

NOTES for THE KEY OF DREAMS

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¹N. T.: In Hinduism, the sannyasin (“renouncer” in Sanskrit) is the person of the upper castes who is in the stage of renunciation of material life.

NOTES for THE KEY OF DREAMS

(1) The “little family” and its Guest (June

3)2 The image-archetype of the child does not designate the totality of the soul, but rather embodies a certain aspect that lives in each of us, almost always mercilessly relegated to darkness by the “I” (aka “the boss”). The child embodies innocence (which does not dull any knowledge...), spontaneity unconcerned with itself, the curiosity of the senses and intelligence (often importunate, and sometimes sacrilegious... .). The child learns, just as he breathes and drinks and eats and assimilates, without ever becoming dull or ceasing to be a child...

This image of the child emerged in me progressively, in the two or three years that followed the “reunions” that I speak of here. It became fully conscious and explicit in 1979, with my first systematic philosophical reflection, on the force of Eros in creative processes, and on the creative embrace, in all things, of the forces and cosmic qualities of the “feminine” (or “yin”) and the “masculine” (or “yang”).

It is in the nature of the child to go out to meet the Mother, the World. And his impulse is nourished by the drive of Eros, the energy that moves him is that of Eros. I tended to confuse the child with Eros, until very recently. I have only been disillusioned by the set of “metaphysical dreams” that came to me at the beginning of the year. They are the ones who called my attention to the reality of spiritual essence that is the soul (which until then I had never thought about!), and to that same essential spiritual quality of the child. Eros, 'he is not of a spiritual essence, but of an animal. (That has changed my view of things a lot! However, carnal reality and carnal love are eternal parables of spiritual reality and love on a spiritual level.) In my dreams, Eros never appears in human form, but in the form of animals (2): dog or cat almost always, the dog embodying the impetuous, insatiable, hungry aspect of Eros, and the cat the complementary yin aspect: lascivious, docile, velvety – but! Be careful with the claws!

Those same dreams also highlighted another personification of the soul, which we tended not to see or to forget: just as the child represents eternal youth, the innocence in us, the Spirit represents age, maturity, (spiritual) knowledge, and above all, responsibility for our actions and conduct. Under the name of the “worker”, I had already met him for seven or eight years, but I had an annoying tendency to confuse him with the boy³ . But his true role towards the child is that of adoptive father – the one who watches over his needs and who, when the occasion demands it, reprimands him with affection and with all the necessary firmness. What I had not yet understood is that, in the “family business” that is the psyche, there is an established “Boss”, a head of the family; and that in no way is the “I” (the so-called “pattern”!), in charge only (when it exceeds its functions) of the tasks of in-tendency (and which from now on it would be better to call the “intendant”), neither Eros, nor the child, but rather the spirit (aka the worker).

It is true that in that family, so often disunited, it is more than rare for the spirit to assume that role that falls to it. It is almost always the mayor who takes over (often

2See the reference to this note in section 1 page 1.

3However, he well felt that “child” and “worker” were two different, complementary aspects of the same entity of the psyche, which would represent “the creative force” in man. But if I had had to name that force, the name that would have come to me would be Eros, and not “the soul.” Even after the first dream (in December 1986) that called my attention to the soul (personified in that dream by a young woman), I still did not think of recognizing in the couple child-worker (or child-spirit) one of the possible yin-yang descriptions of the soul (almost absent from my vocabulary!). What he did not doubt was that Eros, which includes the drive for knowledge on an intellectual and artistic level (see the preceding footnote), also includes the more agile force. active on a spiritual level, which at that time I only dimly distinguished. I don't know if a reflection, even a profound one, on this topic could, by itself, have disabused me. If I was disillusioned, it was not because of a “metaphysical” reflection that never took place, but because of the revelations that came to me through my “metaphysical dreams.”

adorning themselves with "spirit"), when they are not dogs and cats – sorry, we should read "Eros", or both at the same time, imposing their law for better or worse! side! In my house, the boy also had his will (and there are now three of them!), and the boy, dogs, cats, and the mayor had the party – the one who couldn't be seen was the head of the family!

It seems to me that in Christian religious literature, the term "spirit" almost never designates the spirit of man, that head of the family who so often resigns, but rather the spirit of God, present and active in the psyche, without therefore being part of it (3). I will call Him simply "God." It seems to me that it is a Being of the same species or essence as the soul (which is a "spirit" like Him), but of a magnitude infinitely greater than it. He can be seen as a permanent and discreet Guest in the family home, of high rank (to say the least!) and yet, paradoxically, almost always goes unnoticed. He lives, far from all eyes, in the deepest basements – which does not prevent him from seeing, at all times, in an animated and complete picture everything that happens, from the granaries to the cellars. These same hidden places in the house where he stays are the ones he talks about and deals with when he deems it appropriate. And when He speaks, it is always (it seems to me) the head of the family, the spirit, who is addressed. This man almost always pretends to be deaf, to the point that I am often surprised that God does not get tired of giving him signs in a thousand ways. I will have ample opportunity to return to my strange deafness...

I will also have ample opportunity to talk about my progressive discovery, over the last ten or eleven years, of that invisible Guest of the house. At first I knew him as the Dreamer, the Creator of dreams, of whom we will talk a lot in this book. For now it is enough to add that for the processes and acts that take place in the psyche and come from the deep layers, it is often very difficult, even impossible, to say which is God's part and which is God's. of the soul. Increasingly, however, I tend to see the decisive initiative of creative processes and acts, and the renewing force in them, as coming from God. The role of the soul, and especially of the spirit which is its directing agency, appears to me above all as that of a more or less complete, more or less active acquiescence to the designs and suggestions of God, of a collaboration with them with more or less zeal and intensity. I am convinced that this is the case at least on the spiritual level, and that in each of the numerous "thresholds" that the soul has to cross on the long path of knowledge, the action of God (although it often remains ignored) is the decisive force to move from one level of consciousness to the higher level. (June 4) As I have allowed myself to present the main members of the "little family", without counting the discreet and invisible Guest of the underground dwellings, I would like to add to One last thing, left yesterday: the body.

I often tend to forget him, that great mute, when I review the characters who agitate and confront each other in the psyche. In doing so, I do nothing more than give in to a cultural assumption, which tends to make a clear separation between the very tangible body on the one hand, and on the other the elusive psyche that inhabits and animates it. However, my dreams teach me something else. The body is not a habitat or abode, but also a character. And certainly, like the other four members of the family I spoke about yesterday, the body has its (humble) needs, its will (stubborn), its voice (rarely heard...). And also and above all, a knowledge, a wisdom – immemorial wisdom, wisdom without words, effective and powerful, which has often seemed to me to far exceed the weak knowledge of the head of the family (aka the "spirit"), and that of the mayor (4).

Yielding to the same cultural consensus, I have come to confuse "the body" (seen as a force or as a voice acting in the psyche) with Eros. At this moment I would see Eros rather as a vigorous tree (or what should be...), which sinks its roots into the rich and delicate fertile soil of the body. But this fertile soil is not inexhaustible, and if the tree proliferates uncontrollably, the soil is exhausted, and finally the tree itself, and its branches, and all the profusion of life it carries, wither.

The body is distinguished from other psychic "characters" by the fact that it manifests itself through a tangible material and organic incarnation. For this reason, it is also the instrument par excellence of the psyche, both for apprehending the external world with the senses and for acting on it. But we can no longer separate the instrument from the psyche of which it truly forms a part, any more than we can separate the hands, instruments of the body, from that body of which they are also a part.

The roots of Eros in the body, or that of the entire psyche, is undoubtedly located in the deep layers, the home of the Host. It is there, very far from the gaze of man, where the delicate and profound relationships between the body and the psyche as a whole are tied and untied (5) – not counting the invisible and mysterious Guest who, surely, participates. in their own way. And it is also beyond doubt that the body is for the psyche, not only fertile ground and instrument, but also a medium of expression par excellence. Hopes and disappointments, push and resignations, harmony, dissonances, temporary or inveterate tensions... are inscribed, as in a delicate wax, in each of our cells, in the organs and their humors, in the tone of the tissues and texture of the skin, in the attitudes and movements and evolution of the body, and in the expression of the face and the look and the timbre of the voice and the fullness of the breath... , with a mark of infinite, incomparable finesse, achieved...

And how can we not think about the dream here, when it is the same dormant psyche that becomes "wax" in the hands of the Dreamer, during one or two dreams, to express with an unparalleled art , from the broad strokes to the most delicate nuances, the deep reality of what she was during the vigil...

That is, I know well, not a simple "mechanical" trace, but a work of art, the work of the Master of masters with the Look and the Hand. And I cannot help but wonder if the "language of the body" that I have just evoked, like the language of dreams, far from being a simple "registration" devoid of intention, would not also be a creative language in the hands of the Creator, the Master – the invisible and silent Guest of the basements. To those who knew how to read in the wax of the body, that language would tell the true and poignant novel of an entire life, seen from the depths, as human eyes could never see it nor human words could say it. And such an incurable disease that devastates an exhausted life, burned by the excess of its own violence – that would be the last chapter of the masterful novel of an earthly existence, drawn with a strong hand on the parchment of the body by the invisible Master of life and death.

To tell the truth, these reflections make me glimpse that in God, the Creator, the Look is always inseparable from the Hand, the Act by which He knows, from that by which He expresses that knowledge and gives it voice⁴ . I think that this must be the case at all times and places, whether His wax or His fabric is the body of man or his dormant soul, living cell, molecule, planet or galaxy. And its action on the psyche, surely, is not limited to the rare moments in which man himself associates himself with his Creator to do a creative work with Him and thus grow in his spirit. But (it seems to me) that it is present at all times, during sleep as well as when awake. And that incessant action is a story.

Only God knows how to read those signs in their fullness, and that story that they form, written by His hand and for Him – the imperishable story that we ourselves form and weave, in the thread of the moments and the thread of the days. , over the course of the years and over the course of our deaths and our births, the countless plot and the inexhaustible substance.

(June 5) I mentioned in passing, the day before yesterday, the first dream that (among other things) called my attention to the existence of the soul. It was a year and a half ago. The soul was represented by a young woman lying down, with long and abundant wet and tangled hair.

⁴ (June 5) What I "glimpse" here of knowledge in God himself, namely the intimate relationship between knowledge and expression, is something that in any case I have been able to verify at the level of human creative activity. manna. I talk about this in more detail in the note "Knowledge and language – or creative dialogue", not

spread out behind, which another older woman patiently untangled and combed with her fingers. I felt that this woman lying down, with a very feminine air, represented what experiences and knowledge of things lives in me, that tastes and savors sensations and emotions, attracted by what is “pleasant” and “pleasant.”, repelled by the “painful” and the “unpleasant” – with, perhaps, a tendency to get carried away by that game, by that endless swing between what attracts and what repels, fluttering from flower to flower and trying, by the way, don’t get pricked by the thorns...

Until then I had never paid attention to that face of the psyche with a hundred faces. To designate it, the thought of the “soul” did not appear after the dream. It appeared during work. (An exceptionally long job: nine days in a row!) But when it arrived, it “tilted”: it was my soul, without a doubt, that the young woman with the abundant hair represented! Throughout the following year, when I (rarely) thought about “the soul,” I saw it under its diffuse and dreamy lines.

It was not until after my dreams last December and January that I related that “soul” to the figures of the “child” and the “worker” (aka “spirit”). , long-familiar. Then it became clear that they were of a different, more delicate essence from that of Eros. And it is precisely the soul that is supposed to represent what in me is of a spiritual nature, that is, of a nature close to that of the Dreamer - or, what is the same (as I had realized a long time ago) little), to that of God... Surely the child and the spirit had to represent complementary “faces” or “faces”, one yang and the other yin, of that soul that until then had seen under the indistinct shape and diffuse lines of the face that appeared in that half-forgotten dream...

Afterwards, I thought about placing the “yin” aspect of the soul, embodied by that woman’s face shrouded in mist, in relation to the two familiar characters. The name “Psyche” evokes me, a traditional symbol of the soul, arising from Greek mythology. On the other hand, the names “spirit” and “worker” have a strongly masculine connotation. But I well knew that the psychic entity they designate must also present “feminine” or “yin” aspects and traits, pairing it with the “masculine” or “yang” traits. She represents the maturity of the soul, compared to its creative innocence represented by the child, and that good is a yin aspect compared to the child who personifies the complementary yang aspect (according to the cosmic yin yang couples: maturity–innocence, old age–youth). That said, I currently see Psyche (note the capitalization!) as the personification of the “feminine” (or “yin”) traits in the worker-spirit.

In this dialectic, she would therefore represent the “yin in the yin” of the soul, as a wife, in short, in a “cosmic couple” whose husband would embody the virile traits of the worker-spirit. , the “yang in the yin” of the soul.

To tell the truth, the aspects of the spirit that had been evoked previously, apart from maturity, especially knowledge and responsibility, and above all its function as “Boss”, as the leading body of the psyche, They already had a strongly masculine connotation, as did the names “spirit” or “worker” that designated it. This suggested using these names from now on to designate rather the yang “side” or “face” of the human spirit, complementary to the “yin face” incarnated by Psyche. It is a simple fix, due to the absence of an appropriate mythical proper name to complement “Psyche”. The one suggested by mythology, namely her lover Eros, is clearly not suitable!

I have thought about Prometheus, but he doesn’t convince me very much, and above all, pairing Psyche and Prometheus would make humanists shudder, and I prefer not to blame them. There would thus remain a small ambiguity in the sense that the word “spirit” (human) has for me. The same as in the word “man”, which designates both a “human” (man or woman) and a “male human”. But when he speaks of the spirit (aka the “head of the family”) as one of the members of the “little family”, it will be understood that he appears as Psyche’s husband. Anyway, to give him a proper name that doesn’t bother anyone, we could call him Prommy. (Any resemblance of this visibly Yankee name to any Greek name is purely coincidental).

Thus, here the “little family” is finally fully reunited, or at least its six main members. Here is the head of the family, Prommy (aka the spirit, aka the worker), and his lovely wife, Psyche, plus their son (adopted⁵, but that's almost a detail), called “the boy.” no”, or “the baby”, or also, why not, Tommy. There's the body, Corry, and there's Eros⁶ who gets along well with Corry and Tommy, but is often distrustful of Prommy. Psyche, she, has a bit of a weakness for him, and it is understandable, since he is handsome like few others, what and has a free hand... To finish the picture, here is the mayor: cunning, cowardly, vain like few others and blatant liar, and who has a clear tendency to play the boss. For that reason, and to please him, we will call him Patry. Depending on the case, he takes out Eros with knives, or he puts it through the roof – anyone trusts him! It's their way of tricking you and putting it in your pocket while scamming you to death. He's not really family, he's come from the city. But it's not about kicking him out, and you "deal with him" as best you can.

Anyway, and for the record, there is the Guest, the Invisible, the Forgotten (which I almost forgot too), hidden in who knows what secret cellars of the family home. He is not seen, and in many families he is not talked about either – it seems that no one realizes that He is there, or even that there are wineries. Given his rank, I don't dare give him a suitable nickname (like Jahvy or Brammy), I prudently prefer to stick to “the Guest” (being careful with the capitalization). This anonymity, on the other hand, is nothing more than a faithful reflection of the somewhat reserved habits of this important character.

Each “little family” has its Guest, that must be clear. And there are as many of these families as there are human beings on this earth – and they are not few. You might think that there are also so many different Guests. But not! The extraordinary thing, and what deserves all our attention (and will also make us understand that he is not a Guest like the others...), is that he is one and the same Hu! wait for everyone! How He manages to be everywhere like this at once is what is called a “mystery.” As He is unique, but present in each of us and acting in His own way, I will call Him by a name that is decidedly “old-fashioned” and old-fashioned like me (we never change): He is God. Also “the good Lord” for friends, and especially when it comes to not being solemn...

(2) An animal called Eros (June 3)⁷ It is

significant that such a representation of Eros by animals (dogs, to be precise) also figures in some dreams in which the context showed without possible ambiguity that It was about the “sublimated” erotic drive, that is, the drive for knowledge not on a carnal level but (in this case) intellectually. That taught me, without a doubt, that in the eyes of the Dreamer (that is, in the eyes of God), intellectual creative activity (of which man is so proud!) , or at least the energy and drive that animate such creation, are of an essence that remains unpolished, “animal.” On the contrary, the “patron” or “intendant”, who

⁵We could ask ourselves who the natural parents of this “adopted” child are. The answer would surprise many: his real father and his real mother are one, and they are none other than the Mysterious Guest of the Basements (of whom we will discuss later). This “Host like no other” is at the same time “Woman”, and “Man”, at the same time “Mother”, and “Father”, and at the same time He engenders, of flourishing, of plotting, of giving birth from the He (or She) conceives. And this Bosom has not ceased to conceive, origins and the dark dawn of time...

⁶Definitely stubborn and slow to understand, here I persist in seeing Eros under a human figure, and even, more precisely, under a masculine face. However, as I stressed the day before yesterday, my dreams take me to another language. If I followed them, the erotic drive would not be represented by a character, be it man or woman, but by the dogs and cats of the house. (And this would make Psyche's secret predilection for Eros even more lurid...)

I hope that the Dreamer (aka the Guest) will forgive me for this departure from His teachings. If necessary, following Your suggestions, I will make do with a couple of friendly (and somewhat nosy) pets: Erosy, the big dog, fiery and cheeky, and Erosa, the silky and feline cat, sometimes affectionate and lascivious, and other times enigmatic sphinx, collected and thoughtful – velvety paw – incisive claw...

⁷See the reference to this note in note 1 page 6.

represents the conditioning and structuring in the psyche and, therefore, is not a force of creative nature, but almost always inhibiting the creative faculties, it is always represented in human form, sometimes man, sometimes woman . I was astonished, I who tended to deify Eros, the original creative force, and to completely devalue the “pattern”, the incarnation of the systematic repression of creative forces and faculties!

I have no doubt that what I have just pointed out for intellectual creation is equally valid for “artistic” creation, also dependent on the drive and energy of Eros.

(The German term “geistiges Schaffen” actually encompasses both types of creative activity.)

In our days, it is more than rare that an intellectual or artistic creation is at the same time an act of knowledge on a spiritual level, and therefore a joint act of the spirit of God and the spirit *ýritu* of man. But it seems that only in that case would she be (in the eyes of God) fully “human”, and not “essentially animal”. In other words: it seems that in the divine perspective, only the act in which God himself participates would be a fully human act – an act that brings into play a creative force of essence superior to that of Eros, and which therefore completely escapes the animal and plant kingdom and the forces and laws that animate and govern it.

(3) The one and the

infinite (June 4)8 After yesterday, when I wrote those lines, I had a long telephone conversation with a colleague and friend for a long time, old Catholic priest and at times passionate about religious issues and his priesthood. From my friend's reactions to my questions and from the clarifications he has given me, it would seem that, even in circles versed in theology, there is no clear distinction, either in language or in *ýritus*, between the spirit “of God” and the spirit “of man”, more precisely: between the “spirit of Two” (or simply “God”), present as much as Perpetual observer as an active (occasional?) Force in the psyche of such a person, and the “spirit” (or “head of the family”) that represents, in some way, their “spiritual identity.”

The thing would seem incredible to me, if it did not overlap with some impressions from recent readings. It seems to me something as rude as if there were a confusion, in the language and spirit of mathematicians, between the number 1 and the number \aleph_0 (infinity), under the pretext that both are numbers; and that wanting to distinguish them was seen as a kind of philosophical or linguistic subtlety, which the mathematician who was not also a scholar in the etymology of the terms could ignore. mathematicians. But returning to the psyche and the soul: that means not knowing, or not wanting to, distinguish between Monsieur Durand (or at least, the soul or spirit that inhabits him), and the good God in person! However, although his soul (I do not doubt it) is eternal, Monsieur Durand is neither omniscient nor infallible nor omnipresent nor all-powerful – that already marks some small differences.

This reminds me, it is true, of the unspoken perplexity in which I found myself for a dozen years about the nature of the Dreamer: is He part of my psyche, or is He a “Being” that exists independently? of my own person? (See these perplexities in the section “Reunion with the Dreamer – or forbidden questions”, no . 21.) However, immediate intuition and my healthy spiritual instinct, not to say simple “common sense” “a philosopher”, clearly told me the answer to a long-unspoken question. And my relationship with Him, the Dreamer, since I knew Him and without me having to ask myself the question, has always been a relationship with Another – with someone who was infinitely superior to me because of his knowledge. profound, by the penetration of the gaze, by the power and delicacy of the means of expression, by the tireless benevolence, and by the infinite freedom...

How can we not feel such enormous differences “in the gut”, how can we ignore them, or see in them some unusual subtlety of a theologian or linguist? When “God” is nothing more than a word, a

8See the reference to this note in note 1 page 7.

concept, a formula haloed with glory, ingredient of a speech or a rite, liturgical or intellectual – so okay, then it is a bit like that famous “sex of the angels” that no one has ever seen . But not when there is a living experience of God! Then it is no longer a question of scholarship or philosophy, not even of “faith” in this or that – but simple evidence...

(4) Wisdom of the body and action of God (June

5)9 The “knowledge” of the mayor is a pure product of conditioning (and as such, a simple reflection of the cultural consensus of the surrounding society), and of the reactions of the psyche to that conditioning. It has the function of structuring the psyche, and truly does not have the nature of true knowledge or knowledge.

Regarding the knowledge and “wisdom” of the body, and its amazing creative resources, we can ask ourselves if it is reduced to the normal, so to speak “mechanical” development of physical-chemical laws. and biological ones that have been developed and established “once and for all” throughout the evolution of life on the globe, or else it would rather be the current and active expression of the wisdom of God and His will, which would intervene creatively, in one sense or another, at least on certain particular occasions. I think especially of the appearance and development of an illness or, on the contrary, of convalescence, or of the uterine processes around ovulation, conception. of the gestation of the fetus and childbirth. These are, evidently, physiological processes inextricably linked to processes at the level of the psyche and at the spiritual level. This simple fact seems to already impose on us the answer to the preceding question, at least in all cases in which such links between biological reality and attitudes and events at the level of the psyche and soul do not give rise to doubts. Unless it is admitted that the psyche and its own will (and especially its unconscious will) have the power to give orders to the body, at the level of the most delicate cellular and organic mechanisms (which almost completely escape mind, It is necessary to emphasize this, given the knowledge and influence of medicine). But such an assumption seems to me to violate the most basic philosophical common sense – unless it invests the Unconscious with powers and wisdom more than superhuman, and therefore, practically, divinizes it. .

We would simply have replaced (following the example given by CG Jung) the good old God of yesteryear with “the Unconscious”. Definitely, progress does not stop!

The question is closely related to the origin of sleep, raised yesterday: is sleep the work of the psyche itself? There at least, I know the answer without the possibility of a doubt, and to tell the truth, the Dreamer himself told it to me (without me paying much attention), with the first dream I had! 'e the trouble of probing! And I have the feeling that in the body the delicate molecular and cellular mechanisms are as beyond the reach of the limited means of the psyche, as the most dizzying and profound improvisations of the Dreamer.

(5) To docile master violent servant – or body, spirit and ego (June

5)10 I presume that the layers of the psyche in question here are far below those where they extend the “I” or “ego” (personified by the “patron” alias the “intendant”), and that the “rootedness” of which I speak does not concern, outside of the erotic drive, anything other than to the soul itself. After the death of the body, there must be an “uprooting”, more or less laborious and more or less painful depending on the case, of the soul torn from its bodily “fertile ground” – a bit like a plant that was uprooted, with its roots, from the family garden, to be transplanted to another. It seems likely to me that such a delicate moment (such as that of conception and birth), in the long pilgrimage of the soul from birth to birth, is not left to the sole care of the development of the laws that govern physical reality. physical-chemical, biological and

9See the reference to this note in note 1 page 7.

10See the reference to this note in note 1 page 8.

spiritual (working in close coordination with each other), and the reactions of the soul that these laws are responsible for; but that there is an express intervention of God, according to His designs and intentions regarding that soul at that particular moment. My "metaphysical dreams" seem to me, alas! which do not provide an answer to this question, nor to the related questions raised in the previous note.

What I have said above about the ego and its relationship with the "fertile ground" of the body does not mean, of course, that impulses, appetites, ideas, fears, intentions, etc. of the ego do not have repercussions ("psychosomatic") at the level of the body, which will necessarily be done through the deepest layers of the Unconscious, in close symbiosis with the body. That only means that this action of the ego is never exercised directly, but through the soul, and this in accordance with the relations that the soul maintains with the ego. Thus, the aggressive impulses rooted in the egoic structure will have totally different repercussions at the level of the body, depending on whether the spirit allows itself to be "carried away" by them and takes them as its own, or whether it maintains its autonomy and "assume" them in one way or another. Just as a weak master who allowed himself to be contaminated by the violent temperament of a servant would himself come to degrade the parts of the house to which that servant did not have access, while none of that would happen if he remained faithful himself and put up with the servant (if he cannot make peace) while distancing himself from his violence and forbidding him to give him free rein.

(6) The role of dreams – a tribute to Sigmund Freud (May

1)11 Freud states exactly the opposite. For him, the function of sleep, of all dreams without exception (it is categorical), would be to provide us with gratification (conscious or unconscious).

I seem to understand that this strange conception has barely been followed after Freud, and that no one practices it or mentions it anymore. My dream experience contradicts it in two ways.

On the one hand, among my dreams, those that make me experience conscious or unconscious gratification are the exception, by no means the rule. To be precise, it would be necessary to distinguish gratification in the proper sense of the term, that is, "pleasure for pleasure's sake," with true pleasure, and even joy, which always, when presented to us, (and in this respect the dream is no different from what we experience while awake), it comes "in addition". Vanity, it is true, does not know true pleasure, that delicate perfume of things, that joy of being. Overlook true pleasure. But Eros, 'he knows, what the poets sing under the name of "loving pleasure" and under a thousand others. Wouldn't Freud have known him? When he theorizes, it would seem that he puts everything on the same plate, that at any cost he wants to reduce the delicate games of the soul and psyche to a kind of calculation of "gains and losses," a game in which It would always be about gaining the maximum and losing the minimum, with gains = pleasure = gratification, and losses = displeasure = frustration. But I digress...

Even in dreams that bring "gratification", even true pleasure, true joy, and even if gratification and pleasure were endowed with immense psychic energy, leaving behind the scenes everything others – even in that case, a deep examination always reveals that the Dreamer's intention is not to "gratify", to provide a pleasant experience, pleasure or joy; No more than in dreams in which I feel frustration, pain or sadness, the purpose is not to "mortify myself." The reason for the dream is always to teach me, to make me feel (with a vivid picture of which I am the main actor) a certain reality that had escaped me. But that dream intention and that teaching (or that "message") appear much later, once it has been freed from the influence of emotion and is examined with extreme care, one by one. one, all the "details" of the dream, including those that seem minute, barely perceived and immediately swept from the field of consciousness by the impressive close-up of the captivating experience of delight or torment. They are the type of details,

11See the reference to this note in section 4 page ??.

I must emphasize that they never appear in the stories or "protocols" of dreams. Strangely, these always seem without blood in the veins, "in the bones." But I know that even where He speaks in a low voice, where He seems to mutter, the Dreamer does not say another word. The dream is not a photo, but a work of art. "To simplify it" is to destroy it...

I will have to return to these delicate questions in more detail in the part of this book devoted to the work of "interpretation" of dreams. Equally and above all, I count on returning to Freud's pioneering role, a role that I am far from wanting to minimize, quite the contrary. It is true that the theories of his vintage that I know, and especially the light with which he sees the psyche and dreams, seem to me to be irremediably, fundamentally false. But that's almost a detail. That does not prevent Freud, that fearless and honest innovator, that visionary of unparalleled courage, from being for me one of the great figures in the history of our species. We owe him the most revolutionary ideas about the psyche, and the most fundamental, from our origins – those that before him no one had dared to conceive, much less proclaim. Their dogmatic aberrations became apparent over the next generations, and were soon erased into oblivion. But as long as there are men on earth eager to scrutinize and understand the psyche of man, and even if Freud's name ends up being forgotten (assuming that humanity loses the memory of the greatest among us to such an extent), his great master ideas will remain alive forever.

(7) Archetypes and manifestations of God (May 22)12

Furthermore, some of my dreams have convinced me that what I say about the archetype of the creative act is also true for any other archetype, such as that of Mother, or the Father, or that of the Son (which is confused with that of the Brother) or the Daughter (aka the Sister), that of the Child, and particularly the little child (who suddenly loses most of his uscula!), or, on the contrary, that of the Old Man. The archetypes are presented to me as different "aspects" of the nature of God, capable of being privileged by Him to manifest themselves to the human psyche (even animal), whether in sleep or in any other way. God is both Mother and Father, at the same time an old man full of knowledge and wisdom, and a little child with all the freshness of innocence; just as it is also the man, or the woman, in the prime of life. And she is the lover, as she is also the lover...

In any case, what I know without a doubt is that He has presented Himself to me (or She has presented Himself to me) in dreams in all these forms, taking one or the other according to what He (or She has presented Himself to me) She) had to teach me. I have also known how to recognize Him in the form of an animal, or a group of animals. And also in the form of a group of young people playing ball. To the point that I have been led to ask myself if every species lives without exception, and within each one (and more particularly, in the human species), each of its main modalities of existence (according to sex, age, prosperity or poverty, etc.), including the groups of individuals corresponding to certain "typical" characters – if each of these innumerable entities does not constitute one of the "aspects" of God (among the innumerable infinity of its aspects), and therefore, a potential "archetype" and a possible mode of appearance of God, especially to manifest Himself to man.

If this were the case (as I tend to think), we would therefore have to see in every living species without exception an "incarnation" of God, through which He would manifest Himself permanently, on the plane of earthly existence, a certain aspect of His eternal nature. God "is" the human species, as "he also is" in "wheat," "nettles," "ants," "cows," "snakes," etc. The appreciation or contempt, different from one culture to another, of certain species, of course, has a very relative value. The name "cow" (sacred animal in India) is used as an insult in France, which does not prevent God from having presented himself to me in the form of a cow, and

12See the reference to this note in section 11 page ??.

Even the fact that the cow and everything related to it (even, shall I say, the manure...) has played a particularly important role in a good number of my "mystical" dreams. I will point out in this regard that in several dreams the cow appears as a feminine symbol of the "Holy Spirit", while the horse is its "masculine" symbol. Before my dreams told me about him, I considered the "Holy Spirit" to be a theological fiction. Now I know that it is a reality as tangible as the heat given off by a stove.

The same goes for the appreciation associated with social status. God has appeared to me in some dreams in the person of a rich and considerate man or a high official (and even a police prefect, sorry!), and in others in that of a child. of some miserable North African emigrants in a suburb of a big city; now one in another like a shoemaker from a town bent over by age, taking his donkey to the field. If it seemed good to you to do it that way, I trust

The one in which it will be for good reasons and for my good...

(8) Sleep and free will (May

20)13 After being undecided for a long time, I have finally convinced myself that during sleep, we are temporarily deprived of our free will. (Just as a brush in the hand of the painter, or the pen in the hand of the writer, lacks free will.)

Thus, I can write without reservation that our role in the dream is "totally passive" – and this even though in the dream scenario (in the "parable" represented in the dream) our role was lived as intensely active. The comparison is necessary with the actors in a play, who rigorously follow the director's instructions. But this comparison is imperfect, since the actors retain their free will, and cannot embody their roles unless they "do their part." While in the dream, it is the Director himself who, at every moment, as if he had taken possession of our bodies and our souls, breathes into us the feelings, emotions, notions and even the perceptions that we really have (and very often with a vividness that we rarely or never have awake!), without having to "represent" them, without having to enter into a "fiction" and for that very reason, play a kind of "double game." This is one of the most extraordinary aspects of sleep in general.

In the vast majority of creative processes, the "preparation" stage is not "purely passive"; On the contrary, this is a special circumstance in the case of sleep, totally exceptional in this respect. As has been evoked in the preceding section, the "measures" (in four beats) that form the somewhat "elementary" discovery processes (or "journeys") tend to follow one another and chain one another in the interior of a much vaster movement. In this way, the preparatory stage of one of such journeys is at the same time that of the "work" in the preceding journey. In other words, the materials (almost always unforeseen) that appear during the work at a certain stage of an investigation, and that uncover a certain vision (representing the "culmination", totally provisional, of such work), They are those that, in a later stage, serve as a collection "preparing" a new "journey"; and it is also the "culmination" of the preceding stage, that is, a certain vision of things that has been its fruit, which plays the role of "trigger" for that new advance.

Now, all creative work is both "active" and "passive", both "yang" and "yin" – and perhaps that is the characteristic that distinguishes truly creative work from any other. It follows that in a journey of discovery that (as almost always happens) appears as a natural extension of another, the preliminary stage, which therefore represents a "work", could not be exclusively "passive" in tone, "yin", but must also present clearly marked "active" and "yang" characters.

The great dream is a unique case, in which the message it carries, and the work of discovery to which it invites us, is like a "start from scratch", it is not the continuation of something that

13See the reference to this note in section 12 page ??.

had been achieved previously. The opposite is what is true: the great obstacle to entering into the understanding of the great dream, those are precisely our so-called "achievements", that is, the ideas that we have made (or that have been made in ourselves...) about things.

If we are not prepared to leave them, we have no chance of entering into one of our dreams, and especially into a "big dream."

(9) Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold (May 23)¹⁴

Even among men who have left a mark on the history of thought, the who have taken care to include themselves in their view of the world, and who, for that very reason, have not been deceived by the everlasting and complacent clichés with which one tends to see oneself that way, and who by doing so, They have not involuntarily internalized the main moral, social, and philosophical prejudices rooted in the culture from which they come. Socrates himself, who advises us to "know thyself" (and therefore must have had something in mind about it...), does not seem to me (from what I know of him) that he himself has very much followed that excellent maxim. I am not aware of the slightest hint of self-knowledge in his famous "dialogues", and it seems to me that he shared the usual prejudices about the inferior nature of slaves, and of women.

During the last ten years, it has been difficult for me to recognize and admit that in my own path of knowledge, taking as a starting point and as an omnipresent basis the discovery of itself and the knowledge it brings, that I cannot join no "spiritual family", not even (it seems to be) finding someone in whom to recognize a "brother", for a spiritual adventure that would feel like "common". However, for a few weeks, following certain dreams (last January and February) that suggested the existence of a kind of "community of mystics" (without distinction of the particular religions from which the different mystics have emerged), I could think that this "community" could well constitute the "family" I was looking for. (It was at a time, it is true, when I had just realized that in fact I did not need to join such a "family", or rather, that the Dreamer, Himself, was more than enough to replace it...) From then I have been able to read texts by some Christian mystics, and become aware of certain aspects of a Christian "mystical tradition", whose beginnings date back, if not to apostolic times (whose spirit is more 'as well as that of a missionary militancy), at least to the first centuries of our era. Seven or eight years ago, I had in my hands (and I even read it in one sitting!) a text by Saint Teresa of Avila, which shocked and impressed me, for a kind of uni intimate, fusion, with tones of simplicity, truth and passion. That was my first contact with a mystic. That contact, and especially my own recent experience, have aroused in me a strong desire to get to know that "community," which until then I had been content to ignore its existence.

