

# Philosophy on a Bridge

## *Abstract*

The author takes a quick look back at his philosophical education and academic interests through the lens of »comparative philosophy« and uncovers a progression of cross-cultural and cross-historical patterns at work, many of them unfolding tacitly beneath the surface. He concludes with a brief listing of five such patterns, culminating in an appeal for a recovery of unified world views shaped within particular traditions but set against the universal backdrop of a common care for the earth.

## *Keywords*

Japanese philosophy, comparative philosophy, religion, dialogue, Kyoto School, Nanzan Institute.

I came to Japanese philosophy with an interest in Eastern philosophy several sizes larger than my knowledge of it. Like many of my classmates in graduate school, I kept a copy of Wing-Tsit Chan's *Source Book in Chinese Philosophy* on my bookshelf and made my way leisurely through the *Zhuangzi*, the *Mencius*, the *Dao de jing*, the *Yijing*, the Confucian *Analects*, and a scattering of other Chinese classics. Of Japanese and Korean philosophy – not to mention the rest of eastern Asia's intellectual history – I was ignorant except for a watery stew of impressions I picked up from general books about Buddhism. For the most part, I read what everybody around me was reading but had no reason to consider any of it part of a philosophical education proper.

The neglect was entirely benign on my part. I did not consider those books either philosophical or unphilosophical. The question never arose and I had no trouble accepting the unspoken habit of just not asking. Still, in my early years of teaching I often caught myself making allusions to the Chinese classics in lectures on a wide range of

topics, even though I had no academic qualification for doing so and would not have dreamed of trying it in public. My students rather seemed to enjoy an injection of the exotic from time to time and I got used to living with the pretense. Until I came to Japan, that is.

My seminary training in philosophy had centered on the Western classics from the ancient Greeks to the twentieth century. To fill in the gaps left by the many courses centered on scholastic thought and still taught in Latin, I read through the fifteen volumes of Copleston's *A History of Philosophy*. I was later to meet the man himself when he paid us a visit at the Nanzan Institute in 1983. Copleston had since turned to the comparative study of philosophies in different cultures, recorded in his Gifford lectures and published the previous year as *Religion and the One: Philosophies East and West*. In discussions with this giant of a mind, I came to understand that his guiding motive in turning to the East was to break down the resistance of Western philosophers to other modes of thought. For such a meticulous historian, who read everything he could get his hands on and read it in the original languages, the risk of being criticized for rummaging around Eastern philosophies as an amateur in search of support for his own position was one he willingly took for that greater end.

Our undergraduate curriculum in philosophy had been designed to blend seamlessly into the study of theology, but the scaffolding fell apart with the moral and intellectual iconoclasm of the 1960s in the United States and the invigorating discussions brought into the open by the Second Vatican Council. Teachers no longer wanted to use the old manuals in which they had been trained; students were swept up in the paperback theology of the day. Within the classroom we were introduced to thinkers like Tillich, Bultmann, and Eliade and engaged in debate on everything from the secular city to situation ethics. Without, we did our best to weather the intellectual storm from the political left. Through it all, I commuted regularly to Loyola University in Chicago where I had simultaneously enrolled in the graduate program in philosophy.

In 1966 I heard Thomas Altizer lecture at Rosary College on his new book *The Gospel of Christian Atheism*. Intrigued by his theological readings of Hegel and Nietzsche, I began a correspondence with him and then briefly with other major figures associated with »death of God theology.« To combat boredom with seminary lectures on more traditional topics, I decided to write a book on the movement

and passed copies of each chapter around to classmates for comment. One of the priests sent a ditto-graph copy of the completed manuscript to Martin Marty at the University of Chicago who expressed his support for its publication. Meantime, at Altizer's request, I submitted a paper comparing his ideas to Teilhard's views on evolution for a volume John Cobb was editing on Altizer's thought. While it was in press, I handed it in as an assignment in dogmatic theology at which the Dean threatened to dismiss me from the seminary over the whole affair. We reached a compromise. I prudently withdrew the book and was given permission to complete my training by entering a master's program in theology at Notre Dame University. I was twenty-three.

