

THE INHOSPITABLE UNIVERSE

Blanchard recognized how Aina was arguing for a plenitude.

“This is the kind of system that has left us in ignorance. People have let their beliefs obscure experience.”

“But you constantly argue for this residual of belief. Even in crashing the system, it persists.”

“You need to understand the technical argument.”

“And you accuse me of wishful thinking.”

Blanchard felt that Aina had broken the agreement. She was infusing the inhospitable universe with an unusual presence. This had no precedent.

“You are putting the rabbit in the hat and telling us that it is a trick. You are unable to let go of these beliefs from your childhood.”

Blanchard was still relying on his social position to support his philosophy. There was no risk. He had designed this sinecure for himself. And she was only trying to topple his tower.

Aina felt that he had achieved an independence that he would never accept. She needed to maintain her commitment to her project. She could not let him feed her insecurities.

She had not entered the department with the idea of diminishing her efforts. She was going to overcome Blanchard's resistance. Was she ready to confront him? That was not really the intention of her philosophy. She was building upon his influence. Perhaps, she had discovered the weakness in his method.

How could she explain the understanding that seemed so fundamental to her work? There was a fabric to the universe. Even if it lingered deep in the soul, she was conversant with this awareness. Why did thinking need to be attached to something so nurturing? The empty universe was hardly appealing?

“You cannot see what you want to see. You have to let go of your desires.”

What kind of philosophy could that be? Was she discovering those beliefs that were so critical for Blanchard? That was what made him so defensive.

“You are not going to reduce philosophy to biography. I am following the currents of knowledge. I am not imposing my view on the world.”

Was there this critical gesture at the heart of his endeavors? When stripped to the foundation, it seemed almost desperate. Blanchard was nothing but this shrill individual trying to battle her for supremacy. He was clinging to his background.

She realized that she was falling into the trap. She was personalizing the conflict. That made it easier for her. All this erudition was nothing but this personal rivalry.

She thought about the academic experience. There had always been this unstable apprenticeship. And she was resisting. Her life offered her a basis to question these beliefs. Did this threaten Blanchard's entire project.

He had denied that there was a psychological defensiveness that propelled his system. Was there little else? Could she trace the process from its simplest ideas to the doubts of the moment?

What gave philosophy a deeper motivation? Were the efforts to erase the marks of the individual futile? That was the personal encounter with the universe. That was what drew

people to Blanchard. They were not interested in the abstractions. They wanted to understand the man,

Had Aina been distracted in this pursuit? She did not want to reduce her pursuits to something so vain. She already knew the man. She wanted to understand the method. What would that involve? She had already read a great deal. She tried to chart out the consistencies. She felt comfortable with her portrait. Had she come upon the frayed edge? Did this challenge it all?

Blanchard had spent a great deal of time trying to explain his perspective. They seemed to share the same outlook. He did not want to think that she had betrayed the mission. She was not supposed to be an usurper. If she was, he felt a need to shut her down.

Indeed, he was quite defensive, and she figured out a flaw in this system. She was holding to this connection. He did not want to think that she was gloating. But this did not seem very supportive of his project.

She could sense the oncoming catastrophe. There were signs, but he was ignoring them. He had already seen this division. But it was an abstraction for him. He did not grasp how these waves of history were breaking on the shore. These consequences were immense. And he had done everything to insulate himself.

She was not going to call his philosophy a franchise. But she wondered. Did he reserve a place for her efforts, or was she only another disciple. This relationship was unusual. She needed to rethink.

What if Blanchard was correct? She had erred in letting her personal attitudes cloud her project. He had warned her of the dangers. And she was not willing to listen. This disagreement was profound.

She could let go of this absurd attachment. But that all seemed too much. He was asking her to abandon her cherished ideas. What was that about?

She did not want to endorse the idea that she was envious of his accomplishments. She had time for her own development. She was not worried about the short term benefits. This journey would be lengthy. There was a great deal to learn.

She couldn't give in to this sense of a competition. She was acceding to his wishes. She was removing philosophy from its combustible nature. Why did he think that he could keep on with this criticism. It was personal.

She needed to separate herself from this conflict. Nothing good would come from this. Maybe, she was not a philosopher. She was adept as a social thinker. She could dispense with this struggle. She only needed a place to conduct her analysis. She continue with that exploration. She recognized something deep about the process. There were these productive kernels that were very much related to individual psychology.

