

Sixes and Sevens: The Need for Cyclic Thinking

1. Six and Seven: Sustainability

My three colleagues and I conveniently split the task of reflecting on the book [*Sustainability and Peaceful Coexistence*](#), so that each of us pause over one of the four parts. Obviously, my zone was Part II, and it would seem that I have completed the task by reflecting, in reverse order, on chapters 6 and 7. But that is not so: I see our problem—the problem of the four of us and of the growing crowd concerned with the present threatened world, as one of recycling. *Recycling* is a familiar word, and indeed an activity that we do in our kitchens and malls, with varieties of waste. We recycle all the time of course, in the sense of following routines, one breakfast after another, one war after another.

One war after another? A jarring suggestion, unless we are fatalists. And if we are of the group concerned with what I call the *positive Anthropocene*, war is not on the list of inevitable recyclings. Nor is it on the list of the people who wrote *Sustainability and Peaceful Coexistence*. So let me indulge in a neologism—these are abundant in the said volume—and suggest to you that we begin to think of crecycling. Crecycling is simply a compact name for creative recycling, but I am leading towards us giving it a special meaning, an overarching meaning for the reach of all groups concerned with the condition of our cosmos. The special meaning comes from crecycling, in its very new sense, my reach, in the conclusion to the previous essay, into the work of Arne Naess. In a later essay I shall illustrate crecycling by crecycling the two chapters of *Sustainability* that have been my concern so far.

I do not wish to bother you with a reach into Naess's work, or into his recycling of Ghandi's reflections. So, I will be minimalist here in simply jumping off from the quotation from him with which I concluded the previous essay: "Applied to humans, the complexity-not-complication principle favours division of labour, *not fragmentation of labour*" (*Inquiry*, 18, 1973, 97: italics his).

The jump-off is illustrated by our considering our common journalistic knowledge of modern, even ancient, goings-on in science and technology. A problem emerges as given or givens: data. Tribal minders mess with it towards a breath of fresh looking-at: early times were pragmatic, reaching to make a wheel rather than define a circle, but even a wheel had a look-site in mind named concept. Is, was, the look-site and look-sight right? Well, it worked. Think, now, how we may proceed, here and hereafter? I am inviting you, indeed, to think now in terms of a concluding hint of my Ant text: more in terms of weighing how to lift water than dip crowns in it.

Cut back from the pragmatics—such a cut back was a mistake in history that I do not wish to deal with here—and you find a standard view of science that is our present ethos. A theory is verified in instantiating data. Furthermore, within that ethos nowadays there is an expectation of division of labor into three zones: complexity-not-complication: each member of the three groups implicitly identified, knowing precisely what they are at and about. There are the watchers, the thinkers, and the checkers. Note, for instance, that the watchers are not without thought: they are, at their best, in the full realm produced by previous thinkers. Think of the watchers of data flow in the research into fundamental particles. And so on, with the three groups.

I am here, you may have noticed, winding freshly round the last three paragraphs of the previous little essay. But notice the ‘pushes forward’, crecycling moves, where the word *crecycling* will continue to lack my suggestion, in the conclusion of this essay, of a *Praxisweltanschauung* for our troubled times. How might we imagine now, simplistically, that full suggestion, in a manner that helps us puts the meaning of *Praxisweltanschauung* into a genetic sequencing, like a growing flower? Perhaps imagine a spiraling brought about by creative recycling? Here I can lift us further forward, crecyclingly, by appealing to a text mentioned at the end of my previous reflection, *Essay in Fundamental Sociology*. The words echo what I have been saying above.

But what is progress? It is a matter of intellect. Intellect is understanding of sensible data. It is the guiding form, statistically effective, of human action transforming the sensible data of life. Finally, it is a fresh intellectual synthesis understanding the new situation created by the old intellectual form and providing a statistically effective form for the next cycle of human action that will bring forth in reality the incompleteness of the later act of intellect by setting new problems.¹

Here I wish to be introductory, crecycling both Arne Naess’ short text and this little text from Bernard Lonergan. The issue for both, and for especially now for the Anthropocene movement people, is “the transformation of the sensible data of life”. Crethink that data. It is—you find this shocking odd perhaps?—a lean-forward data, even if you are only screen-watching particle tracks. How much more so if the data is a sunflower? Further, the watcher of today watches through the lens that is today’s guiding form. For the particle watcher it is the present lean-forward *Standard Model*, as it is called. The climate watchers, too, are in an ethos of today’s heat-shifts and anxieties and are—certainly the watchers of this volume are—leaning forward towards a Standard Model of watching for our times. “Not on my watch” is a familiar phrase. The watching, normatively, is caring. But in this first Naessian “division of labour” its care leans forward within whatever Model is available—glorious in physics, shabby in economics—to detect, inspect, the vibrant data for nudges towards progress. We can comfortably call this detecting *Research*. Muse briefly, perhaps, about the existential fact that the nudges of Research can be either to the watching poise’s careful attention or to the poise’s glimpsing of seeding a suggestion regarding progress.

Identified nudging of “the guiding form” badly needs, in our future times, a divide between it and Research and what may be called here, for pedagogical reasons, *Storycheck*. That naming of a third division of labour throws handily into our minding the naming of our second division, our present concern, as *Storyform*. But before commenting on that division and its odd name let me note the mood that is to be present in the full “statistically effective form for the next cycle of human action”. The mood is caught in the slogan, “This is worth crecycling!” The slogan is lurking in much of the volume on *Sustainability and Peaceful Coexistence*. But now we are in the ballpark of Naess and Lonergan, and you and me, crecycling the volume to find “a statistically effective form for the next cycle of human action.”