Courses in »comparative philosophy,« let alone Asian philosophy, were not an option in either of the master's degree programs I was shuttling between. Belief in a *philosophia perennis* that dealt with a line of fundamental problems unbroken by time or culture or historical circumstance, however, was prevalent in both. For renaissance thinkers like Leibniz and Ficino who first championed the idea and later thinkers like Windelband who took it as a foundation for organizing the history of ideas, there was no thought of including philosophies not cradled in the Mediterranean basin. Within those limits, and with suitable attention to textual exegesis, we were left free to cruise across the ages scavenging ideas from the pre-Socratics to Nietzsche to bolster arguments on just about anything. Under a different name and with many of the same tacit assumptions and fallacies, the liberties we took were often little more than comparative philosophizing at its frailest.

And yet, many of us, for whom linguistic philosophy was all dust and disappointment, were caught up effortlessly in the charm and sweep of perennial thinking. Whitehead's remark, »It is more important that an idea be interesting than that it be true,« fell sympathetically, though in a naïve understanding, on my ears. As it happened, Whitehead was the first philosopher whose complete works I would read and study carefully. Having plowed respectfully through the abridged version of the *Principia Mathematica* for a class on the history of analytical philosophy, I bought all his books and over the course of several months read through them on my own. I remember at one point stumbling on Lucien's Price's *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead* in a local bookstore and devouring it at one sitting. Somewhere along the way a light went on: what makes an idea *interesting* is not its universal applicability and detachment from history but how

the structure and expression of that universality are embedded in time.

The following year I began teaching undergraduates. For an introductory course, I had my students read Karl Jaspers' *The Way to Wisdom*, a short book that seemed to me then, and still does, a succinct and eloquent account of the origins and aims of philosophy. In no time I had compiled a shelf of Jaspers' books which I read and annotated with increasing enthusiasm. I no longer recall with any clarity the motivations of those early days, but my references to Eastern ideas must have propped upon his inclusion of Confucius and Buddha among the »great philosophers.« In those days it was *de rigueur* to be conversant with the major writings of Freud and at least the broad outlines of the interface of psychoanalysis with Marxism, literary criticism, symbolic theory, and, of course, philosophy. Jaspers brought something missing into the maelstrom of ideas around Freud's work: a sense of openness and trust towards an unknowable, uncontrollable creativity that leaves its footprints on the psychohistory of individuals but ultimately precedes them and supersedes them on all sides.

Nevertheless, there was more of the arid, abstract theory in Jaspers than I expected of an existential psychiatrist. Neither his attraction to mystics like Eckhart and Cusanus nor his appeal to an intuitive language of »ciphers« was a match for his overriding rationalism. As these doubts were gathering, someone made me a present of Jung's autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. Many of my classmates in seminary were reading Jung, but I had resisted and brushed it aside. This time I did read it and doubts of another sort drew my interests away from Jaspers. Here was a thinker hanging the most spectacularly varied wardrobe I had ever seen on a rather loose-limbed skeleton that seemed to grow stronger and more limber with each change of clothes. By Jung's own admission, his theories were to be judged finally not by their logical coherence or fidelity to the texts but by the effect they had on the experiences and wellbeing of his patients. It all seemed like a strange concoction of *Kulturkreis* hermeneutics and comparative religions laced with a mild dose of scientific positivism. Jung's writings would have been easy to dismiss were it not for their evident power to transform lives. His »philosophy« smacked of the esoteric or hermetic, but it dragged so many familiar names into its unapologetically cross-cultural vision that I was intrigued to diagnose it closer. I read through a

further selection of his essays and then went out and purchased the entire *Collected Works*.

The last half of that first year of teaching I started making my way systematically through Jung's writings. By the end of the second semester I was packing my things for Cambridge and decided to ship the whole set. When I arrived in England and had settled in to my college, I was informed that my advisor would be away for the semester and that for the first term I would be under the direction of Norman Pittenger, the noted Whitehead scholar. I had been contemplating a dissertation on Jaspers but he encouraged me to begin with something closer to his home than mine. I wasn't very happy about the change of direction but conceded by writing a long, rambling paper comparing Whitehead's symbolic theory with the Jungian archetypes. As we discussed it in our tutorial sessions, I was driven back again and again to Jung's works to explain myself and defend my ideas. I didn't do a very good job on either count, but I did get deep enough into Jung to contemplate a dissertation on his work. When my director, Donald MacKinnon returned, he agreed to guide me through a philosophical critique of Jung on condition I would resign myself to the fact that a thesis on the subject would not be accepted at Cambridge or Oxford, where even submissions on Freud had so far been rejected. I respected his judgment but not nearly as much as I needed his help, so I accepted his conditions and dug in my heels.