Blanchard would see it in a different way. He would explore the psychological to get rid of it. Philosophy would emerge from that energetic moment when the self could throw off its personal influences.

Blanchard was arguing for the need to philosophize. Philosophy was rooted in these gestures around the edges of experiences. It was not the frame so much as the dissolution of the frame.

Experience was only a distraction. But the individual needed an access point. She was

excited about this realization. Blanchard took it in a different direction. He would not let belief offer the requisite support. The self was untethered. The self was meant to float in the ether.

She wanted to create a purpose where there was none. That only made her own project in doubt. She could not deal with the unstable. She was only seeing her own reflection.

How could it be any different? Blanchard confirmed a lasting dominance of the the self. He wanted to remain the master. He had learned all these sleights of hand. His admirers were stupefied. And he could smile. That was not enough.

She was not going to expose his magic. He needed to be more adept. So he worked more magic. She was part of the next trick. She was letting all this happen. She was moving the confidence game along.

How had she been so oblivious? She was not a disciple. Where she diverged, he became perturbed. That was enough. He held her in check.

How could she escape her imprisonment? She was not going to endorse his authority. She did not want to frame the process in this way. She was not going substitute one authority for another.

That was his game. He was trying to dispense with masters. That only enhanced his position. Such were the games of the department. He could don a mask, but his function was to maintain discipline. He was not going to give up his chair. He was well-remunerated. People hung off his every word. And graduate students wanted to study with him. All these efforts were clearly defined.

A Las Vegas hotel operated with this same precision. Each guest was part of the ongoing process. Everyone was encoded in the massive system. There were occasional glitches, but everything moved forward. There were check-ins and room service. The need for extra towel. Replacement keys. Check out and new guests. Blanchard had the method down. He accepted his accolades. He lived off of his laurels. But his philosophy was this pure activity. It could not be any different.

Was she going to jump off the merry-go-round. Or was she going to try to accelerate its flow? She was getting the hang of things. If she went out on her own, there would be a greater return. She had it all figured out.

She still clung to the belief. She wanted to awaken the universe. She could not let it resolve to a lack of caring. She was seeking something redemptive.

“Are you turning away from your lessons\?”

How else was it supposed to be?

“I can't keep on with something that is not honest.”

“Your honesty only gratifies your beliefs. You cannot situate yourself at the center of the universe.”

“What do you do?”

She had outlasted these threats. She had come this far. She had not committed to a loyalty oath. She needed to cast off what weakened her efforts. Blanchard may have become the greatest impediment to her growth.

Was this education meant to implode? Was the weight too great? Blanchard would claim that she needed to let go of the self. She was weighing it down with her beliefs.

She did not want to accept his characterization. She did not know how to play the

waiting game. She should have to put up with these negative feelings in order to sustain her.

She felt that the universe offered an answer. She simply needed to be able to interpret it. She had relied upon Blanchard to guide her here.

Had he only offered a way of thinking that relied on mastery? And she felt as if she could trust her emotions.

She saw how he would bristle when she seemed to make this accusation. He showed the perils of dispensing with guides. How else could philosophy be otherwise?

Philosophers messed with the character of the universe. Substance was independent of these deformations. Blanchard struggle with his interference as the philosophical project. Why would she be any different? She was equally subject to her whims.

They had already undergone this argument. She should not be allowed to assume that she was the first to make this criticism. She was equally toxic. In making her criticism, she did not look at her own assumptions. She was just as prone to dominance. This was not unique to Blanchard.

This was not the end of philosophy. This was only one step in the supposed dismantling. She could take advantage of this moment. She was adept. She had been trained well. She could advance the moment. History was surely ready for her.

She recognized how she was thinking in grand terms just like Blanchard. That was how she was taught. Otherwise, she would be doing something more mundane. She was taken to this influence. And she was going to take her place among the other luminaries. Even if they glared at her, she would glare back.

Was philosophy always this grand betrayal? Otherwise, the process would be fraught with a sense of abandonment. She did not want to be overwhelmed with her own doubt. She needed to break this hold. That was why she was willing to people the world with human caring. She was not going to lose herself in Blanchard's abstractions. That did not make her lesser philosopher. She had her own expertise. She could take him on if she needed

She was returning to the consequences of this rivalry. She did not want it any other way. That made her a little too confident. A little vain. So be it. She was facing a significant challenge. She was not going to shy away. Philosophy was not meant to be so tumultuous. Why not?

