

{M (W₃)^{⊕ΦT}}⁴ CONVERGING THE FIFTH COLUMN: I CREST MY CASE

Perhaps it is no harm to recall the origin of my title's "Fifth Column." During the Siege of Madrid in the Spanish Civil War, Nationalist general Emilio Mola told a journalist in 1936 that as his four columns of troops approached Madrid, a "fifth column" (Spanish: *Quinta columna*) of supporters inside the city would support him and undermine the Republican government from within. The term was then widely used in Spain. Ernest Hemingway used it as the title of his only play, which he wrote in Madrid while the city was being bombarded and published in 1938 in his book *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories*.

Such a background could add flavor to my pleas and your pleasing leaning into collaboration.¹ But I wish to end here without that flavoring effort—it could become your plea—as I come to the middle of my 87th year. My final focus is on the core fifth

¹ Recall note 3 of the previous essay. The collaboration is towards that full heuristic, the answer to Lonergan's search for Cosmopolis. The arrival there? Read my "[Arriving in Cosmopolis](http://www.philipmcsane.org/website-articles)" (available at: <http://www.philipmcsane.org/website-articles>), a lecture of 2011 where I talk of an arrival in 9011 A.D. when one fortieth of the world's population will be leaning forward in the Tower of Able. But the beginning requires that we stumble along, e.g., in a shabby first specialty's effort to mediate some pragmatics of the eighth specialty, slowly building towards the development of the mediations of the other six specialties. But a core requirement now is that we all face our own version of a humbling acceptance of *Lonergan's 1833 Overture*. That was the topic of the entire Vignette series. But I recommend that it be tailored to the strategy of the previous sentence, and indeed strategically focused on economics. Note 22 below ends with the full challenge to religious people, to lift *Insight* into their common prayer: quite a challenge to the present poise of religions. And there is the other challenge (see the conclusion to the next note here) of facing the task of generating a full heuristics of sociology: again a massive challenge of this millennium. But the core of that sub-challenge will be found to be a sociology of economics that eventually pivots on the fullest meaning of **the promise that is money**. This is a sound interim challenge to the fermenting forwards of the effectiveness of world religions, jumping strategically from FS₁ to FS₈. Note 1 of my Introduction to *CWL 21, For a New Political Economics*, points out that in the original manuscript Lonergan circled *New* and added a remark (italics his, initialed in writing 'B.L.'): "Tone *that* down!" The challenge in these next decades with my initials on it is: "Tone *that UP*." We are looking towards a quite different meaning of government, care, rhythms of promise, exchanges: a meaning hidden in the index of *CWL 21* under the word, *Concomitance*.

column.²

I have been working for over sixty years towards an adequate siege force to capture, in the best sense, the global city that is being squeezed, century and century in this axial age and daze, into the glossy slum: now hope to try various cunning tête-à-tête moves towards cresting. There has been always a double-urged fifth column in the city of decayed humanism, or in terms Lonergan used in *Method in Theology*, two rocks—though I would prefer to think of rockers in the many senses that word has. “There is the rock on which one can build,”³ that is the four transcendental precepts that regard and guard “unnoticed and unrealized possibilities.”⁴ Then he points on: “It will become evident in Chapter Four that the more important part of the rock has not yet been uncovered,”⁵ the rock of a poise on and in the spirit of that first four, which may well be considered as, yes, the fifth column, the Clasp of finitude.⁶ Let us not fuss about numbers or layers or levels.⁷ Each of us, even with multiple personalities, is one shambled loneliness. All of us together are a loneliness for which Jesus prayed, “May they all be one.” Each of us is and has a “notion of survival,”⁸ an ocean of survival. I began a final chapter once with

² I follow the previous note here to ask you to think now that I am looking for outsiders, yes, like Harry and Hermine (see the text at note 15 below), but quite unlike them in that they are to become contemplative insiders, searchers of the Interior Lighthouse, seeking effective global remedies, somehow contributing to the isomorphic heuristic that is to counter all the shrunken sociological analyses of slum situations of humanity.

³ *Method in Theology*, 19.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 53. There is a great deal to be ingested here about the lean-forward character of human whatting, but perhaps the ingesting can be stirred by an initial struggle with the peculiar pedagogy of my diagrams in Appendix A of *Phenomenology and Logic*, CWL 18, 322–323.