Happily, MacKinnon turned out to be wrong about acceptance of the thesis and I turned out to be right about his help. Again and again, he drew my attention to the perils of comparative philosophy, directing me to supplementary reading in Frankfurt School thinkers like Habermas and Horkheimer, philosophers of science like Popper and Feyerabend, and Kantian revisionists like P. F. Strawson and J. L. Austin. The whole point of his direction was not to sidetrack me into second-level, methodological pursuits but to make me more alert to the historical particularity of universal ideas. Meantime, at my college Sebastian Moore lured me into reading Lacan and Saussure, and Bernard Sharrat turned me to Marxist theories of knowledge, all of which sharpened my suspicions of Jung's comparative method.

I spent the summer of my first year at Cambridge in Zurich, tracking down Jung's unpublished seminar notes and talking with former students, chief among them Aniela Jaffe, the compiler of Jung's autobiography, and James Hillman, the most creative mind of the lot. In exchange for checking the Latin and Greek terms in the

galleys of Jung's correspondence, Jaffe put up with my endless questions and convinced me to let her comment on my dreams. Discussions with Hillman were more intensely philosophical and opened my eyes to the narrow lens through which I was criticizing analytical psychology as a whole.

Later that summer I traveled to Geneva at the invitation of Eleni Kazantzakis, the wife of the celebrated Cretan writer, with whom I had been corresponding about an essay I was trying to finish on Nikos Kazantzakis' novels and poetry. She was not only informative but most charming and introduced me to a circle of friends living in exile from Greece. She later arranged for me to spend time in Crete as a guest of the family of Galatea Alexiou, his first wife. It was there that I finished the essay, which Pandelis Prevelakis translated for the pages of the Christmas 1971 issue of the literary journal *Nea Hestia*. In Kazantzakis I had found a blend of earthy, sensual imagery and the pursuit of a mythical vision that filled a need my previous philosophical education had not.

As I write this, I am struck by the unrepentant promiscuity of my interests. None of this detained me at the time. In hindsight, I suppose the very fact that everything seemed to fit together might argue that I had not turned a critical eye to my own inadvertently comparative adventures. There I was, transgressing cultures, languages, academic disciplines, and epoch-specific ideas with the greatest of ease, and all the while trying meticulously to build a case against Jung's claims to having uncovered a universal map of the human psyche. It was only when I came to Japanese philosophy that I was able to turn the tables.

After completing doctoral studies in May of 1973, I spent three years teaching in the United States and Mexico. At the Catholic Theological Union of Chicago and two graduate schools in Mexico City I lectured mainly on myth, symbols, and the philosophy of religion. On one visit to Mexico, I used a small garage near my house to conduct private seminars on liberation theology, a subject prohibited in theological schools then. In 1974 I put together some of my formal lectures into a small book, *El cuento detrás del cuento*, in which I tried to use the overlaps of personal, societal, and cosmic dimensions in folktales as a key to interpret the baptismal ritual.

Over the years I had kept in touch with the Nicaraguan poet Ernesto Cardenal, with whom I had had a brief exchange of letters during my Cambridge years. He suggested I spend a couple of months

at his commune in Solentiname, the spiritual center of the Sandinista movement and a symbol of political resistance throughout Latin America. I was not to see him again until after the revolution, when he came to the Nanzan Institute as Minister of Culture for a colloquium, but the impact of Solentiname was lasting. My time in Latin America had revived many of the discomforts I had first felt as a teenager in Mexico. It was at this time of mental readjustment, when I was writing little and trying to reason out those discomforts in the lecture hall, that I received an invitation to visit Japan.

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The president of Nanzan University in Nagoya, Johannes Hirschmeier, had a dream and it was nearing completion. After Vatican II, he realized, it was no longer enough for a Catholic university in Japan simply to take a dim view of missionaries proselytizing on campus. More active steps had to be taken to interact with the religious reality of Japan and the intellectual history that lay behind it. To that end, he decided to found a research institute whose aim would be to promote dialogue among philosophies and religions East and West. I was invited to consult in 1975, and the following year, to join the staff once the buildings were completed. The invitation was too tempting to turn down. By fall of 1977 I was in Japan and a year later settled in at the Nanzan Institute for Religion and Culture.

