

## Field Nocturne 14

### The Central Humane Meta-Insight

To ask what is the central humane meta-insight is to begin a long human and humane climb in history. It requires that we discover, as a group heading towards 10 billion living members, and that in a operable fashion, that we are, each one and all, patterned chemicals, infolding, each and all, to a proportionate and disproportionate destiny.<sup>1</sup>

Where are we on this climb? 60,000 years ago the small dark group, it seems, ventured beyond an African 'hood to global continents. Not too far from that original home there emerged a man who took the first strange ineffective step, in his own cranial continent, towards that humane insight. It was a first private stumbling step, registered in newly emergent words, the seed of an invitation to care realistically for each and all and globe. So, as Lonergan wrote just fifty years ago, "admiramini enim subtilitatem Aristotelis"<sup>2</sup> - "you just have to admire Aristotle's subtlety"<sup>3</sup>

Admiration is certainly a beginning, but only that. One can admire the finalists in tennis-open, but few viewers, local or distant, are remotely up to facing the finalists' first serve.

Here a fantasy about fantasy helps. It is quite fantastic to think of the global

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<sup>1</sup>We tackle that central insight with a snail-paced patience in *Field Nocturne 16*. These next two *Field Nocturnes* are a matter of setting up a lifting context. Then we get down to our reading of that piece from our paragraph with which the present essay ends, inventing "appropriate symbolic images of the relevant physical and chemical processes"(Insight, 464 [489]. What might be meant by setting up a lifting context? Well, that's the adventure of these next two *Field Nocturnes*. But if they are not to your present taste or time constraints, then leave them aside.

<sup>2</sup>*The Systematic Trinity*, University of Toronto Press, 2007, 380. The Latin is translated there, p. 381, "one can only marvel at Aristotle's subtlety".

<sup>3</sup>My own loose translation, given elsewhere and important because of its context (see the paragraph around note 2 of the next *Field Nocturne*): *Phenomenology and Logic*, Appendix B, "the Experience of Science", 325, footnote 4.

game of tennis being so lifted that, say, one hundredth of the global population would be genuinely up to facing that first serve. We would have then, not one hundred top players, but, yes, one hundred thousand. Not just a single Wimbledon sister act, but many.<sup>4</sup> With such a standard, or should I say Standard Model, it would be quite a new ball game.

My concern is not, of course, the characteristics of such a future tennis, but the characteristics of your fantasy. We cannot but admire those gifted in fantasy, whether they be great chefs or great cellists or great city-builders. But we should note that even these greats do not grasp, a matter of larger fantasy, the characteristics of their fantasy. So, are we not back at admiring Aristotle, who reached for the core of fantasy about fantasy?

But I wish you to seed your fantasy about humanity's emergence towards humaneness by returning to my strange notion of a new standard of tennis: 100,000 women up to giving the Williams' sisters a decent game. So, I nudge you back, or forward, to my fantasy of a Standard Model fantasy-free people, people with and within a neurochemical looseness, people that are to change deeply the tone of the global game, living in a strange territory called *The Tower of Able*. In my fantasy I wrote of 22,220 people of the Tower, 2 in each of ten thousand villages, touching the planes of plain meaning like Deborah or the elders of compact times.

So: I have enlarged my fantasy to fifty thousand global regions cared for by that topologically-strange<sup>5</sup> community living in the Tower of Care that is, somehow, no-

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<sup>4</sup>I am thinking, of course, of the Wimbledon final of 2008 between Venus and Serena Williams.

<sup>5</sup>If it is helpful, you might think of it in terms of an internet community. More complex images are useful, but only to mathematicians and scientist who are up to thinking in terms of complex topologies or the thermodynamics of moving fluids. The handiest image is that suggested by the words, *Tower of Able*, an image which can be constructed as **Tower** by cutting out and "standing up" the top of the diagram of W3 given on page 124 of *A Brief History of Tongue*. One is left with a simple image of a tower, but the invisible tower is a global region that is not a region, yet it solves the problem of regional meaning that Lonergan raises in the final chapter of *Topics in Education*. The cycles of collaboration move meaning up in a spiral round the Tower, reaching generation by generation a richer plane of meaning. The challenge of the

where yet always here-now. And my odd Irishness leads me to think of that Cosmopolis of Care in terms of one of Samuel Beckett's last two poems:

"go where never before  
no sooner there than there always  
no matter where never before  
no sooner there than there always"<sup>6</sup>

The seed was always there, from seven million years ago, groaning with cosmic zeal towards the second time of the chemical puzzling. Yet still, still born, never there before the third millennium of Incarnate Minding's first words of "what do you want?"<sup>7</sup>

The what that was wanting was the Tower of Able, now, in fantasy circuminassing round about, (about)<sup>3</sup>, 90 elders in the early generations of generators of street care. A larger team is envisaged than previously: but that is of little consequence. What is important is your fantasy, your consensus, perhaps even your choice to foster the future fact lurking in the fantasy. So, we now fantasize about 45,000 researchers, 3,500 interpreters, 450 historians, 45 dialecticians, 45 foundational fantasizers, 450 researchers for remote policies, 4,500 closer to geohistorical systems, leaning towards improved genetic turns, 45,000 carers for talk towards improvement of street-talk. Not 100,000, but only 5 short of that fancied team. An aggregate in good form, luminously cyclic in genetic standard form.

And we are back with Aristotle again? How are we to conceive of this aggregate in fine form?<sup>8</sup> It is not to be some macro-thing except in some metaphorical sense that

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Tower People on that plane is to ex-plane the meaning to the varieties of global common sense. See *Lack in the Beingstalk*, chapter 3, "*Haute Vulgarization*" on that problem.

<sup>6</sup>See *Cantower 5*, "Metaphysics THEN", for the source, as well as the second of Beckett's final poems.

<sup>7</sup>John's *Gospel*, 1: 38.

<sup>8</sup>"In a celebrated passage Aristotle granted that his ideal of the theoretic life was too high for man but as having something divine present within one. Nonetheless he went on to urge us to dismiss those that would have us resign ourselves to our mortal lot. He pressed us to strive to the utmost to make ourselves immortal and to live out what was finest in us. For that finest, thought

perhaps could be called a higher system that is mystical.

But the lead in is the conceiving of a simple thing, a little flower like *chlamydomonas*, a little beast like the amoeba : both single-celled friends. Do you wish even a suspicion of an explanatory glimpse of the humane cosmos, of an end which is to be an ever-living end, a higher system everlastingly on the move? "To this end, there have to be invented appropriate symbolic images of the relevant chemical and physical processes; in these images there have to be grasped by insight the laws of the higher system."<sup>9</sup>

Let us begin again, humanely.<sup>10</sup>

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slight in bulk, still surpassed by far all else in power and in value. (B.Lonergan, "Mission and Spirit", *A Third Collection*, 27: his reference is to Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, X, 7, 1177b 26 - 1178a 2.

<sup>9</sup>*Insight*, 464[489].

<sup>10</sup>I added this note later in my struggle, as I edited the *Field Nocturnes* up to number 28, envisaged how I might finish the series in the impossibly short 70 pages I had allowed myself, and began, indeed, the reflections of number 36. The struggle from here through numbers 15-20 is unsatisfactory, I might indeed say too human or humane. Basically, I am trying to give an orientation towards a new culture, where aggreformism is an established mind-set in the reach for global human progress. The effort muddles along, oscillating between the long-term challenge and the short term challenge. Both challenges are unacceptable in the present culture, but I was not clear regarding how difficult the short term-challenge was till I struggled once more with a pedagogy of aggreformism. The pedagogy needs a cultural shift, way beyond my muddled ramblings here. But my editing decision was to leave the muddles: they at least create a mood, do they not? And perhaps one of you - is it you? - might be daft enough to lift yourself slowly into the culture of aggreformism. In later terms (see *Field Nocturne* 24 and later essays in the series), borrowed from that strange French woman Colette, you might begin to write yourself and the world with a new alphabet, in a new language. "The alphabet writes the world, and the world comes to pass through the alphabet: writing and world coexist in a state of feverish rapture that defies language" ((Julia Kristeva, *Colette*, translated by Jane Marie Todd, Columbia University Press, New York, 2004, 2). **Colette** (I refer to the book thus in future here) is volume 3 of a trilogy by Julia Kristeva, with general title *Female Genius: Life, Madness, Words* - Hannah Arendt, Melanie Klein, Colette.