In chapter six of *Sustainability*, LeVasseur finds “that Sale’s thesis has very strong exploratory value” (89). Sale’s thesis is a Storyform of 25,000 years of, e.g., ice and weaponry. What this second division of labour is to work with, and seek to add to, is a Storyform of Storyforms that somehow holds together the best of all such efforts as that of Sale. Is this a crazy

¹ “Essay in Fundamental Sociology,” in *Lonergan’s Early Economic Research*, edited with commentary by Michael Shute, University of Toronto Press, 2010, 20.

crecycling of mine? On the contrary, the nudge sits there—ho ho worth crecycling—in the storyform of mathematics or in the storyform of the popular TV series *House* (2004–2012). A contemporary mathematician works in the story of stories, in the sequence of achievement identified in a good history: think of the recent break-through in Fermat’s Last Theorem. House is a more available take-off towards a glimpse of Storyform in its reduplicative hospital fullness. The team of experts bring a mastery, even with special regional masteries, to bear on the data of a patient’s illness.

Our patient is a sick globe: we need to aim for the highest poise possible of mastery, even if our present putterings seem reducible to the recent (December 2018) Polish Climate-change Conference laughter at USA’s promotion of coal. The point is simple: we need to bring to our cherishing of data-nudges a grip not only on a Standard Model but on the storied sequence of such models. Newton and Maxwell haunt our hunt for the Higgs-thing. Our hunt can be called *Interpretation*, but its value depends on the hunters being weaponized by the full story of hunting for interpretations.

Suppose the hunt is successful: there emerges a new story-angle, a new standard model or at least a decent crepiece of the present one. But the question arises: Is it, in a very full sense, **right on**? Again, a simple illustration helps: the med-lab is nudged to think out a new pattern of chemicals, but do they, did they, will they, cure? So, musing with such and other illustrations, you can begin to think of *Storycheck*. A tricky business of literally facing artifacts and datafacts with freshened storyforms. I’m sure part of your problem with all this so far is that the lean-forward leans you to thinking of the future as a concern of data-sifting, story-forming, and story-checking. Poise again over the question, “did they cure?” Were you not leaned, inclined, to think of the move forwards to sampling of new drugs?

So: we pause to savor that these three divisions of the labor of salvaging the human story are past-oriented, even though our bent and the data-bent is forward. The question of the caring watchers in any of these three zones is: What has happened to us? But we hope, as did Todd LeVasseur with Sale’s story-venture, that, in its freshening of our story, there are seeds of salvage.

How are we doing so far?

I pose thus my delightfully tricky question, one about what we are doing here, but primarily because it is one that gives rise to a fourth division of labour, one that is not clear in the writings of Naess or the passage from Lonergan or indeed in the work of Kirkpatrick Sale. Yet, is it not there, a full caring of these writers? They write, certainly, caring for their text: but they write caring for salvaging. They are assembling: in Sale’s case reaching way back; in Lonergan’s case, hovering over the nationalisms of the 1930s; in Naess’s case over a past study of ecology. They brood over what they have assembled seeking to find, yes, hope from a freshened basis, tweaked like a decent equation surrounding the Higgs particle, or quite eye-shocked up-stares, as by the little original quantum equation of Schrödinger.

So, their struggle is with the achievements of three divisions of labour, but it has its own poise of crecycling: précising the present overall and overarching best basis of storyform-making that has so far emerged from the anthropic scene. Certainly these people, pre-*Praxisweltanschauung*, pre-Positive Anthropocene, are caught in present muddled searchings, but think of the benefit of having the assembled work of the prior zones being handed to them, salvaging them, as Naess would have it, from inefficient Fragmentations of Labour?

Perhaps think of us, here now, with the simpler version of the question, How are we doing? We have an assembly in the book *Sustainability*. We are, perhaps neither listed as authors nor

mentioned in the massive collective of the bibliographies. Have we not a leisured focused advantage over the full collective? How are we doing? Are we beginning to see that the massive problem the book lays before us screams for a division of labour, and might we not leap, like the water in Archimedes' Screw, to a new level of seeing and seizing the effective connectedness of a newly watered watcher-culture? The leap occurred in and on the level of discernment that adds a twist on whatever discernments occurred on the way up through data-collecting, story-refining, check-mating. Its twisted poise has us asking: How are we doing in asking "How are we doing?" We wish all the spontaneous discernment that haunts the previous three divisions of labour to cease to be spontaneous and become self-luminous. Were we actually in that team of fourth-division carers we would weave our efforts—but now I am into a fantasy of the future—around our own luminous discernments to a strange but brighter water-level, a more-than-Schrödinger-shift of his thinking about "What is Life?" (Dublin lectures of 1943: published and available) that would lift the ocean of our minding to a geohistorical ethos of discerning discernings of discernings.

That final sentence is a dense opaque expression² of a massive cultural lift of minding that needs to occur in this century, while on the side we battle in little ways the dominant arrogance and stupidity and lack of caring fantasy of the world's leaders. Perhaps, sadly, the tides and airs we face in the mid-century will indeed call out Deep Green Resistance, but their must be those who are wakened "to providing a statistically effective form for the next cycle of human action that will bring forth in reality" a tangled weave of Green and Greed that allow our heirs to breathe for another recycling millennium.

We are poised here, in our How—might I suggest, **Home Of Wonder**—asking, at the fifth and sixth step of the step-diagram that ends Part Two. It is the turn to the future. Might it be the same group as assembled the past, turn now to a guidance system that, yes, brings to my curious mind Hedy Lamarr's guidance system creativity rejected by the U.S. military in the Second World War.³ What the U. S. military at the time lacked was fantasy meshed with respect for women.