She was not the first who was ready to inspire the earthquake. She had tracked these tremors. She was ready to accommodate what was to come. She could detonate the whole explosion. She caressed the trip wire.

“Some things are not meant to last.”

“Are you that destructive?”

Blanchard could still try to push her. She needed to resist his taunts. But she did not want him to try to shut her down.

She may have been trying to reverse his ideas, but she was following that same elusive path. Was there another way to approach the inquiry?

She needed to find a way to slow it all down. There were so many contrary motions. Amidst all these contradictions, Blanchard had assumed his place. He was running the three ring circle. He was entertaining with his efforts. That was why some people marveled at his creativity.

Did she need to push it further? What decisions was he making? How could she do it differently?

She wanted to review her extensive notes. Blanchard understood how good were her records. She offered extensive commentary. She discovered the gaps in his philosophy. She could use all this to her advantage.

He assumed that everything originated in his way of thinking. So he had little fear of her awareness. She did not pose a threat, not so far as he was concerned. She was not going to be able to generate a whole way of thought from the gaps in her thinking.

She had not meant to originate a new way of thinking. She was only exposing the weaknesses in existing modes of thought. He had nothing to worry about in sharing with her. He was not going to be able to bring her down.

What did she see? How could she possibly be a threat?

His resistance was constant. He was not going to yield. Where was this gloss supposed to take her. His thought was solid in its own nature. He had a clear understanding “You have to be intelligent enough to know what is going on here, but not smart enough to say something.”

“How is that part of your philosophy?”

She was being forced to play a role, and this had nothing to do with who she really was. What had Blanchard made her believe? This was already too deep in her to be able to cast it off. She was trying to develop independently.

Blanchard had such a grasp of the scholarship that his view seemed appealing. It helped her to situate her own outlook. It made it easier to remember things. He was able to correlate all these ideas together. It was more than a memory aid. It gave a purpose to this understanding,

Traditional philosophy worked from this kind of insight. The unity of being provided the foundation for knowledge. This arrangement of things could be observed and catalogued. What was inside the mind corresponded to what was in the world. If philosophy did not have this coherence, the deep challenges of thought would be overwhelming. This gave a coherent picture of the world. Such a view motivated consciousness. Thought could fan out into these analytical faculties of greater and greater power. This was more than observing the universe. It offered the ability to change the picture.

Where did philosophy lose this coherence? In spite of the apparent grounding of this image, it motivated the individual to read back consciousness on the world. The individual only saw what was desired. This was the basis of wish-fulfillment. Imperial culture followed this form. The self imposed a perspective on the world, and the world reflected back this light.

When the lights seemed to go out, there was this nostalgia for what had gone before. This pessimism was rooted in a bitterness about the world. On this view, philosophy was tasked with putting together what had been put asunder. The burden of this task crushed the self. There were these contrary motivations, that philosophy had never contemplated. Once confronted with this internal conflict, the self tried to restore the past coherence.

Philosophy could not allow that instability. But it could no longer offer the former comfort. That was why Blanchard was so strict. When she strayed, she felt that she needed to confess. She was even more helpless than she was before.

It was as if someone was messing with the world. She was seeing this shadow of herself.

Thought was disruptive, and she needed to develop her role within. She believed that could create a coherence where there was none. That was only contradicting Blanchard's teaching. Was she letting her fondness for the past overcome her need to maintain rigor?

Philosophy was not supposed to be a chronicle of envy. Was that an acceptable shorthand? She did not want to see the world in this way. She was not competing with Blanchard.

How was she supposed to sort out her philosophy? She felt as if she was being led astray. This was her own doing. She wanted to fit it all together. He was trying to warn her about the dangers of this perspective.

She could not make it all fall into place. So she felt the need to force it. She inserted herself in the middle of this conflict. At this point, it all made sense. She was living on this power. She did not want Blanchard to take it from her.

What was the obstacle to her self-assurance? She needed to break from Blanchard. But there was no break in his system. Even the escape velocity returned the individual to the same place. She felt tricked by Blanchard.

She reviewed her notes. There was still something missing. She had been following Blanchard. She needed to find the foundation to break from him. She could sense time slipping from her. If she tried to stabilize things, she would destroy the power of thought. She would succumb to her own illusions.