⁵ *Method in Theology*, 19, note 8.

⁶ The meaning of *Clasp* is a distant achievement of the Interior Lighthouse, lifting Lonergan’s heavily scriptural initial meanings of the discussion of the Divine Missions (*The Triune God: Systematics*, CWL 12, 436–521) into an explanatory containment of Subjects-as-Subjects and subjects-as subjects. For pointers, see my “Embracing Luminously and Toweringly the Symphony of Cauling” in *Seeding Global Collaboration*, edited by Patrick Brown and James Duffy, Axial Publishing, 2016, 221–240.

⁷ I am referring to tiresome discussions of Lonergan’s levels of meaning in various works. The key to leaving all that behind is the solidly empirical character of intentionality analysis: see the second and third essays in this series.

⁸ See notes 1 and 2, and eventually note 20. The issue is possession and being possessed, a massive millennia-long climb to a Cosmopolis (*Insight*, 263, lines 8–13) meaning of *possesses* in

that title “The Notion of Survival,”⁹ and weaved my way from one of Herman Hesse’s abundant nudgings to a concluding nudge towards contemplation of all this, towards what I have called “The Interior Lighthouse.”¹⁰

That is your central topos, topic, tour blink of the iris of your eye and your aye.¹¹ There is Being and there is Loneliness, and their togetherness in the fifth column is the song in each our starts of “the greatest of all works.”¹² Might there be a fresh start, startling here? Harry Haller and the girl Hermine represent the outsiders of the world’s arts and crafts. How stand you in their oddness: are you an outsider, the seed of an outsider, or are you slum-stuck in convention?¹³ Is Hesse’s writing about outsiders a foreign domain, or worse—God help you—just interesting lightweight literature in an academic world, rather than a tale of your tale, talents, tasks, tunnel?¹⁴ Let us try once more, always a first thirst, to listen to Hesse’s spherical music as he chords his way to the

Lonergan’s appeal of 1953: “theology possesses a two-fold relevance to empirical human science.” *Insight*, 766.

⁹ Chapter 10 of *Wealth of Self and Wealth of Nations. Self-Axis of the Great Ascent* (available at: <http://www.philipmcshane.org/published-books>), written in the early 1970s.

¹⁰ [HOW 13](#), “The Interior Lighthouse” introduced the topic, *Interior Lighthouse*, under that title. [Disputing Quests 12](#), “The Interior Lighthouse II” continued the reflection, as did [Disputing Quests 13](#), “The Interior Lighthouse Zero.” Those essays were followed by [Interpretation 4](#), “The Interior Lighthouse III,” [Interpretation 16](#), “The Interior Lighthouse IV: Twenty Seventh Lea,” and [Interpretation 17](#), “The Interior Lighthouse V: Interpreting God.” The topic, however, goes back to *Process: Introducing Themselves to Young (Christian) Minds* (1989, available at: <http://www.philipmcshane.org/website-books>) and the broad challenge is made explicit in the five essays, [Prehumous 4–8](#), on “Foundational Prayer.” It is the heart of the matter in my recent book, *The Allure of the Compelling Genius of History* (Axial Publishing, 2015). The overall drive is towards an effective appreciation of the need for a contemplative ingestion of *Insight* if we are to arrive at a sub-population competent “Tower-wise” “to be a resolute and effective intervention in the historical process.” *Phenomenology and Logic*, CWL 18, 306.

¹¹ The references and the context are weaved into my Crest in the article “Method in Theology: From $[1 + 1/n]^{nx}$ to $\{M(W_3)^{0\Phi T}\}^4$,” in *Journal of Macrodynamical Analysis*, 2019.

¹² *The Triune God: Systematics*, CWL 12, 491.

¹³ The question is given another context in my *Music That Is Soundless* (1968), Axial Publishing, 3rd ed., 2005. There is the lift there of Ezra Pound’s poem, *Commission*: “Bring confidence upon the algae and the tentacles of the soul” (*Music*, 29). My ten-volumes of [Cantowers](#) spell out the beginnings of that confidence.