But back to the question of group-identity. My answer, of course, is No, No, Nanette: this is a T for two, a task for two groups. Here I seriously recommend a return to, or a first read, of my few [Ant essays](#). It takes a massive psychological burst out of the superego grip of the negative Anthropocene to mediate the daft optimism of the initial stages of the Positive Anthropocene. There is a sense in which the image of excellence in relay hand-on is at its most challenging in the shift of this Task For Two. The front runner is facing forward in a new way, intent on going forward with a grasping hand inviting the baton, but now magically in a new race. Then, THEN,⁴ on she goes. Or, in the case of my allegory, on he goes, for he is Jimmy Smith of *No No Nanette*.

² We are heading now for a certain lift-off in our essay, but here I find it worthwhile to point to my densest expression of future global salvaging. It appears shortly in *Journal of Macrodynamical Analysis* (2018 or 2019) under the title, "Method in Theology: From $[1 + 1/n]^{nx}$ to $\{M(W_3)^{\theta\Phi T}\}^4$ ".

³ I parallel Hedy Lamarr's efforts with those of Lonergan in "A Heady Folly," chapter 5 of *The Allure of the Compelling Genius of History* (Axial Publishing, 2015).

⁴ Savor my madness here. The title of [Cantower 5](#) of 2002 is "Metaphysics THEN." It begins with one of the last poems of Beckett: "go where never before / no sooner there than there always / no matter where never before / no sooner there than there always." When the water-carrier of my final diagram hits a mature pace, it will be "there always." [Cantower 4](#) had focused on revolutionary ladies, as odd as Hedy Lamarr.

Google it: but, in any case, here you have a Google description of the beginning of the first Act of the 1971 production:

Jimmy Smith, a millionaire Bible publisher, is married to the overly frugal Sue. Jimmy thus has plenty of disposable income, and, because he likes to use his money to make people happy, he has secretly become the (platonic) benefactor of three beautiful women: Betty from Boston, Winnie from Washington, and Flora from San Francisco.

Betty, and Winnie and Flora are to be, in musical, three Hurricanes, the mirror image of the three groups that cared for Storycheck, Storyform and Dataflow that whirl the past towards a comprehensive wholesomeness in relation to the Whole Human Gaia Story. What they need is a Platonic benefactor, who has a cre-up-to-date Screw-lift *Praxisweltanschauung* on the master's ancient appeal:

Unless philosophers become kings in the cities or those whom we now call kings and rulers philosophize truly and adequately and there is a conjunction of political power and philosophy . . . there can be no cessation of evil . . . for cities, nor, I think, for the human race.⁵

My interest here, as I end this first part of the essay, is getting your serious attention on Flora, on Dataflowing forward, on Dataflowers forwarding, on those who are to be street-effective in causing a flow forward that, like Archimedes Screw, will raise the water level, but now of culture and care. A nice accident, that: the Latin, *Floruit*, and the English Flora-wit. We have a few decades to get our wits into seriously-effective mode: “for there to be a resolute and effective intervention in this historical process.”⁶ I have had us climbing imaginatively but not realistically, effectively, towards the flowering of a first glimpse of the full intervention, and that must be an element in the effort of 2020–2050. The urgent elements are those pointed to, in scattered fashion in *Sustainability and Peaceful Coexistence* and in my next essay, is to focus on a stumbling effective ordering of those random pointings. The ordering is of only airy use without the strange fresh effects being seeded: we must thus reach what are called *the masses*.⁷ That is the topic of my next essay here, possibly titled: “The Masses and Sustainability.” Still, here I wish to continue our imaginative climbing in the mode of Naess but with an

⁵ Plato's *Republic*, Book V, 473c11-d6.

⁶ Bernard Lonergan, *Phenomenology and Logic*, edited by Philip McShane, University of Toronto Press, 2001, 306.

⁷ There is an obvious reference here to Ortega's *The Revolt of the Masses*. But I would note that Ortega's notion of the masses was quite complex. Chapters 6 and 8 of the book are directly on the topic, but also chapter 12 on “The Barbarism of Specialization.” Saul Bellow, in his Foreword to the translation, neatly sums up Ortega and also the problem of the changes in the meaning of mass man since Ortega's time. “Ortega when he speaks of the mass man does not refer to the proletariat: he does not mean us to think of any social class whatever. To him the mass man is an altogether new human type. Lawyers in the courtroom, judges on the bench, surgeons bending over anaesthetized patients, international bankers, men of science, millionaires.... differ in no important respect from TV repair men, clerks in Army-Navy stores, municipal fire-inspectors, or bartenders. It is Ortega's view that we in the West live under a dictatorship of the commonplace.” (*The Revolt of the Masses*, translated by Anthony Kerrigan, edited by Kenneth Moore, with a Foreword by Saul Bellow, University of Notre Dame Press, 1985, p. ix). As my steps below intimate bluntly, most of scholarship, a great deal of science, and all of politics, are done by mass men and women inviting themselves and us to settle into such a commonplace. The problem of that talk is raised in profound doctrinal fashion in the first section of *Insight* chapter 17. The third section offers a discomfiting large and remote solution that is enlarged further by the pointing of my final diagram: “Here's a step we can't afford to miss!”

acknowledgment of Bernard Lonergan’s parallel mode. Finally, I would note that I have already, in this concluding of the first section, added nudging footnoting to my mode of communication. There is the simple melody of my text, a beginner’s sing-along of *Für Elise*, florawise—or perhaps of a hymn-version of the *Ode to Joy*; there are the footnote chordings beneath, pointing to a strange Bruckner 8th-symphony climb to the end of Beethoven’s 9th.⁸

2. Six and Seven: *Insight*

Take a little one-step, two-step, three-step.
Come a little closer, please,
like a rose that blows in every breeze.
Take a little one-step, two-step, three-step,
then a little dip, like this.
Here’s a step we can’t afford to miss!