I was able to confirm with joy that in said "community", or at least among Christian mystics, there is indeed a living tradition that breaks with the everlasting self-complacency that is de rigueur in "the world." It would have been difficult for me to admit that a living communication with God could be separated from an awake attention to the movements of the psyche that come from both vanity and "the senses" (that is, from Eros). Furthermore, in the cultural environment of the cloister or convent, a rare and constantly renewed courage is needed, because those movements that are so common, and apparently inseparable from the human condition, are felt as a true dishonor of the soul. , even as a betrayal of the love of God and the sacrifice of Christ. His examination of conscience is accompanied by all the torments of contrition, when they are not those of true hatred or horror of himself. Truly that dualistic attitude of passionate rejection of an entire inseparable part of one's own person, and which makes the first steps in the discovery of oneself a kind of martyrdom

14See the reference to this note in section 14 page ??.

permanent, renewed day after day – such an attitude seems to me almost incompatible with a true knowledge of oneself. How would it be possible to discover, probe, truly know something that we fear and have horror? In fact, according to what I have been able to see so far, with regard to the structure of the ego, the erotic drive, and the complex relationships between one and the other, it seems to me that the knowledge that the texts testify of the mystics is more than rudimentary. All that immense part of the psyche, which only one Freud has cared to study, does not interest the Christian mystic (it seems) other than as “the enemy” from which one must distance oneself at any price (knowing very well that in this earthly life it will be inextricably linked to him!). Surely this painful division, this incessant tearing from which he cannot and does not care to escape, are for him a necessary evil, a beneficial suffering, because they keep alive in him the force of humility, the only effective antidote. of pride, and makes him capable of receiving, when God wants, the gifts of divine grace.

Finally, what interests the mystic in the psyche is only the soul, separated, by a superhuman effort (or rather in the rare moments in which that separation, by the effect of grace, is really operates), of its indissoluble ties with the body, with the erotic drive, and with the structure of the ego. He knows well, and firsthand, that this soul is not a fiction, but a reality – the first, permanent, timeless reality, of which the other three are a provisional envelope or the “fuel.” The true abode of the soul is elsewhere – and he knows something, first-hand and with certainty, about the stripped soul and the “Other Part”. But what he knows, whether little (for some) or a lot (for another), he cannot say in words. And, to the extent that he is filled with passion for the Other Party, it is surely the least of his worries to tell what he knows. If, however, he speaks, with his weak words, of what cannot be communicated, he is not (I am sure) moved by the impossible hope of being understood, but by obedience to a Will that is not his own, and for purposes that they escape him (as they escape us all) and that he will not try to fathom.

I would have expected that men whom God has favored with the exceptional grace of a living and regular communication with Him would have a vision of the world and of their time of an unusual penetration, exempt from the earmuffs and the prejudices of ordinary mortals, which prevent them from taking note of the injustices, iniquities and cruelties of all kinds, which prevail in the society of which they are part. God (I told myself) would not fail to give them a little sign here or there, to get their attention. Perhaps he has done it more often than one might think? The fact is that I have always been astonished to realize that my predictions about the divine request and its effects were totally out of place.

So far, I have not found a single sign in the expected direction. The same goes for my recent readings of the Bible, including the Acts of the Apostles and the Apostolic Epistles.

I have been left “confused”, I can well say – there was something that escaped me, and that still escapes me. Something that concerns both the very meaning of the notion of “evil” and “good,” and the nature of the relationship that God maintains with the men to whom He chooses to reveal Himself, and finally, to those God’s designs on the evolution and history of our species. These are questions I wouldn’t have thought about six months ago, before God revealed himself to me and provided me with

The same, through dream, the first bases of my “religious instruction.”

This is not the place

to expand on these questions. I intend (or at least desire) to return to them in the years to come – if such an undertaking would be in accordance with the will of my benevolent and patient Instructor.

(May 25) Yesterday I received a good pile of books, among them those I had requested from certain mystical authors: The works of Saint Teresa, those of Saint John of the Cross, a volume of Saint Augustine, “Louis Lambert” by Balzac... Instead of getting to work, I couldn’t help but immediately renew my acquaintance with Saint Teresa, reading through a good part of her autobiography (in the beautiful translation of the Carmelites of the Clamart monastery). The next night, I had a long, insistent dream, largely “underground” and therefore almost imperceptible, I think.

provoked by the very attractive reading that he had just done. I think I understand that, among others, she had to draw my attention to a certain aspect of Saint Teresa's relationship with herself, which seems to me to be quite common among Christian mystics. (According to the very incomplete impression that I have been able to form with my sporadic readings over the last three months.) I would like to say something here, "hotly".

It would seem that, in all Christian mystical authors, there is an equal insistence on the role of what they call the "virtue" of humility, as an indispensable condition for the soul to be capable of receiving divine graces. and enter into relationship with God. In Saint Teresa (and surely in many, if not all, other Christian mystics¹⁵), the attitude or state of humility appears inseparable from a vigilant practice of self-knowledge, which has clearly become a "second nature." in her. As far as I know, mystics (perhaps I should specify "Christian mystics") form the only "spiritual family" in which such knowledge is practiced, and this, moreover, as something evident. This practice, or this inner discipline, consists of awake attention to detect the movements of the soul inspired either by vanity or by "the senses" (an expression that designates, above all, the instinctive impulse). ethics, on which the testimony of mystical authors is, of course, most discreet).

For a long time he had known, through hearsay, the kind of accusations that people with a reputation for "holiness" used to make against themselves, in which he saw a kind of affected humility, a deliberate sordid purpose; and this all the more so since no good Christian visibly took them seriously, seeing in them simply a sign of sublime humility and a manifest proof of their holiness. (The "humility," apparently, consisted precisely of a tireless perseverance in accusing oneself of the worst crimes and faults before God, with the occasion of trifles surely invented for the needs of such a sublime cause...) Afterwards I have had many opportunities to convince myself that the sometimes vehement severity of the mystic with himself is in no way the effect of an affectation, but rather that of an authentic knowledge of himself. If there is a "deliberate purpose," it does not come from an individual "affection," but from an entire emotional and ideological cloud that surrounds the notion of "sin," deeply permeating Jewish and Jewish visions. Christian view of man and his relationship with God. That is a cultural climate that I have come to know, but to which I have remained relatively alien, it seems to me. Surely that is why the practice of self-knowledge has never been an ordeal for me, only an austere duty, or the "narrow door" through which I had to pass to access "another part." which, to tell the truth, I had never thought about, judging that just knowing about "down here" was more than enough to keep me in suspense! On the contrary, and from the beginning, for me it was a need and a demand to live better, to "feel good in my skin", to be clear and at peace with myself, to the extent possible¹⁶.

And in the periods of meditation, it was often a desire for knowledge that pushed me, of the same nature as the one that encourages me when I "do math", moved by a calm and intense passion, by a joy. It was a way of discovering, far from any kind of "contrition". To such an extent my path of knowledge has been different from that of the Christian mystics.

Let's return to these, and to Saint Teresa. In his testimony I perceive as a "subterfuge", intended to outwit (if that were possible) and in a draconian way, the movements of pride, that great obstacle to communion with God. It is about declaring, once and for all, that everything that comes from our own person or our own soul is irremediably and by its very essence "bad"; that not only divine graces (felt as supernatural), but every movement that we could consider as beneficial for our spiritual good and as pleasing to God, would be the work and exclusive merit of God, that mercifully comes to the aid of our nature, irremediably corrupted

¹⁵Master Eckhart would seem to be the exception here that proves the rule.

¹⁶(May 27) When I reread myself, it seems to me that here my own deep motivation is perhaps less distant from that of the Christian mystic he believed when writing those lines.

and incapable of doing good.

I suppose that is a common attitude in books intended to introduce "prayer" (or mystical contemplation). However, we must think that the goal sought, namely a state of humility that would exclude from the outset the movements of vanity, is not achieved – it would be too easy! As I well know, both from observation and from the testimony of some of my dreams, that this deliberate purpose is really a "subterfuge", I mean: that it in no way corresponds with the reality of things. I can even say that God takes great care not to grant His graces and not to give Himself except with knowledge of the cause, leaving the soul the task of making by itself and without His assistance the journeys that it can make on its own. media. Only with that effort does the soul put itself in a position to appreciate what the graces for which it prepares it are.

Certainly, it is only our vanity that makes us see a "merit" in that effort, which would be "rewarded" by the graces granted. God is like a rich and loving benefactor who would like to give us a very valuable pearl, and who only asks us, to receive it, to prepare a case to protect it – we should not throw it in any drawer! And the least important thing is that we make the effort to prepare the case, and it is absurd to see some "merit" in it, and imagine that the gift would be a "reward" for the modest effort. If we do it without hesitation, it is certainly following the initiative of the donor, prompted by his love and favor.

But it would be false to pretend that he is the one who performs a task that he expressly leaves us to do. Neither the gift, nor the love that inspires it, nor our gratitude, are diminished by simply recognizing the things as they are.

On the contrary, I have often noticed that "pious intentions", when they lead us to disguise a reality (not pink enough for our taste), always tend to go against the intended goal – humility, in this case. Because by limiting ourselves to believing in our pink version, we don't get to the bottom of it and we don't know what to expect. This creates a state of confusion, of chaos, of which "the Evil One" (returning to the consecrated expression to designate our propensity to lie...) immediately takes advantage. Knowing well that we ourselves have prepared the case, and that we claim the opposite only out of "virtue", there is only one step (which is taken quickly) to imagine, in our innermost being, that If (in the same way) we declare that we have no merit in the matter, that would also be a pious lie (which honors us, of course!), and that the gift comes in reality, of course, in fair reward for our valiant efforts. These are the types of "double thoughts" that we all tend to run with all day, and that are only deactivated by awake attention. Surely mystics and saints are no more the exception than others. What distinguishes them is not that the saying "Evil" is insinuated less (and their testimony in this regard leaves no doubt), but rather that vigilant and rigorous attention.

These observations now remind me of others, which had already made me uncomfortable from the beginning of my "mystical" readings. It is about the appreciation of "contempt" (even "hatred") of the "world" and of oneself, frequently proclaimed (sometimes also by Saint Teresa) as one of the highest virtues. to which the Christian soul can aspire, and one of the rarest graces it can hope for. Such accents certainly have an unattractive and even disturbing tonality, and they correspond too well with certain morbid excrescences of Christian morality: fiercely repressive, enemies of man and everything that makes his life worth living, and of the that the "holy" Inquisition (contemporary of Saint Teresa) has been one of the most execrable adornments. And they make a strange couple with the evangelical precept that summarizes the message of Christ: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself"...

I have ended up realizing that the expressions "contempt", "hatred" have, in the pens of mystical authors, a meaning (no doubt consecrated by a secular use in "spiritual" environments) very different from the one they acquired in a profane context. They would rather serve as oratorical hyperboles (very unfortunate, it must be said) to signal detachment,

indifference¹⁷; in addition, certainly, to a very clear connotation of distancing, in the face of something that is felt above all as an obstacle to spiritual progress.

It is true that the “obstacle” is not in any way this poor “world” (that is, above all, human society and everything that binds us to it), but rather our own attachment to the goods of said “world.” ”, which enslaves us. Looking closely, furthermore, the expression “contempt (or hatred) of the world” marks, not a detachment, but an attachment and subjection to the thing declared “despised” or “hated” – since that contempt and hatred are very strong forms of attachment and dependence. (While love, in the full evangelical sense, liberates the one who loves...) Surely, although they use ambiguous language (and for that very reason, dangerous...), mystics know well, and better than no one, that the obstacle is not in “the world”, but in themselves. Hence, surely, what they call (without thinking twice) “contempt” and “hatred” of oneself.

It would seem that this “self” never becomes clear. However, one ends up understanding that it designates both the body and its humble needs, the “I” (tenacious reflection of “the world”) with its vanity and its cravings, and “the senses” and the sweetneses they promise us. . And even the soul, it seemed to me, is included in the picture, to the extent that it is subject (and God knows it is!) to the tensions that come from those three companions; and inclined to give in a little. That is enough, for that “oneself”; to the point that one wonders what's left...

“Despising”, in the proper sense of the term, that “self” or some of its parts, is certainly the easiest and most common. (But almost always, it is true, not on a conscious level.) This does not require a special grace from God – quite the contrary! And clearly that is not what it is about, in the pen of a Saint Teresa, or a Master Eckehart.

Decidedly neither one nor the other are people who “despise each other,” or (in the case of Saint Teresa) who would despise anyone. In them one feels a joyful and serene strength¹⁸ that eloquently refutes such expressions of “contempt” or “hatred,” taken by them without a second thought, because others before them had also used them.

On the contrary, what is certain is that they are the masters of their house, as much as the human spirit can be in its dwelling. Whether the master wants it or not, there is mutual dependence between him and his servants. Although the boss and the servants are obedient, the will of one is not that of the other, even if the latter submits. “Hate” and “contempt” would not change anything, or at most the master would have ceased to be one.

The fact is that these terms, loaded with meaning, express a deliberate purpose, not to say a pose, consecrated by a long use of very bad law. Thus man, under the cloak of "pity", pretends to "despise" anything of flesh or matter, which God himself (through unknown carelessness) has nevertheless taken the trouble to create, and even the soul itself, which however He surrounds (through greater carelessness) with incessant care and infinite respect.

Humility, it, is neither a deliberate purpose nor a pose. Like a living rose among the “roses” made of plastic, it has its fragrance and is recognized.

The testimony of a Saint Teresa shows us how the delicate flower grows stubbornly and spreads its soft fragrance among the dubious junk of a pious fiction. Thus, in the same being, both clichés and knowledge rub together and intertwine, inextricably, both.

¹⁷In addition, I have noticed that in some passages of the Old Testament, the term “hate”, in the relationship between relatives, is used as a hyperbole to designate a lack of attachment, an indifference. The term “love” appears, on the contrary, as a synonym for attachment.

¹⁸Perhaps the reader will find it strange, even “unserious,” that he sees a “joyful and serene fortress” where he had seen, the day before, “permanent martyrdom,” “painful division,” and “tearing.” incessant”. That is, he has not yet felt the amplitude of the chords that can resonate in the human soul, when playing at the same time, and at different levels of depth, in the registers of heartbreak and serenity, pain and joy, acute awareness of division, and unspeakable experience of a unity and harmony that includes and transcends all division. What the reader feels as irreducible “contraries” turn out to be, in a broader perspective, tonalities called to feed each other, and to complete and marry in a plenitude that includes them.

bargain like gold.

(May 31) I have written the previous pages against a certain reluctance, which I would like to dissipate by sifting it. That discomfort came, I believe, from two sources. The first: the feeling, always present, of the danger of slipping into an attitude in which I would give credit to someone who puts himself above the people he talks about, to Saint Teresa, pretending to give them good or bad "grades" about This or that. Worse still, I have to say that, following my regrettable natural inclination, I have surely slipped into such an attitude at times. I realized, correcting the first impression of the reflection several times, qualifying it, but I could not be sure that there are no traces left in its current form. Furthermore, as we continue reading Saint Teresa's testimony about her life, it becomes more and more evident to what extent this attitude, of which I felt both the insidious attraction and the danger, , is ridiculous, and in front of her more than in front of anyone else. This testimony, of astonishing spontaneity, and truly pierced by "the breath of God," shows her to us in the truth of her being and as one of the greatest among us. She is great because of the formidable spiritual experience with which God has abundantly gratified her, and because of the humility and passion, and also the will, that have placed her in a position to receive those graces and to carry them, as Christ carried the cross. Faced with such spiritual stature, I, who am barely in the first steps of a "mystical relationship" with God, find myself before Saint Teresa like a baby babbling before a person in the prime of life. From now on let's imagine the baby distributing praise and blame...

However, I do not believe that we should refrain at all costs from "judging", or rather "situating", a being of exceptional stature (even if he far surpasses us), nor, above all, from making an effort to confront our own experience and our vision of things with theirs, however disparate they may be. I even believe that it is something essential if we want to enter into an understanding of that being, of what makes it truly great and of its place among us, and furthermore and above all, if we want to grow ourselves through whatever it may be, intellectually or spiritually, with their contact, assimilating from their experience and their message what resonates with our own experience and which, for that very reason, provides it with new tones and lights. The "school" attitude, which we could also call the "automatic admirer", which is de rigueur (let's say) in Christian circles towards all the Saints and dignitaries of the Church or the figures of the Bible, It seems to me to exclude such fertile contact. It is closed-minded, just like the attitude of "automatic criticism." (However, perhaps I should make an exception for the attitude of true piety, and not put it on an equal footing with that of the blessed admiration of "recognized values," although it also excludes all "critical" fickleness...)

I hardly have any inclination to enter into such a "pious" attitude, but I feel stalked by the opposite attitude, which we could call the "schoolteacher syndrome", a syndrome that would consist of "taking grades". ". Like the previous one, it hinders understanding and true contact. In the first case, inertia or laziness of spirit is what directs the dance, in the second, vanity. But inertia and laziness get along wonderfully with vanity, and vanity is a form of spiritual inertia. The two opposing attitudes are surely closer than they might seem. If I try as best I can to avoid the traps of laziness and vanity, it is in no way out of a concern for an impossible moral "perfection," nor to please God (He has seen much, and His patience is infinite!), but because I well realize to what extent both block all progress in knowledge, and in spiritual knowledge more than in any other¹⁹ .

19(June 1) When I reread myself, I realize that what I say here describes my disposition until last year, more than it does now. It has become simpler, more immediate: more and more, when I let myself be carried away (by the famous "natural slope") by an attitude of vanity, of inner laziness, I feel a discomfort, "I don't find myself." good". It is not a question of "bad conscience", of a vague feeling of "guilt" (that is something that has not afflicted me much in my life). More like someone who had sat across, and wanted to put themselves in a more "comfortable" position, that is, more appropriate to the needs of their body and the laws that govern it. Could

Here now is the second cause of the discomfort that I mentioned before. I was led, as if by a kind of annoying inner logic that had literally "forced my hand", to imply that Saint Teresa's testimony would be marred by a "pose", or by less for a "deliberate purpose" (qualified as "very ominous"). However, at the same time I realized, confusingly, that I was "missing the boat" in some essential way. That there is no "pose" in the testimony of Saint Teresa is pure evidence. As for the "deliberate purpose," it does not come from his own person, but, clearly, from a cultural conditioning of which he is penetrated, no more or less than any other person, "holy" or not, is It has been penetrated by the conditioning of its environment. With his temperament and dispositions of extreme humility, it would have been unthinkable for him to realize and free himself from these conditioning²⁰. And visibly, God did not care – it did not bother him, surely just as a lover is not bothered by the freckles on his Beloved's skin. Surely, those freckles even make her seem more desirable and do nothing but exalt her desires and her love. And to tell the truth, what matters and makes him happy are not those freckles or whether she is blonde or brunette, but that the Beloved loves him just as he loves and that her heart and her body are generous and welcome him.

Returning to the previous reflection and much to my regret. I had to realize, somewhat confusingly, something that has become clearer in the meantime: that I put on an equal footing things that are not at all on the same level. A bit as if I were putting freckles on an equal footing, or that the Beloved had had the "total" or that she had smallpox – while in reality she is overflowing with sap and health! Or taking another comparison: as if he kept his mouth shut in front of a brilliant mathematical work, or in front of a moving story or a poem of perfect beauty, because of small spelling mistakes. (Which does not prevent it from sometimes being useful to correct spelling mistakes in passing, without giving them too much importance...)

I had also been in charge of the defense (so to speak) of the psyche, presented by Saint Teresa (her psyche, at least), as incapable of the least good on its own. Surely that is not entirely true (no good Christian would disagree with me on this), and (led by my impulse) I have even let it be understood that under the pen of the Saint, that would have been a "cliché." 'e', oh! However, I should grant that what is pure cliché under the pen of one is not necessarily so under the pen of another. What is certain is that there is nothing stupid about Saint Teresa, and that she even has great psychological acuity, in addition to an unparalleled experience of God's graces (including those that are heaviest of all). carry...). And that experience had to remind him again and again, and in an overwhelming way, to what extent, already in the "small things" and even more in the big ones, the action of God in The soul absolutely surpasses the means that the soul has at its disposal, even when animated by the best will in the world. Even I, with my very limited experience, have had ample opportunity to verify this, time and time again. If I often tend to minimize it (if not simply forget it), it is clearly due to my annoyingly vain dispositions.

Last night I was lying in bed and my thoughts were wandering aimlessly, without me paying attention to them. I came to rest, without knowing how to say how, on the unexpected realization that after all and according to my own experience, that by my own means I had not been able

to say that there is a "sensitivity" in me that would have been refined. But I suppose that would be a biased way of putting it, relating it to my own person, who would have been "improved" in some way, perhaps (who knows!) thanks to my valiant efforts. . I think that is not the case, that this "sensitivity" does not come from me, but is a signal that has been sent to me. My role is limited in each case to taking that signal into account (if I want to take it into account), or to ignoring it. Just as sometimes we remain sitting in an uncomfortable position, despite the signals that the body sends us, because we are too absorbed in something else to notice.

20I think above all of the conditions inherent to the religious milieu of which she was an unreserved part, especially those that concern the practice and "truths" of religion. Her spiritual experience elevated her above the conditioning "of the world," and, at the level of religious practice, made her distinguish very clearly and without a doubt (with all the reservations that humility imposed on her. ..) the essential of the accessory.

more than quite ridiculous progress, both in the discovery of myself and in a discipline and a rhythm of life. In all substantial progress, I recognized very clearly (and without any “deliberate purpose” to please God or myself!) the intervention and action of God, both for the dreams that He had sent me, as in many other ways.

In fact, I wouldn't even remember those ramblings and that fleeting thought, if it weren't for the immediate effect it had, and at the same time it made me conscious. There was a “flash” of inner joy, a smile that suddenly illuminates the entire being, like the sun that unexpectedly appears behind the mists, and floods everything with its warm light. It must have lasted only a few minutes, but its beneficial effect still remains today.

It was a sensible manifestation of God's presence, just as there have been quite a few in the last five months. But they had been taken away from me in recent weeks (for lack, I think, of sufficient attention on my part). Then I knew that the unassuming thought, which had elicited such a response from God, was true; and also, that it was important, that it was good for me to imbibe it and not forget it.

This very recent experience is what has prompted me to return today to the preceding reflection to rectify it, as I have just done.

(10) Of the celestial baton and false respect

(June 7)21 In the notes from five days ago²², I touched in passing on the question of the fear of God. I remember that already in my childhood, and regardless of the anti-religious environment that had surrounded it, that term shocked me. Even today, it makes me feel uncomfortable. It is true that for millennia, that term has simply become synonymous with “respect for God”; and since God, the Great Invisible, almost does not manifest himself in the life of ordinary mortals, respecting Him became, practically, an attitude of respect and obedience to His alleged commandments, taught for religion. Apart from this “fear” of God, there is also insistence, in the Jewish religion and even more so in the Christian religion, on God's love for man, and on man's obligation to love God. Thus, in the context of man's relationship with God and with religion, there is a disconcerting confusion between things of such a different nature, even incompatible, such as fear, respect, love, obedience to laws and prescriptions, or in short, conformity with attitudes and ways of thinking inherited by religious tradition.

My discomfort is surely due to a misunderstanding, which is situated, it seems to me, at two levels. First of all: How is it that all religions without exception (as far as I know) are founded on fear – on the fear of formidable divine punishments? And: How is it possible that such a gross, so primary psychological and spiritual confusion has been able to persist in “religious thought” to this day?

In any case, I do not know of a single religious thinker belonging to a religious faith, or a mystic who is inspired by his experience of God, who has had the simplicity to face these venerable commonplaces and contradictions, and to explain himself about them. . Visibly, religious conditioning, as effective as any other cultural conditioning, acts as a partial blindness (both intellectual and spiritual), which prevents the members of any religious community (whether that of Israel, the Christian, the Sangha) from , Islam or any other) even see or feel the most flagrant incompatibilities between, on the one hand, sound reason, life experience and psychological discernment, and on the other certain aspects of the teachings and the ways of thinking handed down by a tradition (11).

21See the reference to this note in section 22 page ??.

22See the section “Reunions with God – or respect and holy fear” (no. 22). The last four days were devoted to the long note “The Little Family and Its Guest” (no. 1), initially started with the intention of putting a short footnote explaining the archetypal image of the “child”. The reflection that followed is an immediate continuation of the one made in the aforementioned section, five days ago. I have put it in the “notes”, because it does not particularly concern the dream and, therefore, it is a “digression”.

These, it is true, are based on sacred texts, which are an absolute reference for the members of the religious community. Written under divine inspiration (which I do not doubt), the archaic form of religious respect places as intangible truth of faith, not only the message and intention of God that are outlined more or less clearly in the sacred text, but also the additions that come from the previous cultural conditioning of the scribe of God (almost always anonymous) who has recorded them. Certainly, it is a most delicate task to distinguish the spirit of sacred texts from their letter. Faced with such a task, it would seem that the believing thinker, even to this day, has preferred to enclose himself in the archaic attitude of scrupulous "respect" for the letter (12). This (apparently universal) prudence of religious spirits is very often accompanied by a true abdication of the faculties of knowledge that divine Wisdom has granted us. It seems to me that this is one of the main causes of the secular stagnation of religious thought, and of the inability of religions to renew themselves from within. That thought is like an eagle with its wings cut off, or rather: like a too well-trained eagle that, out of "respect" for the Creator who is in the clouds, would have renounced using the wings that would bring him closer to Him... And it is, surely, that intellectual and spiritual pusillanimity rooted in intangible traditions, which has separated many of the best spirits from religion and religious paths, and more than ever in these last centuries.

Wanting to put a modest veil over these striking facts, out of everlasting "respect" for established religions, does not seem to me to be a convincing way to stimulate the appearance of a true religious renaissance – of a renewal that is not in reality, a simple return or regression within repressive and archaic attitudes. That such a return is a lesser evil, compared to the non-religiosity and extreme despiritualization of today's world, is understandable. But equal causes will produce equal effects. A supposed religious "renaissance" that went hand in hand with a systematic repression of man's faculties and drive for knowledge²³ would not fail to arouse in him (fortunately) the same conscious and unconscious resistances, and of leading to a spiritual dead end similar to the one we find ourselves in today. Surely it is not such a turning back that God proposes to us²⁴. The renewal that

What he envisions will be, I am convinced, not a return to older forms of repression in place of more recent forms, but an ascension to a greater level of inner freedom and responsibility.

But I return to fear, a common cornerstone, one might say, of all the religions of the world. A respect based on fear is an ambiguous respect, a false respect. It is not respect in the spiritual sense of the term. Such respect arises spontaneously from a knowledge of what is respected, as a thing or person or being in which qualities of "goodness" or excellence²⁵ that call for respect are recognized. Such respect cannot be the result of an obligation, of

²³By speaking here of "systematic repression of man's faculties and impulse for knowledge," I do not mean that in traditional religious communities these faculties and impulse are necessarily repressed in all their forms. Such extremes are surely the exception, not the rule. I mean that certain directions were strictly taboo, and very particularly, any reflection that could call into question even the ways of thinking consecrated by tradition, even the letter of the sacred texts or the oral traditions that serve as a doctrinal foundation for that community.

²⁴As I write this line, I realize that it is always dangerous to want to penetrate God's designs. What bases my conviction here, leaving aside my personal inclinations, is that, if God's plan were such a turning back, I do not see why he has chosen me precisely as a messenger for some of His designs, and also encourages me, against all odds, to pursue for the good of everyone (or at least everyone who may be interested in this) a religious reflection of vast scope.

²⁵Respect does not exclude that along with those qualities "of "goodness" or excellence" that call it and base it, there are others of a very different order. I am thinking particularly of respect for man in general, or for that person in particular. In the case in which that person was Hitler or Stalin (not to mention alive...), there are, certainly, aspects of his person that are far from "calling for respect." They had, and probably still have, to render very heavy accounts to God, certainly. However, I know that as beings endowed with an immortal soul and free will, and destined for knowledge, God respects and loves them, just as He respects everything.

fear, of fear. The fear we have of something or a being hinders its knowledge and clouds the perception we could have of its qualities, which could arouse true respect.

"Respect" based on fear, like that based on the hope of reward, is not respect but business, in which one hopes to win: I "respect" you and (if necessary) I obey you, and in return you You refrain from harming me (or you will do me less than you would otherwise), or you even reward me. It is the brave citizen's respect for force, wherever it comes from, respect for the baton, encouraged to this day by all the religions of the world²⁶. And false religious respect is the fear of an invisible baton (called "God" or any other similar name); to a baton materialized, however, in a very tangible religious institution with a convincing coercive force. When the terrestrial baton, which is supposed to reflect the celestial baton, disappears, that respect evaporates in a generation or two. It is not a spontaneous attitude of the spirit, a sign of discernment and maturity, but rather one of the innumerable conditioning and reflections of the "I", the result of simple taming and a sign of spiritual immaturity.

And yet, it seems that the common foundation of all the world's religions is this false respect, rooted in fear! (And that is also why, before God himself undid me with certain dreams, it was difficult for me to see in religions anything more than simple instruments of repression.) It would seem that In the slow evolution of the spiritual consciousness of humanity, we have had to go through this false respect, in order to one day access true respect. It is true that we are further away than ever – both, the false religious respect as well as the true one, have disappeared almost without a trace!

Perhaps it would be more realistic, instead of all of humanity, to first consider more restricted communities, the size of a town or an ethnic group, that share the same religion. It is true that in the "matrix" formed by such a community and its religious structures, based on fear, true respect has sometimes been able to flourish, whether in the entire community²⁷ or in some isolated members. Thus, in the testimony of certain Christian mystics, what they call "servile love" for God, that is, forced "love" that is based on the fear of hell and the hope of eternal goods, is presented as an inferior and preliminary stage of the relationship with God. These fears and hopes, of prodigious strength in a person dedicated body and soul to religious life, nevertheless end up disappearing, at the end of all ends, when reaching the highest stages of the mystical experience. But no one, as far as I know, has had the clairvoyance and courage to verify that what they call "servile love" for God is a contradiction in terms, and is foreign to love; which is in no way a fertile ground for the love of God and for the knowledge of God, but rather an insidious poison that profoundly perverts the relationship with God. God's action is even more amazing, as he elevates them above fixed ideas of prodigious strength, to make them know what is infinitely far beyond every idea and everything. thought...

(11) Miracles and reason

human soul and surrounds it with His loving care. And we would have no basis for refusing respect to anyone who has a human name and face, while God himself grants it to him. But this respect is of a very different nature from "respect for the baton." If it were more widespread, Hitlers and Stalins of all types would have found it difficult to be fashionable and comfortable in life. (In addition to having a bad time for the time that God sets, after his death...).

26I think particularly of the Epistles of Saint Paul, in which the apostle tirelessly insists on the obligation of the good Christian to obey the established authorities, whatever they may be – seeing that all authority (according to him) it would be instituted by God. (Just as the Christian slave must obey his master...) In honor of the apostle it must be said that he must have been, due to his martyrdom in Rome, one of the first to transgress his own commandment. That does not prevent those passages from Saint Paul from continuing to be a fortunate doctrinal justification today, for the "good Christian" citizen, for his automatic "respect" for the "truncheons" wherever they come from. come...

27I think especially about relationships of respect both within the community and in the environment. environment and the land in which they are, in certain Indian tribes of both Americas.

(June 8)28 When writing those lines, I was in no way thinking about the numerous events of a miraculous nature narrated in sacred texts. Even taken literally, such stories have never seemed contrary to sound reason to me. After having experienced the action of God in me, I am even persuaded that many of them are essentially true in their literal sense (sometimes giving their part to tendencies towards exaggeration and imagination). on what a fable). After all, when it is admitted that the visible world has been created by a Being (called "God") in view of certain designs in which we, men, are involved, there is nothing strange, very On the contrary, that God intervenes occasionally and according to His good opinion in the development of the laws that He Himself has established, and that He can suspend at His will. All the miracles together reported by sacred texts or by any other source seem truly insignificant, compared to the Miracle of miracles that is the creation and creative evolution of the Universe. Everything I have been able to learn about the (very limited) knowledge we have of this Universe and its history, far from fueling sufficient skepticism, only confirms and increases the amazement of the spirit before the Miracle of the Creation, which surpasses all expression.

After a very recent reading of the Gospels and the New Testament, I have no doubt about the miracles they relate. The concordant testimonies of eyewitnesses seem to me to be above all suspicion. But more than an elementary psychological common sense, what supports the conviction is the extraordinary spiritual density of the Gospels and the Breath that passes through them, which infinitely surpass all capacities of invention, of imagination. on and human creation. No man or group of men would have been capable of inventing Christ, his Message and his Cross. The miracles narrated in the Gospels, including the resurrection of Christ, seem to me to be accessories and relatively little in themselves, and they only acquire their true meaning through the Passion and death of the crucified Christ – greater than all the miracles put together that God would see fit to perform for our love.

(12) Religious thought and obedience (June

8)29 It would be advisable to qualify this judgment a little. Even the Catholic Church has ended up, reluctantly, putting water in its wine, always a few centuries or a few generations behind on the general evolution of spirits, especially in matters such as Evolution, , the role of women, ecumenism and many others. But it is very clear that these are, each time, concessions, made under the pressure of circumstances based on immense inertia. A bit like a conservative politician would reluctantly grant them to an electoral clientele that is more "cool" than him, and that may defect if he does not finally decide to let go of the ball.

(June 19) When speaking of the "believing thinker" (who locks himself in an "archaic attitude"), I was thinking rather of the thinker who proclaims himself to be a member of a particular religion, to which he remains attached. Krishnamurti is an example of a thinker that we cannot avoid describing as "religious", and who has known how to escape the obstacles and seductions of the religious ideology (theosophy) that constituted his original spiritual medium, assigning to it a role of Messiah, and find and maintain an attitude of critical independence from all established religions. It is true that after that great liberating step outside the family spiritual lap, he was quick to enclose himself in the new religious ideology, baptized "the Teachings", which he built in the place of the one he had was overcome, and of which he became the tireless apostle and pope for the rest of his days.

During these last few days I have also had the joy of starting to get to know the book "Man in Search of His Humanity", by Marcel L'egaut, and I recognize in the author a true "older brother". spiritual. This excellent book, of Christian inspiration, testifies to an exceptional inner autonomy and lucidity, as well as an experience of spiritual life.

28See the reference to this note in note 10 page 23.

29See the reference to this note in the penultimate note, "Of the celestial baton and false respect", page 23.

and a deep religious vision that I am far from having achieved. In the current situation, for a religious thinker of that kind who has achieved such spiritual autonomy, there can be no place in any established religion³⁰ – identified with an intangible doctrine, preserved and represented by a hierarchical structure, who presents himself as spiritual authority.

In the Christian mystics that I had met previously, I was surprised and disconcerted by their unconditional docility towards the Church. Clearly, this represented the supreme and intangible authority for them. When addressing them, God had no choice but to adapt to it scrupulously, under penalty of being taken by the Evil One trying to deceive the faithful and lose them forever. I have had the great fortune to finally find one of them whose faith in God, and the personal experience of God that nourishes it, are ahead of obedience to a Church or a doctrine.