¹⁴ See note 3 of the previous essay. The context there puts the meaning of “tasks” into the cresting meaning of the array on *Method in Theology*, p. 48.

end of *Steppenwolf*. The girl Hermine seeks to reveal to the forty-year old Harry Haller why his life is nothing, and yet not nothing:

‘Time and the world, money and power, belong to the small people and the shallow people. To the rest, to the real men belongs nothing. Nothing but death.’

‘Nothing else?’

‘Yes, eternity.’

‘You mean a name, and fame with prosperity?’

‘No, Steppenwolf, not fame. Has that any value? And do you think that all true and real men have been famous and known to posterity?’

‘No, of course not.’

‘Then it is not fame. Fame exists in that sense only for the schoolmasters. No, it isn’t fame. It is what I call eternity. The pious call it the kingdom of God. I say to myself: all we who ask too much, and have a dimension too many could not contrive to live at all if there were not another air to breathe outside the air of this world, if there were not eternity at the back of time; and this is the kingdom of truth. The music of Mozart belongs there and the poetry of your great poets. The saints, too, belong there, who have worked wonders and suffered martyrdom and given a great example to men. But the image of every true act, the strength of every true feeling, belongs to eternity just as much, even though no one knows of it or sees it or records it or hands it down to posterity. . . . Ah, Harry, we have to stumble through so much dirt and humbug before we reach home. And we have no one to guide us. Our only guide is our homesickness.’¹⁵

Obviously, indeed very obviously, I am repeating myself, repeating and reheating myself of nearly five decades ago. Need I repeat a version of an old claim of mine: you never step into the same repetition once? I am finally beginning to make sense to myself, of myself. And you? Might we think of this as cresting my case, your chase? I have tried, most recently, to freshen the meaning of convergence of lonelinesses in my still unpublished essays on Whitson’s *The Coming Convergence of World Religions*.¹⁶ And now I can see a wondrous writing—a challenge for someone else—of a strange science dancing

¹⁵ Hermann Hesse, *Steppenwolf*, Penguin, 178–9. Quoted previously by me in the Epilogue, “Being and Loneliness” of *Wealth of Self and Wealth of Nations*, 110.

¹⁶ The essays are to appear in *Divyadaan. Journal of Philosophy and Education* in these next few years. The five essays are: “Minding Reality”; “The Coming Convergence of World Responsiveness”; “Steps Towards Effectively Converging Religions”; “Converging Religions to Effective Historical Intervention”; “Converging Religions into Being InTo Love with Jesus EtC.”

forward from Herman Hesse's little book, *Journey to the East*, about how "the great pilgrimage was only a wave in the eternal stream of human spirit towards the East, towards home."¹⁷

"Only a wave"? By no means. The wave that is we now, yes, in the axial slum,¹⁸ but "yes I said yes I will yes,"¹⁹ in a wave of greetings with mounting crests.²⁰ As Kavanagh pointed out in his reflections on the drive in and ending of Shakespeare's *Pericles*, Mathew Arnold had it sadly wrong in *Dover Beach*:

It is much more than a conventional happy ending. Suffering has literally changed them all beyond recognition. Marina was sea-born, Thaisa was cast up by the sea, and the sea by its effects has so battered Pericles that he is like a man cleansed, purged, salted, until his ears are clean enough to hear the divine harmony to which others are deaf.

More than two hundred years later Mathew Arnold described the sea thus:

"Listen! You hear the grating roar

¹⁷ Herman Hesse, *Journey to the East*, London, 1970, 12.

¹⁸ "The slum is not properly simply a poorer quarter, but a place where there congregate the failures of our industrial society" (*Topics in Education*, CWL 10, 253). Might it be a glossy bank, a trumpeting tower, a centre of government?

¹⁹ The final words of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, spoken by the Bloom lady, Molly.