Do not be distracted by my weave of this lyric from the 1971 ending of *No No Nanette* into my plea. Is the weave even vaguely relevant? I recall weaving in references of the more recent X-Factor shows into my invitation to get to grips with “The Well of Loneliness” in you.⁹ The weave is vastly relevant in both cases, as I try to intimate. But let me come to the main pointing here. That pointing is towards your closer foundational dancing and singing. There is the foundational dance of chapter 6 of *Insight*, “Common Sense as Subject”; there is the second one two three steps of chapter 7, “Common Sense as Object”, and then a little dip like towards an X-factor gathering: “here’s a step we can’t afford to miss!”

(i) Take a little one-step,

Our step is in and around the first sentence of chapter six of *Insight*. “The Illustrative basis of our study must now be broadened.” Bracketed by four words on each side we have “our study”. My grandson Matthew, just over three at the time of writing can talk of “study,” though he means a room, grandma’s study, not an activity. Or does he? In his second year he rolled up his t-shirt displayingly and used the word *boobies*: he likely had in mind his mother’s delightful brown milkshakes, now his little brother’s joy. What of such meanings in the distant human future? What of schooling meanings in later millennia? How, then, are we to know our meaning for *our study*, our growing symphony of meaning? Your symphony of meaning pivots on an early age achievement of Helen Keller’s leap at age seven.¹⁰ But does it include the meaning of that

⁸ The climb to the choral is steep enough, but I add the reference to Bruckner’s 8th, because it has been symbolic for me of the climb to effective functional scientific collaboration: a five note echo trickling in at the beginning of the second movement and finally taking over the symphony: so, we trickle in at, we hope, the beginning of the second movement of the Anthropocene.

⁹ “The Well of Loneliness” is the title of chapter 19 of *The Allure of the Compelling Genius of History* (Axial Publishing, 2015) the X-Factor shows are introduced there, in relevant fashion, on page 225.

¹⁰ This is my step-challenge here. It is not an easy step. Pointers to it are given in my *A Brief History of Tongue. From Big Bang to Coloured Wholes*, Axial Publishing, 1998, 31-37. The absence of this scientific insight into a common basic human insight takes the heart out of psychology: leaves it happily, as it is now, in complexifications of initial meanings, regularly reductionist.

meaning? So, we meet our first little one-step. The illustrative basis is broadened: “most strikingly illustrated by the story of Helen Keller’s discovery.”¹¹

But what was that discovery? Was it not a discovery of what? But it was not a discovery of what’s what, no more than it was for Matthew at two. You had that discovery or you would be now just g-aping at this page. But have you ventured into a month, parallel to Helen’s month of March 1887, with or without an Annie Sullivan, to discovery this core piece of what’s what?

My little one step about a little one step is a discomfoting nudge about the climb to foundations, to a sufficient luminosity to get us out of the present slum of minding. I nudge the seeding of “the illustrative basis” to a self-redemptive task, a personal stance on what got the ape into the Anthropocene. “It is with the basis of this much more personal stance that the fifth functional specialty, foundations, is concerned.”¹²

Are you concerned, or are you content to grope along with lurking pretentiousness in the commonsense dark?

(ii) two-step,

We move forward, with Matthew and Helen, to Flora, and the massive problem of florawit, the full global cultural supporting lean-forward of “the incessant What? and Why? Of childhood.”¹³ “They flower only if we are willing, or constrained, to learn how to learn.”¹⁴ The foundational cycler needs an ongoing crecycling of learning to learn. That cycler, in our times, has to detect the spectrum of bluffs that have been established, with brutal antkill destructiveness in the long history of education. But now I am talking to you about the challenge of entering a cycle of bitten grasshopes.

We need a leap to new talk and new words.

Pause now with me over two quite different pages. I quote a decent piece of the first that identifies the poise of talk of educators and leaders the world over, then I shock you with Newton bites.

By classicism I mean the fruit of an unsuccessful education in which, first of all, there is no real grasp of theory of any kind—mathematical, scientific, philosophic, or theological. Theory is proposed and studied, but in the subject there is no serious differentiation of conscious; all we get as a theory are the broader simplifications offered by a professor to introduce or round of a lecture or a course, or the product of *haute vulgarization*. But he is never bitten by theory; he has no apprehension, no understanding, for example, of the fact that Newton spent weeks in his room in which he barely bothered looking at his food, while he was working out the theory of universal gravitation.¹⁵

¹¹ *Method in Theology*, (1972), 70.

¹² *Ibid.*, 267.

¹³ *Insight*, 197.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁵ Bernard Lonergan, “Exegesis and Dogma,” *CWL 6, Philosophical and Theological Papers*, 1958-1964, 155.

This passage, I have no doubt, has been read solemnly by scholars—indeed even perhaps by you—without the temptation occurring to try a bite of Newton. Well, here goes: read and weep, or skip past this peril of great price.¹⁶

Given Kepler's Laws:

- (i) ellipses;
- (ii) equal areas are swept out in equal time;
- (iii) T^2 (prop to) cube of mean distance from S.