(13) Truth and knowledge

(June 12)³¹ I am not talking here about what are called “truths of faith,” which vary from one religion or one ideology to another and, to a large extent, contradict each other. The set of such “truths”, in a given person, form an important part of the structure of the self, and come from cultural conditioning. The relationship that the person maintains with these “truths” (just as his relationship with any other particular conditioning), and the evolution over time of that relationship, are an essential part of the history and that person's spiritual adventure. But the “knowledge” you believe you have of those “truths” is not of the nature of what I call “knowledge,” that is, “spiritual knowledge.” “Knowing” and “believing” are two things of a different nature. It is only known by direct and first-hand perception, while “believing” means (in almost all cases) renouncing one's own faculty of immediate knowledge, to refer to an external authority (from a tradition). on, of a text, of a person). When something is known, the question of believing in it no longer arises, or at least it arises in a completely different way. (See in this regard the section “Act of knowledge and act of faith”, no. 7.) Believing in it, that is, having faith in inner knowledge, makes it effective.

But not believing in it, “lacking faith,” even if it renders knowledge ineffective, does not nevertheless erase it. Knowledge in the full sense of the term is part of the very substance of our soul, it can transform, develop, deepen, flourish, but never be erased. Instead, it can be excluded from the field of consciousness. Almost all of the knowledge of the psyche is thus swept away from the conscious field and cornered in the deep parts of the Unconscious. A spiritual renewal can consist either of inner work that brings certain cornered knowledge to consciousness, or of the emergence of truly new knowledge. (But distinguishing them is surely very difficult, if not impossible, given the almost-impossibility that we have of knowing the content of the Unconscious, and of distinguishing the unconscious knowledge that is part of the person, and that of the omniscient Host that lives in each of us...)

When I speak truth, it would practically never be about scientific, technical or practical issues, but rather about facts on the plane of spiritual reality. I see

30(July 18) After hastily writing these peremptory lines, I have had ample opportunity, through other readings of Marcel L'egaut, to see that he always considers himself a son of the Catholic Church, and that 'she does not seem to have had the slightest inclination to excommunicate that truly too faithful son! And that this brave and solitary voice, daughter of the “Christian desert”, has already found an audience and echo within the Church itself, faced today with the fearsome challenge of an impossible and necessary mutation. In these last few weeks I have also had ample opportunity to return to the message of Marcel L'egaut, of unique scope in this current world in the midst of a spiritual debacle. See especially the twelve notes nos 20–31 (from June 29 to July 6), and the sections “The Impossible Convergence”, “The Vision”, “The Call” (nos 37, 41 , 42, from July 9 to 17) that show to what extent the study carried out with the writing of this book has been fertilized by L'egaut's mission and by his prophetic message.

31See the reference to this note in section 25 page ??.

two very different classes. There are truths of a general nature, such as the love of God for each of His creatures, the immortality of souls, the cycle of successive births of the soul; or, on another level, that fear is not a sign of respect or love and hinders, rather than favors, the emergence of one or the other; or the fact that truths (of a spiritual nature) cannot be proven.

And there is also the truth of a particular, unique situation. Thus, in a certain situation, we safely perceive that an interlocutor is in bad faith, that he is in a state of lying (although he may well be persuaded that he has the best faith in the world.. .); or on the contrary, we perceive that what it says is true, that it is said in dispositions of truth (although the context could perhaps have every appearance of the contrary). The same can happen when reading a written text, for example a certain passage in a book. We can have the perception of a state of truth or a state of lies in ourselves. Such perceptions, which are not perceived in the conscious field except with dispositions of inner silence, of listening, provide us with true knowledge, they tell us the truth about something, about a situation. Such "act of knowledge" is what the aforementioned section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" refers to. From the reflection that accompanies the writing of this book, I would be inclined to believe that such an act of knowledge never comes from us, but from the Guest within us, from God – and this is which would give the knowledge that thus appeared its particular, absolute character. The role of the psyche, here, at the level of awareness, would be limited to the exercise of a rigor: distinguishing between the "voice of God" (or the "voice of truth" or any other name that given), and the parasitic voices that counteract it, from the ego (that is, from conditioning). This rigor is foreign to any method, it is of spiritual essence. It is a quality of truth of the soul, present at the moment in which that rigor is exercised. It is, it seems to me, inseparable and indistinguishable from the "act of faith" (referred to in the aforementioned section), which confirms the act of knowledge and makes it effective. This means that it is also inseparable from the "complete act of knowledge," in which knowledge is not separate from action, but is action. The trigger of the action, the spark that ignites, is in that act of rigor that separates the wheat from the chaff, and from the faith that welcomes the grain.

When I wrote above that "we only know by direct and first-hand perception," I was thinking above all, it is true, of the knowledge I just spoke of, relative to particular situations. I do not claim to have a direct "perception" or "vision" of God's love for each of us, nor of the immortality of the soul, nor of the cycle of births.

The direct knowledge I have of these issues is limited to the irrefutable experience of God's love for me, fully evident for seven or eight months. If, however, I claim to have true "knowledge" (which is not reduced to a "belief") of these things, it is because they have been revealed to me through dreams. Strictly speaking, I should admit that I may have been too "generous" in the interpretation of some of my metaphysical dreams – but I nevertheless have the firm conviction that the broad interpretation given to them I have given is fair as is. What is certain is that God, when sending me those dreams, knew very well that I would not fail to give them that broad interpretation, strongly suggested by those dreams, to say the least³². And I would have a hard time believing that He had misled me, even partially.

But whether these are truths of a general nature, or those that concern a special situation, it is increasingly clear to me that the only "measure", or "pattern", or "criterion" of truth ultimately resides in God. It is to the extent that He sees fit to make the truth known to us, and that we, men, do our part to welcome it, that we "know."

³²The scruples I have just taken into account came to me retrospectively. When I had those dreams and I probed them, even in the heat of the moment, I had no doubt about the extension that should be given to their message, and even today I have no such doubts.

(14) Mathematics and “imponderables” (June

12)33 If only because of my background as a mathematician, I am very used to this type of situation, in which I am the only one to know and carry things that are alive and fruitful, against the indifference or skepticism of my fellow human beings. I have completed many that have long been part of the ABC of mathematics, or that are the daily bread of my former students or my friends; and others of them, through strange means and vicissitudes, twenty or thirty years later, are being assimilated or adopted, entering the common heritage.

There are many, even among mathematicians (locked as they are in the purely technical aspect of their science), who believe that mathematics is reduced to calculations and demonstrations, and that it is exempt from the “imponderables” typical, for example, of philosophy, or simply of human relationships. It is true that calculations and demonstrations (or “proofs”) are what give the assent (and comfort...) of spirits. But they are not the ones who make mathematics anything other than an austere cerebral gymnastics, rather an art and an adventure of the spirit that loves and dares. What forms the life and soul of mathematics, as of any other science, are not the proven recipes, to demonstrate, experiment or observe, that rock the “wise man” in the purr of shared reassuring certainties. for everyone. But they are precisely those disturbing “imponderables” that do not yet fit into any ready-made box, on which no well-established consensus can hang. Well alas! Perceiving and recognizing them brings into play human faculties of a more delicate nature than those of a great computer, or that of mere human intellect. A single question that touches the bottom can be more fruitful than a thousand “results” (even “theories”) that foam the surface. But you have to know how to “feel” the question or the neurological idea, among the innumerable ideas of all kinds – and, once felt and seen, assume it. And there is no recipe to see and feel such a thing, much less to assume it. These are acts, not of a brain, but of the spirit – they are acts of a spiritual nature.

The fact that the material on which the act appears to act is not spiritual in nature (but intellectual, in this case) does not change anything.

(15) God's signature

(June 15)34 In this episode of my parents' lives, which takes place in the first days or weeks after their meeting, I recognize one of the first signs, and of the most eloquent, of that abdication in my father of a “right of birthright”, to which I have already alluded. That abdication was followed by a long decline and spiritual stagnation, in which he remained until the end of his life, for two decades.

The conditions and spirit in which the account of the event that marks the spiritual climax in my father's life was written three years later (in 1927) (see footnote on the preceding page), it seems to me to be another episode in that process of degradation. It was my parents' first joint literary work, and it consecrates my father's tacit renunciation of his own vocation and the work he carried within himself. From that moment on, the deceased vocation became a teaching, more and more anodyne with time, a tenacious myth maintained by the complacent connivance of my parents. I myself became involved in that family myth, until October 1979, when I was able to reconstruct what had really happened, during my long work on the correspondence between my parents and my mother's autobiographical notes.

The story of the event in the prison is done somewhat in the spirit of a literary “critical passage”, certainly one of the most successful, since it does not lack means of expression. (It is not excluded that they ended up having it appear as a serial in some newspaper, where it would have entertained a few minutes of leisure for idle readers.) After this beginning, the literary work in common continued in fits and starts for even two years (I had time to

33See the reference to this note in section 26 page ??.

34See the reference to this note in section 28 page ??.

to be born in the meantime, and to constitute an additional obstacle), in a false environment at will, to unravel without drums or trumpets and join the common myth. A few years later, that “critical passage” served as an example to convince a patron to give a subsidy for the book that was to make them famous. The subsidy was awarded without anything being written.

Something very shocking in that story: while the rest shows perfect literary mastery, on the last page, which is supposed to be its climax and reason for being, the style collapses, becomes rigid and confusing, as if the most basic instinct of expression were suddenly missing – a true “disaster ending”! That had already given me a very strange impression when I read it for the first time, around the year 194535 (I was a young man of seventeen or eighteen years old), which was repeated every time I returned. to read that story, including yesterday. The reason is very clear: deep down, my parents both knew very well that what they were dealing with there did not lend itself to an exercise in literary style, and that in the dispositions in which they were both, They were not fit to talk about it. This knowledge of his spiritual ineptitude remained relegated to the deep layers of the unconscious, but that did not make it any less imperative and demanded to be expressed – and it was indeed expressed, and in the clearest way. It is what Freud calls a “failed act.” It is the (so-called) “blur” that gives the act its true meaning. I would be inclined to believe that a case like this, that “blot” represents God’s part in the act – it is like His signature, drawing attention to a truth. And almost always He is the only one who recognizes His signature, and the truth that it points out. In this case, I have surely been the first and only one to “read” that truth, more than fifty years later. As for the Signature, I have not recognized It until today (assuming I was not mistaken!)

Almost the same “misadventure” happened to me as to my parents, at the beginning of January, in my meditation notes (in no way intended for publication) in which I realized to myself, still “in hot”, of a kind of “ecstasy” that had transported me a few hours before. When I reread my notes the next day, they gave me a truly painful impression, so much so that they felt “out of place.” It was not so much a question of “style”, of clumsiness, of rigidity, but simply that what he had written in the euphoria of the moment did not at all correspond to what he had really experienced. As if, faced with the difficulty (or impossibility) of evoking it with words, I had been content, following the slope of ease, to say (a little haphazardly) anything else that corresponded to “records” of the experience. that were more or less familiar to me. It is true that this is an almost irresistible tendency of the spirit, to want to express the new, the unknown, in terms of what is familiar and known...

(16) Belief, faith and experience

(June 13)³⁶ Throughout my life, I have had the impression that people who call themselves “believers” (Protestants, Catholics, Buddhists or whatever) do not They distinguish themselves from others in the ordinary or extraordinary situations of life. They are “Protestants”, “Catholics” etc. how one is French or German, or an inhabitant of a certain city, a member of a certain profession... It forms a more or less strong part of the feeling of identity, of the structure of the self, but apparently it has nothing to do, let’s say, with the qualities of human solidarity or dignity, or with what I would now call the “spiritual life” in man.

However, I have also met some rare people in whom I felt a living and active faith. I did not give him much attention, since I had the impression that his sense of human solidarity or his faculty of communion with others were independent of any belief.

³⁵My mother, who nevertheless had a very fine sense of style, did not notice anything, even after I told her about the strangeness that the end of the story produced in me. As for me, it was so strong that in 1980 I ended up revising my mother’s manuscript, making a minimum of stylistic adjustments on the last page.

³⁶See the reference to this note in section 29 page ??.

religious and of all faith in God. That it was, in short, a pure coincidence that they were both together in them. Now that I have the experience of God's action in me, I am not so sure.

Surely, it is entirely incidental to what religion one belongs, and even if one belongs to one – God Himself, visibly, makes no difference. On the contrary, what is in no way accessory is whether or not there is contact with God – that is, if we do not close ourselves to the voice and action of God in us. For contact to be established and remain alive, it is certainly not necessary to "believe in God," as they say³⁷, and recognize, in certain movements that inspire us, the action of "God"; that is, something that "is in us", but that transcends us, that is (in some way) "common" to all men and that surpasses them all, and that constitutes an ultimate "absolute". spiritual, at the same time very close and irrefutable. But if it is not strictly essential to "know God by name," I now see, from experience, that it is nevertheless immensely beneficial in stimulating attention to God and God's will in the soul.

To tell the truth, the world has transformed immensely for me, after taking that step (which seemed inconsequential to me before taking it), or better: after God himself has come to meet me to make yourself known.

(17) The child and the

mystic (June 13)³⁸ That is a very striking difference between the "child in spirit" as Rudi was, and the mystic, who dedicates the best of his strength and all the time he can take away from his occupations, from intimacy with God. From the testimonies of the mystics that I have read so far, it seems to me that also, unlike "children" like Rudi, they are subject to the movements of vanity just like the common man. one of the mortals. What distinguishes them is not the absence of vanity, but the vigilance against the movements of vanity, which deactivates the "screen" effects more or less completely. We must also add a very particular strength, humility, of a totally different nature from that of vigilance, and which seems to me to be the strength par excellence, which makes the lover capable of welcoming the action of God and to unite with Him more or less completely. We must add the passionate desire for that union with God, and the feeling (often heartbreaking and at the extreme limits of the pain that the human soul can experience) of separation from God – pain felt without However, also in him, as a profound benefactor, as a blessed grace. The soul is disjointed between that desire for love for God, from which it is separated, and the impossibility of the total and lasting fulfillment of that desire, at least in this earthly existence.

There is none of this in the "child in spirit." No unsustainable languor, no passionate haste to reunite with the Well-Beloved. For the Union to which the lover of God aspires with all his being has already been realized, certainly in another way, but fully and lastingly and to perfection, in this very existence. No vigilance is necessary, because vanity has nowhere to grab – there is no trace of it. And in him humility is not the precious and always precarious fruit, always on the verge of fading, of divine grace and a passionate and constant effort, but rather it seems to be the very substance of his soul, indissolubly and without effort or act. of grace.

I believe that such beings are rarely destined to survive in the memories of men, since nothing about them seems to attract their attention. They do not think about teaching, nor about learning, nor even about "serving" (while nevertheless they serve just as they breathe...), and their work is invisible to everyone except God. If I know that there are others besides the one I have known, it is only because of that dream that has made me understand it. However, a few moments ago the thought of Saint Francis of Assisi came to me, trying to evoke and discern what distinguishes them. From the little I know about him, he could very well be one of them.

³⁷I remember in this regard that Buddha himself did not "believe in God." As for the Buddhists, visibly "they believe in God" and call him by the name "Buddha", without breaking their heads too much...

³⁸See the reference to this note in section 29 page ??.

(18) The “Great Cultural Revolution” will be unleashed by God (June 21)³⁹ A whole bundle of converging signals coming from very diverse media and horizons has made me glimpse the imminent advent of a “cultural revolution” on a global scale, in a spirit close to that of May 1968 – but which would lead to a profound and lasting transformation of mentalities. Between 1971 and 1973, the mission in my eyes of the “Survive and Live” group, and also mine (even after leaving the group), was to help prepare for its advent.

With the perspective of the fifteen years that have passed, I confirm that the state of cultural and ecological urgency, and the need for a profound transformation of the mentalities that my friends and I had known how to feel then, were very real, and they continue to be so now more than ever. But lacking human experience, we had underestimated the forces of inertia at the psychic level, which oppose a barrier of prodigious force to the creative renewal of the person (us included!), and with m This is the reason, to a profound renewal of mentalities and of society as a whole. During the ten years that have passed it has become increasingly clear to me that such collective renewal cannot spring from men on their own, as they are and left to their own devices, although a cohort of exceptional men arose to prepare and raise it. Even the action of Jesus and his apostles and disciples throughout the ages, despite the spectacular temporary successes of the Churches that claim him, has not yet produced even the beginning of such a transformation of mentalities at the level of society.

For me it is also beyond doubt that the great renewal that will be before us in a short time will be fulfilled by a direct intervention of God. Surely it will be of a breadth and power such as has not been since the Creation of the World, and such as there will never be again. In other words: the “Great Cultural Revolution” that we desired and that we strived to help bring about will not be the work of man, but the work of God. Or more accurately: the trigger for labor pains will only be the work of God, and the desire and will to give birth. Childbirth will be the joint work of God and men. (Of those who have survived childbirth...)

(19) God constantly hides himself – or the intimate conviction (June 29)⁴⁰

Reading the extraordinary book by Marcel L'egaut. “Man in search of his humanity”, and particularly its chapter “Faith and Mission”⁴¹, has made me understand that this clear knowledge that I have of some of God's plans for me, which without a doubt Marcel L'egaut would call my “mission”, it must be something rather exceptional. This knowledge was communicated to me above all through sleep, and also through certain “flashes” that came to me while I was awake. If I say that this knowledge has been “so clearly notified to me,” that is (it still needs to be said) a totally subjective assessment. Even recognizing the value of sleep, and of the flashes that arise from the Unconscious, as messages that come from deep creative forces, even as a direct experience of God, the “interpretation” part remains absolutely essential, and is irreducibly “subjective”. Surely, ten different psychoanalysts to whom I submitted the same “protocols” of the dreams and flashes in question, even giving them all the required precisions about the psychic context, would come up with ten very different interpretations, and also different from mine, which for me is the only convincing one.

39See the reference to this note in section 33 page ??.

40See the reference to this note in section 36, page ??.

41For the first time I talk about that book (which I had just learned about) in the note of June 7, “Religious thought and obedience” (no. 12). Comment on the Chapter “Faith and Mission” in the footnote on page 125 in the section “Faith and Mission – or infidelity (1)” (no. 34).

If I say that for me their meaning is "clear," by that I mean that the overall understanding to which my work on these messages has led is not clouded by the slightest express reservation occulted, , the slightest hint of doubt, like "it's probably that, but after all I'm not entirely sure that I don't want to say something else...". I have unreserved confidence, confidence that is faith in myself, in such a feeling of intimate and unimpeachable conviction. Now I see in such a feeling the clear sign of God's approval. With which He tells me: you have not made a mistake! It is clear to me that God has helped me in my work to decipher the messages that He has sent me, which I would not have been able to understand with my only means.

It is very evident that such a feeling of seamless security, regarding an "imponderable" such as the meaning of a dream, is worth what the person who expresses it is worth, according to his dispositions of inner rigor, truly. In a thousand cases in which such "certainty" was peremptorily expressed, it would be illusory, a product of the hunger for illusion so deeply anchored in human nature. Only in almost a thousand and one would it be the expression of authentic spiritual knowledge, which is to say, knowledge that is given to us by God.

There is no method of any kind to distinguish the authentic from the illusory, that which comes from God from that which comes from the "I", the state of truth in a being from the state of vanity⁴². And this is in the very nature of spiritual things, it is a law willed by God. It is one of the great laws of human existence, which seems to me to come from freedom itself and the "risk" inherent to spiritual life. This law is constantly circumvented and tacitly denied in all sacred texts (at least in those that I know), more concerned with founding a social order and giving it a certain spiritual dimension than with delimiting spiritual reality itself. bliss. In this I see one of the aspects of the disconcerting fact that "God constantly hides himself"; that spiritual truth escapes every method, every consensus, every code whatever it may be (even if that code claimed to have the authority of God and, although it seems impossible, was inspired by Him...). All mystics have experienced it. But it seems that none of them, at least among Christian mystics, have had the lucidity and spiritual autonomy to see it and say it clearly (20). It is precisely that fact, or another of its many aspects, that I have tried to delimit in yesterday's reflection, "God speaks in a low voice..." (section no. 36).

While it is true that "God constantly hides Himself," it is equally true that He never ceases to reveal Himself in a thousand ways to those who seek Him with all their heart (even if they do not even dream of calling Him by His name), which is to say to the who seeks the truth with all his being. But the truth that God communicates, even when a faith accepts and understands it⁴³, cannot be transmitted to another being except in very particular and exceptional conditions – when this same being is in a disposition of openness, of truth, and when, furthermore, the time has ripened in him to welcome it. In no case can it be "demonstrated" (not even by the "strong argument" of some spectacular and most convincing miracle), nor transmitted "en bloc" to an entire community⁴⁴.

It is true that collective consensus can sometimes favor (but much more often inhibit or even prohibit) the acceptance of a spiritual truth. But by its very essence spiritual truth escapes the collective consciousness. It cannot be "known" or "known" by a collectivity or community, no matter how restricted, united and "spiritual" it may be⁴⁵. Only the being in its solitude, only the soul that inhabits it, knows the truth.

⁴²I also talk about this topic in Cosechas y Siembras, especially in the note "The child and the sea – or faith and duda" (CyS III, no 103).

⁴³On the role of faith in the process of knowledge (and not only in spiritual knowledge), see the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 7).

⁴⁴Compare with the reflection in the section "God is neither defined nor demonstrated – or the blind man and the cane" (no. 25).

⁴⁵Of course, I do not exclude that each separate member of the community has been able to "embrace," "know" that same truth. But this is an act of an intimately personal nature for each member, and in no case a collective act.

(20) Marcel L'egaut – the dough and the yeast

(June 29 and 30)⁴⁶ However, I should except Marcel L'egaut⁴⁷. He clearly discovered throughout his own spiritual life that same crucial fact, which runs like a thread throughout his book "Man in search of his humanity", and even more so his capital book "Introduction to the understanding of the past and future of Christianity" (which I am very happy to reading for three days). Without saying it in these same terms, in L'egaut he makes it evident that not having known how to discern this essential demand for freedom⁴⁸ in the spiritual life, in the true sense of the term, is the cause of "mediocrity." and of the tenacious chronic sclerosis that weighs inexorably on the past of Christianity⁴⁹, throughout the two millennia that have passed since the death of Jesus of Nazareth.

As far as I know, L'egaut is the first Christian thinker who has had the depth and spiritual autonomy to discern this demand for freedom in all its dimensions, and the courage to say it publicly and live it⁵⁰. For this reason, he is undoubtedly the first to fully understand the true nature of the message and mission of Jesus, with all its scope and what makes it truly universal. By the mere fact of existing, written by a Christian and with that spirit of freedom, that book gives me the conviction that Christianity is not dead or dying (as I tended to think), but rather It keeps within itself the spiritual force to regenerate in depth and to be reborn⁵¹.

L'egaut himself, with the clairvoyance of the visionary, but also with extreme rigor and humility, shows the path of renewal - not the path of a flock of "faithful" to a dead letter, but what each believer in Jesus must discover throughout his life, in

⁴⁶See the forwarding to this note in the previous note "God constantly hides himself – or the intimate conviction", of the same day. Compare also with the note "Religious thought and obedience" (no. 12), which speaks for the first time of Marcel L'egaut, whom I had just met through one of his books.

⁴⁷The first, as far as I know, to clearly formulate this fundamental demand for freedom for the development of an authentic spiritual life, is Krishnamurti. He returns to it in all his books and with the insistence that such a crucial fact in spiritual reality deserves. But what was once a living knowledge that transformed the life of a man in search of himself, hardened in the Master into a tirelessly repeated dogma. It stopped being truly lived and creative. in it. For most of his life and (it seems) until his death, he himself has thus been a striking illustration of what he taught with such insistence: that in the spiritual life, the truth is never something "acquired". In view of his exceptional stature, which for a time related him to the greatest, this is a more eloquent lesson than any other, perhaps, to teach us not to rest on anyone in the world. spiritual life, no matter how prestigious and great it may seem to us, whether it is an external "authority" like ourselves.

⁴⁸Certainly, Christian theologians have not ceased, since the Fathers of the Church, to speak with an angelic voice of the free will of the soul, and of freedom – being careful not to deviate even a hair from the letter of the apostolic writings. olics or the canons of the church, and without losing the opportunity to strike down the "heretics" from all sides, just as the apostles themselves, with Saint Paul at their head, had given an example of this . If there was any innovation later, once solid temporal power was acquired, it was the Holy Inquisition and the bonfires, to burn heretics in the company of witches...

⁴⁹The confirmation of this "sclerosis" is qualified in L'egaut, but in no way weakened, by the renewing efforts of each new generation, crashing against the immobility of the structures to finally sink into the routine consecrated by a venerable tradition.

⁵⁰My interest in "Christian thinkers" is very recent, and certainly my few readings in the last three months would not be enough to substantiate my statement. But it seems to me that it is obvious that if L'egaut had been able to refer to a predecessor he would have been very happy and would not have failed to do so frequently.

⁵¹What I have been able to learn about the life of Marthe Robin, another Christian mystic who died in 1981, goes in the same direction. He belongs to a spiritual family that is clearly very different from that of L'egaut, and corresponds more to the idea we generally have of the "mystic." Dead at the age of 79, she was bedridden for most of her life, and for the last thirty years she relived the "passion of the Christ" every week. He is surely one of the beings who has lived on this earth and has experienced and assumed throughout his life the greatest human suffering, in body and soul, without losing a joyful and confident serenity until the end. The role of such suffering, freely accepted, in God's designs and in the destiny of our species, remains mysterious to me.

But I have no doubt that such a life and the testimony it provides, like the life and testimony of L'egaut, in a style so different and more accessible to my understanding, both have an essential role to play. in the mysterious spiritual adventure of the human species.

the secret of his heart and in fidelity as well. For the Christian believer⁵² it is about finding the living contact of a true spiritual filiation with the extraordinary person who was Jesus, perfect incarnation of creative freedom in the spirit, and drawing from that filiation adoptiveness, of that spiritual presence of Jesus, the authenticity and courage to access his own creative freedom, and his own future, based on the degree of intellectual and spiritual development in which he finds himself each day. According to L'egaut's testimony, such contact in the depths of the being can be found thanks to what we can learn from the person, the spirit and the message of Jesus through the apostles, who lived with him and whose life and even being were deeply transformed by that extraordinary experience. It is true that a lot of psychological insight and great spiritual autonomy are needed to separate the essential from the accessory and take into account the inevitable deformations and unconscious prejudices in the testimony of the apostles; but above all to not allow themselves to be limited and confined by the doctrinal elaborations that they derived from their living faith in him, and that, in the absence of sufficient spiritual maturity, they confused with that faith or presented as its intangible foundation.

In this way, and due to the spiritual inertia and the lack of flexibility and creative initiative of those who succeeded them in the following generations until today⁵³, the very spirit of the message of Jesus and its universal reach were deeply falsified and mutilated. From its origins, like all other religions, Christianity became an institutional and doctrinal mold, but it has also wanted to introduce men from all places and all times into it⁵⁴. However, the life and death of Jesus eloquently testify that his mission among us was not intended to establish structures or doctrines, but was of a totally different order. No one has known better than him that a mold for spiritual life is also his death. No one better than him has known how to suggest it in half words – "he who has ears, let him hear!" –, at a time when no one was in a position to fully understand,

52I am not a "Christian believer", and here I can only echo the experience of another, in harmony with mine but different. For L'egaut, as undoubtedly for all Christians in the full sense of the term, Jesus is the path that leads to God – that leads them to God. My own relationship with God does not go through the intermediary of a spiritual affiliation. I have never had experience of a relationship of spiritual filiation or paternity, and I tend to look at such a relationship with a very critical eye. L'egaut's testimony, which returns to this relationship in various contexts and with great insight, convinces me that such a relationship in the full sense of the term is possible even if it does not seem so. Such a relationship begins and develops without establishing a mutual dependence between the spiritual elder and the one who is inspired by him without, therefore, renouncing his possibilities of spiritual autonomy, but on the contrary, he finds in it. a way to this.

In none of the numerous cases in which God has manifested himself to me, mainly through dreams, has it been directly about Jesus, or Christianity. On the other hand, I have had numerous dreams about the Holy Spirit.

But although the term is part of the Christian vocabulary, what it designates is surely not restricted to Christian religious reality, any more than God is.

I have noticed that L'egaut's tacit religious ideology is, no doubt on purpose, included in a Christian horizon. Thus, the idea of the cycle of births is clearly foreign to him or at least inopportune, to the point that it seems difficult for him to conceive that it can be talked about seriously. On the contrary, it seems that it has completely detached itself from the ideas of paradise and hell, of "salvation" and damnation, so deeply anchored in the Christian tradition, and from which (no doubt for a desire for discretion) does not say a word in what I have read about him up to the present.

53By stating these shortcomings here without further ado, it is not a question of reproaching them, since it is the most universal thing and best cared for in the world.

54Jesus was clearly aware of the universal character of his mission. In Saint Matthew we read: "And this Gospel of the Kingdom will be proclaimed in the whole world, as a testimony to all nations" (Matthew 24, 14) and "Go! Make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe everything I have commanded you" (Matthew 28, 19); and in Saint Mark: "And first the Gospel must be proclaimed to all nations" (Mark 13, 10) and "Go into all the world, proclaim the Gospel to all creation" (Mark 16, 15). Those predictions and that call of Jesus that inspired the apostles later also served as justification for Christian missionary work, perhaps sometimes for the best and often also for the worst. when it eradicated traditional religions and beliefs, often in the wake of armies of colonization or extermination, to replace them with an imported doctrine totally foreign to the way of life and the cultural climate of the peoples thus "evangelized." .

his disciples no more than the rest(21). He came to teach us, not necessarily to break the molds, but to overcome them. He did not even want to inspire a new mold, but rather to be the ferment that makes us overflow every old or new mold. (Whether this is proposed or imposed from outside, or whether it is an invention of our own spirit...)

It has taken two thousand years before a man stands up to testify that this ferment of freedom is still alive, that it has the virtue of making us go beyond the limited spiritual horizon of his first disciples, just as that of anyone, no matter how vast. whatever it may be, and to act in the privacy of every man willing to welcome it.

It is true that even today there are surely very rare ones, Christians or not, who fully understand and live the arduous demand of spiritual freedom, those for whom "the truth" is never conquered, never captured and enclosed in a thought or in a writing, no matter how original, no matter how profound, no matter how inspired and divine, no matter how "true" they may be; but every day, even in every moment, they must discover it, recreate it in their being. L'egaut makes us see Jesus as the precursor, "great among the great", who lived such freedom to the fullest and gave himself the mission (23) to teach it, with his life, with his words (25), and above all with his death, ignominious in the eyes of the world, solitary, fully assumed.

And if the Crucified One had insisted on returning to a Christian country, by the grace of the Father, to bring the same untimely message, the entire Christendom would have crucified him a thousand times over, or hanged him, beaten, skinned, burned alive before the mass of rejoicing Christians, by order of the Pope in person and with the blessing of all the apostles and all the martyrs and all the saints and alas! even the mystics, all very obedient children of the very Holy Church (aka the "mystical Body of Christ"). Except that in our days when religious fanaticism, thanks to Progress, is no longer prevalent, he would be locked in a dungeon as a conscientious objector and without bothering the Pope, and put it that way in the most humane way. possible where it doesn't bother...

At least that has been the strange path of the "Church of Christ" until today, putting outside the law for two thousand years the spirit of a certain Jesus who was not afraid of being an outsider. of the law already in life, nor of being ignominiously killed, fulfilling with that same death his ardent, solitary, misunderstood mission of freedom and love, for his own fulfillment and for the good of all. Such has been the Church that has directed and molded and carved its "faithful" instead of being directed by those it called and by their growth, and growing with them by the same ferment that it was supposed to transmit and that so badly transmitted. This is how it has been and this is how it is today, pursuing, under a "spiritual" label, the same goods, perks, powers, security as the technocracies that have rightly supplanted it, so eager and as blind as they are.

Yes, so blind, like them and like everyone else, to the insane race in which we have launched ourselves, that man does not want to and now cannot even stop, abandoned to his own means and his greed. The Day of Judgment, which was previously present in the spirits of all Christians, in which it exalted a hope or a calling, is no longer more than a sacred rhetorical figure.

No believer believes in him, on that Day, after waiting for it for two thousand years (27). But I, who am not a "believer" of a Church, but a man alone and with bare hands, see that race of destruction and I wait for its meaning to be fulfilled, and from now on I know that the Day The Truth is near. Only God knows who will be torn down, like a worm-eaten beam good for burning, and who will be preserved, since the wood is healthy⁵⁵. And only God knows how many will remain. But

55Here, and until the end of this note, I have allowed myself to be carried away by statements with a prophetic air that go beyond what, in all rigor, prophetic dreams teach me, relying on personal interpretations. of which I do not pretend to feel totally sure. These dreams do not mention, not even by allusion in symbolic language, either that the Day of the Tempest will be a massacre of deaths (of which I have not the slightest doubt), nor a fortiori that It is God himself who will choose who will be demolished and who will live (of which I am equally convinced), and even less so that this choice will be made according to the aptitude of each other to participate in spiritual renewal

Those who survive will know that it is no longer time to blindly follow in the footsteps of our parents, contenting ourselves like them with doing like everyone else and as we are told to do (at least cheating a little for the edges...). The path of the herd in which we had strayed since the dawn of time, tenacious survival of our humble animal origin, reaching its last fruit, will finally be overcome.

The time will come for each of us, in the secret of his heart and throughout his entire life, to finally take note of an inner voice – a very low and yet very clear voice, when one He takes the trouble to be silent and listen. What he says to one is for him alone, and is not what he says to another. It is the voice that the man called Jesus knew how to hear better than anyone. And that is why, better than anyone, he has been the father, and the brother, and the well-loved husband of God. For that voice, at all times and in all places avoided, ignored, despised, is none other than the voice with which God speaks secretly in the ear of each one of us.

(21) The apostles are fallible – or grace and freedom (July)

1 and 2)⁵⁶ It is something sufficiently attested by the Gospels themselves that, during Jesus' life, his disciples were far from understanding his mission. But Marcel L'egaut seems to be the first Christian in the history of Christianity who has had the simplicity and inner autonomy to recognize this other evidence, and the courage to say it: that even after the death of Jesus and throughout their subsequent apostolate, they still had no more than a very limited understanding of that mission, closely subordinated to their quality as members of the chosen Jewish people and to the spirit of their epoch. Worse than that, that is why they did not know how to feel the very soul of the life and mission of Jesus, which makes him greater than a simple founder of a religion: the creative freedom of the person. alone, naked, in front of the Law and the institutions that represent tradition and the demands of society. In the absence of having known how to feel that breath of freedom that surpassed them, the message of love itself, which is the only thing they retained from their Master's teaching, was falsified. For the life of the spirit is one, and freedom and love cannot be separated. He who mutilates freedom, mutilates love⁵⁷ .

It is enough to read the New Testament with a minimum of attention, free of pious earmuffs,

of the Day of Truth, which is to come just after the Day of the Storm. It is probable that God does not deem it useful to give us general revelations on this subject, given the great discretion with which He usually surrounds His designs, and even more so when these essentially affect His relationship with a being. particular human. In this case all men without exception will be involved, and even in their physical survival, as well as (if they are "shot down") in the more or less long-term destiny that is reserved for them. in the hereafter. As for the idea I have of the nature of the spiritual renewal clearly announced in two of my prophetic dreams, it is not included in the message of those dreams and must be looked at further. as the expression of an expectation than a prophecy that claimed the authority of a divine revelation.

⁵⁶See the reference to this note in the previous note "Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast", page 34.

