $^{11}$ 



 $<sup>^{11}</sup>$ So relevant to think here, include, the Greek echo: *kallos*, beauty + *graphein*, to write.

Or a page-turning that revealed just a single Chinese word, writ large:





We have a combination of two symbols here, the first for 'mouth', the second for 'bird': what is meant is **sing**. <sup>12</sup> Shortly I will talk of an invented two-symbol for 'decide' or 'care'. But first, a Korean reach for written echos of inner shapings: The sequence of symbols is the Korean statement "I am the Good Shepherd".

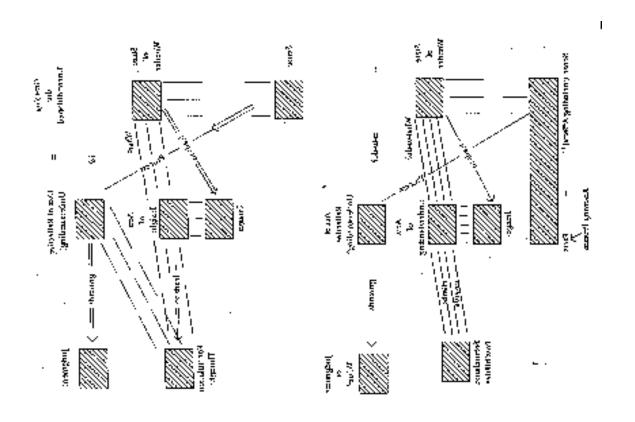
I write of **written echos**: I am referring to the fact that King Sejong (1397-1450) took the creative step of shifting from the Chinese script by seeking symbols connected to the articulators of the sounds: so 'n' is a shape like 'L' because - check your tongue -

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>12</sup>In is pronounced **ming** (there is a forward accent on the "i" beyond my machine). We will get back to that.

your tongue takes this shape. Etc. His alphabet was rejected then, but now is the official alphabet of both Koreas.

So, we move closer to the fantasy of a shaping according to inner articulators.

First let me poise you in a page-turning to a written echo of inner shaping that is as compact as the Chinese word, but an echo of a deeper inner shaping that shadow-boxes the page-turning, indeed boxes *ego* and *persona* and shadow, however muddled or cultured, in the inner-shaping that page-turns in any language.<sup>13</sup> We will come back to the prior pages of the book in question in a following essay, but here is what greets your eye when you turn to page 322 (and 323) of *Phenomenology and Logic*:



<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>13</sup>The two pages that I refer to, as you will see, presently, are two pages that will not be **lost in translation**: only the local linguistic etchings round the main-frame need be changed.

It is a reduced, slightly modified, image of two pages. The first page images the dynamics of knowing, the second the dynamics of doing. If you are familiar with the bones of chapters 9 and 18 of *Insight*, then the symbols on each page **click** with you.<sup>14</sup>

Recall the King's alphabet: but now check, not your tongue, but your minding, your caring. Recall secondly the Chinese double- image for **sing**: here I am fantasizing about a double-image for **care**. Fantasize loosely with me: the detailed results are not important. So, it is a matter of doing something equivalent to what the Chinese did for bird: can you not see the remnants of the pictured **bird** in the second Chinese symbol? Certainly you have no difficulty in 'seeing' **mouth** in the first. Mess with the two-page diagram from *Phenomenology and Logic* and come up with a nice complex symbol for caring! The two-part symbol is of two resembling parts: the second has an added vertical black shape. Nice, eh?<sup>15</sup>

Can you fantasize further - no easy task, as King Sejong knew - to come up with symbolizations that **somehow** - that word again - objectified the inner shapings, not of tongue, throat, lip, tooth, cheek, etc but of the inner chemical aggregations<sup>16</sup> that are

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>14</sup>You may have difficulties here, or objections. Brood over what I suggested in the Appendix A in which the diagrams occur, and contact me. A standard problem here relates to Lonergan's listing of transcendentals: be attentive, be intelligent, be reasonable, be responsible. I find it convenient and realistic to add an extra one before the last: something like **be adventurous**. At all events, you easily notice that you cant be responsible without a plan!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>15</sup>There is no need to push this. Still, you might look back at my original versions of the two parts in *Wealth of Self and Wealth of Nations*, pp.15 and 48 and see an included line of 'feeling' in the second. But let us not get into that messy topic here: the second-last footnote here (no. 25) points towards the larger problem.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>16</sup>I am, of course, really pushing here on the neurochemical level of mind-mapping. Let us not fuss for the moment: settle, perhaps, for a general word like attitude and later, brood over the shift of perspective that lurks in the second-last (25) footnote below.

puzzling, nouning, connecting, speed-noting, whatever? From the putterings of Panini, Egyptians, Medievals, we have parts of speech that mesh with King Sejong's efforts. But there are deeper structures of speech: finding them, objectifying them: is not that a task fit for a Queen?<sup>17</sup>

The Queen's findings in, say, 2040, would be just as unacceptable to contemporary convention as were the finding of King Sejong in 1440. His alphabet, **Hun Min Jong Um**, "accurate sounds to educate people", was dodged and neglected until the twentieth century. So, let your fantasy flow into slow hope: perhaps in 2600 the unavoidable patterns of caring will stare us in the eye in every word on every page?

But, let us return from distant fantasy to present poise, and see what we can do. Do? But only by the sort of quiet cherishing that we associated with Zen, that we should associate with Ken, that I would wish to be a global *ethos* Then.<sup>18</sup>

You have your double-imaged expression of care. Might not that double-image - let us designate it as **SEA** or as **Ming** (with a forward accent on the i!)<sup>19</sup> - be spliced into every word of our new language? But by splicing here I speak of something subjective, an *ethos*, that is massively objective.