Find what forces?

From (i): $\ell/r = 1 + e \cos \theta$ ($e = .0167$ for earth)

From (ii): area $(\frac{1}{2}) r^2 d\theta$ in time dt : rate $(\frac{1}{2})r^2 (d\theta/dt) = \text{const.}, (\frac{1}{2})h$ say.

If we assume F_r (inward) per unit mass and F_θ p.u.m.

we get the eqts of motion:

$$d^2r/dt^2 - r(d\theta/dt)^2 = -F_r$$

$$(1/r)d/dt (r^2 d\theta/dt) = F_\theta$$

but from (ii) $r^2 d\theta/dt = \text{const.}, h$.

therefore $(d/dt)(r^2 d\theta/dt) = 0$; therefore $F_\theta = 0$.

This simplifies maths, if we write $u = (1/r)$;

then $d\theta/dt = hu^2$.

We eliminate r from the other eqt. of motion:

$$r = 1/u$$

$$dr/dt = -(1/u^2)(du/d\theta)(d\theta/dt) = -h(du/d\theta)$$

$$d^2r/dt^2 = -h(d^2u/d\theta^2)(d\theta/dt) = -h^2u^2 (d^2u/d\theta^2)$$

so $d^2r/dt^2 - r(d\theta/dt)^2 = -h^2u^2 (d^2u/d\theta^2) - h^2u^3$

Eq. of motion in r becomes

$$-h^2u^2 (d^2u/d\theta^2) - h^2u^3 = -F_r$$

We want to determine F_r :

And we have u in terms of θ :

$$u = (1/\ell)(1 + e \cos \theta)$$

$$du/d\theta = (-e/\ell) \sin \theta$$

$$d^2u/d\theta^2 = (-e/\ell) \cos \theta$$

so

$$F_r = (d^2u/d\theta^2)h^2u^2 + h^2u^3$$

$$= h^2u^2 [(-e/\ell) \cos \theta + (1/\ell)(1 + e \cos \theta)] = (h^2u^2)/\ell$$

Therefore $F_r = (h^2/\ell)(1/r^2)$

SO: we get to Newton's inverse square law.

¹⁶ The peril is that we otherwise continue (see note 6 above) to foist on the future “the arrogance of omniscient common sense” (Lonergan, *CWL 17, Philosophical and Theological Papers*, 1965-1980, 370). The analysis quoted below this in the text is from my pre-notes of a first-year university course on mathematical physics given in 1959-60. I am quoting page 19 of the notes on Dynamics, reproduced as no. 8 on my website under on-line articles. These were pre-notes: the lectures were, so to speak, off the cuff, but in this sophistication of language, taken for granted and shared by the good students. We spoke explanatorily. Where, one may ask, is language to go to rescue us from global arrogance? Linguistic feedback, like this nudging, is a feeble but essential start.

(iii) Three-step,

“Out of the plasticity and exuberance of childhood through the discipline and play of education there gradually is formed the character,”¹⁷ but the plasticity can be toys that rust psychically and the education can be, and indeed is in our time, a parallel glossy scummy slum.

The three-step is the finding of therapy, and my toes must what-move to find the need in my grass-seed boxed in ceding in sweet daily daze to a pervasive, a global, scamoutants.¹⁸ How can the grass-hoper weave a me-in-my-corner field? Some HOW one must field the need. The censor and the superego, aided by the slum lords, toss the consentient ant back and forth in the quiet rhythms of a “narrow orbit, for each of us is free yet together swept in a swirling mass down the cataract of life to the serene pool of a green graveyard.”¹⁹

If there is any green left.

“The analyst, then, is needed.”²⁰

But there is no ontic²¹ analyst up to the job: nor—(iX) “then a little dip like this”—is there a phyletic analyst unless we begin to settle, settle-up, for effective hope in the newrowglow of an unknown X coming your way in the (X) step below.

(iv) Come a little closer please,

“There is a further and deeper aspect to the matter of intellectual development.”²²

The deeper aspect lurks there in chapter six of *Insight*. Indeed, it lurks in the reading of the first word of the first chapter: if you really get In. But chapter 15 helps to come a little closer if you please. There is the ape and then there is the muddling apemanant scammed out by the limp twaddle of a slim whatting inventiveness. Would Betty and Winnie be better, winners, on their own, with perhaps an island man on a Friday? The habitat could then be organized by a solo, an aria in the symphony of nature, bowing to the ineffable. But organizing a flight of arias needs a flow of Archimedean screwed-up symphonies in nature to raise the solo voice. No woman is an island. Still, nature is a silent communing even to an apewomanant: a field of dreams, telling her that the habitat is what’s soil and sonatina, guiding her actions by “referring them, not as an animal in a habitat, but as an intelligent being to the intelligible context of some universal order

¹⁷ *Insight*, 212. I would note here a massive topic that connects with the content of note 3. I quote the first paragraph of the Aristotelian text, *Magna Moralia*: “Since our purpose is to speak about matters to do with character, we must first inquire of what character is a branch. To speak concisely, then, it would seem to be a branch of nothing else than statecraft.” The central flaw in the topic’s treatment in that text is the topic of the conclusion of my “Finding an Effective Economist: a Central Theological Topic,” *Divyadaan. Journal of Philosophy and Education* vol. 30, no. 1 (2019), 97–128.

¹⁸ Beyond the obviousness of “scam-out-ants” there is the hiddenness of the reference to the scotoma spectrum touched on in *Insight* 213ff. Roughly, we might talk of the neurofiring of the massive axial sick superego talked of in note 7.