⁵⁷There is no love, in the full spiritual sense of the term, that is not spiritually beneficial to all, and for that very reason does not promote spiritual freedom in both the one who loves and the one who is loved. That demand or respect for freedom, which arises spontaneously from the nature of love, is frequently absent in the Apostolic Epistles. Much more noticeable in them is the concern to convince by all the means considered compatible with the apostolic ministry, among which the most used were (in accordance with the spirit of the Old Testament, of which none of them have been able to shake off) the threat of eternal punishments or exclusion from the Christian community, or the promise of eternal beatitudes. This is what is called playing carrot and stick, and it seems to me that it profoundly falsifies the spirit of evangelical teaching.

The ease with which opponents (qualified as "heretics" or other similar adjectives) are condemned to eternal punishment, with the peremptory certainty of those who would be firmly installed in the secret of God's designs on his creatures, leaves to feel very well that the eternal torments promised to the lost man did not fail to provide intimate satisfaction to the zealous apostle, sure of defending the just cause and of having (as a "good" killing "bad") his place assured among the heavenly chosen. Such dispositions, for example among the leftist groups of all kinds that I have had ample opportunity to frequent during my militant period, are as common today among fighters of good causes, as they were then, and as spiritually childish as they are far from the evangelical love taught by Jesus.

and more particularly (as regards the activity of the disciples after the death of the Master) the Acts of the Apostles and the Pastoral Epistles, to realize that the apostles, Dedicated, brave, interesting men if there were any, they were not exempt from human weaknesses like any other mortal. Along with magnificent passages, visibly inspired by the spirit of God, and others in which the authenticity of the testimony is felt to vibrate, there are also many others that testify to all the errors inherent in human nature, lacking adequate spiritual maturity. Required without rest by apostolic and pastoral tasks that absorbed all their energies (which were considerable), they did not have (or did not allow themselves) time for true spiritual deepening. Only such a deepening could reveal to them the meaning of the mission of Jesus in a totally different light from that of an urgent missionary crusade, to gather the harvests of God before the Day of Judgment, and to save the maximum number of future faithful from eternal damnation. In these men initially rough, but refined and transformed by their contact with Jesus, by the circumstances surrounding his death, and later by their dedication to their apostolic mission, the deepening they had place was more intellectual than properly spiritual. (It is true that today as yesterday, those who know how to distinguish the difference, however essential and crucial, between the two are very rare.)

For me it is beyond doubt that the Holy Spirit has nothing of pious fiction or 58, but is a spiritual reality that acts powerfully, coming of the Holy Spirit wherever it is manifested⁵⁹. And it is equally beyond doubt to me that the testimony of the apostles about the upon them is in no way an invention. These men were moved by the Holy Spirit, if not in all moments of their lives, at least in certain decisive moments. That was, surely, what gave their person an exceptional splendor, and a strength and a faith that surely remained even in the moments when the Holy Spirit was not upon them. But it is time for men, and more particularly Christians, to become aware of the fact that neither the Holy Spirit, nor the holiness of a person, makes them infallible, nor does it turn the night over. ^{In} ana a maturity that is not his. Lately I have noticed, not without deep astonishment, that the graces granted by God, even the greatest, which sometimes prodigiously increase the means granted to a person (in intelligence, courage, humility, strength to endure sufferings beyond of human limits...) never have the effect (except at most in a very temporary way) of sheltering her from the errors that are part of the human condition, and above all from the freedom that is its nobility, and from the risk of error that is inseparable. of that freedom – that risk that makes someone who is an angel today, perhaps a beast tomorrow. The most common errors, with which in no case does God seem to want to interfere (except in such a low voice that no one ever listens to Him...), are undoubtedly those due to cultural conditioning, and those that come from of

58N. del T.: Epinal's images were very popular and naive prints that were produced in France during the 19th century.

59This knowledge has been communicated to me by some of my dreams. But I do not have a personal experience of the action of the Holy Spirit.

60Everything I know, both from my direct experience and from the testimony of others, leads me to the conviction that spiritual maturation is never achieved instantly, and that it is never the effect solely of divine grace (when it comes to promote it), but it is always achieved with more or less long interior work. Whether this work is conscious or not, and without necessarily excluding God's discreet assistance, in any case it requires an active assent from the person, involving the totality of his being. The personal part in the spiritual maturation of a person is essential.

Nor is maturation done by the mere effect of time and the accumulation of experiences. Such accumulation, especially if it is deliberate, would rather have the opposite effect, to the extent that it distracts from the indispensable work of deepening. Experiences only bear spiritual fruit to the extent that they are assimilated. The work of maturation (or "deepening") precisely consists of assimilating the raw experience.
A single day spent in such work is more spiritually useful than a lifetime spent accumulating experiences and throwing them away, like used devices that we get tired of.

vanity⁶¹. Jesus himself, who had (apparently) completely overcome vanity, nevertheless remained subject to a certain cultural conditioning (28). It is likely that he was the first (and also the only one!) to realize it, and in any case, the essence of his message of freedom and love was not affected. Clearly it was not the same for his first disciples, who became his apostles. All their lives they remained deeply immersed in the Law of Moses, trying more or less to adapt it to reconcile it with the teaching received from Jesus. As for the very common movements of vanity, the apostles were visibly much less on guard than the Christian mystics later were⁶². And surely their doctrinal intransigence, so foreign to the spirit of the Gospel, and the emphasis they place on belief in the doctrine they had developed, as the first condition of the "salvation" of the "faithful," reveals more an unconscious spiritual pride than a fidelity to the mission of Jesus and yours

63

(22) My friend the good God – or Providence and faith (July 1)⁶⁴ On the

other hand, it is something very strange that God has not deemed it necessary to "give them a sign" in this regard, clear enough for La They will listen. I think about the immense weight that this "alteration in the source" of Jesus' message was going to have on the development of Christianity in the following two millennia, with all the unthinkable procession of ruthless doctrinal repression, of pyres, of massacres and innumerable suffering. Such contradiction, in terms of human wisdom, has reason to make doubt of divine Providence to anyone who does not already have an immediate and irrefutable experience of the presence of a Providence, of a Design of God. , in his own life.

Surely, God sees human errors and human suffering, in which He participates in an infinitely more intense and total way than man himself would know how to live his own sufferings and his own aberrations (29), with a totally different perspective from human perspectives, however insightful they may be. It would seem, however, that certain men have been given, at certain moments, a glimpse for a moment of the indescribable perfection at work in the Universe, in which everything, even the most unthinkable for man in his usual state, , acquires its place and its meaning and contributes in its own way to the admirable harmony, always fluid, always evolving, of the Whole. But although such moments of superhuman vision are not reserved for us personally⁶⁵, and the paths of Providence seem lost in the apparent chaos of the world of men and their history, "faith in Two" in the full sense of the The term includes in it that first faith, that visceral faith in the invisible presence of an ultimate Splendor that encompasses and resolves that chaos that seems to deny it, and in which that chaos itself, and our long and often painful and painful ascent, On towards their improvement and towards a vision of the All, they find their unique, necessary, irreplaceable place.

That faith is not of the order of a belief, of a religious or philosophical ideology (which would then have to "describe" or "explain" that "Splendor"...). It has the character of a first knowledge, diffuse and difficult to explain in words, deeply rooted in the being and integrated into it. He rarely expresses himself in words, and (as L'egaut emphasizes) when he does, he often

61It would still be necessary to add what in Christian circles it is agreed to call "the temptations of the flesh." But in the case of beings dedicated body and soul to a "spiritual" cause, such as the apostles were, and this in a perspective in which the flesh is viewed with suspicion (even with aversion or hatred, such as (as was the case a few generations later among communities of Christian monks), such movements of the psyche are undoubtedly entirely under control and no longer count.

62It does not seem to me that the apostles are mystics (with the exception perhaps of Saint John), although they all have had a direct experience of God on certain occasions, and even (as was the case of Saint Paul) illuminations . The "contemplative path" of the mystic seems to be barely compatible with missionary militancy.

63See the continuation of this note in the following note.

64 Continued from the previous note.

65I myself have not been favored with such enlightenment.

It is with a false tone, and has a suspicious air even for the one who has had the imprudence to formulate it (30).

When I ask myself when this elemental faith appeared in my life, I think I see its first signs at the time of the "great turning point" of 1970, when I left the scientific world⁶⁶. At least, at that time there was already in my life the knowledge that everything that happened to me, even the worst things that sometimes hit me hard, had a meaning and was for my good, although at the moment he did not want to know anything about them, and even if later he did not discern that meaning nor was he willing to see it or search for it. Since then, believing in this diffuse knowledge was included in my faith in myself. Without ever having told it to me, I felt that this knowledge came from the depths of my being, that it was inseparable - it was one of those that I could not reject without denying myself, without denying my ability to know.

Today I would say that those knowledges that spring from the depths of the being, perhaps without anything that fuses them in experience or reason, are those that God has "told" us directly. Faith in such knowledge cannot be separated from faith in oneself. And once God has been recognized as acting in the being, that faith now seems to me inseparable from faith in God – in God, lived as the source of knowledge and source of truth in our own being. Truth, faith in God and faith in oneself seem indiscernible to me. In my life, that faith has been present, it seems to me, since early childhood, and probably since birth, long before I heard the name of "God" pronounced, and without being affected in any way by the atheistic environment. that surrounded my early childhood.

I remember that after the turn of 1970, swept up in a whirlwind of militant anti-militarist and ecological activity, I had a hard time accepting the thought, which nevertheless prevailed in terms of simple common sense, of that due to the madness and irresponsibility of men, that wonder of wonders that life on earth represents could be irremediably destroyed, and in a short period of time. It was difficult for me to conceive what meaning there could be in such a regrettable end, in which there would be nothing left on earth, of the wonderful Work of God, other than a gigantic Garbage Dump, an immense Ossuary where they would end up. and the innumerable bodies of everything that was a living creature rot... And yet, now that I evoke that kind of metaphysical perplexity, nothing academic but the most current and pressing, I remember that in me The knowledge remained intact that whatever happened, it must have a meaning, a purpose, a harmony that was surely very hidden, behind that unthinkable meaninglessness, although neither I nor anyone else were able to discern them.

In my visceral understanding of things, and without realizing it until today, I was no further than the point at which I was at the age of sixteen, when I had recognized without reservations the existence of a Creator, but whom he did not need at all⁶⁷.

Meanwhile, I myself could not say when or how, and long before I had a conscious experience of the action of God in my being⁶⁸, that "faith in God" in the full sense of the term. I surpassed faith in myself to expand my faith in a

66I talk about that turning point in the section "The turning point – or the end of a slumber" (no. 33). To tell the truth, that faith in a "meaning" of the sometimes hard things that happen to me, should have already been present for a few years. But it was very strange for me to realize it, to try to penetrate what the meaning was. The inner attitude in which the search for the meaning of events is an almost habitual spiritual activity, inseparable from my life, did not appear other than with the entry of meditation into my life, in October 1976. .

67See the section "The waterfall of wonders – or God for sound reason" (no. 30), and the following two sections, in which I examine that episode.

68Such experience did not come until last year (1986), while the episode of my sixteenth birthday takes place in 1944, forty-two years before. I presume that the formation of that "faith in God" (in which God remained nameless) must have been formed in the second half of the sixties. I would be totally incapable of finding a cause for this appearance, which, moreover, I had never noticed before today. Without a doubt, it is the type of thing that has no "cause" in the sense that we usually understand it. I see there a grace granted by God, and that has no more "cause" than Him.

"Providence" in a Design, in a Sense, that not only implied my own limited person and my own adventure, but the world of men in its entirety and the adventure of the Universe and all of humanity.

But to tell the truth, in that unformulated knowledge, God did not appear by name. It remained behind the stage, or in the "drawer" where I had kept it a long time ago! He had a tacit faith in a Design, without the one from which it emanated being present (it seems to be). However, once the question is raised, it is necessary, on my faith, to say that the Creator of the Work is also the One who gives it its Meaning, and the one who (with the Work always being under construction) pursues a certain Design in it. But then, in my tacit perception of things, that was not, I think, something understood.

What was missing above all, from that faith in God without profession of faith, is the "personal" dimension that can only be given by the direct experience, consciously lived as such, of the action of God in our life. own life, and of His benevolent interest in our modest person. This new dimension appeared, at least "potentially," in October 1976 with my first work on a messenger dream⁶⁹. In addition to its liberating message, that dream brought me the knowledge (also tacit for years) of a benevolent "Dreamer", with a deep Look and a powerful Hand, who spoke to me through the eyes. day of sleep⁷⁰. The relationship with the Dreamer that was then established, from the beginning very personal, and even more intimate than my relationship with any other being in my life, developed over ten years. years, without the idea coming to me that that Friend

intimate could have something to do with God. This, meanwhile, I couldn't quite say how, had ended up surreptitiously emerging from the drawer of metaphysical curiosities. But the thought of God rarely came to me, and never when working on my dreams. And if the idea of a relationship, of some secret connivance between the Dreamer and God, ever touched me, in any case it must have remained on the surface and was not retained by conscious memory.

The knowledge that the Friend is none other than the good God in person did not appear as an immediate knowledge, like that of the Sense or that of the Dreamer (first knowledge in one case, and in the other an irrefutable teaching of my dream experience). Last year it arrived without drums or trumpets, more like "information" suggested by the Dreamer, almost in passing (on the verge of going unnoticed!), and with the cloud of vague imprecision that surrounds most of His messages. Even once I had grasped the letter of the message, I took note and at first I did not give it particular importance⁷¹. It may seem incredible and it seems so to me now, and yet it is true! Unless my spirit took hold of it, at first that "information" was not truly knowledge. It was like food that has been swallowed, but has not yet been digested or assimilated. He kept calling the Dreamer "Dreamer," as if nothing had happened. It was just a detail in short, without great consequences for practical purposes, that this good friend was also (who would have thought!) the good God in person. And it was on the agenda...

It was mid-November of last year. Little by little, throughout my nights and my dreams and during the following six weeks, with successive pushes that even superficial knowledge penetrated deeper into me. The Dreamer appeared more and more The same in my dreams, of course without warning and each time with a new face. But once I wrote down the dream and thought about it a little, it was easy to recognize it, I really couldn't be wrong. Little by little, I became accustomed to seeing Him as representing "the divine in me," or as "the presence of God in me." But I was still not very aware that this God was really the same as the One who had intimate knowledge and loving concern for every other being in the Universe that had a human face.

⁶⁹This dream is dealt with repeatedly in chapters 1 and 2, and at the beginning of the section "First reunions – or the dream and the knowledge of oneself" (no. 1). 70see section "Discovery of the Dreamer" (no. 2)

⁷¹See the section "God is the Dreamer" (no. 17).

It took Him to cast "mystical dreams" on me throughout last January and the following two months, for that dimension of the Friend, the Greater, the Beloved, the Beloved... – that I knew so well (or thought I knew) and through so many dreams, was finally revealed to me fully, indelibly. Now I know, and what I just said is not information, but knowledge.

(23) Mission and creation – or Jesus the creator (1) (July 1)⁷²

Here I have doubted whether I should write that Jesus "has given himself" his mission, or If he has "received" it, as he would tend to write from anyone other than himself.

I use the term "mission" (just as L'egaut does, whom I follow here without reservation) with the understanding that it is born and develops throughout a human existence with such an inner need that The mission is confused with being and becomes the expression towards the World of the very meaning of that existence. I would tend to think that the quintessence, the spirit, the general orientation of the mission of a being is proposed by God from birth⁷³, perhaps even (at least in an exceptional case such as that of Jesus) is conceived from all eternity. But we can ignore, that is, reject, throughout our lives that divine proposition or that of God's meaning (or "vocation", when that term is taken in its full meaning). Surely that is by far the most common. I presume that in such a case, that same vocation (or embryo of mission, of spiritual task) will be proposed to him again in his next existence, and this over time, from birth to birth, May that vocation remain unfulfilled.

When man accepts his vocation, the progressive development of his mission from the initial vocation is a creative process that is carried out in close "collaboration" between God and man. This continues throughout all of existence, and surely beyond death, in the hereafter and in eventual subsequent births.

As in all the creative processes of man, it seems difficult, even impossible, to point out the part of God and that of man in the development of their mission. This cannot be separated from the totality of acts, behaviors, attitudes, etc., throughout all of existence, since nothing that man is and does is foreign to his mission. In certain cases, I have the undeniable feeling that a certain act flows directly from God's inspiration, that my role is limited to taking note of it and actively consenting. In other, rarer cases, the initiative is truly my own; but I believe that in such a case it almost always represents a compromise between an impulse coming from God and accepted in principle, and personal desires and inclinations. In general, it seems to me that the initiatives that are presented as the result of a reflection, or of a decision weighing the "pros" and "cons", come from me; those that flow from a first impulse that arises from the depths come from God⁷⁴.

In the case of a being of exceptional creativity like Jesus, we can assume that his part in the development of his mission is particularly important, to the point of being tempted to say that he "gave" himself his mission. 'on. Therefore it must be understood that he gave his initial vocation, received from God and perhaps foreseen by God from eternity, the particular face that it took on in his existence, and that all his actions and gestures throughout his life they testify.

But it is also true that the being of exceptional creativity, on the spiritual plane, is surely also the one who has reached a state of more or less permanent "symbiosis" with God in him,

72See the reference to this note in the note "Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20), page 36.

73(July 4) This suggestion is taken up and qualified in today's reflection, in the note "Mission and karma – or the Master and the apprentice" (no. 24), which follows this note.

74However, it is worth paying attention to the fact that among the impulses that arise from the deep Unconscious, there are also those that come from Eros, including both properly carnal impulses and those that express creativity limited to the intellectual and artistic level. . These impulses cannot be seen as "initiatives" that involve our mission directly, at least not always. Furthermore, it is often delicate to discern in which of the three planes of reality an impulse or activity is located. In the minds of many, a great confusion reigns in this regard, from which I myself was not exempt but is just now beginning to emerge.

so that in almost all situations it is impossible (perhaps even for God Himself!) to dissociate the part of God from that of man in a given act.

(July 3) There is, however, in the life of Jesus a capital fact that he had to accomplish alone. Perhaps it is the only event in his life in which he felt "abandoned" by God: it is the act of his death. This abandonment was experienced by him as a painful surprise, more painful without a doubt than the abandonment of those close to him, than disgrace, mockery, and bodily suffering. In that last moment, he did not understand the reason for this abandonment of God. God's plan remained hidden from him. God arranged that nothing would alleviate that Act among all – that it be an act of man alone, without the help of His presence, and that it be carried out in ignorance of His plan. In that death, Jesus totally assumed his human condition. For greatness: performing only the last act, the fulfillment of your mission. Because of its limitations: sharing the ignorance of all men about the designs of God⁷⁵.

(24) Mission and karma – or the apprentice and the

Master (July 4)⁷⁶ The previous reflection suggests that in many cases, perhaps in all, our initial "vocation" comes to us as an inheritance of our previous births. That is something that seems to impose itself, once the continuity of the soul's learning through its successive births is well perceived, and that of the successive "tasks" or "lessons" that mark the stages of that learning, not only in a terrestrial existence but in the cycle of all our existences.

Otherwise we would have to assume that God would re-invent in each new birth a new "proposal" or "vocation", making a clean slate of the soul's entire past, concretized in its pilgrimage through It is from the long succession of their terrestrial existences. An assumption that seems absurd, once we bother to put it black on white!

From this broader point of view, the "collaboration" between God and the soul, evoked three days ago, now appears in an eternal perspective. This dimension was strongly perceived by L'egaut, but it could not be expressed other than in the form of a diffuse premonition, in the absence of granting a charter of citizenship to intuition, visibly crucial here. , of the cycle of births. The state of the "mission" of a being at the end of an earthly existence (an end marked by his carnal death), becomes his "vocation" and sets his "spiritual tasks" (or at least certain tasks). particularly urgent) in the next existence, and even (to a lesser extent, it is true) in those that will follow it.

This is neither more nor less than the law of transmission of karma, when this law is not degraded (as is generally the case) to a simple mechanic of "punishments" and "rewards" for our "bad" and "bad" actions. good" actions committed in our previous lives. The very name "law" suggests, on the other hand, that this transmission of the mission from one terrestrial existence to the next is carried out "by itself", by the mere play of spiritual laws that govern human existence. , without necessarily requiring a creative initiative from God. In any case, when there is divine initiative, it is difficult to doubt that it is not intimately adapted to the entire past of the soul, and is not a kind of "response" from God to the latest acts performed by the soul. , among them the act of his previous earthly death.

In this broader light, our initial vocation no longer appears, as in the reflection three days ago, as a divine "proposal" or a "gift" from God, taken from nothing. It follows spontaneously from the exact state of "maturity" of the soul at the moment of its new earthly birth, that is, from the state of spiritual knowledge (and first of all, its knowledge of itself) that it has assimilated over the years. throughout its previous existences.

But we have also seen that this past can be seen as a kind of "creative dialogue" between God and the soul. With the restriction, however, that the participation of the soul

⁷⁵See the continuation of this reflection in the following note.

⁷⁶This note is a continuation of the previous note, "Mission and creation – or Jesus the creator (1)", from three years ago d'yas.

It tends to be very reticent, so that often the “creative” character of the dialogue resides above all in God, and very little in the soul. The progressive maturation of the soul has precisely the effect of giving it the ever more delicate and multiple means to participate more fully, in a truly creative way, in that infinite dialogue.

On the other hand, the soul has complete freedom at all times to reject these means, and can even block and repress them more or less completely during an entire terrestrial existence, even for several in a row. This is neither more nor less, but seen from a different angle, than the case of the rejection of the mission, which we touched upon in the previous note. “Fidelity” to oneself (on which L'egaut insists and returns persistently, and with reason), or also fidelity to one's mission (however humble it may be), is no more so the full acceptance of all the spiritual means that have been assigned to us for our present state of maturity. This fidelity is precisely the essential condition so that maturation is not blocked or even (at least apparently) regressed, but rather for it to continue, so that the range of our means continues to expand and refine. Or, in other words, because of that fidelity the Work carried out in common with God does not remain stagnant, nor (if that were truly possible) is it degraded, but continues, bringing it to its completion according to its own nature. The Master may seem absent, but he is not far away. When the apprentice is willing with all his heart to resume the work he had left, the Master appears and whispers to him in a low voice, step by step, how to create...

Thus, our initial vocation, at the beginning of a new terrestrial existence, appears as a kind of “provisional balance”, or rather, as a quintessence, elusive and yet of an intensely active nature, of a dialogue creative between God and ourselves, continued from all eternity and until the moment of our last birth. It is less a “proposal” of God than a “state of the work” of an eternal Work still under construction, common to God and the soul. The state of the Work at a given moment, and more particularly at a moment of “restart” such as a new birth, prescribes to the workers in an imperious way that is at the same time flexible and not at all formal, in what sense and in what way. What way is to be continued towards its completion.

Certainly, in this collaboration between God and man in a common work, which is none other than the “spiritual destiny” of that soul throughout the entire cycle of its successive births, the role of God and that of the soul are not similar in any way. To begin with, it is your destiny that is under construction, and not God's – although God does not fail to sympathize with that destiny in a mysterious and essential way. But above all, in that work there is a Master, the Creator par excellence, and an apprentice. Perhaps it can be said that the meaning or reason for being of the Work that is under construction day after day, night after night, birth after birth..., the meaning of the laborious pilgrimages of the soul through its innumerable existences, is to teach the apprentice who works in contact with the Master to also be a creator, in the image of the Master. This is how the soul rises to its own creativity, humble at first and gradually unfolding (often as if in spite of itself...), on the successive planes of flesh, intelligence, and spirit. ‘ýritu.

The Work is finished, the cycle is closed, the destiny is completed when the one who was an apprentice, and who little by little has become a full-fledged collaborator, fully deploys and in its own perfection a creativity worthy of the master – even equal to that of the Master, limited only by the limits that the Master has assigned to the human condition. For the soul that has become a perfect embodiment of the creative freedom to which we are all called, like it, terrestrial learning is already finished.

We can think that this last state was reached in the terrestrial existence that we know of Buddha, of Lao-Tzu, of Jesus. What is the destiny of the soul at the end and beyond of its learning – what is the present existence and what is the cosmic role of those great Equals to God, I do not know. and. It could be thought that his Mission (if it continues, as I am convinced) continues

with a very different purpose – with a purpose that is already totally cosmic. While in the mission of a human existence, its personal meaning as a way of spiritual learning, and its cosmic meaning as a contribution to the spiritual development of humanity as a whole, are inextricably linked and are truly indistinguishable+.

In a being who has reached a high degree of spirituality, in which a powerful spiritual creativity is therefore manifested, making him an eminent collaborator of God's designs, there remains, however, an apparently unbridgeable distance between the role of God, and that of his "servant" or collaborator in the common Work. God has a clear vision of the Work, of its origins and its past, of its future, of its future (to the extent that this is already knowable) and of its purposes. Man ignores practically everything about the past that underlies his previous births⁷⁷, and during the course of an earthly existence he only accesses (and surely at the price of intense work) only a diffuse and very incomplete vision of the world. meaning and scope of his mission, both for his own destiny and for that of humanity. It seems that Jesus, even at the time when his earthly Mission was going to be fulfilled, was unaware of both the very existence of the cycle of births and the vicissitudes that were reserved for his message of the Kingdom of God. as well as the time in which the advent of the Kingdom would take place and the manner in which that advent would take place⁷⁸.

(25) Jesus the creator (2): expression and conception of a mission

(July 1 and 3)⁷⁹ L'égaut emphasizes that we must be careful not to give equal weight to all the words attributed to Jesus in the Gospels. Some may have been interpolated for the doctrinal needs of the evangelists. Others appear as circumstantial words more or less imposed by the context, to avoid hurting too violently and prematurely the letter of the almighty Law, and even (in certain cases) its spirit. It is above all the parables (according to L'égaut), due to the wide range of interpretations they allow depending on the level of spiritual development of the listener, which seem to have been the privileged medium for Jesus to transmit what essential part of his teaching and to ensure its permanence, when none of those to whom he addressed were still capable of understanding him.

It would seem then that it would be the creation of that form of expression, at the same time very suggestive and sufficiently ambivalent, that represents (if one leaves aside his death) the most extraordinary creation of the life of Jesus. It seems that this has been the case at least at the level of expression and transmission of his message to men of all times and places.

⁷⁷Tradition says, however, that the Buddha, after his enlightenment, was able to trace back the course of his previous existences, first a few and progressively (with the help of training, surely) to a dizzying number, he traced back going until the night of time. I have also known a reincarnation psychotherapy ("Reinkarnationstherapie") practiced in Germany. With practices close to hypnosis, the patient would be made to relive some particularly crucial episodes from previous lives, sometimes very remote, episodes that would be the cause of latent conflicts and psychic disorders. I have not yet had the opportunity to ascertain whether these psychotherapeutic practices are credible, and are not due to esoteric fiction. If so, that would open truly dizzying perspectives to the knowledge of the psyche, the afterlife, and the past of our species and our planet until remote times.

In this regard, I point out that at the beginning of February I had a dream that gives me a symbolic representation of my own pilgrimage through successive terrestrial existences. But that dream does not stop in any of my earthly existences except the one I am in now, and which in that cycle has a unique importance. It is in fact the existence in which God has revealed himself to me, and in which for the first time I have had a fully conscious knowledge of my mission.

⁷⁸The fact that Jesus has shared, to a very large extent, the ignorance that is typical of the human condition, already emerged at the end of the previous note (of which this is a continuation). I will return to it again in the later note "When you have understood the lesson – or the Great Joke of God" (no. 27), trying to place that ignorance in the perspective of an intention (even of a "provocation") from God to humanity.

⁷⁹See the reference to this note in the note "Marcel L'égaut – or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20) of 29 June, page 36.

It is true that the conception of the message, or rather, the understanding ("Erkenntnis") of the universal content that was intended to be expressed and communicated, is an even more extraordinary and essential act. It can be thought that the initiative of this act is due to God, and that this vision was revealed to Jesus at the moment of his enlightenment, after his baptism by John the Baptist.

But the effects of an illuminating vision are limited and ephemeral if the vision does not take root in the being and acquire duration and stability in it, through an understanding, the fruit of hard work. .

The initiative for such work belongs to man, not to God⁸⁰. It is likely that this work was accomplished during the forty days that Jesus retired to the desert fasting, after his enlightenment. We can see this prolonged fast, not as a laudable mortification (proposed to the pious admiration of future Christian generations), but as a means of interior purification, particularly effective in gathering psychic energies, and putting the being in a state of receptivity of the senses, intelligence and spirit, favorable to the intimate communion of the being with itself and the emergence of a spiritual vision.

It is unlikely that Jesus opened up about this topic to any of his disciples or anyone else. It would not have made sense to do so, since no one around him was capable of understanding what was happening to him, without having gone through a somewhat similar experience. In the Gospels it is written that "Jesus was led into the desert by the Spirit, to be tempted by the devil," and the entire episode is built around Jesus' encounter with the devil. That gives me a very "evangelical folklore" impression, in accordance with the militant fascination that the apostles had with the theme of death (opposed to life), the devil (opposed to God and Christ), of condemnation (opposed to salvation). I strongly suspect that this presentation, of an episode surely crucial for the preparation of the mission of Jesus, is an extrapolation carried out by the evangelists for doctrinal needs⁸¹. It is difficult to imagine Jesus recounting in detail his exploits against the devil, and this evangelical episode must undoubtedly be taken in a symbolic, not literal, sense. The good faith of the evangelists in this extrapolation cannot be doubted. Surely they were convinced that what was imposed on their spirit with such force could not be anything other than a divine inspiration (26).

But when we believe that a certain idea that is in us is of divine inspiration, and we act accordingly, we do so at our own risk, and those who believe us on our word without further examination or reflection, do so at their own risk. yours. It would seem that in such a case God always remains silent. In any case, it is more than strange that He judges it useful to rectify a human error through revelation. Not to mention that He is careful to speak in such a low voice and in such an elusive manner, almost always, that He leaves total freedom not to listen to Him, or to confuse His voice with other louder ones or, when His voice is recognized, to interpret His word according to our own lights (even as we like...). It is His way of showing His infinite respect for man's freedom. In that He is not like anyone, except perhaps the rare men who have reached a state of spiritual maturity comparable to that of Jesus in the last years of his life.

26. The creative apostles

⁸⁰For an illustration of this statement, see the section "Splendor of God – or the bread and adornment" (no. 28).

⁸¹I must admit that in the different readings I have done of the Gospels, including the last one two months ago, that passage and many others (which I have just described as "evangelical folklore") had a tendency to go over my head. head. Thanks to the contact with L'egaut's fundamental book on the "introduction to the understanding of Christianity", and with the new reading of the biblical texts that L'egaut teaches us, I begin to let go of that kind of spiritual passivity in the reading of the Gospels. This eternal spiritual passivity makes a clean slate of all fickleness of common sense and psychological realism in the face of the authors of the gospels, and cuts off all attempts to reconstruct their spiritual itinerary, and the disposition towards who wrote their texts, which, more than a testimony, want to be a doctrinal statement. It is true that I have also been helped by reading the Pastoral Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles, which for the first time have given me concrete elements of judgment about the life of the apostles after Jesus' death.

(July 4)82 In no way do I want to suggest here that the version given in the Gospels of the episode of Jesus in the desert lacks value, and I would be very careful not to place it on the level of a childish fabulation. In the psychic and historical context in which they found themselves, it was not only useful, but surely even necessary for them to manage to integrate that episode, which they must have felt had been crucial in the life of their loved ones. Master, in the comprehensive account of that life they had to lead, under the pressure of their historic mission. It was unthinkable, given the role that corresponded to them and the authority with which they were invested⁸³ before the communities founded by them, that they would publicly acknowledge ignorance about a capital point in the life of Jesus, ignorance of which perhaps They never had consciousness. I presume that the way in which they made up for that ignorance was strongly influenced by the vision of the Master and his message that they had reached. This is not about denying the value of that vision and its legitimacy, even its necessity, taking into account the psychological and historical restrictions that weighed on them.

The development of that mission, based on the raw experience of the disciples who shared the life of Jesus, was an authentic spiritual creation, arising from the particular mission of each one. from them. They cannot be blamed if, for two millennia, the generations of Christians who followed them chose to enclose themselves in the literality of that vision, rather than being inspired by the creative spirit that had animated it and each one reaching to their own vision of the person and mission of Jesus, adapted to their own needs, their level of intellectual and spiritual development, and the teachings of history. (For the latter, see especially the following succulent note.)

There is nothing presumptuous in stating that the apostles were men like us and fallible, as all men and even their Master have been. But it would surely be presumptuous to believe that the vision we had arrived at, even if it were more nuanced and perhaps better captured an ultimate reality (which in any case eludes everyone except God), represents It was a work that was more "true," more authentic, more creative, than that of the apostles.

This, inseparable from their people and their lives and their long-suffering and courageous ministries, has the right not only to the respect of all, Christians and non-Christians, but also to our recognition and our admiration.

(27) When you have understood the lesson – or the Great Joke of God (July 1)⁸⁴ Jesus himself is the one who had announced to the apostles that the Last Judgment was imminent, and He was going to arrive before the generation he addressed passed away. It seems unlikely to me that the apostles would put those words to him, without him having said them. It would seem then that Jesus would have been wrong, at least with regard to the approximate moment in which

⁸²See the reference to this note in the previous note.

⁸³On the other hand, it can be seen that the apostles did what they could to maximize their authority and prestige among the Christian communities. It is useless to list here the means they used for this purpose. There we can see a compensation, perhaps imposed by the demands of their mission, for the status of outcasts they had in the Jewish community from which they had left, and for the persecutions and humiliations of all kinds that they therefore had to endure, in always precarious living conditions. Furthermore, they had to somehow compensate for the magnificence, consecrated by centuries of tradition, of the Jewish religious institution and those of the pagan peoples.

It seems difficult to doubt that the missionary character of his action was recommended to the apostles by Jesus during his lifetime. Surely this will of Jesus, in accordance with the divine will, was also confirmed to them after the death of Jesus by messages coming from Jesus himself or from God. But this aspect of proselytism has weighed heavily on the spirit of nascent Christianity, imprinting on it the authoritarian and immobile traits common to all other religions, which on the contrary Jesus encourages us to overcome.

It is unlikely that Jesus foresaw this effect that the mission he entrusted to the apostles would have, and even less so since Jesus believed that the end of the world was imminent. On the contrary, I do not doubt that God knew very well what was going to happen – and yet... (See the continuation of the story in the following note "When they have understood the lesson – or God's Great Joke"...)

⁸⁴See the reference to this note in the note "Monsieur L'egaut – or bread and yeast" (no. 20), page 36.

would place the Great Desolation that would precede the last Judgment⁸⁵. This error, which so profoundly marked the lives of Christians in the first centuries of our era, has apparently never been confirmed as such by Christians, but has been discreetly concealed by everyone. Since Jesus is equal to God, is he not infallible? When faith affirms and believes, shouldn't reason remain silent?

As for me, I confess that the “faith” that makes stupid beings that God created endowed with reason, and that turns normally upright beings into cheats, seems to me to be a false faith, or a very sick faith. . And the history of the Christian Churches confirms quite eloquently to what extent the “faith” that they preached and supported was really sick. That faith frightened by the right gaze of reason and by the clear light of day, while making beautiful speeches about the light that triumphs over darkness, is very foreign to the intrepid spirit of Jesus, and I doubt it will please God. It is true that the good Lord has seen many others...