This had been proceeding too long. She needed to take an assertive stand. Indeed, she was personalizing things. Was there any choice? She needed to breathe. She could sense these thoughts crushing her.

She put her books away!

She did not want to believe that philosophy should be based on personal rivalry. She seemed to be echoing Blanchard. But she wondered if he was as committed to his own belief. A personal rivalry was not sufficient to carry a sustained philosophical argument. Envy was based on recognizing weakness in others. This crushing gesture lacked sensitivity to the outside world. She did not want to get lost in her own thoughts. She needed to be more expansive.

In developing her own thought, she recognized a rebelliousness. That should be a theme, more of an accompanying feeling. She was breaking from her training. What did she recognize independently? Philosophy was just that kind of project. She wanted to recognize a stronger basis for her encounter with the world. How could she credit her enthusiasm without disrupting the commitment to an analytical awareness. She did not want to become overwhelmed by her own ideas. She needed to be more perceptive.

Blanchard had been offering his own objective view. He had become very good at shading the outlook to reinforce his personal needs. She did not want to give in to this disciplined attitude. He had been adept in fitting all these pieces together. He mocked a classificatory gesture. But there was something almost bureaucratic in his thought. Everything was assigned to the right department. Every document was placed in the right drawer. These ideas were wound so tightly. They hardly allowed a contrary view. She fought with this structure. She would have to extract her own meaning.

What was her reference point? If she committed to her own emotions, then she would be validating this rivalry. She wondered if she could unravel these concepts in a clear manner. What

did she really know?

What gave thought its clarity? Was it a connection to things? Where did she achieve that understanding except through her emotions. These strong emotions were guiding her. What kind of philosophy was this? She was trying to achieve certainty. That may have been a downfall.

She could imagine Blanchard reminding her of the transience of objects. Historical situations provided the illusion of a consistent experience. There was nothing coherent. There was only this desire for stability. Her own emotional outbursts were all part of the process. Personal serenity was no guarantee of philosophy. Blanchard reminded her of this problem. Any emotion could be a suitable motivation for philosophy.

The notion of first philosophy offered the understanding that logical necessity could anchor knowledge. This was the escape from personal distraction. Philosophy sought objective grounding.

There were even attempts to find a universality in the subject. This updated the first philosophy. But she didn't want to endorse this version. She needed something more explosive. More elemental.

She was so immersed within a fundamental conflict. This was rivalry without the rivals. She was pulled along by these explosive events. It gave philosophy a purpose, a stronger motivation.

She had lost her focus, but it was emerging once again, Had she bypassed Blanchard? Blanchard gave her an excuse. But she was taking it further. She was creating her own philosophy.

She had already dispensed with the notion that rivalry was a critical component of a philosophical system. This would suggest that conflict was in fact an impediment to actual thought. Rivalry was only an attempt to let personal wishes interfere with the project. It obscured the object of thought. These wishes did not reveal the truth of endeavor. They demonstrated where the system was breaking down.

Blanchard had been masterful at disguising his own desires. He had spent years bending the history of philosophy to accomplish what he hoped for. It now seemed completely natural for him. He did not realize that he was doing it. He was not manipulative. But the movement of philosophy graciously flowed in his favored direction. This made him craftier at his efforts.

Aina had been drawn to his insights. He made her feel as if she was on the verge of a breakthrough. He wanted her to remain independent. It was not a matter of threatening his outlook. She was supposed to add to his scholarship. She could help to enhance his reputation. But she needed to curtail her actual discoveries.

Would she ever be able to find her proper due if she continued to study with Blanchard? She was not sure how she would develop on her own. But she was already sketching a new path. And she needed to find it on her own.

Had he given her that option? She already had done enough work on her own. She had studied Blanchard's strategy. She had made it her own. She had moved beyond it. She had found her own technique. But she remained unsure, and she would retreat back. She had not perfected that unique style of Blanchard. She understood all the ideas. But he could make it work for his benefit. She was not as adept at achieving that balance.

This only confirmed that philosophy was an expression of the personality. It took years of practice. The thinker needed to absorb all these concepts. Then it could all seem more or less automatic. It was too forced. She felt like an accountant. She was pushing the momentum toward the bottom line. That only made her feel like she was not a natural. She was faking it. She needed Blanchard to grant her validity.