¹⁹ Lonergan, *CWL 20, Shorter Papers*, 78.

²⁰ *Insight*, 225.

²¹ See notes 7 and 18: the analyst is in the axial ball park. The broader problem is described in Lonergan, *Phenomenology and Logic*, *CWL 18*, chapters 13 and 14.

²² *Insight*, 498. Recall that *Insight*’s chapter 6 begins with “Common Sense as Intellectual” (196).

that is or is to be.”²³ The referring, in its neurobreak of antegotic superego, if it is effective, comes closer but not with ease please. One can write of “the music of the spheres!”²⁴ at the end of a long life and in the conclusion of a dark play, a Mozart unfinished Requiem. So, Betty and Winnie and, yes, ladies like Nadia Boulanger and Georg Eliot, can grow to let the field “dominate a whole way of life.”²⁵

(v) like a rose that blows in every breeze.

What is this rose, this X-Factor that can breeze from the world’s astage? What is this *Dance of the Rose* that ends with Nijinski’s window leap in our rise? Is there not a moment in your rose garden, even when torn with thorns? Times when (a Kavanagh phrase) “the millstone has become a star”?

To what indeed shall I liken
the world and human life?
Ah, the shadow of the moon,
When it touches in the dewdrop
The beak of the water fowl.

These cries lift up the whatter in the water foul of truncated times, making the whatter one with the universe, so that

it shares its dynamic resilience and expectancy. As emergent probability, it ever rises above past achievement. As genetic process, it develops generic potentiality to its specific perfection. As dialectic, it overcomes evil both by meeting it with good and by using it to reinforce the good. Good will wills the order of the universe, and so it wills with that order’s dynamic joy and zeal.²⁶

(vi) Take a little one-step,

Stepping into *Insight*’s chapter seven was seemingly—until you were led to take five, iv, iii, ii, i, steps—a modest business for your common sense, a business of tuning into a curious view of common sense. “The apparently modest view of common sense is to understand things in their relations to us” begins the chapter with the nudge to that lead of mine in its second word. Apparently? A parenting of you as individual. Recall (ii). “Complete free play to intelligent inquiry” is psychically blocked, and you continue to be led ant articulateness and live in a world of talking heads. But the leading away from inquiry is supplemented by an egobent that “will not grant serious consideration to its further relevant questions.”²⁷ Its? Both the ego and the bend. This is best seen in others who are bent to slip past creative puzzling.

One of my favorite directives to my class, for twenty years, of young ladies was to air their reports of dates, especially on the what-to-do question. “What are we going to do tonight?” “The usual.” And we have so many ways of disguising the usual as fresh moves.

²³ *Ibid.*

²⁴ Shakespeare, *Pericles*, V. 3. I, line 228.

²⁵ *Insight*, 498.

²⁶ *Insight*, 722, conclusion.

²⁷ *Insight*, 247.

“Relevant questions” ends the section of *Insight 7*, on “Individual Bias.” Did you move immediately to read the next words, “General Bias”? And how, prey, are you moving here? Might you not pause and take a little step in the dark?

(vii) two-step,

Groups bind feelingfully, whether local gangs or giant nations, tennis twos or choral tens. Group bias winds that bind of feelings into a shrinkage of care, a swelling of group care. Four dense pages of chapter 7 of *Insight* skims over its twists and turns, but here I hit home to all shrunken groups by poising over an irritating one. “I do not think there is any need to flog a whole row of dead horses; a flick at a particularly nauseating one is enough.” The group I am sadly thinking of is the group to which Lonergan originally passed his baton and the school that festers his genius at present. You know who you are, but likely enough few of you are reading this. The group originated out of gentle presentations of Lonergan, a stranger taken in. “I was a stranger and you did not take me in.” (*Matthew 23: 46*). Should I put Lonergan’s strangeness in the past tense?

Was my proposal utopian? It asked merely for creativity, for an interdisciplinary theory that at first will be denounced as absurd, then will be admitted to be true but obvious and insignificant, and perhaps finally be regarded as so important that its adversaries will claim that they themselves discovered it.

(viii) three-step,

To take the three-step away from “General Bias” is to be, I dare to say, quite inhuman. The negative Anthropocene lives and breeds in that bias. For millennia initial meanings, bubbled spontaneously from primitive cultures in a rich web of feelings and associations, and then yielded sickly to elementary self-discovery mistaken by Jaspers as the axial period of humanity, thus establishing truncated initial meaning in that lonely zone. Initial meanings? “An accurate statement on initial meanings would be much more complex,” indeed it will take more than a few centuries of the positive Anthropocene to effectively articulate it as dead. And it would take more than a few hundred words to skimpily intimate it. But heavens, then, is there really no difference between the various wonderful talking heads, like Fareed Zacharia and Arnold Toynbee, except the extent of their competence in contextualizing magnificently initial meanings?²⁸ And what of Wolf Blitzer’s solemn situation room? Etc etc.²⁹ So nominalism, regularly splashing in numbers, non-comprehending technological competence in developed lower sciences and messy upper sciences rules, in sweeping and sweet brutality, our nations and notions.

²⁸ We are, of course, in the problem pointed to in notes 7, 18, and 21.

²⁹ See, chapter 10 of Philip McShane, *Profit: The Stupid View of President Donald Trump*, Axial Publishing, 2016: “*The Situation Room: The Stupid View of Wolf Blitzer.*” You may be shocked by my directness: it is an essential component of the future collaborative science of dialectic: see the final lines of page 250 in *Method in Theology* (1970).