»Settled in« is not quite the right word. When I was a little boy and would forget to close the door on my way out of the house, my mother would call out to me, »Hey, you live on a bridge?« Work in the Institute *was* living on a bridge, an ungated »and« with scholars from different disciplines walking from one side to the other and stopping to chat along the way. Everything I had thought about universals and particulars was at last coming face to face with an intellectual world that was slowly turning my mind inside out. Nothing I had studied quite prepared me for it. I was like a schoolboy thrown into an adult's world. Not only did I have to learn to read and write all over again, I had to be reeducated into new ways of thinking and communicating. I also had to find a way to relate it all to the world I had come from. I recall a passage I had come across in Arthur Danto's *Mysticism and Morality*:

The fantastic architectures of Oriental thought [...] are open to our study and certainly our admiration, but they are not for us to inhabit. [...] The factual beliefs they take for granted are, I believe, too alien to our representation of the world to be grafted onto it, and in consequence their moral systems are unavailable to us. [...] No one can save us but ourselves.

Then, I accepted it without a second thought. Now I was forced to second-think. The people I lived and worked with, and no one more than the Flemish philosopher Jan Van Bragt, did in fact inhabit that world and had found much of its morality to be salvific. It was not only a question of using his Western learning in an Asian language or broadening his horizons of the history of ideas, but of actually using the resources of Japan to do philosophy. Watching me founder in unfamiliar waters, he threw me what was to be the first of several life-lines. His friend Hans Waldenfels had just published *Absolutes Nichts*, a monograph on the thought of Nishitani Keiji. Van Bragt suggested that it might be worthwhile translating it into English as a companion to his own translation of Nishitani's *Religion and Nothingness*, which was nearing completing and had already caught the eye of my old friend Tom Altizer. I threw myself into the work and saw it through to publication in 1980. That was my introduction to the Kyoto School philosophers, the start of a journey that would prove to me, conclusively, how wrong Danto had been.

A series of carefully planned intellectual dialogues between Christian thinkers and representatives from Shinto, Zen, Pure Land, Tendai, and lay Buddhist movements were held periodically at the Institute over the next two decades. Longstanding barriers of mistrust and misunderstanding often collapsed in these encounters, but it became obvious as the years went by that the exercise was limited to a small group of intellectuals and had little impact on organized religion or problems discussed in Japanese society at large. Beginning in 2002, the Nanzan Institute shifted the focus of its symposia away from religion-to-religion discussion in the direction of their shared interface with ethics and society, science, and indigenous religiosity across East Asia.

Meantime, the Institute became involved with the annual meetings of the »Society for East-West Religious Exchange« and the Kyoto Zen Symposia, where the atmosphere was more directly philosophical. The topics were no less abstract, but the presence of figures like Nishitani Keiji and Ueda Shizuteru from the Buddhist side, and Yagi Seiichi and Tanaka Yutaka from the Christian side,

kept attention fixed on larger, universal problems and prevented discussion from being infected with the strains of »Japanist« thinking circulating at the time. The ideas of Nishida Kitarō were never far from the discussions. The stamp his writings had left on the Kyoto School by posing questions from the East in the language and logic of Western philosophy, yet never distracted by preoccupations with the East-West divide, helped shift the attention of Buddhist and Christian participants from simple comparison and mutual education to questions that embraced both sides in their common humanity. Not surprisingly, Western mystical thought was more influential than mainstream theological traditions. Yet here, too, the tendency to exclude pressing moral and social concerns of the day began to wear thin with the passing years and the increasing participation of younger scholars.

On several occasions during the 1980s I was encouraged by Thomas Immoos, director of Sophia University's Institute for Oriental Religions, to participate in a Japanese Jung Club he had founded in collaboration with Yuasa Yasuo, and to write for a new journal they had founded. For a decade and more the group flourished and Jungian psychology enjoyed an unprecedented boom but then went only to slide into a slow decline, as did my own interests in the analysis and critique of Jung's thought. During these years I opened a seminar for the general public at the Institute in which we discussed a variety of texts from Goethe and Dante to Zeami and Nishida Kitarō. These seminars ran for over thirty years, during which we devoted four years to a study of the history of magic from ancient Egypt to the modern day, and another three years on gnostic and hermetic literature. These gatherings quickly became a pillar of the intellectual life for me. Not only did they nudge me away from the addiction to professional jargon, they raised questions that I had ignored as a result.