²⁰ We are here, heroine or hero, at the high point of my waving to you about the deepest waves in the meaning of history. Lonergan once looked me in the irises—we were talking of Dante and Beatrice—waved his right hand in the air, and remarked, "That's what life's about: saying 'hello.'" Cosmopolis consists in the communal getting to grips with "the foundations of cooperation" in which "through the Spirit's self-donation the new personal relations are strengthened. Finally, since the divine persons are sent to accomplish such a great task throughout the world by themselves or by others the term of the missions is assigned not in a brief statement, but by distinguishing the successive stages of this, the greatest of works" (*The Triune God: Systematics*, CWL 12, 491: slightly modified). The distinguishing is to be an effective, hearty distinguishing. The meshing of two familiar statements of Lonergan, eighteen years apart, should surely help along your lurking longing. "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" (*Insight*, 263). "Charity is an eternal fire of optimism and energy, dismayed at naught, rebuked by none, tireless, determined, deliberate; with deepest thought and unbounded spontaneity charity ever strives, struggles, labours, exhorts, implores, prays for the betterment of the unity of action that is man, for the effective rule of sweetness and light, for a fuller manifestation of what charity loves, Wisdom Divine, the Word made Flesh." *Essay in Fundamental Sociology*, concluding paragraphs.

Of pebbles which the waves draw back
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.”

Well, that’s not the note of Shakespeare’s *Pericles*.²¹

And here I am repeating what I wrote fifteen years ago, and it seems quite satisfying to conclude now as I concluded that chapter which has the same title as that of the book, “Lack in the Beingstalk”, with an optimism that we are on the crest of a new inturning, Inn-turning,²² wave of inciting inside outsiders. And as I move to end thus it seems prudent and proper to my selected Crest of all such crests to pop in the reference to that old song, “Oh sweet mystery of life at last I found you.”²³ Have you found you?

So here you are, my Crest, my Iris of Jesus and of history:

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²¹ I am quoting from the transcript of a videotalk by Patrick Kavanagh, “Pericles in Perspective.” The full transcript is available in my *Lack in the Beingstalk*, pp. 56–65. The focal line is that of Pericles. His rhetorical question to Marina, “what music?” is answered by Helicanus, “My lord, I hear none.” To which Pericles replies, “None? The music of the spheres. List, my Marina.” (*Pericles*, Act V, scene ii, line 227). And you, here, hear? my Marina, my mariner? : a fifth column sepal or petal on the iris of history, do I tail the nun’s story or the none’s story along my reverie-run past you, Eve or Adam?

²² There are various strange allusions here, best perhaps glimpsed by pausing over the first word of *Insight* chapter one, and acknowledging a curious deceit (See *Insight*, 754, the middle paragraph about the **inn**-er logic of the work) on Lonergan’s part. It all began with there being no room in the Inn. There is a new reading of *Insight* promised in the positive Anthropocene Age, when it becomes a Book of Common Prayer of the insiders of the world’s religions, room and bloom in the first “In” of its first chapter.

²³ A song popular in the Dublin of my childhood, most likely heard in the Mario Lanza version. Obviously familiar to Joyce. It comes from a Broadway musical of 1910, later a 1935 film, *Naughty Marietta*, (Music by Victor Herbert, Lyrics by Rida Young); the film starred Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. I am obviously anticipating my concluding sentence of this essay, and indeed the quotation from *Insight* that begins its paragraph. Is there some sense in which Mario Lanza’s remark, “I sing each word as if it were my last,” is truer than he imagined of our anastomotic lives?

Might that be the word of this millennium of our Axial Jesus-flecked slum,²⁴ weaving forward the Word made Flesh into a word made fresh, fresh-crested Gaia-mother's rill-mouth and thrill-tone towards the Eschaton? "End here. Us, then. Finn, again! Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousandsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the"²⁵

"All we know is somehow with us . . . it lurks behind the scenes."²⁶ Skin-within are molecules of *cos mi c all*, cauled, calling. The rill of her mouth can become the thrill, the trill, of a life-time, the word made fresh. Might we inspire and expire with the lungs of history? But the hole story is you and I, with and within global humanity, upsetting Love's Sweet Mystery into a new mouthing, an anastomotic²⁷ spiral way of birthing better the buds of Mother.²⁸

²⁴ See note 18 above. The inner W_3 of my Crest has a final line that associates periods of history with both the Divine Persons and the virtues of Charity, Faith, Hope. Jesus is, in various freshening senses, an Axial Man: he shifts the statistics of humanity's success from a miserable Poisson distribution to a tight Bell curve. But not without your help, perhaps your insider help. Are we at the dawning of the Age of Aquarius? Certainly we teeter at the end of the negative Anthropocene Age, and Isaiah's hope (2:2–4) of peace might be more than crazy poetry. "Is this to be taken literally or is it figure? It would be fair and fine, indeed, to think it no figure." Thus concludes Lonergan's 1934 *Essay on Fundamental Sociology*.

