



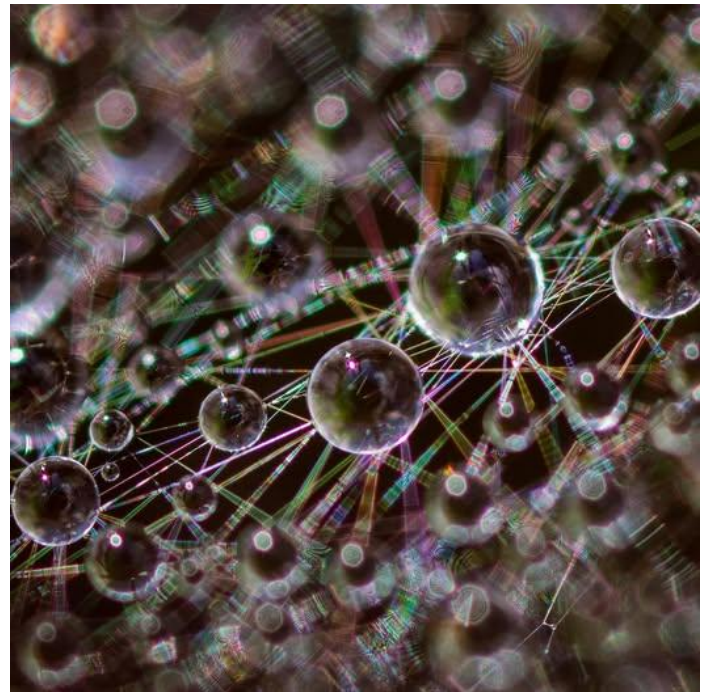
The Liminal Web:

How Does the Field Meet the World?

A Larger Stage

As I start to write this essay, it is less than twenty-four hours since Anne and I had our conversation with Layman Pascal, exploring *The Space Between Us* and the emergence of the field that underlies it, and already new ideas are springing up. Layman is a generous soul, full of heartfelt curiosity. His questions opened a rich and searching dialogue, and we realised that the alchemical chamber in which our group usually meets had opened a window of exchange with the wider world. Our walls feel porous now, as if others are beginning to lean in and listen.

The book seems to have been the key that unlocked a door to a larger realm—one in which the realisations and insights of our small circle can ripple outward into a broader conversation.



My initial fear of becoming lost in the conceptual language of integral theory or metamodernism was quickly dispelled by Layman's almost puppy-like enthusiasm and his playful yet penetrating questioning. The meeting stayed close to Anne's and my lived experience: to our experience of the field and to the distinct qualities of those who participate in its generation. Although it didn't follow quite the same form as our own gatherings, it carried a familiar tone—a conversation at the edge of the known.

Layman's questions were precise yet open, inviting us to dig deeply into our experience so that our responses could meet his curiosity with equal depth. His fascination with fields meant he was already tuned to what we were pointing toward, and rather than analyse, he listened with us, from within the same pulse of wonder.

The rhythm between Anne and I unfolded naturally—a weaving of different voices and impressions that deepened rather than divided. One of us would open a thread, the other would turn it in the light, and a fuller picture would appear: not as a synthesis but as resonance. The conversation itself became an example of what we were describing—a living field in which diversity found coherence without flattening.

When the dialogue ended, I felt both nourished and tingling with anticipation. There was a sense of potential, of something just beginning. In the same way that the book is the field expressing itself through my agency, this meeting felt like the field reaching outward into a wider ecology. It was as if the past three years had been a period of gestation



within a carefully nurtured environment, and this was the moment of birth—its first breath on a larger stage where its presence might begin to catalyse change on a wider scale.

The creative stirrings that follow aren't about strategy or next steps. They arise more like responses to contact—currents of possibility forming of their own accord. Perhaps this is what happens when a field meets its reflection. Recognition acts as catalyst, not confirmation. The conversation with Layman didn't add anything new in content; it opened a channel. The field that has been quietly gestating within our group now seems to be discovering its own ecology of connection—other fields, other circles, other listeners already attuned to the same hum.

The first essay about the conversation with Layman, *At the Edge of the Known*, was written in preparation for this crossing—a way of readying the vessel, clarifying the meeting of experiment and articulation. This reflection feels like what happens when the bud opens: the moment the inner field, long contained in intimacy, begins to meet the air of the world.

The question that arises now is not “What next for us?” but “What next for the field?” How does it wish to meet the world that is already meeting it?

The Nature of the Field

What is becoming clear is that the field itself is inter-relational by nature. It emerges through connection. It has the quality of something ancient and eternal—a “never-not-there” presence—yet whenever it reveals itself, it carries a radiant freshness, a pristine newness. It doesn't expand through strategy or design, but through resonance—through meeting what feels familiar in vibration. Yet it seems to follow its own subtle trajectory—a teleological arc toward ever greater coherence and expansive emergence.