She was admitting to her own vulnerability. She was not sufficiently mature in her thought. These challenges became more intense for her. She felt as if she was abandoning her own project for some kind of professional integrity. This had nothing to do with her actual concerns.

No wonder she became trapped by the idea of rivalry. If she could perfect this motive, she could throw off his influence. What characterized his way of thinking? Philosophy was a test of wills. And her will was growing weak.

She needed to review this method. How could she fortify the will? It was almost like breath control. She could push on. She could isolate key concepts. This would provide acceleration to her thought. What did she have to rely on? It was almost as if the foundation was being pulled from beneath her. This was Blanchard's intention. It was necessity, not cruelty. She tried to keep abreast. She thought about his zeal. She needed more of that commitment.

How could he dissolve the potency of philosophy and also expect to have such an assertive outlook? The radical project was always rooted in a denial of the observed. Thought offered this volatility. It pushed into these unstable regions. Philosophy was built upon this sustained gesture. Even amidst the discomfort, the thinker could hang on. The explosiveness reverberated.

Blanchard knew how to maintain this momentum. She was losing her focus. She needed a stronger reference. What was she missing in this exposition? She needed to figure out a more prominent manifestation of things. She was not able to hold to her vision. She was losing a connection to the things.

He seemed to withdraw from the very world that he had created. There was not a thread that held it all in suspense. Everything seemed to float. She couldn't hold on to a thing. But Blanchard had traction. She lacked that sensation. She needed to create a map. She wanted to capture this constellation of thought.

She could sense this rip. That was Blanchard's understanding. But this was not supposed to be longing. She needed to take that idea inside out. She needed to let that desire dissipate.

She had already struggled with the notion of subjectivity. This incursion was making its way in another form. Philosophy emerged as something profoundly individual. She recognized her own nature. But she did not want this to cut her off from the discipline. She was being reminded how to get rid of these negative influences. She did not want to get overwhelmed by the frenzy.

Had philosophy always been based on a neutralization of the effects of personality in the presentation of methodology? The association between a philosophy and an individual was only a product of historical circumstance. The complete development of a philosophy included the elimination of those markers. This enables the method to align with its predecessors in a depiction of human experience. Any effort to advance something more was a deformation of the

historical project. Philosophy did not progress by the prominence of the thinker. Instead, each advance was based on a formal exposition that linked it in an elaborate system. This system continued an overall progression.

Did Blanchard question this kind of system? Without this articulation, there was a discontinuity in thought. No element would make sense independently. This fragmentary presentation might have its appeal. Philosophy did not proceed by trying to break thought down to its constituent parts. Instead, there were general forces that seemed to move things along.

An able thinker might try to focus successive development. A new concept would assist in linking together past discoveries. Philosophy represented a progressive path across these related ideas. Together, this path implied a complete way of thought, a system.

Plato's writing highlighted some of these critical gestures. They could include thoughts on unity of thought, or the object of study. Behind perception was the human will. All these contributions described part of an overall system.

If the transcendental project had been the foundation of a philosophy, Aina recognized that this perspective implied an awareness that had no basis in actual experience. Without this awareness, there could be no scientific experience. The presentation of experience would be these fragmentary events. There would only be a tenuous connection, which held these moments in a singular fabric. She wanted to recognize a coherence, and this would help in her meditation. What was that thread that tied these independent moments together.

She had recognized that she was offering a unified picture of the world. This went beyond any particular encounter. She was seeing a complete picture. She was not overcome by the minor distractions. She had found a motivation in her perspective. And she believed that there was a substratum that pointed to a lasting solidity in reality.

How was Aina avoiding wishful thinking? She had been able to battle Blanchard. When she was alone, she felt more uncertain about her efforts. Everything confirmed what she wanted to see. She did not like that feeling. If she removed her assent, what would remain. She did not like to affirm such an idealistic perspective.

She was not focusing on the caring universe. She was considering the actual status of knowledge about the world. What was available to human cognition? She was affirming the world that was available to perception. What was her interest?

Could there be a systematic view without interest? Or did interest disqualify the created image of the world? This would seem to imply that the observer was only seeing a reflection of the self? There needed to be some way to disrupt the influence of the self. At the same time, the provocative view enabled the observer to encounter something lasting. The individual could attain a connection with more complex physical structures.