More than once, during these last months of inner ferment, I have thought with some perplexity about different cases that I knew of, in which it seemed that Jesus was wrong. After all, without a doubt Jesus was in intimate relationship with God, so why hasn't God said to him, “I'm sorry, son, but that's where you're wrong!”? That wasn't difficult! Visibly, I still had (and still have today...) things to learn about the famous “paths of Providence”. It is said that they are unfathomable, and surely with reason. But surely also no attempt to probe them, made seriously and under the impulse of a thirst for knowledge or a deeper spiritual need, will remain fruitless⁸⁶.

In the case that concerns me here, the situation is even worse. All the predictions reported in the Bible, and surely even more so those that come from the mouth of Christ himself, are supposed to be directly inspired by God. I myself, who am not a Christian, would have a hard time thinking that this is not the case. What was God's intention in allowing Jesus to be so grossly wrong on a matter that, from a human perspective, seems of prodigious importance – or at least, that could not be. Would it stop appearing that way to the Christians of the first centuries of our era (and it will surely reappear as such soon...)? One would almost be tempted to say (all the worse if I blaspheme – I am sure that the good Lord will not hold it against me!): what was His intention that Jesus should have or listen to what he announced with such certainty⁸⁷, and not because of infused science . . . by leading Jesus into error? For the voice of God in him is

of his harvest...

Here the case is worse than that in which only the apostles were in question⁸⁸; Here it is Jesus in person who loses prestige, like a prophet who screws up (something absolutely not allowed for prophets), not to mention the good God who cheats (something absolutely not allowed for the good God of my catechism). . The least that can be said is that this has reason to doubt the existence of a divine Providence, and that of God in addition. If I wasn't sure about this firsthand, I'm sure my faith would waver!

But when I put my perplexities black on white for the first time, an idea that is probably a bit crazy immediately comes to me: wouldn't it be a kind of provocation from God to men, or in any case to the Christians of the following generations? Perhaps the idea would not have come to me if God had not already given me a blow of that type, in one of my dreams. But that was strictly between Him and me, it wasn't something from the other Thursday. Here, on the contrary, it seemed enormous. (It is true that once you start to know Him, He never ceases to amaze you...) Here is the impression that comes to me.

⁸⁵I will have ample opportunity to return to this topic in the chapter of this book devoted to prophetic dreams.

⁸⁶Compare with the following day's reflection “Providence: invention or discovery?” (not 30), and also that of the same day “My friend the good God – or Providence and faith” (no. 22).

⁸⁷(July 5) I return to this perplexity in today's reflection, in the note “God is not an all-risk insurance – or message and interpretation” (no. 31), and I hasten to calm the reader restless: despite all appearances, the good faith of the good God is beyond all doubt!

⁸⁸See in this regard the note “The apostles are fallible – or grace and freedom” (no. 21).

With that sign, doesn't God clearly show that Jesus was in no way infallible (as the zealous apostles infallibly would not fail to see and present him)? That he was in no way a "superman" or a God (as Christians following the apostles would not fail to see him for all practical purposes⁸⁹, leaving the theologians to divide into four the hairs he made). lack to distinguish between God the Father and God the Son), but that he really was A MAN like you and me, but ONE REAL D. A man who dared to be fully free and fully creative, a man who dared to go outside from the mold of a tradition that violated his spiritual instinct and his healthy reason. A man who agreed to seal with an ignominious death, abandoned by men and God himself, the message of freedom and love that he brought to all men.

God said to Christendom (yet to be born): dare – are you going to swallow for a long time the potion prepared by the apostles (with the best faith and zeal in the world, of course?)?!

Once the generation of apostles had passed, the situation was clear: the son of God was as fallible as you and I, at least when it comes to dates⁹⁰! But in the name of "Faith" with a capital letter, and generously extending the infallibility of Jesus to the apostles, each one almost became a good intangible God like Jesus (no one good Christian will tell me otherwise!), the Christians were going to silence their mistaken reason by common agreement, that was taken for granted. The good Lord knew well what was going to happen, and that it was going to last a long time.

He knows better than anyone that men are hard-headed when "Faith" is at stake, and that they do not understand jokes, especially in matters of religion. And that the good Lord himself can play a joke (not to mention such a huge joke...), who could have an idea so sacrilegious (assuming he believes in God) or so grotesque (assuming you don't believe)?

Yes, He must have known well that it could last a millennium or two – the more time passed, the more venerable and onerous the tradition would become, and the less it would occur to them to try grasp. when they have understood the
Maybe even (the idea comes to me right now) He had decided: lesson that I have prepared
for you, then you will have the right to the Great Day, the Day of Promise!

What will it be like, that Day, if it will be as Jesus thought or as the evangelists thought they remembered having heard him say – that those who believed in his beautiful doctrine would go straight to paradise, and the others direct to the hell prepared for them – that is another story and God has not let me know anything precise about it. But what I think I know (unless He also played a joke on me, but I would be surprised if He did the same thing twice...), is that the Day is about.

And as if by chance, now is also the time when a Lord called Mar

89The idolatrous tendency in man is not limited to Christians, but seems to be universally extended. Thus, in Buddhism it is well understood, "officially", that Buddha is not God just as Jesus, called "the Christ" is not – which does not prevent him from substituting for all practical purposes to God in the Buddhist believer, and for him it is clothed with the same attributes. Furthermore, the Lotus Flower Sutra (apocryphal Sutra that is at the base of the Nichirenite current of Japanese Buddhism) practically gives an official status to this divinization of Buddha, just as The apostles instituted an "official" dogma of the divinity of Jesus.

90In the following day's note "Christian hell - or the great fear of dying", I touch in passing on other issues (which L'egaut would call "religious ideology"), in which we would be tempted to say that Jesus "was wrong," when it seems that he endorses certain traditional Jewish conceptions. (For example those of hell, which would also have been completed with the paradise counterpart.)

It would seem that this is a very general fact, that even a very high spirituality does not totally eliminate the conceptions arising from religious and cultural conditioning, which contribute to structuring the psyche. On the contrary, these beings are distinguished by the ability to read the hearts of others, and to discern with certainty without a doubt the dispositions of truth or lies in which another being finds itself. It is on this plane, more than on any other, that the power of vision of the "spiritual eye" seems to be revealed, and not on that of general religious conceptions about the existence and nature of the afterlife. 'a etc. It is also on this level, essential above all in the relationship of being to being (but accessory when it comes to building a doctrine or a religious ideology), in which it can be thought that beings like Jesus, and certain omistic saints, whether Christian or not, have a sure look that never deceives them, and that we would be tempted to call "infallible."

cel and who dares to call himself a Christian, also dares to declare that Jesus, the Christ, was a man like the rest, that the apostles, no matter how holy they were, were also men and fallible by and large. ~nothing, and that perhaps they had not understood very well what Jesus had meant (granting, however, that they were excusable...); that perhaps it would be time to try to understand him, instead of continuing to piously repeat and without changing a tittle what the holy apostles had learned from him for their own use and that of their contemporaries. (hoping that that famous D-Day so imminent would draw the final curtain). He has every appearance of being the first Christian to understand God's Bet-Joke-Provocation, at least tacitly and without going so far as to say that God would have done that to us.

Perhaps after all, even God did not know very well when the First Act in the history of the human race would end, the (if I am not mistaken – but be careful, I am fallible!) of humanity-herd. That depended on him, but also on us. From us, their often shitty collaborators, alas! Presumptuous collaborators, collaborators by divine call, but far from being up to the task of such a role. The planned Second Act could well be precisely that of collaborating humanity. I see him heading towards a Third Act, perhaps what Jesus calls the Kingdom of God on earth, in each one without exception would be an authentic collaborator of God...

If it is true that Jesus is a gift that God has given to men, a gift perhaps foreseen from eternity, or at least that the mission entrusted to Jesus is a gift from God to men (renewed by Jesus himself, by accepting this heavy mission), it could be said that God has done his part so that men can finish their First Act. Their part, so that we finally reach the stage of a humanity that is truly human, and no longer irremediably immersed in its original state of herd, more animal than human. Once Jesus has come, and once we have hastened to crucify him, the one who in such an inadmissible way left the flock, it was now up to men to do their part. Demonstrate that the Mission of Jesus was not just a divine pearl thrown into a flock.

It is true that there has been no shortage of Christian mystics who have known how to appreciate the pearl, and in many ways – and God has given them back a hundredfold. But perhaps they have not been able to recognize more than a part of their value: they have seen love and have reciprocated with generosity – but they have not seen freedom, and in that they were faint-hearted. They prudently remained in the flock of the “faithful” – and were unfaithful to themselves, to the common sense that God had given them as an inheritance like everyone else, not to deny it in the name of a supposed “faith” in The, but to use it with discernment, with boldness – freely.

On the other hand, the abundant use made by Christian tradition of the image of the flock (of sheep), of which Jesus is supposed to be the shepherd, is shocking. Quite a program! I admit that those sheepish images always deeply disgusted me – I told myself that there, little Jesus had, at the very least, lacked taste. But I surely felt, without dwelling on it, that there was an incompatibility of a very different dimension than a question of “taste.” Now I tell myself that Jesus surely has nothing to do with that, the poor man, again it is the apostles who would have seasoned it on their own, as they knew, with the best intention in the world⁹¹ – and then It is their herd reflexes that did the rest...

⁹¹(July 5) Perhaps there is a partial confusion in my spirit with the theme of “Christ the Passover Lamb”, in which Jesus himself is represented as a lamb, a symbol of purity and sweetness, sacrificed in redemption for our sins. This symbolism is foreign to that of the flock. On the other hand it is read in Saint Matthew (9, 36):

“When he saw the crowds, he had compassion for them, because they were exhausted and abandoned, like sheep without a shepherd.”

(There is a parallel passage in Saint Mark.) I suppose that it is that evangelical passage that is at the origin of the Christian image of the flock (of sheep, which I transformed into “sheep” without any intention). It's malicious, I swear! Apparently the apostles have nothing to do with it. On the contrary, the compassion of Jesus is clearly seen in this text, which continues with:

This reminds me that I have been told that this Marcel, a former polytechnic citizen who would have "left everything" to retire to the countryside, long before the great community movement that followed '68, would also be him taking care of a flock of sheep – but this time the real ones, the four-legged ones, and not sheep by free choice. That is where he must have had ample opportunity to meditate on the differences (willed by God) between those friendly quadrupeds and men (as for the other differences, it must be said that they are not so much to our favor), and about the similarities (not very flattering either). In any case, the fact is this: he was the first Christian (at least it seems so) to discover that the mission of Jesus was in no way to keep us in the state of sheep lacking judgment, that They meekly integrate into the flock, for the greater comfort of those who govern us. But he came to encourage each of us to become, as he himself did before us, a fully human person. And what spiritually distinguishes man from sheep is (every theologian will confirm this to us) freedom.

It is a fact that this Marcel L'egaut is not the great star, and there are few who have ever heard of him. He is not a Nobel Peace Prize winner or anything else, nor a great professor of mathematics or theology, the newspapers have not talked about him, to fill their columns, as a great benefactor of humanity. . I have looked for him in little Larousse to see if he was still alive⁹² and I have not found him. Do not say that it is not delusional to venture to suggest that the good Lord could attach so much importance to a certain sheep quidam that He would prepare the Great Change of Decoration right now, through a book of the said what, that no one or almost no one has read and that they have not talked about on TV. It is true that Jesus in his time was a certain individual with no fixed address, suspicious companies, an irregular situation, scandalous, finally unmasked as a vulgar evildoer and treated as he deserved. The good Lord truly has the most dubious taste – although after a thousand or two thousand years sometimes the perspective changes, and He enjoys the favor of the sheepish people.

It is true that there are many other signs besides the one I just mentioned. The signs of an end of civilization, if not of an End of Times or an End of the World. These signs, on a planetary scale, clearly and directly involve all men without exception – and not only us, but with us the animals, the plants, the earth, the waters, the air – everything that lives and It moves and lies in our Mother Earth.

I do not think that this is pure chance, that these signs of acute decline and decomposition of a World coincide in time with that other sign, however humble and insignificant it may seem, of a spiritual renewal. Not a herd movement in single file, with new masses of new "faithful" who flock into new Churches and the most beautiful open Chapels flying for them. But a renewal in silence, and in the secret of a man's heart, alone. Of a man who, alone, has known how to find his way to that other solitary man, who died two thousand years ago by free choice and for love of us, and to resume his Mission again.

(28) The Christian hell – or the great fear of dying (July 2)⁹³ As L'egaut suggests,

it is difficult to get a precise idea, starting only from the evangelical testimonies, of the extent to which Jesus was limited in his conscious thought by "the Law" (the law of Moses, intangible in traditional Jewish society). He stated that there was

"Then he said to his disciples: "The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few; Pray, therefore, to the Lord of the harvest to send workers into his harvest."

Note that in this exhortation of Jesus it is about workers to reap, and not shepherds to gather and keep a flock

92In the end I found out through intermediaries that Marcel L'egaut is alive, that he is 87 years old, that he gives lectures and that he encourages stays of evangelical reflection, that he has written many other books as well. one of those that I have just read or am going to read (published in 1970), and who lives in an apartment right next to mine...

93See the reference to this note in the note "The apostles are fallible – or grace and freedom" (no. 21), page 39.

come “not to abolish the law but to fulfill it,” but perhaps it was a prudent and ambivalent way of answering a trick question. In any case, he insisted on distinguishing the spirit of the Law from its letter (in which every law infallibly tends to be fixed, no matter how sublime, no matter how divinely inspired...). On the other hand, nothing in the Gospels seems to allow us to suppose that he had tacit reservations about the very spirit of the Law⁹⁴. It is very likely that in its essential features and in its spirit, the Law had in his eyes a universal value that modern man, or the contemporary non-Jew, are in no way willing to grant it. .

Of greater scope for the life of Christians during the two millennia of our era seems to me to be the belief in hell and eternal damnation, which Jesus seems to have shared with his contemporaries. There are clear references in various parts of the Gospels. That's something that has always perplexed me. Without a doubt, hell is one of the most sinister inventions of the human spirit, which the Christian religion has used and abused, magnifying the pertinent imagery to the extreme, while it only played a secondary role in the Old Testament and in Jewish tradition. In the same sense, Christianity has replaced the relatively calm attitude of the Jewish tradition towards death with a relationship of irreducible antagonism, of high-tension anxiety that often borders on macabre neurosis.

Death is felt as the great enemy of man, ally of Satan and almost indistinguishable from him, and man's life as a tragic struggle in which, despite all the evidence (since the arrival of the Death awaits him, he knows it well...), he must hope by “faith” to be “conqueror” of death (or, depending on the context, “saved” from its dominion, that is, saved from the eternal torments foreseen. for him). Around death, everything is at stake for the Christian life and its faith, the heartbreaking alternative between eternal damnation and eternal salvation – between the endless courtship of eternal torments that infinitely surpass any earthly suffering. imaginable of body and soul, and the eternal happiness of the elect. Faith in the sacrosanct dogmas of the Church is the only hope, the lifeboat of the Christian who is threatened by the most atrocious of shipwrecks, while hell is wide open to swallow him. And the separation of the condemned from the elect is played out as on the edge of a sword, so random as it seems, totally subject to divine good will and discretion, baptized “divine mercy” when the sentence is favorable. .

Such an image of “divine justice” seems difficult to reconcile with the most basic sense of justice granted to man. And if it is true, as the Scriptures affirm, that man is made in the image of God, that elemental sense of human justice must not be totally alien to the justice that resides in God, surely inseparable from His love and His infinite respect for the human soul, Love and Respect that is not in the power of man or any power in the world to alter. This image of “justice” seems to me equally difficult to reconcile with the spirit of the Gospels themselves, where the threatening references to eternal damnation break out in such a strange way.

(29) God participates – or the Judge and his penance

94(July 6) And he was all the less disposed to have such reservations about the spirit of the Law, as he saw in it the Spirit of God Himself, responding to the needs of a people in a particular moment in its history giving it that Law through and with the collaboration of one of its own. (Or a group of his own, if Moses is not the sole author of the Jewish Law.) As for discerning the essence of the Law, it cannot be clearer than Jesus was, when he declares (in Matthew 22, 37–40):

“You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind. This commandment is the main and first. The second is similar to him: You will love your neighbor as yourself. The entire Law and the prophets are supported by these two commandments.

Surely, he who fully fulfills one of these two commandments fulfills the other, and therefore fully fulfills the Law of God, even if he has never uttered or heard His name. And that Law is not for one people or one time, but for all peoples and for all men, in any place and time.

(July 2)⁹⁵ The reader may be disconcerted, even surprised, by the assertion that God also participates in the "aberrations" of man. By this I do not mean that God encourages and supports man even in his aberrations, nor that these are not sometimes seriously contrary to the will of God and the object of His reprobation and His reward. But with that I want to express that God is intensely present in everything that happens in us and in everything we do: everything that man feels, perceives, thinks, desires – his joy and his joy as well as his sorrow, and their suffering, and their illusions and their sufficiency, their cravings and their fears and their contempt and their hatred – all of this, both on the surface and in the deepest and most hidden recesses of the soul, is perceived and "lived" by God at the same time as for ourselves, and this with an acuity, a liveliness infinitely greater than ours when we perceive it and live it ourselves. That "greater acuity", in which God feels and knows as such what is felt by us in a vague or superficial or confused way, comes from the fact that God, in addition to feelings, perceptions, etc. present in us and lived by us, has a total knowledge of the nature, the meaning, the scope of each of these dispersed elements, and their mutual relationships, and their totality. That is a knowledge that totally escapes man, except at most to a very small number and in very rare moments.

But that extraordinary "acuteness" of God's participation in the life of the psyche and the soul is eloquently revealed to us by each of our dreams, as long as we know how to open ourselves to its meaning and recognize that acuity and that extreme finesse in the picture that He draws of things that are in us and that we ignore.

When, with an air of modesty, I indulge in a vain thought and find in it a pleasure that is hidden, God feels that "pleasure" with me, and includes in His Look all the understandings that accompany that pleasure and that that pleasure calls. He simultaneously perceives the greasy aftertaste, and knows that it is not a true pleasure, that he delights in the true things of Creation – that this pleasure is not "good." He perceives it and participates without sharing it. And God sees that greasy aftertaste as forming a thick layer of bacon, which isolates the being from itself and from the good things that God has created.

And when man suffers in his body or in his soul, and no matter how great and even atrocious his suffering may seem, God suffers with him. He "knows" that suffering in all its depth or in all its violence. But at the same time He also knows the origins and causes, and the meaning and place of that suffering in the spiritual adventure of that being and in the destinies of the All. He shares man's suffering, but without remaining locked up like him, due to excessive

to be.

God shares all human suffering. And if he gets what he deserves, it is not like a judge who pronounces a sentence on a detainee to whom he remains unaware. God Himself silently and fully shares all the stages of the penance that He has inflicted, not for revenge or punishment, but for the redemption and purification of the wayward soul.

(30) Providence: invention or discovery? (July 2)⁹⁶ Marcel L'egaut expresses

himself with the greatest caution about the nature of Providence. Perhaps we can see there, at least in part, a healthy reaction to the sometimes simplistic way in which it is used in certain biblical texts, and even more so in the edifying Christian literature of all the times.

It would seem that L'egaut questions the possibility of revealing in an "objective" way the action or intentions of God in the life of a person, or in the destinies of a people or humanity. On the contrary, he rightly insists on the extreme importance and creative character

⁹⁵See the reference to this note in the note "My friend the good God – or Providence and faith" (no. 22), page 39.

⁹⁶See the reference to this note in the aforementioned note "My friend the good God – or Providence and faith" (no. 22), page 40.

of the action of the psyche in revealing a "meaning" in events, whether of a personal nature, or situated at the level of a community, and even of the entire Universe. See in that creative action that "produces" a meaning (a meaning that we can also call "Providence", or "intention of God", or "design of God"), an "invention" work of the psyche (in collaboration, perhaps, with God?), rather than the discovery of an ultimate "objective" reality that would reside in God, and that would be capable of being known as such by man.

That is a very surprising conception, which differs greatly from the images that we usually form of Providence, and which suddenly seem very simplistic, even rude. I admit that it is difficult for me to separate myself from the idea that God really has "intentions", that He pursues "designs", that He has a "will", although man rarely knows them. Of course, those intentions, those designs, that will are not those of a tyrannical despot or a stubborn architect, but they always maintain that flexibility, that essential openness that gives a lot of scope to the human initiative to which they constantly appeal. , and to the creative intervention of both God and men. For God's work is not a solitary work, He has appointed us His collaborators, and it is not the work of an architect or engineer, but rather a work of art that calls us to create, in the image and in the company of the Master. Seeing this, doesn't it sometimes happen that God reveals his intentions or designs? (For example, in the prophetic dreams that He has sent me?) Or that a certain being, with His help, discovers them? Every dream that I try to fathom (and I often succeed, I really manage to unravel a meaning of the dream) is it not, in an irrefutable way, animated by an intention that it is up to me to unravel? , to capture as finely, as completely as possible, to discover in a word? It would truly be difficult for me to conceive that my way of feeling and "living" Providence (that is, God's intentions), certainly naive but which seems to impose itself with such force of evidence from an experience that involves me in such a total way. and so deep – that it is in a relationship of exclusion with that of L'egaut, much more nuanced and deeper, truly innovative and for that very reason disconcerting.

These two different perspectives make me think about the work of mathematical creation, which some see as a work of "invention" (of notions, statements, theories, demonstrations...). For my part, I have always had the undeniable feeling of always discovering and never "inventing," even when it might seem like I was inventing. That everything I have "built" in math, and although those constructions seem strongly marked by the mark of the worker, was always pre-existing to my intervention, in some dark and essential way. In short, I did nothing more than "bring to light", it is true that in a form through which I also expressed myself, something not yet born and that nevertheless, of In some mysterious way, it already exists and from all eternity in the dark limbos of uncreated things as an eternal substance that waits and that calls, to be incarnated in certain ephemeral forms that the spirit pleases to give it. ..

Surely, there must be these two aspects in every creation, both real and that are only opposed in appearance: "invention" (linked to expression), and "discovery" (linked to perception, understanding). They must even form a "cosmic couple" or "complementary couple", of two qualities that, when married, give each other their life and vigor.

A couple very close to the couple "expression - perception (or understanding)"⁹⁷, with the first term playing the role "yang" or "masculine", the second "yin" or "feminine". . And this would be a peculiarity specific to my personal temperament, that I have an irresistible tendency to perceive the wife above all and ignore the husband⁹⁸ .

31. God is not all-risk insurance – or meaning and interpretation

97This is, on the other hand, a couple that is very familiar to me, and that we have already found tacitly in the note "The small family and its Guest" (no. 1), in the part of the dated 4 June (penultimate paragraph, and footnote to this one).

98See the following note for a continuation of the previous reflection.

(July 5 and 6)99

1) Finding “meaning” is creative work

I have rethought, in the light of my modest experience of God, the strange situation of the erroneous prophecy of Jesus¹⁰⁰. It would seem that, except perhaps with very rare exceptions, when God addresses To a being to communicate a message, He not only does it “in a very low voice”, but also in such a way that whoever He addresses always leaves a great margin in interpretation.

Penetrating the “meaning” of such messages, for example the meaning of a dream, is therefore a creative work in the full sense of the term: the work that “produces”, that is, the “meaning” that must be to unravel, it is not fixed in advance, like an object located behind the closed door of a closet, and that we would simply have to open the door (with an ad hoc “key”, if applicable!) to catch it. On the contrary, that meaning progressively takes its shape, its face and its weight throughout the work and only for that work. It is worth what the work for which it has been conceived, fed, given birth is worth, or also: it is worth what the being in which the work is done, while it is done, is worth what it is worth. This sense has the quality of “truth”, it is fertile, that is, creative, exactly to the extent that the work that gives birth to it is creative work, or also: to the extent that the worker who works was in a “state of truth”, in a creative state.

On the other hand, it is not unusual for two (even three) “overlapping” meanings to appear successively in a work on a dream, located at levels of increasing depth. So I have the irrefutable feeling that each of the senses that appeared expresses an intention really present in the dream. In any case, each one really gives me knowledge, a deepening, of something that is clarified in a new light. It is up to me not to stop at the first meaning that appears, but to have the courage to sense that it does not exhaust the message and to go further. The last meaning that appears in the work, the one that is deeper and is experienced as the culmination of the work, is always the one that seems to me to also be the true meaning of the dream: the one that expresses the first intention of the Dreamer who has created that dream as a message for me, giving himself the pleasure of surrounding it with second intentions, which enrich the initial intention and kindly prepare preliminary stages for me to arrive to her, the source and reason for the dream. (But there are also, of course, cases in which I remain hungry, with the very clear feeling of not having reached the end, even feeling incapable of going any further...)

Like all creative work surely, the work by which the meaning of a message from God is unraveled (or which “invents” it, as Marcel L'egaut would undoubtedly say) is carried out in close collaboration between God and the man. The initiative belongs to God, who sends the message, either through a dream, or through a “flash” that arises from the Unconscious in a moment of emptiness and silence, or through a vision, or an ecstasy or an illumination; or perhaps also by some event that comes to us and surprises us as “providential”; even by an event, or a situation, or a group of facts, that do not seem to affect us directly or that infinitely surpass our humble person, which may be very far from us in space and time, and to which we nevertheless We strive to find “meaning.” In these last two cases, the “message” is not necessarily presented as a product of God's sole initiative, but often involves the participation of men (sometimes in large numbers) and events (perhaps partially fortuitous).

However, in all these cases God's contribution is not limited only to sending the message. If He does not put His hand in to unravel the meaning (or a meaning, or several meanings...), if this work of transforming the message into meaning is not carried out in a creative movement in

⁹⁹See the reference to this note in the note “When you have understood the lesson – or the Great Joke of God” (no. 27). The reflection in this note could also be seen as a continuation of the previous one, “Providence: invention or discovery?” (no. 30), from three days ago.

¹⁰⁰See the note “When you have understood the lesson” (no . 27).

In which the deepest forces of the being participate, the work remains more or less "formal", "cerebral", a pure exercise of style or psychic logic101. It doesn't take me long to realize that it squeaks, that I gently skid on the surface without getting anywhere. That's not how I'm going to get into the substance of the message! And it is also rare, once it is realized, that the work does not suddenly restart on a new foot. It is as if this realization of a temporary helplessness, that moment of truth, acted as a call to the deep forces, which until then had been kept aside...

When, on the other hand, "I get involved," then the message itself is specified and enriched during work, or in the following hours, with flashes while awake, or with other dreams that come unexpectedly to clarify and clarify. the dream that I am or was probing. Above all, it is in long-term work in which a true dialogue is established between myself, that is, the human spirit that exists in me and strives to probe and understand and that By that same process it is refined and transformed, and the deep creative forces, which are expressed through dream or any other way. It is to this dialogue that the subtitle of this book refers, "Dialogue with the good God." When giving it that name, I was thinking about the dialogue with God that is established with work on dreams.

But now I realize, with the help of reading Marcel L'egaut, that such a dialogue can be continued without going through the path of sleep. (However, it still seems to me that this is God's privileged means of expression, his means par excellence, to speak to man or to speak to Himself about him.)

2) God does not inform, He illuminates Until

now I had the feeling (which remained tacit, so obvious it seemed) that my work on a dream (let's say) consisted of discovering "the" meaning (or the "ultimate" meaning) that I had "at all", or in any case to get as close as possible. For me, that meaning was in the Thought or Intention of God (or the Dreamer) when sending the message. I existed independently of my work. This did not consist of "creating" or "inventing" a meaning. The goal or meaning of my work did not seem to me to be the production of a meaning that is fertile (as L'egaut sees it)¹⁰², but rather to unravel and apprehend the pre-existing meaning (in God or in the Dreamer) giving him an expression that is faithful.

Now I am perplexed, as if suspended between two visions that both seem true to me, and that I have not yet managed to marry. Surely, already in the Thought of God himself, the intention that inspires Him when sending a message is surrounded by a more or less great imprecision. This imprecision could have an initial indeterminacy, about the more or less rich, more or less precise, more or less profound knowledge that He intends to impart to man with that message. The exact measure of that richness, that precision, that depth will only appear through daily work, through the direction it takes, the energy that man dedicates to it, the quality of his attention. and his desire for understanding... (Assuming that man realizes the message, and that a work of assimilation, or "production" or "invention", takes place.)

In the case of a prophetic dream, there is yet another reason for this inaccuracy, independent in a certain way of any preconceived divine intention: it is that God himself does not know (or

101This was practically all the work I did on my dreams, reluctantly and as a "digression" that I would have allowed myself in my meditation work, until the "encounter with the Dreamer" in August 1982 (which I talk about in the section of the same name, no. 21). Only at that moment did I finally understand that the Dreamer's messages were much more important to discover who I am and to direct my life, than any "meditation" that I could pursue with my dreams. only means, without taking into account my dreams. Before that crucial turn in my relationship with the dream and the Dreamer, the only dreams in which I really "entered", involving myself completely and for that very reason, surely, arousing the help of deep forces, that is, of God, were three messenger dreams. All three acted decisively in the course of my life.

102I return to these "two peremptory lines" to qualify them in the reflection of the following day, in the fourth part of this note ("The unnoticed question – or the big hooves", arising from a note at the bottom of the page that I planned to insert right here.

wants to know) future events more than in broad lines. These events are never completely prescribed in advance, but depend both on the free intervention of God that will take place here or there and on that of all the men involved, near or far (without count other factors that God undoubtedly does not want to control).

Thus, in my reflection on Jesus' prophecies about the Last Judgment,¹⁰³ I was led to suppose that perhaps God Himself had left wide open the moment when the Great Turning would take place in our history – the moment in which He would intervene in a way so irrefutable for everyone, that for that very reason the great change of the Times would take place. That in time, it could be fifty years (???) or five thousand (???), according to the way in which those of Jesus

men (even if there was only one...) knew how to welcome and understand the message of Jesus.

Be that as it may, when we become aware of a message from God, and we "discover" it or "invent" a meaning for it, with or without divine assistance, we do so at our own risk.

God is not an all-risk insurance, which guarantees anyone against error or failure, not even those who wholeheartedly strive to put themselves at the service of His Will – even if it were Jesus Himself, the Beloved of God. Furthermore, that Will is not written black on white in any text, once and for all and for all the circumstances of life! Without a doubt, it is expressed, like a very diffuse and tenuous (and infinitely precious...) light, in certain messages that He sends us – we have to risk welcoming those messages and believing in them and finding meaning in them. Surely we will be judged by the heart we put into it, by our courage and our humility, and not because we know how to "hit the nail on the head." (Assuming that it makes sense to say that we have "hit the nail on the head" of God's Will or Intention, in truth...) At our own risk and expense we believe in such messages that come to us, and we declare them divine, at our own risk and expense we find for them such a meaning that seems fair and that satisfies us, and also at our expense and risk we grant them in our existence and in our mission the weight that seems appropriate to us, or that we consider in accordance with the Will of God. And all those who make their own a meaning that we proclaim, and who grant it a certain weight in their own life and use it in a certain way to inspire or justify such and such acts and gestures, also do so at their own risk. And surely they will also be judged according to the heart they put into it, and not according to whether a certain opinion or doctrine they have professed is declared "true" or "false" by God (or by a certain Church). who claims it...)

Let's go back to the prophecies of Jesus. I have no doubt that what the Gospels tell us is essentially correct. It seems unthinkable to me that the apostles could have "interpolated" on their own initiative something of such prodigious importance for the immediate perspective of the evangelical mission, to which they consecrated themselves body and soul. And I also have no doubt that Jesus expressed himself before them with the assurance of one who obtains his knowledge from a sure source – that is, from God. And I also think without reservation that I was right in believing it. He is not one of those who confuse the products of his imagination with the voice from the depths, the voice of God. And I also do not think that the meaning he gave to the message received is a pure product of his imagination or his human desires. That message was of such scope that he had to give it his full attention, and he did not give it meaning lightly. Perhaps even the meaning that he found in it was what he had to find in it, the meaning that this message had to have for him, to be fertile in his existence, to fulfill his mission. And this strange, even disconcerting fact, that this sense (taken "objectively") was "false," surely has a great lesson for us. At least for those who take God seriously, and the person of Jesus, and their own person and the powers of knowledge that God has granted them.

I don't claim to have understood that lesson. The opposite is true – I feel that there is something to understand and that it remains misunderstood. But that "something" goes in the direction that

¹⁰³In the reflection from four days ago, "When you have understood the lesson – or the Great Joke of God" (no. 27).

Marcel L'egaut tries to give us a glimpse. The "sense" of an event, of a prophecy, of an omen, would be something that would not have absolute existence, arising from the eternal Knowledge of God and revealed by His grace to those He favors. It would be something of personal essence, the elusive and shifting fruit of a delicate and secret act; of an act of invention and discovery that must be constantly renewed, otherwise the fruit will dry out and freeze and become dead weight. Strictly speaking, this "sense" would be foreign to the notions of "true" and "false"; although to "understand" a meaning instead of collecting a pure fact, one must be in a "state of truth", that is, in a creative state. But a meaning would be more or less fertile in our existence, depending on whether we have immersed ourselves more or less deeply to bring it to light. And such a sense that is fertile in a certain existence (whether that of Jesus himself, or that of his apostles), passively taken up in another, acts as a dead weight and contributes to sterilizing it, in payment of a spiritual laziness.

In this unexpected light, the question of the objective accuracy of the prophecy of Jesus (or any other), without disappearing, appears as incidental. The prophetic messages sent to a man do not have the same function as the "forecasts" (let's say meteorological), they are not a kind of "schedule", imperatively set by a decree from God. Its main role is not to inform (that is the last of God's concerns!), but to awaken, encourage, clarify, or help us orient ourselves.

That said, nothing prevents us from taking them as simple information. And we certainly have not stopped doing it, and all the mental habits acquired push us along that path – that of inertia. But we do it at our own risk! And surely, when we realize what our existence was, it will be useless to plead ignorance to excuse our laziness...

3) Another faith – or the Unknown and the Unknowable

Today's reflection has been groping, like a hesitant march on a night barely illuminated by dim lights. In this walk, from the place that seemed darkest, from the most disturbing contradiction, once explored, is where the most light seems to emerge...

For the moment, what I retain above all is the encounter with something that until now I tended to ignore: the Unknowable. By dint of probing "the Unknown" and "knowing" it, he tended to forget the Unknowable – what the spirit of man can never know except in an always obscure way (although we believe we see it very clearly...), always adrift as if wrapped in mists, always under a bias or some biases, linked to our own history and our particular place in the Universe; with an always personal look, while there is an infinity of them that are equally true, all variable and in perpetual evolution, and that all together only fit into the vast movement of a full Knowledge, reserved only to the Look of God.

It takes faith to immerse oneself in the Unknown and to know it as little as possible, to immerse oneself with both hands in a living substance that is hidden in the night and bring it, in its first freshness, to the clear light of day. And surely it also takes faith to apprehend and accept the presence, everywhere around us, of the Unknowable – of that which must always remain hidden from full human knowledge. I feel good that it is the same faith. And it is not "the faith" that the Churches preach.

