the seed years

This book has its impetus in an early formed and long term personal interest: of knowing feeling expressing

The forces were real, of myself trying to understand myself; how I grasp the world.

The dichotomy was between my form of feeling and what seemed required by a public, more analytic form signifying knowing. My internal language, somehow 'artistic', versus my need to grasp a reality described by and requiring the language of the scientist.

This dichotomy came growing with me as feeling and childish confusions from my age of six or eight from theology's defined age of reason from my own age of wondering in a dark clear night, looking up

I don't remember the words, or the form in which I thought, but I clearly remember the sense and the visual image of the dark, the stars and driveway, the house to the left.

A conflict was already well defined. A conflict in a child's sense of knowing which turned on a sense of physics when my father explained things, and on a sense of metaphysics when my uncle, a Jesuit priest, explained things.

What do the stars mean?

How do I learn? as engineer or

or poet

Why do the stars shine? because they are atoms or to be seen

How understand stars? as of themselves or of me

a knowledge of	the thing itself
held as the thing	held as myself

being what I know if it being what I am in it

As the pieces of the problem played through me growing voluntary schizophrenia

The center of my quandary moved from problems of the definitions, or of the goals, or of the correctness of Truth, or knowing in science and art, and drew into the confusions

of feeling the knowing 2 + 2 = 4

and knowing the feeling a sunset

Two plus two equals four. AH, I understand! What is the *sensation* of "AH, I understand!"?

As a physics student at a university, I heard again and again the professors say: "It obviously follows that . . . ", "four obviously follows from two plus two."

I spiralled from feeling "obviously", to feeling what made up that quantum jump of the world "obviously", to feeling how one could do physics

to feel the thoughts of feeling the thinking to feeling finally (what I later recognized as a personal koan) awareness, as a rock, of existence

I spiralled into my perceptions

Slowly I began to touch the rich complexity of perceptions in being aware both outwardly

a sunset

and inwardly

2 + 2 = 4

From my variable awareness of my perceptions from my use of them in feeling, thinking, understanding and expressing, I began to bridge between the senses of my internal language and that of more analytic forms of knowing and expressing.

I began to find multiple possible languages within me.

Since that time my thrust has become more personal and more public. The personal forces acting in me, to understand myself and to grasp things, gain meaning only in common touch to others, and hence, are public.

From the public domain comes the experiences and the constraints for doing to terms with one's own knowing, and hence, these are personal.

This web book has grown from just this interplay between public and private, from teaching and reflecting and working and living with students and artists and scientists, from formalizing questions in academic atmospheres, and from dissolving into feelings on a beach.

This web book is a facet of the interplay It is not complete It is a way-station Finish it going on