Less than a day after the conversation with Layman, new connections are already stirring. Invitations surface, messages arrive, new possibilities of connection are revealing themselves, and I find myself poised for conversations with others who are holding similar spaces of inquiry—each unique, yet recognisably kindred.

The image of Indra's Net comes to mind: the connections have always been there, but the nodes—long dormant—are starting to light up. The currents of life, of eros, are beginning to flow through those interconnections. Future meetings seem to arise by attraction rather than strategy, as if the field were seeking its own reflections across distance. The intention is simply to share lived experience, to seek resonance, coherence, and an ever-widening recognition.

The field grows by listening—by following the pulse of aliveness rather than the logic of expansion. It learns through contact, discovering its own intelligence by touching other expressions of the same mystery. In the context of this group, it has chosen Anne and I as its agents—not as puppets, but as those whose love and curiosity make us available to what wants to move forward.

The conversation with Layman seems to have revealed another willing soul whose reach extends deeply into what is known as the Liminal Web (more about that later), and it may mark the beginning of a new phase of creative cross-pollination.



What is emerging begins to resemble a constellation rather than a structure: many centres, one pulse—a living ecology of coherence, unfolding quietly through relationship.

Meeting the World

As the field stretches beyond our immediate circle, it begins to sense itself as part of a wider landscape—a living web of inquiry and practice already shimmering into view. This larger conversation, which Layman Pascal calls the *Liminal Web*, is less a movement than an atmosphere: a field of thresholds where worlds touch and overlap, where the new begins to glimmer at the edge of the known.

Reading Layman's own description of the Liminal Web, I recognise the same pulse that has been quietly animating our group—the delight of adjacency, the curiosity that lives between certainty and unknowing. “We are the haunters of beaches and bardos,” he writes, “migrants of presence and attempters of emergence.” That language could easily describe what unfolds in our meetings: a small community learning to inhabit and revel in the in-between, to breathe where opposites almost merge and paradoxes are the currency of exchange.

For three years our work evolved almost in seclusion, below the radar of the contemporary spiritual marketplace, and without any sense of belonging to a larger constellation. Now it feels as though the veil has thinned. The dialogue with Layman revealed not a new audience but a kinship—others listening from within the same hum. We are discovering ourselves as one node in a vast, flexing network of conversations, practices, and friendships, each shimmering with its own distinct colour yet reflecting every other.

While some in this wider ecology map emergence through philosophy, metaphysics, systems thinking, or cultural commentary, our work offers a felt interior: presence enacted rather than proposed, coherence lived rather than theorised. If the Liminal Web charts the mind of this planetary metamorphosis, then perhaps our field is one of its hearts—small, quiet, rhythmic, sustaining the pulse of relational awareness that underlies every new idea.

To meet the world in this way is to step more deeply into reciprocity. The task is not to broadcast but to attune—to sense where the current wants to flow, which conversations it wishes to join, where it longs to offer nourishment and where to gain insight. The movement outward is not expansion but communion—the widening of listening.

And as the field reaches into the world, it asks more of us: finer sensitivity, greater humility, a steadier trust in the unknown and a willingness to step up and be a voice for connection. The intimacy once held by a few must now learn to breathe through many voices. Diversity will test coherence; coherence will invite deeper inclusion. The field seems ready for this—a living intelligence finding new forms through which to know itself.

Through these connections, the field does not spread; it flowers—quietly, inevitably, beautifully—through relationship.

Perhaps the Liminal Web is nothing other than this flowering at planetary scale: a great threshold where the world begins to remember itself. And perhaps our small group, in its simplicity and sincerity, is one of the roots feeding that bloom.



Wonder and curiosity are their own purpose. Through them the field meets the world not as solution, but as participant in creation—listening, responding, and discovering itself anew with every encounter.

Closing Reflection

As the first wave of contact settles, I notice a quiet stillness beneath the excitement—the same stillness that has always been there, waiting patiently for us to return. The field has moved, stretched, and found new resonances, yet its essence remains unchanged: a space of meeting through which life discovers itself.

As I make myself more available—I recently retired from my day job—it seems as if the field is sweeping me up into a role of responding in multiple directions beyond anything I can control—engendering a deep trust in the unfolding as the only way to stay balanced in the face of an agenda that seems to require me to acquire the multiple limbs and heads of a Hindu deity.

The field, it seems, knows how to move. I sense its gaze on the horizon beyond anything I might be able to visualise. Our task is only to stay available—to remain close to wonder, to keep curiosity alive, to let intimacy be our form of strength. What once felt like a private experiment now belongs to a larger symphony of becoming—music played through many instruments, each attuned to the same unspoken key.

There's a quiet exhilaration in recognising that what is emerging here is not new at all. It is the ancient and irresistible movement of life reaching toward itself—again, and always again—through conversation, through silence, through the fragile miracle of relationship.

And so the field continues, breathing through us and beyond us. No longer contained within a Zoom “room,” yet never apart from the space between us where it all began.