4) The unnoticed issue – or the big hooves (July 7)104 And yet!

After writing those two peremptory lines¹⁰⁵, I remembered that

¹⁰⁴This continuation of the evening's reflection arises from a footnote in part 2) (see reference in a footnote on page 56).

¹⁰⁵These are the two lines on page 56: "The goal or meaning of my work did not seem to me to be the production of a meaning that is fertile (as L'egaut sees it)...".

very often, when working on a dream or on other occasions when I was immersed in a meditation that was trying to unravel a meaning, there was in me like an unexpressed doubt: and that meaning that You are going to unravel with such conviction, is he really "the good one", the really real one? Aren't you about to make it up completely?

On the one hand, this doubt created a certain discomfort, since it attacked a way of seeing that was solidly rooted in me: there is a meaning, or several meanings at different levels of depth, that are pre-existing to my work and are what they are, and My job consists of "discovering" them, of figuring them out patiently, stubbornly, with infinite care... But beyond that discomfort created by the assumption that I could be "inventing," there was I had a certainty: I knew very well that I was doing "real work," that it was fertile work; that by doing so an understanding deepened, that my very being deepened, became more refined. I knew well, and I had to tell myself more than once (if not consciously, at least on a subconscious level): that deep down, that did not have great importance, if I was in the process of inventing a meaning, or to find "the good one"; that in any case I was not wasting my time and that my work was as it should be, that I had no reason to worry.

I have never gone beyond that coming and going of thoughts and feelings at a subconscious level, outside of the meditation itself, and which was perceived as a kind of digression "of circumstances." The general question that this "subconscious digression" contained in germ, about the very nature of the work of meditation that strives to unravel a "meaning", and about the nature of the "meaning" itself, was not perceived at all. It has been reading Marcel L'egaut, and his penetrating observations on Providence (in his book "Introduction to the understanding of the past and future of Christianity", especially pages 181-183) which ended up putting me in front of the issue, without me recognizing it at the beginning (or before today) as an issue that had already touched me without me perceiving it. Although L'egaut's way of seeing seemed to clash with mine, and the current reflections encouraged me to reject it, I confusedly felt that this vision must capture an aspect of things that until then it had escaped me; an aspect too delicate and too hidden for my big hooves as a mathematician converted to meditation, but which could not be less true – it could not be a pure invention (!) of Monsieur L'egaut. (Also, it would be difficult for anyone to come up with something so strange and so far from common sense...)

That must have been working on me for the last ten days – ever since I embarked on the cascade-digression of metaphysical notes, beginning with the section "God speaks very quietly. ..." (no. 36), and continuing with the note "God constantly hides himself – or the intimate conviction" (no. 19), and with all those that followed him until today – there are twelve (I have not on purpose!), all inspired by my reading of L'egaut and by the resonances it has raised (notes 20 to 31). Most of these notes revolve more or less about "Providence." They constitute an effort to try to understand in certain cases what God's intentions may have been, and they lead me, as if in spite of myself, to face the question raised by L'egaut, about the very meaning that must be given to that notion of divine "intention," rooted so irrefutably in my own experience (and visibly in yours as well).

Decidedly, my book entitled "The Key of Dreams", which was intended to be a testimony about my experience of dreams, is turning towards metaphysical meditation on "divine providence"! However, I do not have the impression of having wasted my time, but on the contrary, of being on the way to getting to know the good God a little more. (there's no better way to spend your time!) Regarding the question about Providence in particular, and about the notion of "meaning" (of events, or messages) in general, and the question "invention or discovery?", the reminiscence I have just evoked completely convinces me (if it were still necessary) that L'egaut's "baffling" vision must be "the good one" – or at least (if this is not meaningless). which must be a particularly happy "invention"! If only for the light it brings to an issue so fundamental and so delicate at the same time, I feel that Marcel L'egaut has the right to

All my gratitude, and surely also that of all those (and there must be others besides him and me...) who are challenged and intrigued by the meaning of existence.

(32) Eros and Spirit (1) – or abundance and the essential

(July 12)106

The identity of nature of the drive for knowledge as it is expressed in intellectual or artistic creation, with the drive for sex, highlighted by Freud, for me there is not the slightest doubt. . As for seeing this elemental drive equally at the level of matter and of all natural phenomena without exception, that may seem a risky and even dangerous extension (not to say fantastical...). However, that is neither speculation nor poetic exaggeration. On the contrary, it is an imperious and tenacious intuition, if not a vision in the full sense of the term, that is, something truly seen. That intuition was born from a reflection on the original cosmic forces of yin and yang (for which I refer to part III, "The Key to Yin and Yang", of Cosechas y Siembras). The eternal play of these forces, perceived as the cosmic principles of the "feminine" and the "masculine", are manifested in all planes of existence, from that of raw (called) matter, to the plane of spiritual reality. Rightly or wrongly, I perceive the force of Eros in its vastest conceivable expression, as the force that tends toward the creative union of the "feminine" and the "masculine," to engender and conceive the new, "the work", "the child".

Taken in such a vast sense, which also includes the plane of spiritual reality, it is true that Eros would become almost indistinguishable from God himself¹⁰⁷. Some of my dreams (since last October) have strongly dissuaded me from getting there. That would mean, due to the inconsiderately broad use of the word "Eros", putting things of totally different essence into the same bag. Thus, from now on it will be understood, when speaking of Eros or the "erotic drive" or the "love drive," that what I designate with that remains below reality itself. spiritual.

However, it must be noted that the drive of the spirit that strives to fathom the mysteries of spiritual reality is a drive of an intellectual and non-spiritual nature, and therefore it is the drive of Eros. In effect, the knowledge to which this drive aspires is concretized in the ideas we have about things such as death, birth, the afterlife, God's designs on the world, etc. – is a knowledge that L'egaut would undoubtedly call "ideological".

This thirst for knowledge is a form of intellectual curiosity, which in no way excludes it from being the sting and driving force of creative activity. But this creation is not situated on the spiritual plane, although it really gives us knowledge, on an intellectual level, of a spiritual reality (34).

This drive is very different in nature from that of the "hunger" of the soul that I mentioned before¹⁰⁸, which is a hunger for truth and not a thirst for knowledge, or that of the "hunger for justice" that Jesus speaks of. That hunger is like a cry that rises from the depths, an expression of a humble and naked need that compromises the entire being – not the desire to increase abundance, but the need for what is essential. Such is also the naked suffering of the soul that feels torn from God and alien to itself, perhaps from all eternity, and that embraces the impossible and heartbreaking wait to be reunited in Him.

Such movements are purely of the soul, they are creative actors that are fulfilled on the plane spiritual. Neither Eros nor the self have any part.

(33) Eros and Spirit (2) – or the flesh and the Holy

(July 12)109 It may seem that this statement contradicts the example of numerous saints and

106See the reference to this note in the section "Eros – or power" (no. 39), page ??.

107Compare the comments on this confusion in the aforementioned section that this note comments on.

108See the sections "The child and the breast" and "The key to the great dream – or the voice of "reason", and the other" (nos. 3, 6).

109See the reference to this note in the section "Eros – or power" (no. 39), page ??.

mystics, who are visibly not spiritually "dry" but have a vigorous and life-giving relationship with God, while professing a sovereign contempt for "the world" in general, and for "the senses" (i.e. Eros) in particular. I think very particularly of Saint Teresa of Avila. In the story of his life, he likes to return, with that exuberance that is part of the attraction, to the feeling that the entire world "is nothing more than manure." As I emphasize somewhere¹¹⁰, in doing so she slides down the slope marked by the ideological consensus in force in the religious circles with which she was totally identified. The extraordinary favors that she received from God could not, certainly, fail to make her seem very pale in comparison to the joys that the world can dispense, and of which the Saint also knows. I only had the most limited experience¹¹¹. This is how she was led to insist on a truth that her mystical experience revealed to her in such an overwhelming way, charging her with a purely façade "contempt" for everything she had renounced with her vows, and that he could only know a little that was by imagination ("guilty"). I have the impression that on such occasions the ego's own pride, ruthlessly defeated by a perspicacious and vigilant, even overflowing humility, takes quick revenge, under the protection (above all suspicion!) of clichés. pious that were part of the very air he breathed.

But such "contempt for the flesh," shown with such beautiful exuberance, with such even joyful passion, doesn't hit home. The "rejection" of the love impulse that these words seem to express in their literal sense visibly implies nothing more than the periphery of his being. Without a doubt she could not be more sincere, in those professions to which she returns with such evident pleasure that it would almost be said that we felt a malicious touch of humor (unconscious, it must be said). What is certain is that these words do not express or affect the deep layers of his being, in which the waters of love flow with all the abundance of his passionate and generous temperament. She "denies" Eros with her lips, when in truth her entire being is saturated!

Certainly, there is not the slightest fickleness of conscious or unconscious desire to donate this superabundance to a lover of flesh and blood. Surely the mere thought of such a thing would not leave her frozen with horror, but would burst into laughter! Surely she has no need "for the world", since the water of Eros is effortlessly sublimated into Spirit and she is called to very different weddings... Followed from afar, with a paternal gaze and perhaps something restless, for its spiritual director from whom nothing is hidden, a holy and learned man of the Society of Jesus, who unreservedly gives it the green light of Theological Science. Who has ever seen a happier lover?!

In these things, the tone of what is said says much more than the literal meaning – and that tone comes across very clearly even in the written text, for those who want to understand. The tone of the writings of Saint Teresa or (in a very different register) of Master Eckhart (just to name these) is not that of frustration, hatred or contempt, but the tone of beings who know filled, even at their crosses¹¹². The contrast is striking with the irritated and secretly angry tone with which certain "spirituals" (including the most prestigious ones) mockingly evoke the enjoyment of the flesh. In such evocations, mocking the carnal experience of love, one notices a camouflaged revenge of the repressed erotic drive that catches an ambiguous and symbolic satisfaction on the fly (and that we can call "perverse"). ; giving a large part to the vain and aggressive impulses that run rampant, under the guise of "spirituality" and in compensation for the renunciation of the natural means of satisfaction of a carnal impulse that they have not known. assume and much less overcome.

¹¹⁰In the note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold" (no. 9).

¹¹¹On the contrary, Saint Teresa was tested all her life by very poor health and by continuous suffering, sometimes reaching the extreme limit of what is humanly bearable. According to his own testimony, at times he would not have been able to endure it, and endure it patiently, without "supernatural" help, that is, without the help of God. Without a doubt those sufferings (which are far from exhausting those he knew in his life, so rich in suffering) were more beneficial to him than all the joys and pleasures that he renounced without sorrow, and which he pretends to despise.

¹¹²I incorporate here a statement from the aforementioned note on the mystical experience (note no. 9).

(34) Eros and Spirit (3) – or the impulse and the soul (July)

14)113 Like any other creative activity that is limited to the intellectual or artistic plane, that is, the work of Eros, this is not spiritually fertile in itself, even if the vision (of spiritual reality in this case) it arrives at is profound and "just." The spiritual fertility of a creative intellectual activity depends less on its intrinsic quality on the level on which it is carried out (that of human intelligence), or on the work on that same level, than on the way in which that activity and that work are inserted in the life of the one who is or has been the worker.

It will be fruitful on the spiritual plane, that is, it will make you advance on the path of your spiritual becoming, to the extent that it is integrated into your vocation or your mission (whether you know it or not). . Likewise, a vision of spiritual reality, whether we have been its creator or have received it from elsewhere and made it our own, is spiritually fertile to the extent that its action is not limited to the intellectual plane (even sentimental or simply devotional) as generally occurs, but is a source of inspiration and engine of creative action in our lives. Such action is not manifested with recipes for behavior or with a range of judgment criteria to classify beings and events in prepared boxes, quite the contrary! It is recognized in a new openness to the potential that they carry, and by a more delicate understanding of the meaning of the situations we confront. This is the condition so that this vision does not remain inert, becoming "ideology" or "doctrine", the object of a belief, but rather deepens and transforms at the pace of our lives, although we do not let us dedicate ourselves to it deliberately. That is the sign that that vision, which at the beginning could simply be received or constructed (if a vision can be "constructed..."), has come to marry our being and to transform itself. with the. Such betrothals are the fruit of a truly spiritual creative activity, through which this vision ends up being our own work, spiritual this time.

Psychic reality, when its more or less mechanical aspects are overcome, is certainly of spiritual essence. According to what I have just said, the research work that consists of unraveling an overview of the psyche in general, even if it is situated (as is my purpose...) In a "spiritual perspective", however, it is a work of intellectual and not spiritual nature. Furthermore, such work seems to me to be of very limited or no interest, if it is not rooted in a "knowledge of oneself", the result of an authentic work of self-discovery and deepening. inner feeling that always accompanies such work. Thus, perhaps paradoxically at a superficial glance, this work of discovery of one's own psyche is not a "particular case" of a research work on the human psyche in general.

Not only is the discovery of oneself an absolute precondition of knowledge of the human psyche, which without it remains entirely false, a pure construction of the spirit and not a reflection of a delicate and living reality; but it is of another order. By its very nature, it is a spiritual creative work.

In this work, certainly, the intellect plays an important role, at least in "meditation" as I have practiced it. But time and time again I have been able to confirm that when this work is limited to the intellectual level, and although it is driven by a desire of the same order as the one that animates my mathematical work, it remains deaf and blind, and only it provides a ridiculous and formal knowledge, truly foreign to my being. I may well update this or that, produce "knowledge", but this remains as dead, it is not integrated into the vision I have of myself, which (despite appearances) does not change. not a hair, no more than I change myself. The vision of ourselves is only deepened with a deepening of ourselves, totally different in this (it seems to me) from the vision that we can develop with anything other than "us." even if it were "the human psyche" or "God".

113See the reference to this note in the penultimate note, "Eros and Spirit (1) – or abundance and the essential" (no. 32), page 60.

To put it another way, true self-knowledge is not of the order of knowledge and the drive for knowledge (that is, of Eros), but of the order of truth. Its driving force is related to an inner need, more than desire, to a curiosity, no matter how passionate it may be. That curiosity is certainly a valuable support, it gives the research its own impulse, and gives it a stability, a continuity that it would not have without it. It can also be, at the beginning of the work, the trigger that unleashes it on the level of creative intelligence, before contact is established with the inner need that had called it; Just as the desire and pleasure of love are called by the act of creating life to which they tend so strongly, but they are of a different essence. Thus, curiosity about oneself is at the same time "bait", and impulse, and "flywheel" in the work of self-discovery, undoubtedly essential so that this is not limited to isolated moments of existence, that is integrated with the fabric of our life, just as the carnal relationship is integrated into the life of the couple. But the soul of that work lies elsewhere.

(35) The great Mutation – or the Churches and their

mission (July 17 and 18)¹¹⁴ On the other hand, I do not believe that the great religions of today, venerable in many aspects despite their dark past, are destined to disappear in the Tempest, nor should they be replaced by some unique and providential Religion that would achieve, at last, the agreement of the spirits – quite the contrary! My prophetic dreams make me glimpse a spiritual Renewal unprecedented in history, which (I seem to understand) must go hand in hand with an equally unprecedented renewal of traditional religions. These will finally emerge (and don't ask me by what miracle, because only God knows...) from their millennia-old spiritual immobility, which nevertheless seems to sink unbreakable roots in human inertia and in the same veneration with which their religious traditions have been surrounded since time immemorial.

It is true that if the inertia of men does not seem to have changed a bit throughout the millennia of human history that we know, religious veneration shows certain signs of wear and tear, in these times of general disaffection towards the Churches. , of desperately hollow and arid materialism of the majority, and fashionable in the rest for exotic religions and sensational esotericisms in competition with each other. The widespread erosion of traditional beliefs, under the weight of sociological factors that in themselves may seem ridiculous, shows well to what extent those beliefs themselves were of a sociological nature, pure social conditioning without roots in a true spiritual life (leaving aside some isolated cases, totally insignificant in any perspective except the spiritual...).

This suddenly places me face to face with the nature of the Mutation (37) that is approaching, that unthinkable sudden Awakening of a spiritual life where all trace seemed absent, and at the same time with its amplitude truly dizzying, due to that irruption into the intimacy of billions of human beings at the same time. That Act seems to me infinitely more prodigious than any of the countless real or fictitious miracles that history and legend tell us. She is the true Miracle of miracles since the Creation of the World, even more unthinkable than this, impossible, to be honest, according to my human judgment! Doesn't it seem to go against the free will of billions of beings, each clinging to their own lethargy since the dawn of time, from birth to birth? And yet I have no doubt that God will not force the freedom of just one of us.

But surely many will die¹¹⁵. And those who live will surely experience such things that their leaden shell will be broken and opened, and under the downpour of God bearing down in a tempest, something that was as dead in them will awaken. life – how a burned and dead earth that soaks the rain comes back to life...

¹¹⁴See the reference to this note in the section "The call" (no. 42), page ??.

¹¹⁵Compare the last two paragraphs of the note "Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20), and the corresponding footnote.

One of the many points in which the fervent believers of different religions are alike is that each one is deeply convinced that his religion is superior to all others (38). I am glad that the times when such convictions were a pretext for conquests and massacres have passed! For my part, throughout my life I have had ample opportunity to verify that the spiritual vivacity of a man with a religious inclination, and the flowering of his purely human qualities, have no apparent relationship with his religion. on or religious ideology, almost always fixed by the chance of their birth¹¹⁶ In any case, it seems that up to the present, the religious environment promoted by established religions can at most, in the most favorable cases, favor the emergence of a spiritual life in their followers, but due to their congenital doctrinal closure, all of them without exception hinder authentic spiritual progression. At the level of the religious institution, surely the mutation will be carried out not by its disappearance, but by a draconian relaxation of doctrinal positions, giving free scope to the spiritual search among the adepts who They feel called to it.

This new freedom will undoubtedly translate into the formation of spiritual currents of extreme diversity within each of the great Churches, and in relations of fraternal coexistence between these currents, as well as between the Churches themselves. Concerned above all with promoting a cultural environment favorable to the flourishing in its members of an authentic spiritual life (and not only devotional), more than with expanding areas of influence, with maintaining or increasing temporal power, impose obedience, the Churches will finally (better late than never!) enter the path of their mission: not to dominate, but to serve; not to enlist and indoctrinate, but to illuminate and stimulate the free creativity of each one.

(36) The great Innovators and their messages

(July 17)¹¹⁷ To tell the truth, more in “Founders of religions”, I would be inclined to be inspired by men who can be called the great “Spiritual Innovators” of the humanity: Gautama Buddha, Lao-Ts'e, Jesus. (I do not know if there are others who deserve that name.) Among these, only Buddha founded a religion, embodied by a monastic order. According to Buddhist tradition, he would have predicted that this religion would last a thousand years. (Then it would have been sixteen hundred years since it no longer existed, without that seeming to pose the slightest problem to Buddhist believers...)

As for Lao Tse and Jesus, it is quite clear that their own genius did not in any way predispose them to be founders of a religion, in the sociological sense of the term, which implies a hierarchical structure within a religious institution, claiming an intangible and immutable doctrine. Furthermore, I am convinced that the maintenance of an immutable doctrine is totally foreign to the spirit of Buddha. If he predicted in round figures that the Sangha would live for a thousand years and no more¹¹⁸, it is because he undoubtedly saw clearly the immense inertia inherent to the human psyche, and the sclerosis that stalks every institution. But tradition (who can doubt it!) does not relate any clarification that Buddha would have made in that sense.

It is important to remember that neither Gautama Buddha nor Jesus left any written text, and that everything leads to think that their teaching was greatly distorted by the written tradition that has transmitted it to us. We cannot stop asking ourselves about the deep reason, the meaning of this strange circumstance. I tell myself that these men were so far ahead of their time that it would not have been possible for them to say, let alone write, in clear terms and without metaphors what they saw and experienced. . That may have played a role in discouraging them from leaving a written message. However, Lao-tzu left a text, scrotum so that it was intelligible only to a being with

¹¹⁶Compare with the note “Belief, faith and experience” (n16).

¹¹⁷See the reference to this note in the note “The Call”, no. 42, page ??.

¹¹⁸To tell the truth, after Buddha finally gave his approval, much to his chagrin, to the admission of women into the monastic order, he would have modified his initial prediction (always according to what tradition tells us): because of this new clause, the Sangha would only last five hundred years, and not a thousand. If taken literally, the Sangha would have expired shortly after the life of Jesus, who would therefore have been well suited to renew the Buddha's message.

sufficient spiritual maturity, that then he can find nourishment and inspiration there. And Jesus, with a undoubtedly similar spirit but with a very different style, created the parables. (See in this regard the note "Jesus creator (2) – or expression and conception of a mission" no. 25.) We can think that he said many others that are not included in the Gospels., and we can wonder why he didn't put them in writing. Simple question of temperament? A sign of trust, and respect full of delicacy towards the freedom of the disciples and future apostles, who would not have wanted to "bind" with a written message, but to whom he wanted to leave total freedom to transmit from his teaching what really corresponded to each person's own temperament and the way in which he perceived that message? Or simply the very close prospect of the Last Judgment? This would be in accordance with the circumstance that the Gospels themselves seem to have been written quite late in the life of the evangelists, after a long apostolic activity.

But although those great "Awakened Ones" had each left us a copious and detailed written work, it would not fail to bear the marks of place and time. Surely, their mission was not to dissuade us, with a false fidelity to their message or to the Churches and religious doctrines that arose from them, from using our own eyes and our own creative means, as they themselves gave us a good example.

(37) The great evolutionary crisis – or a turn in the helix (July

19)¹¹⁹ When writing that term in capital letters, "Mutation", the memory of the now distant years comes to mind of ecological and cultural militancy, at the beginning of the 70s. (See the section "The turn – or the end of a torpor", no. 33.) From that moment I became aware that The world and all of us were involved in an unprecedented Crisis. Then I called it "the great evolutionary Crisis", because for the first time in the history of life on earth, after six billion years of biological, psychic and at least human end, this extraordinary creative process is threatened by a sudden, definitive, imminent end, due to a certain inexorable logic inherent to society, and the human psyche molded by it.

It was clear that to overcome the Crisis and escape the inevitable Shipwreck, nothing less than an unthinkable "Evolutionary Mutation" was needed on the scale of the entire human species; a mutation that everything he knew seemed to make not only highly improbable, but actually impossible. This mutation would be of a creative nature and scope comparable to those of the main qualitative "leaps" in the evolution of life on earth since its origins (mentioned in passing in the section "The waterfall of wonders – or God for good reason", or 30). But never in the past has such a mutation, spreading over millions and even hundreds of millions or billions of years, been made under the pressure of such extreme urgency, and accomplished the essential (as is currently necessary) in the space of a few dozen years.

In the last fifteen years, I have not devoted any reflection to the Crisis, a reflection that would have seemed totally vain to me, due to being hopeless – since what is being prepared clearly far exceeds the capacities of understanding. of human reason and intelligence. But the fearful deadline that we have before us has not ceased to be present – not because of anguish, but because of a motionless question, as if suspended over a near future, both personal and planetary, totally "blank". And all the long-term projects had a strange aftertaste of total vanity, at the bottom of that question, of that empty abyss.

Now I believe I have completed a "great turn" in a vast upward spiral that takes me, not to the starting point of my itinerary, fifteen or sixteen years ago, but above it: "the great Mutation." evolutionist" has become "the great spiritual Mutation" of humanity, the arrival of a humanity that is finally human. With this draconian change of perspective, from

¹¹⁹See the reference to this note in the note "The great Mutation – or the Churches and their mission" (no. 35), page 63.

From a higher point of view located on the spiritual plane and not on that of mere human understanding, the meaning of this mutation now appears, which before was only dimly sensed.

I realized that the Mutation would take place on a much deeper level than that of social structures, or that of the moral "codes" promoted by society and professed and more or less internalized. and practiced by its members. But like everyone else, he had only a very confused perception of the existence of a spiritual plane, and he even had a clear reluctance to use the term "spiritual." because of how associated it was in me with religious jargon and it aroused in me well-anchored defensive reactions against indoctrination and religious clichés.

It is true that the last part of the journey of the "great turn" in the helix, and the most crucial, is not my work or even partial, but the work of God. I certainly would never have been able to accomplish it on my own! Now I know that men, blind and chained by their own choice, are not alone and abandoned themselves facing the fearful Threshold that no one yet sees (so to speak). And now I also know from God what I would never have had the audacity to affirm by my own lights, and today less than ever: that the impossible Mutation will happen!

(38) Buddha or Jesus? – or the false question

(July 19)¹²⁰ Not even Marcel L'egaut is an exception to this rule. Which makes it even more surprising that in him there is no trace of complacency in the face of the heavy past or the mediocre present of "his Mother and his Cross", the Holy Catholic Church. It is true that L'egaut does not see Christianity as a social reality, but as a community of faith (at least potential), charged with embodying and transmitting the spirit and mission of Jesus (although it may have been unfaithful to that mission for a long time). But shouldn't Buddhism and Taoism also be seen essentially as "communities of faith," arising from the mission of Buddha and Lao-Tzu that they are supposed to live and transmit? If so, L'egaut's inner conviction perhaps boils down to this: that the person, life and mission of Jesus most crucially touches the man of today, and even to man of all time, than in the case of the other great spiritual Innovators of history.

It seems difficult to grant an objective value to a conviction of this nature. At least it would have to be confronted with testimonies that were not from Christians, for example that of a Buddhist spiritualist, who had with Buddha a relationship of spiritual filiation of the nature that L'egaut testifies to in his relationship. on with Jesus. I seem to understand that such a filiation is supposed to be transmitted from master to disciple in an unbroken tradition of Zen masters, from Buddha himself to the masters of today, and it does not seem impossible to me that such a filiation with Buddha It still remains alive in some (no doubt very rare) of them. (It is true that the few texts that I have read, coming from the pen of three different contemporary Zen masters, are far from going in that direction, to say the least...)

But to tell the truth the question is not there. Without a doubt, the extraordinary destiny of Jesus touches me more strongly, and by far, than that of any of the other spiritual greats I have known, and I don't think that is going to change. Upon reflection, going beyond this very personal profession, as I might be tempted to do, seems sterile and outdated to me. The true questions of our time and of each person's existence lie elsewhere.

L'egaut himself knows this better than anyone, and he has been able to see and clearly raise these crucial questions in the midst of the general confusion.

(39) The creative child (1) – or the discovery of the world (July

22)¹²¹ When writing that line, I had a doubt, when thinking about children, and above all, in

120 See the quote from this note in the note already cited (no. 35), page 64.

121See the reference to this note in the section "Man is a creator – or the power and fear of creating" (no. 44), page ??.

very young children, in the child in the first months or in the first years of his life.

What is certain is that the small child discovers the world, knowing it with new senses and a new spirit. (I express myself about this in the first pages of *Cosechas y Siembras*, in the section "The child the good God" (CyS I, no 1).) But to discover, and to know with all the freshness of the innocence, they irresistibly appear to me as acts of creative nature; Something is really created, if not a "product", an external work, at least something in the same being that discovers or knows: authentic knowledge is born, immediate, first-hand knowledge.

Through it the being is transformed, no matter what, and it will be different from what it was before that act. That knowledge falls into oblivion does not change anything. It remains present in the deep layers, certainly invisible and perhaps inactive, but ready to wake up, to emerge and act, when its time comes.

Apart from the absence of a tangible "product", perhaps one hesitates to describe as "creative" the discovery of the world and the awareness of things by the young child, because there does not seem to be any trace in it. of the work that generally accompanies the creation of the adult being¹²². However, this reservation is only maintained if the affirmation that all creation is accompanied by work becomes an intangible dogma. It is better to approach each real situation while remaining open to its own originality, and being attentive above all to what really is the essence of creative action. Even in the existence of the adult being, there are sometimes (too few, alas!) instantaneous flashes of creativity, with truly creative acts in response to unforeseen situations, in which all traces of "work" that would have prepared it seem absent. It would be said that in those moments it is God himself who acts through that being, whose only contribution would have consisted in instantly assenting to the movement of God in him, in not opposing it. the inertia inherent to the psyche due to its inveterate mechanisms. (These have an almost uncontrollable tendency to displace a response truly appropriate to the situation, perceived with acuity in their neural springs.) In the child, this inertia, due above all to the force and preponderance of the "psychic mechanics" is incomparably less than in adults. That is one of the aspects of "innocence", and it is also one of the reasons, surely, why in the child (and especially in the small child) there is a creativity that it almost always appears totally absent, or else considerably dulled and hardened, in the adult.

Also note that the impression that there is no creative psychic "work" in the child is far from corresponding to reality. It is rather the reflection of false ideas and never-examined clichés that have been in place, undoubtedly since time immemorial, both about the state of childhood and about creation and creative work. Assimilating true knowledge that has just appeared, integrating it into a global image that is being formed, are creative activities par excellence, they constitute creative work in the full sense of the term. It is enough to observe the small child to realize that such work is carried out in him with an intensity rarely or never achieved by an adult even in a fully creative period. What is confusing is that in the child, and especially in the young child, this work does not consist (and rightly so) in a conscious reasoned reflection, but is carried out entirely in the deepest parts of the psyche. This does not take away anything from the intensely creative character of that work, comparable, at the level of the psyche, to the work on the primarily organic level that is carried out during embryonic life from the moment of conception. This time it is a question, starting from almost total nothingness, of constituting an image of the world that is both "operational" on the material level, and adequate and satisfactory on the level of the internal demands coming from the psyche itself. Also that work

¹²²In the "four times" that I have distinguished in the "rhythm of creation", in the section "Four times for a rhythm" (no. 12), one of those times is precisely that of creative "work". And yet, as we will remember in a moment, there are creative acts without a trace of work! Like my attractive rhythmic description of the famous "creative processes" only seems to work when there really is a "process", and not a simple creative act apparently isolated, as if emerging from nothing. Everyone makes mistakes – sorry!

It brings into play considerable psychic energy, without comparison to that put into play by even an intensely active adult. This is also, without a doubt, the reason why the small child needs much more sleep than the adult, and this is even more so the smaller the child is. . During deep and copious sleep is when the psychic energy is "pumped" (the "water of Eros", in the symbology of some of my dreams) that it needs for the intense work it has undergone. to free himself (without knowing it, certainly, or thinking about giving himself any merit!).

Having seen this, I think it is not an exaggeration to say that the child carries out, in quality and quantity, a creative activity (or a "work" in the full sense of the term) more considerable (and by far) in the first two years of his life, than what he would display in the rest. (Exception made only for some exceptionally creative existences.) From the age of five or six, as a general rule, human existence is already locked in routines in which all creativity is almost totally absent.

One of the great challenges of the spiritual adventure of the soul during one of its terrestrial existences is precisely to arrive, against the pressure of the Group, to remain faithful to its vocation with a creative life, no matter how little it may be. We could even say that the great challenge (which the soul itself certainly ignores, until it has reached a sufficient degree of maturity) is that this life is not only creative at the simply "mental" level at which it has been in the past. her first years, but to be creative spiritually. This also means that during this terrestrial existence, the being has matured spiritually, or (as L'egaut would say) that it has "deepened" internally. He has progressed on the path of his spiritual becoming, en route to his last reunions with the invisible Guest within his being. He has collaborated (perhaps without knowing it) with the Designs of God on the World, in which the eternal destiny of every soul is mysteriously and irreplaceably included. That life has not been lived in vain, and I will not have to "repeat" it, like a bad student who had been in Babia all year. That soul, in its next earthly existence and perhaps even in the Hereafter before being reborn, instead of going over and over again the same unlearned lessons, will be ripe for new tasks. to which her karma (with the discreet assistance of God) will not fail to confront her.

(40) The child and its domestication – or the unwelcome visitor

(July 22)123 This is a dream that puts on stage, with a symbolic stroke, the cycle of births through which I have past until now. It suggests that the soul, before reaching a certain degree of maturity, goes through its successive incarnations in a fearful manner, in its relationship with others, as if it were afraid of being annoying. The others, including his "relatives", are (from the spiritual point of view, it is understood) totally strangers to him. With that dream I thought I understood that fearful dispositions are an inheritance from the very long initial portion of the cycle of births, before the soul rose to the level of human incarnations. By keeping the memory (deeply hidden in the unconscious) of those antecedents in animal form, this dizzying promotion intimidates him. It's like a jerk who, without any apparent transition, was called to live in a distinguished mansion. The truth is that I have often felt, not in myself but in others, such dispositions of profound insecurity hiding behind a "character", and often behind a sufficiency or arrogance that is clearly or more than a compensation for that deep insecurity, that true underestimation, and even that self-contempt. I have had ample opportunity to talk about it a little throughout Cosechas y Siembras, and even from the beginning, in the section "Infallibility (of others) and contempt (of oneself)" (not 4).

It had seemed to me that the origin of this self-contempt, which is only one of the innumerable faces of that "fear of creating", lay exclusively in the domestication suffered in early childhood. That dream made me glimpse a more hidden origin, which would imply that

123See the reference to this note in the section "Creation and repression – (no. 45), page ??.

Even the newborn would not be exempt from that underestimation, from that fear; or at least, there would be a spontaneous disposition in it, like a "weak point", like the beginning of a secret fissure. Social repression would then act in the manner of a "coin", which would be hammered into that pre-existing fissure, to enlarge it to the maximum and make that being originally one, creative by that same profound unity., the being deeply divided and apparently incapable of creating what he would be (with rare exceptions) throughout his adult life.

Let us return to the example from a moment ago, in which "the jerk" is the newborn (!), remembering however that he "disembarks" in that terrestrial existence after having already gone through thousands of previous terrestrial existences. (and probably millions or hundreds of millions, if we count their incarnations in animal and even vegetable form...). The "distinguished family" that welcomes him is of course human society. Assuming that the family welcomes him with affectionate simplicity, without highlighting the lack of education and manners of the newcomer, he, despite his handicap which from now on will no longer weigh him down, will not have to no difficulty in feeling comfortable with those who welcome him and in learning, with their discreet help, the good manners that he lacks. On the contrary, if he is treated like a savage who must be tamed quickly and running (just as each of them themselves was treated - but he does not say or remember that...), then the initial handicap is of little importance. by itself, it will become very burdensome and even redhibitory. This crude being may transform into a trained monkey, but it will be very difficult for him to behave naturally and with grace – that is, "to be himself" in that new environment, with whose contact he would have been creatively transformed.

Of course, such a being resists social domestication better than another, even when that taming has not been less hard for him than for the other. I think that this is due above all, almost always, to the difference in spiritual maturity at birth. It is not necessary to have exceptional sensitivity to perceive the great differences in maturity between young children, nor to see with evidence in a certain child, who is not yet old enough to speak, an exceptional maturity, that none of the adults around him will achieve during his entire existence, so far away from it they are. In that child lives a tacit understanding of human existence, which does not need words or conscious thoughts to act effectively, and make him resist a castrating environment that would hopelessly injure anyone else.

It is possible that the majority of men known for a particularly fruitful spiritual life, for an exceptional influence, have had an equally exceptional maturity from birth¹²⁴. The power of the spiritual work of one of such men is the common fruit of that initial maturity (itself the fruit of all fidelities throughout all his previous existences...), and of his fidelity. in current existence. That initial maturity is the "talent" that the parable speaks of¹²⁵, which that man, faithful servant of the Designs of God, multiplies: at the end of his life, one of the fruits of the spiritual work of that existence is that maturity multiplied, the new maturity of his being. The one that he will find intact beyond his death as his new "talent" that he must make bear fruit in his new birth.