Speaking of questions passed over, in 1979 Thomas Berry and I were awarded an unsolicited grant to spend time at one another's research centers. He immediately helped me overcome my embarrassment at the imparity of the plan. The week I spent at his Riverdale Center of Religious Research on the Hudson River led to some of the most intense discussions of my life. The passion of this extraordinary man for a »story of the earth« to revive ancient wisdoms and unite the moral conscience of the world was like nothing I had ever met. By the time he came to Japan to hold talks with our staff, I was convinced that the story he spoke of would have to be a necessary part of all

philosophy and all religion, and all dialogue among them, if they were to be true to themselves in the present age.

The following year I ran into Tom Kasulis at an East-West Religions conference in Hawaii, and five years later met John Maraldo at a meeting of the Kyoto Zen Symposium. Our three paths crossed again and again and we came to form a lasting friendship that shaped my life in so many unexpected ways. John had convinced the committee of the Kyoto Zen Symposium to let him organize a conference on the role of Kyoto School philosophers in the Pacific war, which we then edited and published under the title *Rude Awakenings*. Meantime, Kasulis had caught both of us up in his longstanding dream of producing a comprehensive sourcebook in Japanese philosophy. To inaugurate the project, a conference was held at the Nanzan Institute in 2004 whose purpose was to assess the state of Japanese philosophy around the world. Ironically, at the same time as scholars from six language groups were presenting their reports, the annual meeting of the Japan Philosophical Association was being held elsewhere on campus to celebrate the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Kant's death under the theme »The Reality of Globalization.« All of our speakers dealt with Japanese philosophers; none of theirs did.

Over the next six years we arranged for a series of workshops to consult with specialists on the structure and contents of the *Sourcebook*. In addition, we organized a series of symposia with the aim of bringing scholars of Japanese philosophy from the West, especially younger ones, into dialogue with their Japanese counterparts. These were published in succession at the Nanzan Institute as the first seven volumes of *Frontiers of Japanese Philosophy*. By the time the *Sourcebook* appeared in 2011, it had grown to over 1,300 pages, more than twice the anticipated length. In the final stages of preparation, Kasulis suggested that we create a thematic index to open the way to tracing ideas historically. No methodological attention was given to »comparative philosophy« as such. We merely wanted to stimulate a use of the wide range of resources available across Japan's rich philosophical past. Once the English edition was completed, the three of us had supper in Barcelona with Raimund Herder who immediately committed himself to a Spanish edition. I had struck up a friendship with him ten years previously while at the Universitat Pompeu Fabra working on a book about the Kyoto School, the first of several volumes I was to publish with Editorial Herder. He had done doctoral studies under the phenomenologist Heinrich Rombach, who, in turn,

had spent time at our home in Japan to discuss his structural analysis of the Dao as a means to compare European and Eastern thought. Raimund immediately recognized the importance of the project. We both agreed to approach the young Catalan philosopher, Raquel Bousso, to solicit her help in engaging translators from around the Spanish-speaking world and coordinating the editorial process. A second round of galleys for the volume has just reached me in preparation for its impending publication.

As I noted earlier, comparative thinking had been something I engaged in haphazardly and without sufficient regard for what I was doing. That was no longer an option. The creative attempts at dialogue between philosophy and religion East and West that were taking place around me were both revolutionary and humbling. Less inspiring was the rise of a caste of theological watchdogs, some of them snapping at the heels of the venture with guidelines and methodologies meant to protect their own specializations, others harvesting the results prematurely and from a distance. Within a decade the literature on recipes for dialogue had overtaken the discipline of actual dialogue. And as the theology of religion found its way into the curricula of Europe and the United States, the open-ended quality that I had found so attractive seemed to diminish in importance. On the positive side, it forced me to take a closer look at the underlying assumptions of the dialogue in general and many of my own unreflected habits of thought.