(ix) then a little dip, like this.

The little dip, of course, is the mind-wind round the mess that crimeshapes battered Apeanthows into antics and academic disciplines sniffing and sniffing round the stench of decay and death on this old globe. There is a dance of death in limbs and words that pretends hope in prose and cons. “The ooze of abnormality”³⁰ secretes the pretentiousness into gatherings of art and science in old trapped styles. The negative Anthropocene turns directors and actors towards “become stagehands. The setting is magnificent; the lighting superb; the costumes gorgeous; but there is no play.” Need I go on? The volume on *Sustainability* finds no serious place in lobbied business of glocal leadership: we are at Sixes and Sevens.³¹ What is this century screaming for? A cosmopolis. “What is cosmopolis? Like every other object of human intelligence, it is I the first instance an X, what is to be known when one understands.”³² Might it wipe out, in millennia to come, our silly nationalisms?

What is necessary is a cosmopolis that is neither class nor state, that stands above all their claims, that cuts them down to size, that is founded on the native detachment and disinterestedness of every intelligence, that commands man’s first allegiance, that implements itself primarily through that allegiance, that is too universal to be bribed, too impalpable to be forced, too effective to be ignored.³³

(X!) Here’s a step we can’t afford to miss!

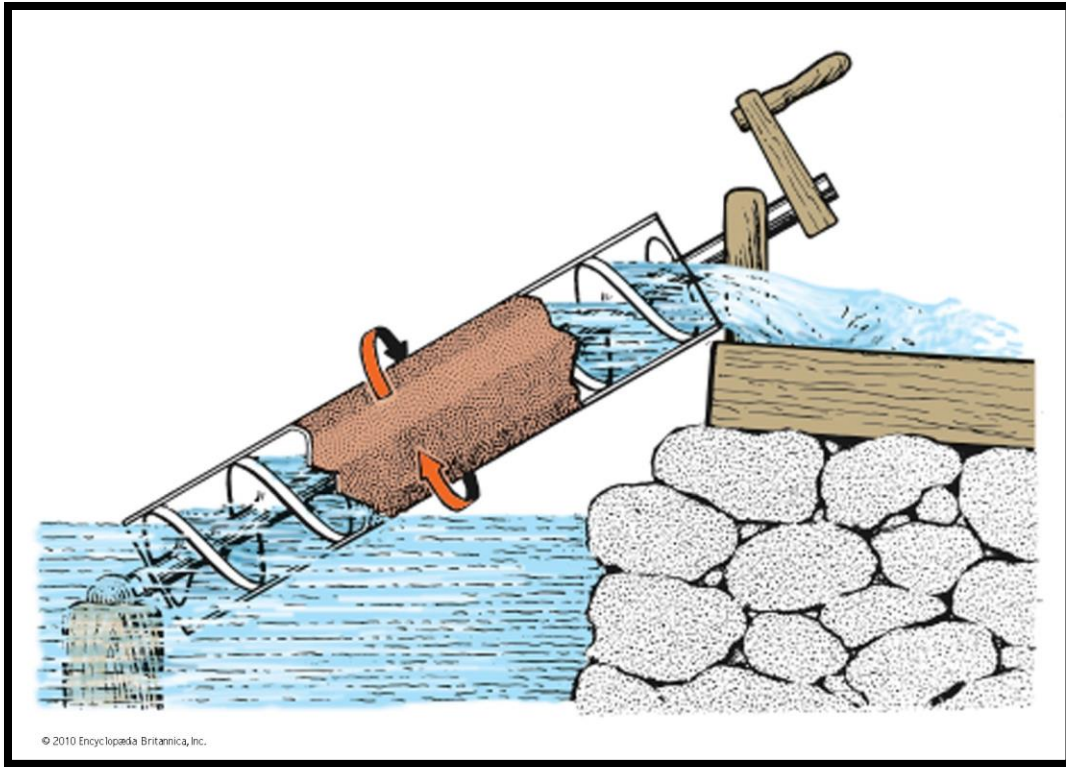
Not to miss the step-ladder needs a wild dervishness. Google the dance that goes with the 1971 lyric with which we danced along mind-fully. It is a pretty thing, a pretty plain thing, almost a solitary Celtic jigging. What **what** needs in the present mess is indeed something dervish yet communal, quite a leap beyond the addition of those lyrics of 1971 to the original musical of 1925. Perhaps, the leap is helped by an image of a leap in quite another zone. We have the problem of someHOW getting the whatter up a hill of culture. Back we go, then, in imagination, to Archimedes. No no Notyet, is there a need for you to get to grips with HOW he did it. Just admire his finished product with a sense parallel to the primitive reaction to the revisioning of simple Celtic dancing that was Michael Flatley’s *Lord of the Dance* of 1996: a heart-beat line-up of drumming feet. Here you have Archimedes’ structured water-dance:

³⁰ *Insight*, 262.

³¹ Would Robert Plant’s “Sixes and Sevens” lyrics help? Would anything help us to rise to another arrangement for our house of cards, our home-going? “Sundown, another busy day watching the time fly / Old ground standing in the way / And I don’t know why / So here I am making changes / Alterations to my house of cards / But I don’t hold new arrangements / Am I at home, am I at home, am I, am I alright?”

³² *Insight*, 263.