(41) Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma

¹²⁴There is no doubt that even as a child Jesus must have been of exceptional maturity – which does not prevent him from being "a child like the others" in many ways. But that initial maturity surely had no comparison with the final maturity that Jesus achieved during the months or few years of his ministry, which culminate with his fully accepted Passion and death.

On the contrary, it seems that his disciples were originally rather crude beings. His spiritual work after the death of Jesus is surely much more the fruit of his fidelity to his mission, and of his spiritual filiation with Jesus which here takes the place of "initial talent" (which they knew how to appreciate in its inestimable value and make it bear fruit), than from a very modest initial maturity. The case of Saint Paul, who had not known Jesus in life, would be in this respect (as in many others) different from that of the other apostles. At the moment he entered into his mission following a very clear call from God, he was already (it seems) in possession of exceptional means.

¹²⁵See Matthew 25, 14-30. I remember that in the aforementioned parable "talent" designates a monetary unit.

(July 23)126 I express myself in more detail about this "mystery of repression", or the mystery of conflict in man, in Cosechas y Siembras¹²⁷. Among the mysteries of human existence, this is the one that challenges me most insistently and most imperiously since I began to confront the questions that its own adventure poses to the spirit. For me it is inseparable and almost indistinguishable from the "enigma of Evil." The more I look at it, the more I am convinced that it is repression that creates "Evil", and not the drives, arising from Eros and the "I", that must be controlled¹²⁸ (or, more thus creatively, to subordinate the movements of the psyche that are spiritual in nature and seek its maturation). More precisely, repression creates "Evil" in its most radical form, which is at the root of all the evils of man (43), namely: in form of contempt for the spiritual reality of man, that is, contempt for God in the full sense of the term.

There is another mystery that I have only become clearly aware of in recent months and especially when writing this book, and that intrigues me more and more: it is that of the part of God and that of man in the processes creative in the psyche. I have touched it here and there¹²⁹, without stopping at it. It is at the heart of the relationship between the psyche and "its Guest"¹³⁰, in other words between the human soul and the presence of God in the soul. To understand one is to understand the other. It would seem that in the deepest layers of the Unconscious, those in which its Host resides and at the same time the place from which the creativity of the being springs¹³¹, there is an intimate interpenetration, a consubstantiality between the Host and the psyche itself. There they seem as indistinguishable (at least to the human spirit that strives more or less to "locate" them with the help of their apparent manifestations in the conscious field, as far as it can distinguish them...) as two liquids. or two gases of a different nature (?) intimately united and consubstantial in the same container. Perhaps it would not even be too rash to venture here to suggest (contrary to what I have repeatedly maintained and with the greatest energy¹³²) that in the deepest layers, are we not ourselves of divine nature, truly indiscernible elements of God – like a flowering of God in that place of the Universe (material place and psychic or spiritual place...) that we occupy and in which we act? And that the "maturation" or "deepening" of our being, during a terrestrial existence as well as throughout our successive births, would not consist of a kind of progressive "diffusion" of that divine essence that is in us, originally confined to the depths of the Unconscious, towards the upper layers and finally to consciousness itself? Like a fruit ripens from its core, seat and embodiment of its fertility, to extend towards the skin in contact with all the influences and weather of the outside world?

At least that could be one of the images, necessarily partial and imperfect, with which we can try to represent, according to our limited means, a reality that

126See the reference to this note in the section "Creation and repression – or the tightrope" (no. 45), page ??.

127In the note "The mystery of the conflict" (CyS III, no 131).

128That is what was already stated in the section from the day before yesterday (cf. the penultimate footnote), since paragraph that follows the forwarding sign to this note.

129The first time in the footnote on page ??, in the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 7).

See also the note "The one and the infinite" (no. 3), and "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold" (no. 9).

130This image of the "Guest" (of the "little family"), for the presence of God in the psyche, is introduced in the note "The little family and its Guest" (no. 1) .

131It seems to me that it is the same "place", in the deepest layers of the Unconscious and there where it takes root in the body (or the body takes root in it...), from which creativity springs. in all its forms, both in the form of erotic drive (in its expression at the level of the senses and intelligence) and in properly spiritual creativity.

132To tell the truth, this entire book is written in a perspective decidedly opposite to the one I am about to "adventure"! But perhaps the two are not as incompatible as it might seem, and both correspond to different aspects of reality. It is in the aforementioned note "The One and the Infinite" (no. 3) where the "separatist" point of view, which emphasizes the distinction of nature between the psyche and its Host, seems more to me. peremptory.

perhaps it will always escape human understanding. It seems suggestive and therefore seductive, the important thing is not to trust it unreservedly! Even in Jesus, who at the end of his human mission reached perfect union with "the will of the father," that will was not his own, but transcended it even in the moment. last in which the human life of Jesus was ended and fulfilled¹³³.

42. Jesus recrucified – or the being in front of the Group

(July 24)¹³⁴ Since yesterday I have been rethinking these two somewhat "extreme" mysteries: on the one hand, that of repression and "Evil", a product of repression; to the other that of the invisible Guest and of His voice so low, so despised, so rarely heard and even less listened to, secret source of all the intimate movements and of all the impulses that (if they are welcomed and assumed) They make our life a creation, a truly human adventure. Now I believe I see in them the two fundamental mysteries of human existence, like the two "poles", or the two posts between which is stretched that "tightrope on which its spiritual adventure is played from birth to birth"¹³⁵. It is the double enigma of the silent presence of God in the psyche, a living and always unattainable embodiment of the "Good", of the creative authenticity of being – and (in the face of this) of the contempt for that presence, the contempt for God. , deeply implanted in the psyche by the inexorable and secretive pressure of the Group that claims to be (at least in the beginning and even today) of the "Law of God" of which it stands Guardian.

With all its immense weight (in the name of "God", or in the name of "values", increasingly ridiculous, which take His place to found the spirit of the Law) the Group crushes man to make him renounce to his true and secret "birthright", to the creativity that lives in him and to the presence of God who is his soul, in exchange for the abundant "bowl of lentils" of inner comfort and the fictitious security that his unconditional assent to the pressure of the Group and his own spiritual stagnation. This emasculating, "mediocritizing" action of the Group is in no way (it seems to me) the mere result or the "sum" of the "mediocrity" of its members. Each one of these, although he denies it, is he not of creative essence in the image of God, is he not, in the eyes of God himself, a unique and irreplaceable being in the mysterious harmony of the All? More and more I have the impression that the Group has its own existence and nature, which transcends the combined contributions (whether in "mediocrity", or in "authenticity" and "creativity") of all its members¹³⁶; which is of a totally different nature from that of these and from the "group" they form, and invested (by God?) with a very different role.

It embodies "the Law", immobility, inertia, total blindness to spiritual reality, when it is not (if a fidelity hinders it) a rigor without mercy in the face of the few who, despite everything, are attentive.

This is how the Jewish people, the "people of Two" of all¹³⁷, killed their prophets while they were alive, to glorify them (and glorify themselves for that very reason) once they were dead and unable to bother.

133See in this regard the end of the note "Mission and creation – or Jesus the creator (1)" (no. 23).

See the continuation of this reflection in the note of the following day, in which I return to the meaning of the crucifixion of Jesus that I have just evoked.

134This note is a continuation of the previous one, from the day before.

135Quote taken from the section "Creation and repression – or the tightrope" (no. 45, cf. page ??), to which the previous note refers (which this note extends).

136When I speak here of the Group, it is understood as a synonym for "the Society", and designates in any case (if taken in the literal sense of a group of men) a large group, embodying a "culture" or a "given cultural environment", on the scale of a town or at least a tribe. For example, what I say about the Group and its role does not apply to "communities of faith" in the spiritual meaning that L'egaut gives to that expression.

137The "Law of Moses", the foundation of the extraordinary cohesion of the Jewish people, leaving aside its spirit of equity, is distinguished by an extreme repressive character (especially at the level of sexual morality). , which distinguishes it from all "pagan" religions and laws due to the climate close to terror that it maintains around sex. This is one of the most flagrant cases in which the "designs of God" remain particularly mysterious to me. Added to this is that the history of the Jewish people, as it unfolds before us through the extraordinary story of the Old Testament, can be seen as the history of the infidelities to the Law of that people and of

But it is in the death of Jesus, greater than all the prophets, where that immemorial tension between heaviness and creativity, between the "social" and the "spiritual", between the determinisms of the group and the freedom of the being, between the contempt of the divine and God despised, takes on its most striking expression, the most absolute and the most exemplary, the most dazzling – a meaning to such a dazzling point emerges from it. that the man subjugated by the Group has remained blind to it until today¹³⁸. The apostles hastened to evacuate this misunderstood meaning (and it would be inappropriate to reproach them), invoking the mystery of the "will of God": it is He and not we who is responsible, and in His infinite goodness, He Himself He has demanded and accepted that bloody death as a "propitiatory" act ('that is the scholarly name, if I remember correctly) in ransom for "our sins." To be clear: since we have already crucified Jesus, His beloved Son, according to His will, in the future He will be less severe with our sins (of course on condition that we repent and, above all, that We strongly believe in that version of history...).

After two thousand years of our sins being redeemed thanks to that great fact, they are doing wonderfully and proliferating more than ever. And the Holy Church has not been immune to the permanent harvests of violence and the sowing that has prepared them. Already with Saint Paul, the most prestigious of the apostles and the true Founder and Father of the Church, the Church has identified itself body and soul with the Group and with the powers and the powerful that govern it – in the face of the to be alone and naked under the gaze of God who is silent. And after Jesus died ignominiously at the hands of the Old Church, millions and millions of times the New and triumphant Church has again ignominiously crucified him, in the name of God and in the name of the Christ and the Holy Spirit , with the blessing of the Pope and the unanimous consent of all the "faithful", with the good conscience and the unproblematic comfort of duty fulfilled¹³⁹. This is the meaning and "mystery" of the death of the man Jesus, despised and spit in the face and blasphemed and nailed to the cross by all the righteous, by all the virtuous people, all the wise, all the people like It must be, since the dawn of time perhaps but for two thousand years with full knowledge of the facts (even if we play dumb and don't know anything...). And for this very reason, each and every one of them despises and crucifies and blasphemous the most valuable thing in them, denying themselves and God as a sign of humble and total submission and loyalty. to the Group and its powers, represented or endorsed without reservation by the very Holy Church.

Was there ever a clearer human word: "What you did to the last of you, you did to me"? For two thousand years preachers have surpassed themselves in religious eloquence about "the Christ" and his mysteries, millions of tons of pious and learned commentaries on the words of a man called Jesus have been poured out on this sinful world, to Every word and every comma of the Gospels (not counting the Pastoral Epistles) has been turned around and around in every sense billions of times – but the very clear meaning of those words (as of many others equally clear) is there. than to think that it has been drowned in those rivers of right-thinking eloquence, crushed under those tons of paper and under the even greater weight of customs and good collective conscience and the sacrosanct comfort of the very holy and reassuring Churches. ..

Only God is silent. And Man, son of God and the last of the mangy, hangs heavily from his deeply driven nails and bleeds.

their kings, constantly attracted by the seduction of the much "cooler" religions and customs of the neighboring pagan towns.

¹³⁸As far as I know, the first Christian to have gotten rid of this state of general "blindness" is Marcel L'egaut. See in this regard the note "Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20), where the vision of Jesus "recrucified millions and millions of times" also appears, which again appears. has imposed on me when writing the following paragraph.

¹³⁹See, for a more detailed development in this sense, the section "God speaks in a very low voice" (no. 36), and also the note on Marcel L'egaut cited in the footnote of p' preceding page.

(43) The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness (July 25 and 26)¹⁴⁰

When I speak of "Evil" (with or without a capital letter) I never think, as is usually done, of suffering as such, in illness, in death or in misfortunes of all kinds that can hit us or those we love. That suffering, however unfortunate it may be, is inseparable from life, both of man and of animals and plants. When man reaches a certain level of maturity, although he continues to be more or less subject to the powerful psychic reflex that pushes us to want to avoid suffering, this does not appear to him as an "evil" in itself, but as a necessary and indispensable ingredient of their experience of life and as a means for their maturation. The bite of such suffering is without comparison, it is not of the same nature as that inflicted by the experience, which always baffles and catches you off guard, of the evil of men. This is typical of man, beasts and plants ignore it. Quite different from simple aggressiveness (which we have in common with beasts), evil consists of a conscious or unconscious will (and ultimately the difference matters little) to cause suffering, of damaging, even mutilating or destroying a living being, beast or person, foreign or close (including, ruling out all escape, oneself...). Often covered and hidden by the most anodyne appearances of selfishness, it is in the form of "gratuitous violence" that human evil is most disturbing, to the point that it takes the breath away from those who suddenly find themselves struck, in full face, as if in sudden bewilderment at what "passes understanding"¹⁴¹.

Evil in man appears to me as one of the "sides", the "yang" side of "Evil". The other aspect, the "yin" aspect, inseparable from it, is "the attitude of flight" from reality¹⁴², the refusal to consciously know reality as it truly is, as our "healthy faculties" reveal it to us. and it is known to us in the more or less deep layers of the Unconscious. To tell the truth, very rare are acts of evil that can be committed with full knowledge of the facts. Only the attitude of flight, in oneself or in another who is a victim or witness "of evil", is what makes this evil possible or at least, makes it possible for the latent evil to be expressed and realized.

It seems that Jesus saw in this "ignorance of flight," which consists of closing one's eyes to the meaning of one's actions and their malignancy, a circumstance that mitigates evil, when he prayed: "Father, forgive them, Because they do not know what they are doing". However, I doubt that this prayer of Jesus was heard¹⁴³ by those who beat him and insulted him and mocked him,

¹⁴⁰See the reference to this note at the beginning of the note "Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma" (no. 41), page 70.

¹⁴¹Throughout "The Key to Yin and Yang" (CyS III) I expand on the crucial fact of the existence of this violence in human life and in the psyche, and it appears in insistent filigree throughout all the parts of Harvests and Sowings.

¹⁴²We have already found this "attitude of flight" everywhere in this book, if only because it constitutes by far the main obstacle to an understanding of his dreams, and also of his life, and of the world and existence in general. I express myself in this regard from section 1, "First encounters – or dreams and self-knowledge." I make an attempt to give a better account of the astonishing enormity of the reality of the escape through some of its most delusional aspects, in the section "The Joke and the Party" (no) of 8 of May (but placed in a later chapter). When humanity has overcome that truly grotesque stage of its development (its "childhood illness", as I will write later), it will surely be so unthinkable for the men of then to imagine that this delirious state (that not knowing (even more so than through what the history of our species tells you) could have really existed, as it is impossible for us now to imagine the picture of a humanity that has reached a truly human state.

¹⁴³It is shocking and significant that Jesus has a totally different language, in that same context of "those who do not know what they are doing", when the one who is struck by evil or hardness of heart is another, even if "last among us." It is when he says (as I remember at the end of the previous note "Jesus crucified – or the being in front of the Group"): "What you did to the last among you, you did to me." It is about the Final Judgment, in the Gospel according to Saint Matthew (25, 31-46), where those who will be placed at the left of the King will claim ignorance: "Lord, when did we see you? hungry or thirsty, or a stranger or naked, or sick or in prison, and we do not assist you? But in vain: "These will go to eternal punishment, and the righteous to eternal life." ("The righteous" are

as a magnificent opportunity to freely vent their unacknowledged anxieties and their impotence, with a man in whom they darkly felt a greatness that eluded them.

Surely the karma created by an evil act is not erased by the unreserved forgiveness of the one who pays the expenses, nor even by his desire to have it erased (assuming that forgiveness is accompanied by such a desire, as perhaps This was the case of Jesus). Perhaps it is modified in some mysterious way, but (I am intimately convinced of this) it can only be “erased”, or better transformed (into spiritual knowledge) by the one who has committed the act, by assuming it in its full scope and in all its significance, by an act of contrition or by some other act of awareness of the previous act and its perverse nature, and of his full responsibility for that act and for all that it implies.

It is not uncommon for conditioning to directly promote attitudes that are expressed in acts that are related to “gratuitous violence.” Such is the case of racial violence, or those linked to “class consciousness” and the offensive and defensive attitudes that arise (both in the wealthy or ruling classes, as well as in the dispossessed classes when it comes to Rematch). But such influences are not part of the very nature of the repressive conditioning, suffered by all men since the dawn of time.

(For example, neither I nor my children and my grandchildren have been affected by such a direct incentive to vent violent impulses.) On the contrary, in all cases the repression suffered in childhood “creates Evil.” ”, in its “violent” or “yang” form, in a direct way, and this doubly so. On the one hand, by imposing on the psyche the attitude of flight¹⁴⁴, which makes possible (as I have just pointed out) dispositions and acts of evil under the protection of the ignorance in which we maintain ourselves about its true nature, without which could maintain or perform. Certainly this would have no consequences in the absence of “evil impulses” in the psyche, that is, a predisposition to despise, hate, cause suffering, harm, mutilate or destroy – in short, to exercise power through that a superiority over another being is affirmed (in fact, or symbolically), in compensation or relief for the irremediable feeling of profound helplessness, or of mutilation and insults suffered (but of which every memory is hidden, often forever, in the depths of the Unconscious¹⁴⁵). Now, such mutilation has really been inflicted by the repression suffered, through the denial of self (of his drives as well as his “healthy faculties”) that it has imposed; and that deeply buried feeling of helplessness is really the expression of a reality (“irremediable” without a doubt as long as the soul does not face it and does not assume that reality¹⁴⁶).

those who have pitied the “least among us”, the one who was hungry or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison...)

¹⁴⁴See the section “Repression – or the tightrope” (no. 45), in which I describe this immediate action of repression.

¹⁴⁵This “irremediable feeling” comes from the self, and is located (like the “memory” that it has hidden) in layers of the Unconscious that are almost always deep, but without reaching those (evoked in the penultimate note “Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma”, no. 41) which are the abode of the Guest and where the creative processes of the psyche are born. At the level of those deep layers, to which the self has no access, lives the knowledge of our creative power in the full sense of the term. But this knowledge is blocked by egotic forces of prodigious power, which prevent it from rising to layers closer to the surface - man is so afraid of his own creativity, as a result of the social repression suffered. . The strange and yet almost universal situation of the simultaneous coexistence, at different levels of depth, of these two apparently incompatible knowledges: that of impotence, and that of creative power in the being, is described with some detail in “The Key to Yin and Yang”, in the note “The two knowledges – or the fear of knowing” (CyS III, no 144).

Regarding the mechanism of “compensation and relief” (or “displacement of an accumulated resentment”), see also the note “The cause of causeless violence” (CyS III, no 159).

¹⁴⁶Such was my conviction at least until last year. Recent readings, and especially the books of Marcel L'egaut, by introducing me to certain men of great spiritual creativity, now lead me to qualify that conviction. I realize that “fidelity” to oneself, in the sense in which L'egaut understands it, that is, the assent to the spiritual creativity that springs from the depths of the psyche, does not necessarily involve

Thus, as "evil inflicted" on a being (even without the intention of inflicting an evil), repression irresistibly creates (through a "transmission of karma" effect) the secret predisposition. 'on to "inflict evil"; to inflict it without any other cause or reason and independently (and often in the absence) of any conscious or unconscious grievance against the one to whom it is inflicted, and even (in extreme cases) who it is 'him and the relationships (when there are relationships¹⁴⁷) that are had with him. This way of internalizing and accumulating, like a "vacant resentment" always ready to vent when the opportunity is right, the aggressions and mutilations suffered, and especially those suffered by being left at the mercy of one's tender childhood, seems to me which is one of the most hidden and crucial mechanisms of the human psyche. It is all the more irrepressible the more deeply buried its springs are in the Unconscious. The way we react to their intimidations seems to me to be one of the main aspects of the spiritual quality of our existence. Few beings are totally exempt, and I consider it a distinguished grace to have encountered one in my existence¹⁴⁸. Such a being has already disappeared as an agent and cause of the creation of karma: the evil that affects him disappears without repercussions and without being transmitted to another.

Surely Jesus was one of those blessed beings, if not already at birth (we know nothing about that childhood), at least during his mission. It is in that sense that it is certainly justified to say that Jesus was "sinless." Such a state may only be achieved when the vanity, so tenaciously rooted in the self and inseparable from its hunger for greatness, vanishes without a trace.

* * *

This brings me to the nearby Spiritual Mutation, which I see as a powerful beginning, under the push of God, of a process on the scale of all humanity, destined to last centuries, and even millennia, until its culmination. Seen as a process of transformation of the Group and the spirit of the Group, its true reason for being will be to progressively soften and make the repressive character of the Group disappear, and for that very reason, that "attitude of flight" that imprints on the psyche, deeply implanted in our days just as it was (seems to be) in all times.

This exceeds, I believe, the possibilities of the human spirit to form a realistic idea of such a transformation. The human condition, as we know it at the present, will be profoundly transformed, metamorphosed, elevated to a plane of existence of which nothing in the history of groups and communities can give an idea. To tell the truth, what we now know (almost always through a very confused and peripheral experience and apprehension) as the "human condition" is nothing more than the condition of man in human society, before 'him and her'

knowledge of oneself in the sense in which I understand it, as has been my case. Fortunately, since I don't know anyone except my modest self who practices this most exclusive sport in the world...

¹⁴⁷However, it can be said, I think, that when "pure evil" is exercised (always felt as violence due to its very gratuitousness), the person who does it projects onto the person who suffers it a "vacant" resentment that comes from repression suffered in childhood, in the powerlessness to "retaliate." (See note 159 of CyS cited in the penultimate footnote). It can therefore be considered that this resentment of "deliberate purpose" is part of the relationship with the one who is taken as the target of gratuitous violence. Often there is an animosity as real as if that resentment had been provoked by harm caused by the other, and that feeling of animosity is enough (let's not be demanding!) to "justify" the act of violence, in the conviction on intimate of the one who frees him (see "The violence of the just", CyS III, no 141). But it also happens that violence is exercised without being accompanied by feelings of animosity (not even unconscious, I think) that generally "spice it up" and increase the pleasure (in this case totally unconscious) that accompanies violence. exercise of violence. See in this regard in "The Key to Yin and Yang" the note "Without hatred and without mercy" (CyS III, no 157).

¹⁴⁸This is Rudi Bent, whom I knew familiarly in my childhood. (See the section "Rudi and Rudi – or the indistinguishable", no . 29.)

fully reach human reality. Until today, man has been a sick and fearful animal, scared by the human future that is brewing in him, more than being a man. The pressure of the Group has implanted or at least cultivated and exacerbated in him that fear¹⁴⁹, that impotence of being, keeping him suspended between his animal origins and his human purpose: to be creative in perpetual becoming, limited in his immediacy and without limit in his dark future, which takes him along unknown paths towards his ultimate goal, towards God.

The castrating repression of the Group has thus been the great external obstacle, or perhaps better said, the great Test proposed by God to the soul in its blind and groping walk, from birth to birth, towards the unknown destiny. of his true human condition. Surely, even in our days, the most vigorous souls who have reached the properly human level, men who live a properly human existence, are more than rare. It is possible that the majority of the rest, overcome by the Test, remain wandering, in an infinite cycle of sterile existences, never reaching it. It may even be that the misunderstood Promise, the "Redemption" that carries the fully assumed death of Jesus and his love for us, the wanderers – that it must be realized by the mitigation and disappearance of the Obstaculo, for the sweetening and remission of the Trial that stands between us and what Jesus himself proclaimed (and already lived...) as "the Kingdom of Heaven"¹⁵⁰.

Be that as it may - once the immemorial Obstacle disappears, leaving free scope for the human creativity of each one, encouraged and stimulated by that of everyone on the scale of the entire humanity, that prodigious display of the human far surpasses the bolder and more visionary imagination. Certainly, suffering will not disappear from human life, and fortunately! and perhaps not even conflict, at least not yet for long millennia. On the contrary, I am convinced that "Evil" is destined to disappear. The anthropologists of the future will see it as the most serious childhood illness of nascent humanity, in its painful transition from animal herd to a properly human reality. An illness from which he would not have known how to cure himself, and for which the intervention of the good Doctor would have been necessary...

(44) The Unthinkable May of '68 - or the general repetition

(July 23)¹⁵¹ After having written those lines, the memory of the "events" of May of '68 was insistently imposed on me. I have had tendency to forget (and I am surely not the only one) what these events on the scale of an entire great country like France, suddenly seized by a kind of creative fever (like a cover that blows under the pressure of a force compressed for a long time...) – what was amazing, unthinkable, truly "impossible" –

¹⁴⁹See the note "The child and his domestication – or the unwelcome visitor" (no. 40), from four days ago, in which I dwell a little on that fear and on its origin, and on its relationship with repression.

¹⁵⁰According to what the Gospels tell us, Jesus would have seen his own role in a very different way, in the perspective (called "eschatological") of the destinies of our species and the immortal soul, inextricably linked. But we can think that, as is the case with every human mission, Jesus had nothing more of his than a dark prescience that has matured with it, and that he strove to specify within the picture of the ideas and beliefs of his time. Having now a perspective of two thousand years with all that that implies, without counting the prophetic and other revelations with which I have been privileged now that the Hour is near, I do not believe I blaspheme Jesus by following intuitions about the meaning of their Mission that differ from their own. Furthermore, they fully agree with L'egaut's vision (and perhaps and even probably aroused by it, through some invisible and underground path): the expected Advent would be the fruit ripened throughout millennia of fidelity to themselves and their mission of countless men, most of them unknown to history, each one acting in the solitude of his being and yet all mysteriously united and intertwined, each one in ignorance of the others and their place in the All, and the secret end of their long and humble groping walk. The mission of Jesus then appears as the culmination, and as the fulfillment in his own person, the summit of humanity, of all those that preceded him, and at the same time as the origin and the new starting point. of the missions of all those who, since the time of Jesus and through centuries and millennia, have been or will be his disciples, renewing their Mission through their own existence, according to the means and the level that are its own.

¹⁵¹See the reference to this note in the section "Creation and repression – or the tightrope" (no. 45), page ??.

and this was how it was perceived by everyone, both those who marveled, delighted, and those who lamented, secretly horrified. However, I could have remembered it, when he spoke of that "unthinkable" Mutation that is before us and that will be done, no matter how unthinkable it may be. Certainly, due to its dimension on a planetary scale, and due to the perenniarity of the impulse that it will give to all humanity, this Mutation has no measure with "May 68" (not even with the "Great Cultural Revolution"). "China, which also had to be a bit of that type but on an even larger scale). However, it now seems to me that these two events, one in the past and the other yet to come, are of a similar and perhaps even identical nature. Due to its "impossible", "unheard of", almost miraculous character, May 68 now irresistibly suggests to me the idea of a "push from God", of a concerted intervention of God in the psyche of a large number of beings simultaneously. (But, according to His sometimes disconcerting discretion, almost inseparable from divine action, without making Himself known as such to anyone...) And the fact that something so unthinkable really took place makes the thought of the "impossibility" of the Mutation yet to come.

In this light that comes to us from the glimpsed future, May 68 now seems to me like a kind of "dress rehearsal" for the great creative Convulsion that awaits us; or rather, perhaps as a preparation of the spirits, or at least the spirit of some, to make the Inconceivable conceivable before it falls on us in all its overwhelming magnitude, and to prepare some of us of us to collaborate creatively with what is already being prepared and what will be, instead of getting carried away by total defeatism. Because I have no illusions, the Tempest that will precede the Chaparr'on will be far from having the "good boy" airs of May 68, and will come as an impact of such violence that even those who believe being the best prepared will be shaken, if not overturned and dragged into the mad mess of the majority...

(45) The creative child (2) – or the field of forces (August 1)¹⁵²

Regarding this creative activity in the child, see the note "The creative child (1) – or the discovery of the world" (no. 39).

The claim that the creative activity of the young child produces no "external work," that is to say that it has no detectable effect on the external world, which I have just made as if under the push of old habits of thought and against a knowledge that remained half erased, is superficial at best. I do not have exceptional gifts of sensitivity, however I have very often felt, around the small child and especially the very small one, like a "field of forces" of a nature totally different from carnal or intellectual splendor. that emanates from certain adult beings, fully realized in their body or in their intelligence. In the child, it is the state of innocence that creates that field of a more delicate nature, so that it is communicated to a certain extent to the beings that are nearby; or perhaps more precisely, in a way that awakens and vivifies and brings into subtle resonance that same quality of innocence of the "child" present in the deepest layers of the being, and makes it active . That is an action that I feel is infinitely delicate and at the same time powerful, tending to erase the hard and opaque screens that the self interposes between our true sensitivity and things, and to restore in the being the freshness of perception, the coldness agile and delicate nudity of the newborn.

That action is neither carnal nor mental, but of spiritual essence. It is true that, like all spiritual action on the outside, it is a potential action. Following the reflexes acquired long ago that have always been in force, the adult tends to close off this action, to the point that those who have or have had children have almost never taken note of it on a conscious level. This does not prevent, at least when the state of closure of the adult towards the child is not total and does not include the middle and deep layers of the psyche, that this beneficent action of the

¹⁵²See the reference to this note in the section "Creative freedom and inner work" (no. 46), page ??.

child on his environment is really exerted (although this effect is never conscious, if only because of the usual clichés about children and childhood), and that it is really perceived. At the same time, I am convinced, of course, that the child's role is to allow himself to be educated and receive everything from us who fulfill our duty as a father, mother, and beyond, so it is normal that he owes us eternal gratitude. .

This field of forces around the child is more intense in the first months of life. It weakens over the years, as domestication progresses. It must be rare, especially in our days, for anything beyond the tenth year to remain. However, I have known a man in whom this particular radiation has been present all his life, with the same strength as in the little child. I talk about him in the section "Rudi and Rudi – or the indistinguishable ones" (no. 29). It is because of this irradiation that his life had an intensely creative action on the outside, even independently of any particular act or activity. His action was exercised not by what he did or said, but by what he was. But I must be the first and only person in the world to observe that creativity in that man that the majority, imbued with their own importance (and sometimes without any difference in this from the baby's adult environment!), looked upon with condescension. .

(46) Mystification – or creation and shame (August

4)153 Already in the first pages of Cosechas y Siembras (written in June 1983), in the section "The "inevitable tasks" (CyS I, no 3), I examine the inner resistance that in each one opposes letting the work through which a work is carried out appear "in full light", as it truly develops, so different from the im 'agenes-clich' is what everyone does. One of the tacit forms that these resistances take, almost always unconscious, is that of a feeling of indecency –

"just as it would be indecent to make love in a public place, or to expose, or just leave there, cloth stained with blood from childbirth."

In this form, that imperious tendency consecrated by an ancient custom of hiding the work of creation clearly appears as a direct consequence of the repression suffered in childhood, which in particular takes the typical form of the "taboo". sexual". By its very nature, this repression, expression of the will of the Group, is an enemy of creation and creative freedom in the person, both in the carnal archetypal form of the creative act, as well as in all its other forms; at least to the extent that they do not fit into the pre-established and consecrated molds, and with that they manifest an internal autonomy vis-à-vis the Group. Repression also strives to eradicate all whims of creative autonomy, both at the carnal level and at any other level, surrounding true creation (such as the carnal act), and more particularly creative work¹⁵⁴, of an atmosphere of secrecy and shame. This is internalized from the earliest childhood, in the years in which the personality is structured and the main psychic mechanisms are established, called to dominate the life of the adult. There is the deep meaning of this fact, which truly leaves us astonished as soon as we stop at it (and which I discovered when writing the section on Harvests and Sowing that I just cited):

"that the true process of discovery, of such disconcerting simplicity, is practically not transparent anywhere; that is silently ignored, ignored, denied. This is true even in the relatively unremarkable field

153See the forwarding sign to this note in the section "The soul of the message – or the work in full light" (no. 43), page ??.

154At the level of the carnal Eros drive, "work" is none other than love play (compare the section "The two cycles of Eros – or Play and Work", (no. 13)). I have no doubt that this amalgamation of creative work with love play is present in the middle and deep unconscious, and gives all its coercive force to the reluctance to let any of that work appear.

"from scientific research, not from the tail or anything like that, thank God – a very good "discovery" to put in any hand and that (one might believe) has nothing to hide..."

I could have added (but at that time I was not so hooked on "the spiritual") that even more than in scientific research, the nature of spiritual research responds a truly unimaginable ignorance, so total and ignorant of itself, so universally widespread and rooted in tradition are the false ideas and weak clichés about it (including and especially in the media). religious and those who call themselves "spirituality"), so very rare are also those who can speak about it with knowledge of the facts, having themselves been briefly involved in such research in the true sense of the term, that is, in a conscious process of inner transformation and maturation.

For two weeks now I have dedicated myself above all to examining, in different lights, the reality of repression,¹⁵⁵ which is inextricably intertwined with that of the creation that we are trying to extirpate and which, against all odds and through difficult paths, often strange and clandestine, survives. To tell the truth, we have already encountered that reality, under the everlasting face of the "attitude of flight", everywhere when writing this book, and the writing of *Cosechas y Siembras* was no different, over a thousand years! pages and two years! Here, following a footnote – remorse (converted into this plenary "note"), I still find another aspect of that repression, and the attitude of flight that it imprints on the being, with the inveterate reflex of hiding all traces of a creative work to present only the finished work. And for that, such provisions of shame (baptized "modesty" or "decency"), a product of repression, are also an effective instrument. With them, that phenomenal ignorance about creation is established and maintained (shared ignorance, however incredible it may seem, by those who are engaged in an authentic creative activity¹⁵⁶), which makes it appear to a vertiginous height, inaccessible to all but rare favorites of the Heavens. This is how the inner conviction (often unconscious, but nevertheless evident everywhere...) of one's own life is perpetuated in the older child, in the adolescent and in the adult. impotence.

There is a true mystification there, put into practice by the Group since time immemorial, with the unconscious assistance of all those who, due to their function or social status, are more invested. as or less strong or more or less explicit of the prestige of activities considered "creative" (or any other justified or unjustified name assigned to them). This mystification and its emasculating effects is what I discover and examine in the section (which follows the section on Harvests and Sowing cited above) "Infallibility (of others) and contempt (of oneself)." (CyS I, no 4).¹⁵⁷

(47) The "research style" – or a new form at the service of a spirit (August

4)158 The first text intended for publication in which I resolutely distance myself from the consecrated form of "concealing the work" was a mathematical work, "In Search of the Fields".

¹⁵⁵I think above all of the consecutive sections "Man is creative – or the power and fear of creating" and "Creation and repression – or the tightrope" (no. 44, 45), and of the notes that refer to them (notes no . 39–44), and in a second moment the three consecutive sections "The flock", "The steel ring...", "... and its rupture – or usury of the Times" (no . 52–54). The first allusion to the insidious and inhibiting reflexes of shame associated with the most delicate aspects of creation is already found at the end of the section "Four beats for a rhythm" (no. 12), which is also linked to the section mentioned in the preceding footnote.

¹⁵⁶Here I think above all of the scientists who carry out original and fruitful work, and whom I have had the opportunity to get to know up close. Until the moment of my departure from the scientific environment, in 1970, I myself shared the general ignorance. It may be less total among the artists, who I have had fewer opportunities to frequent – but the difference must not be very great, judging by what I have received.

¹⁵⁷See the continuation of the reflection in the following note.

¹⁵⁸Continuation of the previous note, from the same day.