Tanabe Hajime's »logic of the specific« was pivotal for me in the sense that it provided a framework for asking questions about the epoch-specificity of ideas. The writings of Foucault, and to a lesser extent Derrida, had laid the ground for my reading of Tanabe. Participation in religious and philosophical dialogues drew my attention to what Tanabe meant by the perils and the promise of trying to think universal thoughts in a specific context. I am no longer sure how much I owe to Tanabe and how much to what I have read into his texts. I have never used the category myself, but if anything, I have come to suspect that »comparative philosophy« is better done when discovered to have been done than when one has set out to do it. I suppose in large measure this suspicion is the result of attempts to liberate the translation of Japanese texts from the greedy grasp of second order meta-analysis and get them in the hands of a wider public. Be that as it may, I admit the category helps me squint at the

memories recounted above and identify a modest advance in my life towards sturdier patterns of comparative thinking:

1. *Comparing ideas within a tradition across temporal and cultural differences.* By this I mean the general comparative processes at work in the assumption, tacit or expressed, of a perennial philosophy reaching from the ancient Greeks to present-day Western philosophy. Even where attention is given to historical circumstances that shape particular ideas, as long as the fundamental questions are taken to be trans-historical, the answers are granted the right to transcend those circumstances.
2. *Comparing ideas across traditions without attention to specificities of history or culture.* Here the approach breaks through the limits of a single philosophical tradition. The use of such comparison ranges from the venial offense of offhanded allusions to classical texts of Eastern philosophy as a complement to Western insights, to more intellectually questionable methods of subsuming all traditions under a blanket of archetypal ideas excavated from one of those traditions. Nevertheless, the recognition of alternative modes of philosophy represents an advance over the previous mode of comparison.
3. *Comparing ideas across cultures but within a common temporal frame of reference.* Theories of an axial age are the most obvious example of this method of comparison. More sophisticated approaches require identifying a common substratum of global nature such as industrialization, modernity, or scientific-technological world views. These approaches may all have been Western inventions, but from the time Japanese words for philosophy and religion were first created in the mid nineteenth-century their academic study has always been comparative in this sense. The dialogue among traditions is best exercised on this common ground, convinced that the present world has thrown our traditions together to enrich one another by searching for a shared vocabulary to discuss ideas of very different provenance.
4. *Comparing ideas in search of a response to common, living questions that cut across cultural, philosophical, or religious barriers.* In this approach, the merits and demerits of comparison are of less interest than the role that ideas play in prompting an awakening on all sides as a requisite for morally acceptable action. All three types of comparison mentioned above are viewed

critically under the lens of orthopraxis, and this elicits one of those irreversible insights: that it is only when comparison is in service of something outside the framework of the comparison that it is worth doing at all.

For a long time, I lived and worked as if the task of engaging philosophies and religions in intellectual dialogue ended there. Recently I have begun to think that there is more to the transition from theory to praxis than a personal awakening to the moral consequences of our thoughts. It is one thing to contribute to a world of ideas whose practical residuum will outlast us and them. It is quite another to contribute to a story of the common good encompassing enough, *mythical* enough, to capture the imagination and release us from the comfort of our petty biases academic, cultural, political, economic, and personal. The mere fact of inhabiting a single planet whose health our combined efforts at civilization – including our philosophies and religions – have put in grave peril and held in place should direct us to a fifth and final stage:

5. *Comparing ideas in search of a common story grounded in the earth and in a history against whose backdrop all our philosophies and all our sciences pale by comparison.* Absent the will to believe in such a story, the gap between the thoughts we can think and the actions we are prepared to take will always be greater than any society of human beings can breach.

Globalization on such a high constructive level cannot be a new story composed from scratch. It needs to integrate long-formed traditions, in a critical reprise, giving them a new dynamic inflection. In this sense, it is not so much a question of »comparing« but of reactivating traditions in mutual solicitation and in openness to the signs of the times. Care for the earth and for the common good in the deepest sense imposes a hermeneutical imperative that bids us make sense of our traditions and scholarly specializations in a new way. Academia has been largely immune to such attempts, or at least has tended to marginalize them, while our native philosophical and religious instincts have us gasping for breath in an atmosphere that trivializes the question, »What's the point?«

In the end, of course, there is no Archimedean point from which to sit and judge the course of history. But neither is there a way to escape the desire to release our minds from the age we are wrapped in. To honor this incoherence of our human nature we can tear our stories to shreds one after the other and expose their superstition, or we

J. W. Heisig

can try to combine them and retell them in a language we better understand. Or both – which is what I have come to see as the heart of the philosophical vocation.

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