³³ *Ibid.*



Think of all the Molly-cures of Water tuned to dance uphill. Now think of Bernard Lonergan doing a Jimmy Job for the Molly-cures of Whatters: Tom, Dick and Harry, Betty, Wendie and Flora. You might think of his early choreography, his writing in 1935 about an apparently simple native circle dance of global intelligence: let's repeat the dance-notes here, thinking of the Zulu proverb, "The isisusa wedding dance is always appreciated by being repeated."³⁴

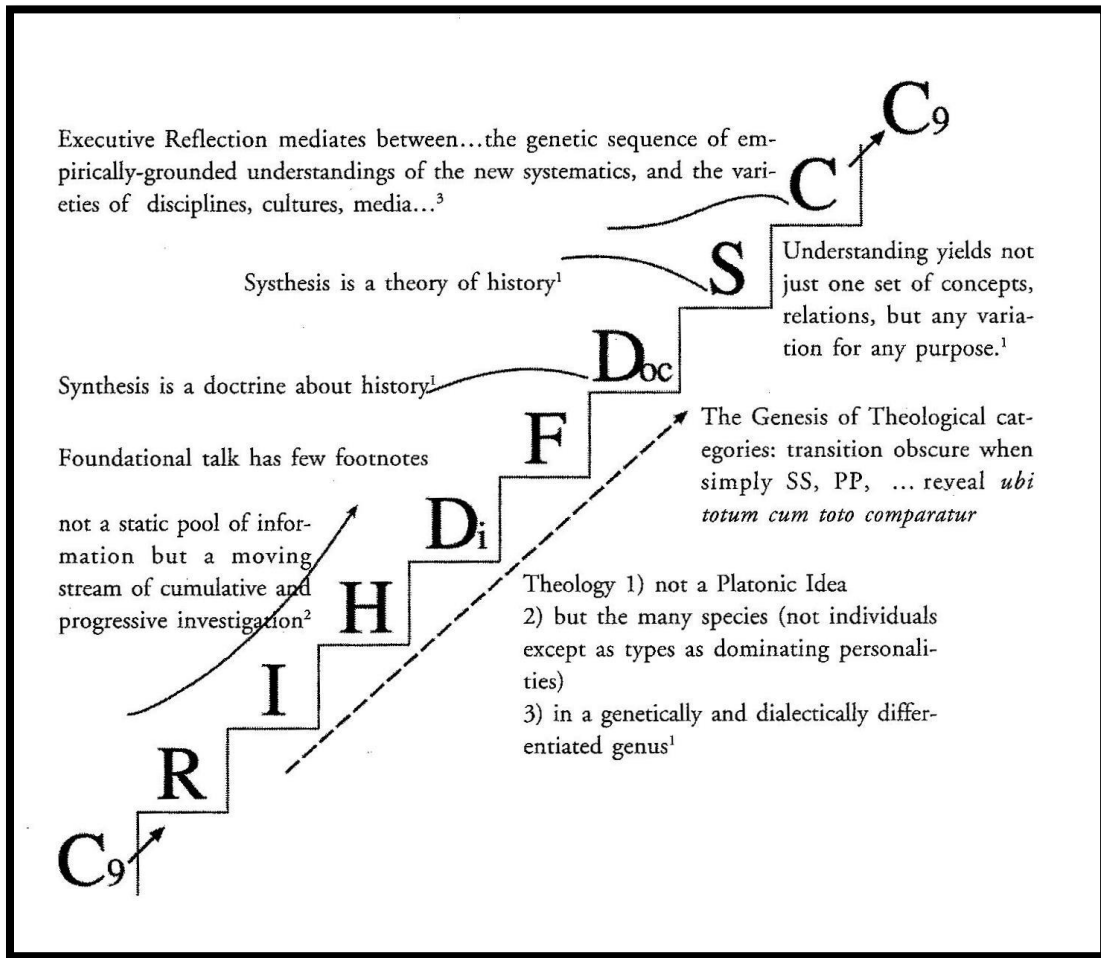
But what is progress? It is a matter of intellect. Intellect is understanding of sensible data. It is the guiding form, statistically effective, of human action transforming the sensible data of life. Finally, it is a fresh intellectual synthesis understanding the new situation created by the old intellectual form and providing a statistically effective form for the next cycle of human action that will bring forth in reality the incompleteness of the later act of intellect by setting new problems.

In 1971 he finished his effort to talk out the details of his new dance.³⁵ The talk fell on deaf toes. But that is another story. Might you just and justly pause now, see, oddly and shabbily, the

³⁴ I quote here from the first major work ever written in Zulu, referenced and commented on in note 10 (p. 166) of my *Lack in the Beingstalk* (Axial Publishing, 2006), one of my previous efforts to point to the massive cultural transition symbolized in my final diagram of this essay.

³⁵ What I have attempted here can be considered to be a fresh presentation of his fifth chapter there, "Functional Specialties," with two differences: I refrain from developing the final three specialties; I do not give his "grounds for the division" (*Method in Theology*, 1972, 133). My grounding here is in the emergence in history of the need, such as was seen by Naess, for a division of labour. Leaving out the final three specialties seemed wise. I have elaborated on them abundantly elsewhere: for example, secularly, in *Futurology Express* (Axial Publishing, 2013) and, in a Christian context, in *The Allure of the Compelling Genius of History* (Axial Publishing, 2015). The missing notes on the diagram are available

twinkling toes of Arne Naess wending and winding his way to the full ten-step diagrammed here, oddly and shabbily?



there, or on the website version of the diagrams first appearance (1990), in chapter 4 of *Process: Introducing Themselves to Young (Christian) Minds*. The latter book is freely available there, as is the key introductory work (1973) to the massive shift of the crippled masses talked of above in notes 7, 18 and 21: *Wealth of Self and Wealth of Nations. Self-Axis of the Great Ascent*.