She was not going to dismiss science as a phantasm of the individual. But such a construct could benefit the self in an excessive way.. The individual could be convinced that there was a more profound connection to reality. The world would feed individual intuition.

Did interest follow along each of the stages of intellectual inquiry? Blanchard talked about how philosophy cultivated this dispassionate observation. Interest would only seem to be a redundant outlook. It obscured the immediacy of experience. But even the primitive seeing was conditioned by a more comprehensive outlook about matter. This created challenges for the individual. Where was the break in this kind of thinking?

Without interest, these individual impressions would be lost to the self? There needed something to create a consistency of perspective. These comparative views of the world needed to be more engaging. The self wasn't starting from scratch every time a new experience became available.

The self was thrown into experience. The volatile aspect of the world shook the individual. And these phenomena opened the self to a more sustained connection to the cosmos. Without this awareness, the disruptions would be overwhelming.

When the whole scientific understanding was balanced with an actual experience, there was a method to work through that experience. This allowed for interpretation. It led to actual knowledge, and this provided the basis to interact in other situations. The psychological challenges might be too great without a philosophical. Psychology would lack a clear reference point.

Philosophy was not meant to be an appendage to psychology. It was not supposed to fortify the spirit. Philosophy enabled the self to let go of the burdens of the soul.

Psychology was not meant to delimit the possibility of knowing. Instead, it helped to dispel ways of thinking that inhibited the discovery of the world. Philosophy needed to establish itself in an independent way. Personal psychology could function as an obstacle to thought. Psychology did not offer the objects of knowledge. It only determined the circumstances of knowing. And the circumstances could slow the intellectual search. They could prevent a scientific awareness.

Science should not be taken as a given. It was not latent in consciousness. Science did not manifest an inherent awareness. Science was linked to a practice. And this practice only made sense if there was a more universal perspective.

Philosophy was not there to offer a justification for the scientific. These could be two entirely kinds of knowledge. Philosophy could sharpen its methodology through science. Philosophy described a world that was measured by science. That measurement did not account for the actual experience. There needed to be interest.

In the hidden reaches of the universe, philosophy could offer consolation. This respite occurred even if the surrounding realms were shrouded in darkness. There only needed to be a substantial encounter to motivate the individual.

Without some form of knowledge, belief filled in for the lack of awareness. That faith lacked any connection to anything real.

Philosophy needed to provide a more authoritative frame. This frame could make up for the uncertainty of the individual. Philosophy was stitching together these elements of perception. This seemed to imply objective reality. There were also the dangers of the absolute. How did this recognition interfere with an actual experience?

Did the world offer anything else? Aina was not looking at the social support for this knowledge? She was more concerned with the actual conditions of knowledge.

When could experience offer enough support for the self? The obstacles became too much. There were few assurances for the individual.

How could the self develop from the extreme challenges of the immediate to more profound insights about the far reaches of the galaxy. Science offered an avenue to gather these insights into a complete picture.

Without a scientific exposition, the universe was only a matter of faith. And people would deform science into a form of belief. Could philosophy provide a picture of the complexities of experience without resorting to science? On this view, science reinforced the principles of philosophy. Otherwise, philosophy was a joke upon the universe. It pushed philosophy into a position of authority without any kind of support.

Philosophy was not supposed to offer a mirror image of science. Philosophy was not conducting science under another name. But there was a unique character to the universe that was not directly connected to science. This was how the world became an object of knowledge.

Science was not meant to offer a description of supernatural forces. It did not have the ability to dismiss spiritual beliefs. There was this order of being that could reinforce philosophical awareness. How did philosophy offer something different than a fleeting contact with matter. There was something else to this capacity. If philosophy only turned inward, it would reinforce all the weaknesses of self.

Where could Aina find a stronger basis for philosophical thought? She needed to escape forms of philosophy that only offered a footnote to science. Philosophy was a special kind of knowing. In a deeper sense, it offered access to a unique kind of existence. Perhaps, it could let go of all forms of knowing. Knowing immersed the self in a world of objects. Could philosophy offer a connection to forms? Did this contact avoid resolution to objects of knowledge? Would this be an encounter with the immediate? Philosophy did not reside in special powers of apprehension.

Aina did not want to emphasize the importance of philosophical insight. This was supposed to find its roots in common sense.

“This now is forever.”

“I have time.”

“Before the effects...”

“How do you influence people to act in favorable way towards you?”