To glimpse this splicing in its slowness let us return to the Korean sentence "I am the Good Shepherd". Think of the manner in which, in a religious tradition, that claim

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>17</sup>On the place of the Queen, see *Phenomenology and Logic*, 126-7, 130. The reach here is a push forward from chapter 2 of *A Brief History of Tongue*, "How-Language: Works?"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>18</sup>I cannot go into this question at present; it is a topic in Cantower 4, "Metaphysics THEN". But you can pick up the suggestion of a double sublation, of Zen and Ken [recall your Scottish or German!] into a contemplative ethos called THEN, leaning forward becomingly into being... **ming** with an accent forward on the i!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>19</sup>These suggestions are not important. On the cosmic imaging of sea, see the end of chapter 2 of *Lack in the Beingstalk*. **Ming** is just an accidental compacting that can be useful: when I taught the third chapter of *Method in Theology* to my young ladies of Mt. St.Vincent University I regularly talked of what we did as me-ning. Ning was a handy new participle!

can be slowly, decadely, spliced into a psyche, so that that psyche intussuscepts neurochemically the larger facticity of Wordsworth or Hopkins, Plunkett or Hesse<sup>20</sup>, so clearly claimed by de Caussade: "Things, in fact, proceed from the mouth of God like words." Then, as de Caussade would say, the present moment has a new life, revealing growingly the blindness of a previous age. And might not such a shift occur in regard to, in regarding, in guarding, shepherd-wise, our new good shepherd word as meshed into all words?

We have been touring the globe in order to return with fantasy to our reading of the turn-of-page words. *Assembly*? The word proceeds from the finger of Lonergan, radiant in our new language with the mesh of that new word. *Assembly* means - but slowly, decadely<sup>22</sup> - an assembler: indeed, it dances between assemblers. *Includes*? Both words include the assemblers, fingered by the metaphysician<sup>23</sup>, but *includes* includes

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>20</sup>Three of these are familiar and regularly referred to my me. Joseph Mary Plunkett may be unknown to you. One of the three poets of the 1916 Irish revolution, all three executed that Summer. I am thinking especially of lines like "I see his blood upon the rose / And in the stars the glory of his eyes ...."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>21</sup>Jean Pierre de Caussade, *Abandonment to Divine Providence*, Herder, 1921, 29. De Caussade, a french Jesuit, died in Toulouose in 1751.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>22</sup>In the beginning of the first chapter of *Lonergan's Challenge to the University and the Economy* I wrote of the need for a massive transposition of education. I would associate it especially with the concrete operation of what I called the Childout - or Chilledout - Principle: "When teaching children geometry you are teaching children children". You'll find the Principle among the doctrines of Cantower 41, with leads there.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>23</sup>A heavy topic here, worth a month or a decade. Metaphysics, an integral heuristic incarnate structure is possible to, (probable, in post-axial times, for) seriously contemplative consciousness, as simply a luminosity of the concrete intention of being that could be called care.

The possibility and probabilities are meshed into probabilities of linguistic development that we are breezing over here, another heavy topic illustrated by the push for Words of Metaphysics (see Cantower 24) of which the diagram of care is W4. But now, see, we have the beginning of a Chinese symbolism to compact that word! Of

*includes* in a twist beyond the paradoxes of logic.<sup>24</sup> Go figure.

I muse now about twisting further round that masterwork of Wang Yuan-ch'i (1642-1715), painted when he was sixty: where does he carry the caligraphed eye in his *Autumn Mountain*? But the important thing herehow, nowhere, is the carrying of your eye round the corner of page 249, with a looking freshness that echos Cezanne's endless visiting of his Mountain, *Mt.St.Victoire*. What is your eye carrying, what is carrying your eye?<sup>25</sup>

course, some reader may come up with a quite better symbolism.[I think myself of what could be done with the wonderful double-structured Japanese symbol for inquiry, or for that Japanese sentence-ender of curiosity, *ka.* Japanese interests me in that it is to be a second language of my grandchildren!].

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>24</sup>I am thinking of various facets and levels of mathematical logic. Most evident is the problem of the class of all classes that are not members of themselves. There are also problems of inclusion associated with Hao Wang's layers of justifying languages, and there are Goedelian statements that include themselves like "I cannot be proved". But I leave you to follow up this in *Phenomenology and Logic* if you are so inclined.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>25</sup>If you get the pointing of this final question herenow, nowhere, you are way beyond the beginning that I hoped might occur in and to some few. It seems like a poetic gesture, twisting on and off our reaching, but it is altogether more. The carrying and carried eye is a pattern of patterns of patterns of energy, layers of infolding, the flowering of 13.7 billion years. The question is to be answered slowly by the hodic searchings of the human group into neurochemical rhythms. That hodic cycling will embarrass (*Method in Theology*, 299) and curtail "the substitution of a pseudometaphysical myth-making for scientific inquiry" (Insight, 505[528]) that would speak glibly of feelings, values, phantasms, what have you. The cycle will slowly spiral up to bring forth eyes that see, seize, **SEA**, **ming**, those that "can go on to a developed account of the human good, values, beliefs, to the carriers, elements, functions, realms, and stages of meaning, to the question of God, of religious experience, its expression, its dialectic development."(*Method in Theology*, 287).

Always in the sun's eye,
Here among the beggars,
Hutment dwellers, slums,
Dead souls of men and gods,
Burnt out mothers, frightened
Virgins, wasted child
And tortured animal
All in noisy silence
Suffering the place and time,
I ride my elephant of thought
A Cezanne slung around my neck.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>26</sup>Nissim Ezekiel, extract from "In India", quoted in Chetan Karnani, *Nissim Ezekiel*, Arnold Heinemann, New Delhi, 1974, 101.