²⁵ So ends Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. No full stop of course, since the sentence carries on at and into the beginning of the book: "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back . . ."

²⁶ *Insight*, 303.

²⁷ [footnote of the text in *Lack in the Beingstalk*:] *Ana-* again, *stomein*, to provide with a mouth. "Using the device of *anastomosis*, Joyce attempts, in the last chapter of his work, to bridge all the great ontological chasms." (Margot Norris, "The Last Chapter of *Finnegans Wake*: Stephen Finds His Mother," *James Joyce Quarterly* (25) 1987-8, 11. The device layers into the transition to my concluding page above. Think of the French for *sea* and *mother*, and move to the final page of *Finnegans Wake*.

²⁸ So concludes chapter 2 of my *Lack in the Beingstalk*. A final note in this essay, and in my essaying of 60 years. That I ended in an aesthetic mode probably provides some with an excuse to ignore my efforts. So, let me end with some dull remarkable barking remarkings.

It seems to me that Lonergan's disciples have little imagining of what he was reaching for. The issue is and was a science of progress. The solution is and was a critical creatively effective genetics of the global thinkings and doings regarding that progress. My regular analogy of growing a sunflower is obvious. Since my audience is primarily Christian, I narrow my musings here to Christian theology. Jesus arrives at the fullness of time—we could count to three and had the linguistic signs to contextualize such an achievement—but we were comfortably settled into truncated consciousness and a fussy optimism about initial meanings. Let's skip the mystical stuff here and think of that trail as it messed on through the centuries of

patristics and councils in the putterings of generations “whose consciousness is unmitigated by any tincture of systematic meaning” (*Method in Theology*, 32: see also 278, 309), to a large extent, and clearly untheoretic in delineating the message that was and is in Jesus’ minding. In later centuries the putterings delineated that minding, well, in what we can recognize as the usual narrow-minded tracts of theology that *de facto* narrow the minds of theologians and their victim-students and “the Cargo” (See [Vignette 19](#)).

Lonerger’s search for an answer “Do you know His Kingdom?” (*Essay in Fundamental Sociology*, conclusion) finally bubbled out beyond the contemporary imagination in the key problem of locating the genetics of that Kingdom in an effective cumulatively redemptive, science: we are leaping now, remarkably and markedly, over the second paragraph of *Method in Theology*, chapter one: the bold spiriting that has mislead and shrunken us through more than two millennia. The answer comes in Lonergan’s meaning of *Comparison* when it is fully, and genetically, sifted up out of the program of *Method in Theology* 250. What is to emerge eventually is a mind-boggling fresh effective genetic perspective on the ongoing Son-flowering of the Kingdom—including its eschatological realization. Further, the treatise Lonergan heralded in *Insight* 763–4 is to be not only the heart of the entire enterprise of theology, but also its basis in the teaching of theology. I think back now to the stupid messing of my first year theology (1961–2) titled “On the Church,” all the more startling in that I had come from the real world of lecturing graduate physics and mathematics. Pause for a shot at imagining the rest of a degree in Christian theology with such a new mind-boggling scientific beginning, “outshining everything since the rise of Christianity” (“Questionnaire on Philosophy,” *CWL* 17, 353).

My claim, expressed already in the beginning of the second paragraph, but now with some backing, is that most likely you just cannot effectively have that shot, a shot at breaking the locked neuromolecular patterns in your cranium. The “some backing” is just a few hundred of my words jostled onto the surface of those fixed sick patterns. Lonergan studies will continue in the ruts of the past until a “not numerous center” (*CWL* 4, 245) becomes numerous enough to think their way effectively out of present gross global—billionaires or buttons—misery. “We are not there yet” (*For a New Political Economy*, 306), nor will there be a jumpstart towards “effective intervention in history” (*Phenomenology and Logic*, 306) until Faithfilled fantasy effectively replaces the junkyard that is present religious reflection and prayer. That fantasy would lift the symbolic heuristic, $\{\mathbf{M}(\mathbf{W}_3)^{0\Phi\mathbf{T}}\}^4$, into humble effective climbing. But in what sense can I thus “Crest my Case”? As far as present theologians are concerned, my Case’s Crest flags a life of dead see strolls.