Furthermore, what should have been the introduction to that work and to explain myself about that unusual style, is where I developed the reflections to which I have alluded before¹⁵⁹ Between one thing and another, that “introduction” to a mathematical work not like the others ended up happily turning first the hundred pages, then the thousand, and becoming “Harvests and Sowings”. (While this mathematical work, practically finished, would probably never be published, since the good Lord seems to have decided otherwise...) The reality is that by breaking with the consecrated way of presenting research on (here a mathematical investigation) for months I had to overcome tenacious and insidious resistances, never explicit and therefore more effective, like a continuous “friction” that would have accompanied my work¹⁶⁰. When I finally stopped to bring these burdens to light and examine them (in the aforementioned section on Harvests and Sowing), I discovered both their meaning and all their strength. At the same time they were definitively deactivated: from that moment on I no longer had any qualms about “exposing the work in broad daylight.” I had understood that on the contrary that is what I had to do – that this was the best way, for me, to “demystify” creative work and, for that very reason, to contribute, however little, to an inner liberation of my fellow men – and writing mathematics, who would have believed it!

The idea comes to me that it is quite possible that the mere fact of expressing what I have to say in that form of an investigation that takes place in broad daylight, is in itself more important and effective to “get across” my message, giving an understanding of what freedom of creation, both intellectual and spiritual, is, the fairness or depth of vision that I have been led to develop or the particularities of my writing style¹⁶¹. I even have the impression of having created (unknowingly, like Monsieur Jourdain...) a new form of expression; a “literary form” if you will, which could well be given a name like “spontaneous reflection” or “research style”, and point out certain structural characteristics (on which I'm not going to stop here). However, this form is only interesting to the extent that it is a faithful reflection of a certain spirit – precisely the spirit that has created it to express itself with it as faithfully as possible.

In this way, we can undoubtedly recognize a desire for demystification. But this

¹⁵⁹In the previous note. These are reflections from Cosechas y Siembras, in the sections “The inevitable labors” and “Infallibility (of others) and contempt (of oneself)” (CyS I, nos 3, 4).

¹⁶⁰This “friction” was added to the usual friction that practically accompanies all research (at least in me), and of which the attentive reader of this book already It would have had numerous echoes. This is the everlasting “voice of reason”, which was discussed for the first time in chapter I, in the section “The key to the great dream – or the voice of “reason”. on”, and the other” (no. 6). She is the one who constantly wants to “call me to order”, in the name of efficiency, every time I deviate from a planned itinerary to elucidate in passing any corner that seems a little dark to me (I have to get involved!), or to follow the movement of an unexpected curiosity (here's an idea!). If I have done anything good in my life, it has always been by overriding the voice of that annoying person (who keeps calling me a “bobalic'on”).

However, I do not remember that voice being present in my first three years of mathematical research in 1945–48 (between the ages of seventeen and twenty), spent in complete intellectual solitude. (See in this regard the first two sections “The magic of things” and “The importance of being alone”, in the “Walk through a Work”, CyS O.) It was at a time when my research was totally detached from any idea of “profitability” – my only motivation was to be satisfied with a mathematical situation that I had insisted on clarifying. Only with the passage of time did I realize to what extent these dispositions were the opposite of those that prevail among scientists, even the best. Among my elders, it seems to me that only Claude Chevalley was animated, and even throughout his life, by the spirit that had also animated me in those first years of mathematical work. (It is the only case I know of.) There must have been a change in my dispositions (without me realizing how busy I was!), precisely in the direction of an effective investigation. That famous “voice of reason” must have been active since the year in which I came into contact with the mathematical world, at the end of 1948. It is true that, at least in my work, at In the end I never listen to it (at least it seems that way to me), and I never stop (God knows why) from letting myself be distracted by a very different voice...

¹⁶¹Perhaps even said message would arrive better if less care was taken to polish the expression as much as possible. But he is stronger than me, and I think he has always been like that, always trying to “grab” closely what I want to express, instead of letting it float a little by God...

The somewhat “militant” aspect seems relatively accessory to me and, above all, it continues to be a people¹⁶². That is surely not what makes me adhere to it with such energy throughout a thousand pages! And to tell the truth, that form is not the product of a deliberate purpose, militant or otherwise. It has arisen spontaneously from my practice of written reflection on myself, as it has developed over the years since “meditation” entered my life¹⁶³. Over the last ten years, it has become the way that suits me like a glove to pursue research, whether of a “psychological” (or “human” or “spiritual” or “spiritual” nature). “philosophical” or any other appropriate name given to it...) or in my meditation notes, in Harvests and Sowing, or in the Key of Dreams, as if it were an investigation on mathematics like “In Search of the Fields”. Rather than an ad hoc, more or less “pedagogical” way of “presenting” ideas and results, or “research as it is truly developed”, it is rather a privileged means to develop an investigation thanks to the powerful help that writing provides.

It seems to me that this form perfectly favors the incessant back-and-forth game between conception and expression, a game to such a close extent that the progression of one is truly indistinguishable from that of the other¹⁶⁴. This is also the reason, surely, why the support of an adequate means of expression (writing or any other material support) is an imperative (I believe) of any research. The truth is that for written research, the form I have arrived at over the years results for me from a perfect flexibility to raise, feed and express step by step the intuitions and ideas that appear. during work; and this even in the most uncertain, most groping and blind stages, when that investigation still seems to be searching for itself, while its object and even its reason for being are only revealed. They sense darkly and must be revealed precisely because of this work that is carried out in almost total darkness...

I even have the audacity to think that within a few generations and even before, after the imminent great cultural and spiritual Mutation, that “research style” (of course with infinite variants according to the initiative of each one) would become the most common way of presenting a personal investigation, at least in all cases in which it is not simply a matter of giving a summary of a work, or a review of the main events. and “results” (cases in which traditional forms of presentation seem perfectly adequate to me).

Such an evolution in the way research is presented would be one of the most convincing and satisfactory signs of the beginning of a radical change in mentalities and in the cultural environment, precisely in the sense of a liberation, of a progressive relaxation of the “castrating” character of that environment.

(48) Creation and maturation (1): the “gifts” appear when creating

(August 10 and 11)¹⁶⁵ Three weeks ago I wrote that categorical statement, reiterated against all odds, that “man by essence is creator, indestructibly.” These last few days I have felt the need to return to the meaning of that statement with tones of manifesto.

It seems all the more necessary to me because it is at the heart of the message that I carry¹⁶⁶ and that

¹⁶²Contingent, because I hope that in a few generations from now, this question of “demystifying” will no longer arise more, but nevertheless that form of expression will not be less useful.

¹⁶³It was in October 1976, a few days before the “reunions” discussed in section 1 of this book. That reflection, which took place over the next ten years, was of such a personal nature that I would never have had the idea of publishing my meditation notes, just some of them.

¹⁶⁴I have already had occasion here and there to allude to that relationship, and for the first time in the note “The small family and its Guest” (in a paragraph of page 8). See also the more detailed note “Knowledge and language – or creative dialogue” (no).

¹⁶⁵See the forwarding to this note in the section “Man is a creator – or the power and fear of creating” (no. 44), July 20 and 21, page ??.

¹⁶⁶Here I remember what is said from the first paragraph of the section to which this note refers (cf. the footnote to previous page).

I have the audacity to announce – a message that wants to be a “song of freedom” for everyone, even if it is only heard by some. And I know that a “freedom” that is not creative, that is not like the air that a being breathes that creates just as it breathes¹⁶⁷, is a four-bitch toy that seduces for a moment before tiring and being thrown away, when they are not some golden shackles that we wear and curse.

“Every man is a creator” (but an inhibited, blocked creator...) – that statement only makes sense to those who have an understanding of what creation is. It cannot be separated from a knowledge of the nature of creation. And to tell the truth, most of the things I have to say, to know them first-hand, are very simple and deep down very obvious, just as “creating” is very simple and obvious. However, the nature of creation does not fit into a lapidary formulation, nor would it fit into one volume in one hundred. It cannot be communicated by word or even be “communicated,” just like any other knowledge of the essential things of existence. At most it can be evoked with writing, more by what is perceived between the lines than by what the words transmit, as it has reached that stage in its itinerary in which it is in willingness to capture that knowledge glimpsed in another and make it their own, in terms of their own experience of life and of themselves. Furthermore, without there having been any deliberate purpose, there should be no page of the Key of Dreams in which some aspect of creation is not evoked, in the lines or between them, and that does not illuminate it in any way¹⁶⁸. By writing with full knowledge of what I affirmed that “every man is a creator,” I already implied in the reader a certain understanding of what creation truly is, in line with that tacit picture that I had already created. It was drawn, with discreet brush strokes and as if in passing, throughout all the sections and notes already written¹⁶⁹.

Many of those “strokes” arose directly and visibly from my own experience of creative work, even from the “hot” experience of writing that I am doing at this very moment of The Key to Dreams. That has particularly been the case in the last three days, with the long section “Creation and Inner Voice” (in which I have endeavored to distinguish God’s part and man’s part in the creative work). It has occurred to me that by foregrounding my own creative work as a typical case (not to say “exemplary”), and also seeing my status as a mathematician and a “good head”, unintentionally¹⁷⁰ perhaps I was also contributing to reinforcing the “complexes” and clichés about the idea of “creation”!

It is above all about the very common conviction that creation is something extraordinarily select, reserved for extraordinary people, the gifted, the geniuses, the “big heads” and all that¹⁷¹. Those who (when they are dead) we admire in museums (and return with a headache...), those who fill the shelves of our brainy libraries, those who (when they are alive) receive the Nobel Prize or that at least they enter the Academy, and that newspapers, magazines, and TV make us admire them as “masters of thought” or as well-wishers of humanity. There is a whole half-comic, half-commercial bubble swollen with

¹⁶⁷N. T.: Allusion to the verses of Paul Valéry inscribed at the top of the façade of the Palace of Chaillot, face to the Eiffel Tower, in the Trocadero in Paris: “Every man creates without realizing it, just as he breathes...”

¹⁶⁸See in this regard the second paragraph of the section “Creative freedom and inner work” (no. 46), in which I expand a little on this.

¹⁶⁹Furthermore, this table has been expanded in the continuation, especially with the section that I have just cited (footnote above), and with the following chapter on spiritual knowledge, to which All notes written in the meantime are added (notes 39–47). Among these, I would particularly point out the two notes on the creativity of the young child: “The creative child (1) – or the discovery of the world” and “The creative child (2) – or the field of forces” (no s 39 and 45).

¹⁷⁰Involuntarily on a conscious level at least. I do not exclude that the vanity of the ego plays its part, that it does not discreetly push in the direction of an “exhibition of strength”, although I am on guard not to let myself be dragged... Compare with Harvests and Sows, the note “The Superfather” (Cys III, no 108).

¹⁷¹I already expressed myself in that sense in the section “Man is creative” (third paragraph), to which the present note.

pretentious ignorance, about the word "creation", at once magnified and wasted, to the point that the thing, both simple and essential, that that word designates is stifled without remedy. Thus the unbreakable conviction of the great mystification is maintained in the vast majority, if not in all of them¹⁷²

his own radical nullity, his own impotence to create. This is of colossal, grotesque dimensions, apparently common to all so-called "advanced" civilizations, whose expenses are ultimately paid by everyone, including those who (apparently) put it through the roof. It can only be maintained thanks to ignorance about the nature of creation, ignorance that it precisely has to maintain.

The tacit thesis about "creation" transmitted and imposed by the Group, and which is the object of an intangible consensus shared by all, seems to me to be reduced to two key statements: o) We are born with " gifts " more or less bright (most of them even without any).

1

These gifts constitute a congenital "fix", like the sex, the blood group, the color of the person who is born with mediocre gifts (polite way of counted as ¹⁷³ saying that he has none), hair, etc. He is condemned to his mediocrity for life, those who have a lot (what is commonly a merit) are part of the "meritable", "brilliant" people for life. One of the roles of education, and especially the role of school and post-school selection, is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and even (more finely) to classify people according to their "gifts" (transformed into "skills" and above all into diplomas, by the magic wand of schools and universities). o) Carrying out a creative work is the privilege of exceptionally gifted people¹⁷⁴.

2

I would like to explain here what is true and, above all, what is false about these two axioms.
t'acitos.

First as regards those famous "gifts". It is not about denying the reality of the very notion of "gift", nor that beings are born with "gifts" not only different, but sometimes also (although less often than is usually thought) with unequal gifts, at least for this or that type of activity: Mozart was surely more "gifted in music" than such quidam taken at random, and the same for Einstein and physics. To the extent that music or physics are valued in a given society, Mozart and Einstein will be prestigious figures there. Even sometimes (but rarely), and without it seeming attributable to cultural factors more favorable to one or the other, we have the impression that this being surpasses that other "in the entire line": be it at the level mental, either on a spiritual level, or on both levels simultaneously¹⁷⁵. Besides

¹⁷²On this mystification, see the note of August 4 "Mystification – or creation and shame" (no. 46).

¹⁷³This medieval "fixism" has changed its face but not its nature: now, as before, it is considered that in essence, "the die is cast" from birth. The difference is that what is supposed to determine a person's place on the social scale is no longer "the cradle", that is, the social status of the parents, but "the chromosome".

¹⁷⁴When thinking about "creation" and "creators," the common reflex (to which I myself was subjected for most of my life) is to think above all, and almost exclusively, of the "great artists" and the "great wise men." When you want to be generous, you also include brilliant inventors, great statesmen and famous conquerors. In any case, far from the subordinate on duty...

¹⁷⁵It is interesting to note that when we talk about "gifts", "means", and especially "creation", we almost always think of intellectual and artistic gifts, rarely on a spiritual level, and practically never on a carnal level. That's a pretty funny sign of internalized repression (and more particularly sexual repression) that tends to make us ignore the body, as some kind of negligible quantity. However, the archetypal creative act, at the level of the creature, is the "carnal" act of conception and procreation – and the work that is its final fruit, with the discreet assistance of God everything must be done. To say it (or at least with that of the natural laws that He has established at the service of creative processes...), it is a marvel of magnitude greater than everything that the human hand and intelligence are capable of creating! This act, as a "creative act", has something to challenge received ideas, especially because in it the role of conscious will is null or negligible. Furthermore, what is essential (at least on a biological level) in the creation of the new being from the two male and female gametes seems to be a matter only of the body, independently of any intervention of the psyche of both "creators". It is true that this "new being" is only "new" because of its body, which will be formed in the maternal womb during the months of gestation, while its soul, already present from con-

I have a tendency to think that such a total improvement is always apparent, due to the cultural criteria of which we are prisoners without knowing it, by not paying attention to more than a tiny portion of the infinite range of activities. and capacities that are open to the human person; that from its birth every being, by its very uniqueness that distinguishes it from any other being (and especially by its past throughout all its previous births, which does not resemble that of any other) carries in the deep layers of the psyche, a knowledge of things that is not contained in that of any other being (apart from God himself), and for that very reason, totally original creative "capabilities" that are not found in anyone else. that in him.

That is an intuition that can be described as "gratuitous assumption." If I venture to suggest it here, it is above all to draw attention to the very nature of the "gifts", which we usually attribute to the chance of heredity and chromosomes. But heredity and chromosomes are not the servants of chance, but rather those of a spiritual reality. And those "gifts" inherited at birth are not the random result of a blind molecular lottery, but delicate indicators of a reality much more delicate and complex even than a "list" or "profile" of gifts for this or that: it is about the maturity of a being, both mental and spiritual¹⁷⁶.

We can represent the maturity of a being at a given moment as the sum total of all the "knowledge" in the full sense of the term¹⁷⁷, those that merge with it, both conscious and unconscious, that have been created in it. throughout his entire past; not only throughout its present earthly existence, but also and above all throughout the countless existences that have preceded it. If I said "knowledge created in him" it is to emphasize that true knowledge, which is part of the being like its own flesh, is always the fruit of a creative act or work. This knowledge is something intimately personal, different from the knowledge that any other being may have, even if it is about the same "objective" reality of the outside world. Thus, the maturity of a being is the total fruit of all the creative moments of its "cosmic" past¹⁷⁸, and for this reason the "measure" of creativity, of creative authenticity, of "fidelity as "himself" displayed by him throughout that past, going back who knows how far into the mists of time.

Perhaps there are many readers who are reluctant to follow me in these "explanations" that will seem like metaphysical speculations, and I will not stop here to try to elucidate their true nature¹⁷⁹. For my present purpose, it is unnecessary to invoke the reality of the birth cycle and its

By making a "new skin", it already has behind it (like those of its parents) a very long cycle of births. And we are totally ignorant, it seems, of the way in which the psychic dispositions of the parents, mainly at the moment of conception, influence the future of the being that is about to be reincarnated. If I tend to remain silent about the "carnal creation," it is not because I am not aware that it exists and even that it plays a crucial role in human existence, but because of its particularly mysterious character, and my almost total ignorance about it. See, however, the section "The two cycles of Eros – or Play and Work" (no. 13), and also in Harvests and Sowing, in the "Key of yin and yang" (CyS III), the note "The Act" (no. 113), in which I express myself about the carnal act and its meaning.

¹⁷⁶Of course there is also a "carnal" maturity, which is not only inscribed in the body, but also in the psyche, inextricably linked to the body. (Cf. on these ties the note "The small family and its Guest", no. 1, and especially the part dated June 4, pages 7 – 8.) If I have hesitated to mention it in the text Mainly, it is above all because of a great feeling of ignorance in this regard. See the preceding footnote.

¹⁷⁷On the simultaneously broad and strict meaning that I give to the term "knowledge", see for example the note "Truth and knowledge" (no. 13), and also a note at the foot of the page ??, in the section "Creative freedom and inner work" (no. 46).

¹⁷⁸I call the "cosmic past" of a being its total past, beyond its birth in the present existence. terrestrial, also including its incarnations in the form of animals and even plants.

¹⁷⁹To tell the truth, today as before I am little inclined to launch into "speculations", metaphysical or otherwise. On the contrary, the experience of life, the reflection on that experience and more particularly on one's dreams, also the knowledge (always indirect, always partial) that one may have of the experience of another, in Finally, certain personal revelations that may have been received and that then constitute a privileged field in the experience of one's own life, progressively give rise to and develop a kind of "metaphysical" or "spiritual" or "religious" (or "religious") intuition. any other name given to it), and an overall vision of the World, which surpasses

implications at the level of the psyche (a reality that in our days still seems to completely escape the domain of conscious memory¹⁸⁰). The point that above all I wanted to get to is that, as its name indicates quite clearly, the maturity of a being is not something fixed, but rather changes over time along the history of that being, in the sense of maturation. However, it should be noted that this is not done automatically, due to the mere effect of years. One can spend one's entire life without maturing, that is, without learning (in the full sense of the term), even to the point of giving the impression of dying more ignorant and in any case more stupid than one. at birth¹⁸¹. On the contrary, each creative act, each creative work (at least if it continues to the end), creates "knowledge" in the being, like a subtle sap that permeates the fruit and makes it ripe. Maturation is a creative process, and it is the creative process par excellence: all creation is accompanied by an inner work of maturation¹⁸².

In short, the "gifts" of a being, or also its psychic "means" (and this at an intellectual, artistic or spiritual level)⁽⁵⁰⁾, are nothing more than relatively crude "indicators." of the state of maturity. Brilliant means (that is, a high level of maturity) are in no way a requirement to be able to create; on the contrary, they are the fruit of a previous creativity starting from modest means, which made it go from a state of primitive maturity to a state of advanced maturity.

It is true (and I do not intend to deny it) that according to the means at our disposal, the creation to which we are called (that is, our "vocation"¹⁸³) is also situated at a lower level. more or less modest or more or less high¹⁸⁴. But the essential nature of creation has no relation to the level at which it is situated, it is independent of the richness, the delicacy, the power of the means at our disposal. Whatever that level may be, it is in the nature of creative activity that our initial means are deepened and developed and that

to purely material or biological phenomena, as well as to the data of experience in the narrow sense of the term.

¹⁸⁰I am convinced that within a few centuries or a few millennia, many men will have reached a state of consciousness high enough to have access (even partially) to the memory of their past incarnations, as was the case (according to tradition) of Buddha. See a footnote on page 45, in the section "Mission and Karma – or the Apprentice and the Master" (no. 24), and especially the allusion I make there to the "Reinkarnationstherapie".

¹⁸¹In fact, maturity cannot regress, but a part of what is known can be relegated to the more or less profound Unconscious, "playing idiots" in short, so that it seems to "regress." Furthermore, no being, no matter how brutal, is "idiot" or "stupid" by nature (leaving aside at most cases of brain malformations), and a small child will never be it is. Only he who wants to be stupid and when he chooses to be stupid is stupid.

¹⁸²Compare the section "Creative freedom and inner work" (no. 46).

¹⁸³(August 12) With the "vocation" that sets before us certain tasks to perform during our present existence, I touch here in passing on another aspect of the state of maturity of a being (or the "state of the work" where it is located). It gives an apprehension (it seems to me) more delicate and above all more dynamic and more inspiring than the consideration of "gifts" or "means", often perceived in a static way. I examine this aspect in the reflection of the two consecutive notes "Mission and creation – or Jesus the creator (1)" and "Mission and karma – or the apprentice and the Master" (no. 23 , 24), deeper than the rather "explanatory" or didactic reflection made here and in the following note. In these, my purpose has been above all to dispel an inveterate "misunderstanding" and to dismantle and deactivate (if possible...) the "mystification" about creation that perpetuates it, and that we end up to treat.

¹⁸⁴When I speak of the "level" of a creative activity, I understand it in a more or less conventional sense, in relation to the state of the "means" available or dedicated to it, regardless of the nature more or less intensely creative activity. Thus, we can be creative when arranging the house, when preparing food, when making a dress, when tending to the garden, when caring for a sick person, when singing, when drawing, when explaining something to someone, when telling a story. or an event experienced etc. Often this does not require great means, acquired, let's say, by a practice to which we would have dedicated a lot. Such creative activities at a "modest" level, very important in a person's life because of that creative character that gives salt and meaning to life, almost always only have a very weak projection towards the abroad. But it is also true that in each of those activities that I have just pointed out, for the good of God, it is possible to reach the level of a consummate art, and within the limit of exercising an eminent action on the ambient culture, with the same title as the man who created a new science or a new art, or who renewed an already existing science or art.

new media appear as creation continues. Therefore, the level of creation rises as it is created. That is a simple fact, which owes nothing to theoretical or speculative considerations or to transcendent intuitions or exceptional revelations, but is rooted in the living experience of creation (whether intellectual, artistic or spiritual) and that each one can verify for himself, as long as he takes the trouble to be attentive to the immediate effects of the creative work on which he creates. This is the reality, very different from the common cliché that one is born a fool or a genius, and remains a fool or a genius¹⁸⁵.

(49) Creation and maturation (2): no “gifts” are needed to create

(August 10, 12 and 13)¹⁸⁶ In the reflection of yesterday and the day before yesterday I have clarified the two “unspoken axioms” of the Group, which underpin the great mystification about “gifts” and “creation” and the relationship between the two. The first of them, of which I have quickly seen “the part of truth and falsehood”, concerns particularly those congenital “gifts” (or “means”) that supposedly decide our insertion in the hierarchy. social (which, at least in the modern world, is intended to be a “hierarchy of merit”).

The truth: we are born with different, and sometimes even unequal, means in terms of the value criteria established by the culture in which we have been formed; and depending on the means at our disposal at a given moment, the level of creative activity to which we are called at that moment, and which is then fully accessible to us, is more or less modest or more or less high¹⁸⁷.

The false: these “gifts” or “means” are in no way inexorably fixed from birth (“by the chromosome”) as is claimed, but rather are of a nature similar to that of an “initial maturity” (both in intellectual and spiritual level), and are called to develop throughout existence, as the being “matures”. This “maturation” must be taken here in the sense of a creative process that is located totally outside the field of the “I” (a faithful reflection of the Group), and that concerns the “soul” or the “spirit” of man, and to the faculties that are at the service of the spirit¹⁸⁸. Every creative act, every creative activity transforms the being in the sense of maturation, and therefore increases its means and makes new means appear. That is why the level of creation rises as we create. Starting from modest means and as soon as we are faithful to them, that is, we really use them creatively instead of denying them and keeping them hidden or fallow, throughout a single faithful and intensely creative existence we can access unsuspected means (of which we ourselves will be the first to be amazed by)¹⁸⁹, and for that very reason a creative activity of a level

¹⁸⁵See the continuation of the reflection in the following note.

¹⁸⁶Continuation of the previous note, of the eve and the day before.

¹⁸⁷The creative activity to which “we are called” at a certain moment in our lives is part of those that we would be able to carry out immediately. (But almost always, assuming we hear the call, we are convinced otherwise!) It is even the one for which we are best and most intimately qualified, because so to speak it is especially “destined” for us at that moment. of our existence, while it may seem like a small thing. Almost always, creation starts from “small things” to rise towards great things, but without at any time losing respect and the sense of the beauty of things both small and great.

¹⁸⁸On the relationships between the “I”, the “soul” and the “spirit”, see the note “The small family and its Guest” (no. 1). In that little “family portrait”, I did not have the pleasure of including the main faculties, some of which also appear in personified form in some of my dreams. I plan to return to it in a later book dedicated especially to the human psyche.

¹⁸⁹Such was particularly my case in mathematical work. Without a doubt at school I was gifted in math (to the point that our teacher predicted a career as a bank employee...), but nothing extraordinary. As I explain here and there in Cosechas y Siembras (in CyS I and in the Walk through a work and especially in the section “The importance of being alone” (no. 2)), upon landing in Paris in 1948 At the age of twenty, I met the entire Bourbaki group, and also a good number of comrades my age much more gifted and more brilliant than me, to the point that For a year or two I had doubts whether I had taken the wrong path. As time goes by, I realize that there are precisely certain peculiarities

elevated, perhaps called (in extreme cases) to play a visible and eminent key role in the history of our species¹⁹⁰.

I know from experience that such profound transformations, true advances prepared by intense inner work in the preceding days,¹⁹¹ can be achieved in the space of a few hours, even (as regards the crucial moment of passing a "threshold"). "decisive" in the space of minutes or seconds, and leading, under a sudden flow of new energy, into a period of creative activity and maturation (both truly indistinguishable) that develops over weeks and months, even years, with an impetus and a density that never ceases to astonish and amaze the person in which they are carried out, making them cross one by one a whole cascade of similar "thresholds". He who has gone through such a mutation of being, or who has been carried forward by such a powerful wave of creativity, knows to what extent his "gifts" or his "means" at the moment in which he is realized the metamorphosis, or the moment in which he is dragged by the wave arising from the depths and he abandons himself to it – to what extent were inconsequential and truly laughable, without any relation and without measure with what has happened to him.

Those gifts and those means, modest or brilliant, are his, they are the exact measure of his limits. But the Force that creates, the one that has the power to metamorphose and that pushes the wave that takes it far beyond its limits – that Force has no limits. It is something infinite that is in him, but is not him or of him.

To reject that infinite Force is also to remain closed in the limits, to make them the walls of a prison – and then it matters little if those limits are more or less tight or more or less spacious. , if the prison is more or less narrow: small or luxurious, it is always a prison!

To assent to the Force, to have faith in it, to have faith in the best that is in us (and that is not ours...) and to be faithful to it, is also to see those limits, which since then mark us, constantly recede. and they delimit a stage instead of enclosing us; like successive milestones marking a long journey and calling each one, as soon as it is in sight of the traveler, to be passed...¹⁹²

Without having looked for it, I have just described what the difference consists between the dispositions of the one who creates, that is, the one who accepts the Force, God in him, and the one who rejects it and is content with "doing" or "produce" (and many times, agitate...). Unlike the differences established by "gifts" and "means", here it is not a question of degree, but of essence. It has no relation to those gifts and means, no relation to maturity. The creative state is not, like maturity, the fruit of a long past, it is not the state of a work that concerns us.

more that made me not brilliant like some, but of a stubborn slowness bordering on dullness, it was so difficult for me to learn without understanding, and without understanding in my own way - it is these apparent deficiencies that thus In other words, they have "pushed" me along the path of a work and a vision that far exceed anything I could have dreamed of and imagined at the beginning. And at the same time my means have multiplied in a way that I feel is prodigious, and this also after my departure from the mathematical world, in 1970. Even those means have constituted a very strong temptation, still Until last year, to let myself get caught up again in a free rein mathematical activity...

¹⁹⁰However, it is not only fidelity to ourselves that determines, as by a simple play of causes and effects, the vigor and speed of our ascension, and how far we will be able to reach in the present terrestrial existence. Faithfulness represents our contribution to our ascension, and I have no doubt that that contribution is always effective – that faithfulness is always creative, and that creation is always an ascension of being. But there is also God's part, what is called grace, or Providence or God's designs on us, or also the "will of God." Faithfulness depends on the exercise of our freedom, and "grace" depends on the freedom of God. And our existence, to the extent that it is creative, that is, to the extent that it is really a "work," is a common work of God and of us.

A particularly striking example of impressive mental and spiritual ascension, from a rough initial level to a level of exceptional historical importance, is that of the first disciples of Jesus, converted into the apostles. ostoles of his Gospel.

¹⁹¹Surely this conscious work, even if it is very intense, can only lead to such a decisive advance if it has already been prepared by a much longer, more or less unconscious work, for months and even years.

¹⁹²This image must be compared with that of the "invisible circles" in "Walk through a work" (CyS 0), especially in the aforementioned section "The importance of being alone" (no 2) .

(with the assistance of God)193 and that we are free, as we please, to leave half done or to continue. It is of the moment – a grace that is offered to us and that we accept. And it is in that choice that is presented to us in each moment between one and the other: accept that grace and create our life, or reject it and refrain from creating, and in our total freedom to choose one or the other, where truly lies. precious and heavy privilege of our freedom.

When the action that is proposed to us involves us on the spiritual plane, then what distinguishes the creative act from the "doing" of a routine is of the order of truth: the being that creates on the spiritual plane, the one that performs a spiritual work, is the being in a state of truth. That state is an option that is open to us at every moment, to the saint as well as to the last of the scoundrels. An option, or a call – and the saint, like the scoundrel, is free at every moment to follow the call, or to ignore it. That acceptance or rejection has no relationship with the spiritual gifts or means that we have at our disposal. And it is not the one who has great means at his disposal (since all our means are nothing before His power), even if he is considered a saint and a marvel of spiritual wisdom, that is pleasing to God, but rather the one who, at his own level and because he is humble Whatever this is, it is in a state of truth.

To put it another way: the most spiritually tough being, even the most misguided, has the power (if that is his choice) to live authentically, which is also to say "to live truly." ", according to his humble means, and therefore (if he remains faithful to that choice) to grow spiritually throughout his life. However rude he may be, because of his fidelity to what he is deep down, which undoubtedly corresponds to modest but very real and vigorous means by his very nature, that man lives at the level of human greatness that exists. in each one for the mere fact of being a man. That greatness does not depend in any way on our means, it is inherent to our nature of being with freedom to create. And I know another with exceptional mental and spiritual means who takes pleasure in using them (at least those that lend themselves to it) to dominate, to mutilate and to destroy, degrading himself and wasting his life by striving to ruin the world. life of his own and those around him. The religious imagination (if it really is it, as I believe) has created a kind of archetype for the being with unusual but perverted means, who is dedicated to sowing confusion and anguish and feeding and propagating evil: it is Lucifer, the mysteriously "fallen" angel, by his own free choice.

But among men, no one devastates if he has not first been devastated, and has not secretly and by free choice accepted his own mutilation. And no one is devastated if he does not accept it secretly, and no one accepts it if for that reason he does not also accept what in him in turn pushes him to devastate¹⁹⁴ .

* * *

In summary: the question of whether such an act or such work to which we dedicate ourselves is a creative act or work, or if, on the contrary, it is more or less mechanical (that is, if it collaborates with the designs of God in the Universe, or if it is one more dead weight that increases universal inertia...), it has nothing to do with the presence or absence, the wealth or lack of "gifts" or "means"¹⁹⁵ . With the coarsest means we can be creative at our humble level and with that grow mentally and spiritually in our being (and for that reason also in our "means"); With the means of a genius we can slide down the slope of ease and reduce our work to a mass production of select and hollow articles,

¹⁹³For this image of "the state of the work", see the note "Mission and karma – or the apprentice and the Master" (no. 24), especially page 44.

¹⁹⁴Compare with the reflection in the note "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" (no. 43).

¹⁹⁵In other words, the second "tacit axiom" about creation (which has been discussed in the previous note from yesterday and the day before) is totally and radically false!

feeding our vanity and that of others¹⁹⁶ .

On the contrary, such a three or four year old child who draws or paints with total dedication a house or a mother (and it matters little if he is not "gifted for drawing" or if he has a vocation). as an artist...), and even if he is a brat, he creates. It is a work of art and it is unique, no matter how humble and clumsy it may be, and it has an eternal quality. The child who created her, by letting God speak through him and with him, is forever present and alive in her. Whether he sees it tomorrow or a thousand years from now (and it doesn't matter when, since that work owes nothing to the fashion of a time...), since he himself is in a creative state conducive to welcoming it, he will find in it the creator as he was when he gave himself entirely to his work¹⁹⁷. When that boy and his people and the civilization that has permeated him have passed away and been erased from the memory of men long ago, that work and that moment of grace that it captures still live in an eternal present, with the freshness of the day in which the work was created, in the faithful and loving Memory of God the Child...

(50) Creation and maturation (3): "gifts" and charisma

(August 13)¹⁹⁸ When here and in the following note I speak of the "means" of a person, I take that term more more or less as a synonym for "gifts", only with the nuance that by choosing the term "means", in preference to "gifts", I want to emphasize that these are not fixed capacities or potentialities (as would not allow the term "gifts" to be understood in its ordinary meaning), but rather they develop as the being matures mentally or spiritually.

If the "gifts" usually designate the "means at birth", it is worth noting, however, that these are not different in nature from the "means" that we have at our disposal at any other time in our existence. Like the latter, they are the fruit of a fidelity to one's own creative nature, the fruit of previous creative moments, with the only difference that for the newborn, that "past" (leaving aside its intrauterine life, about which we know almost nothing), is entirely located in previous existences: the "gifts" of a being at birth are the "means" available to it at the moment of its death in incarnation. 'on precedent¹⁹⁹ .

Marcel L'egaut points out that sometimes it happens that, in a life faithful to its mission, the media

196It seems that such an extreme was still rare in recent centuries. But in our days and after a series of generations, among (say) the great artists who have become famous, those who have been corrupted by success are innumerable and would be more both the rule and the exception.

197These comments about a child's drawing must be compared with what is said about "artistic" knowledge and creation in the section "The beauty of things" (no. 48).

Almost always, when the child grows up and especially from the moment he goes to school, his creative originality tends to hide behind a desire to imitate, to do "like the elders" or like the teacher. school says what to do. Perhaps this is a necessary stage in the delicate evolution of the child towards the adult state, even in an environment in which the child was encouraged not to be content with blind imitation and to remain in contact with your own creativity. The great question above all is whether the child who has become an adult will know how to rediscover his original creativity, or rather, if he will know how to rediscover the quality of innocence, that is, that infantile quality that allows creative forces express themselves freely, instead of opposing them with a more or less sealed screen.

198See the reference to this note in the penultimate note "Creation and maturity (1): the "gifts" appear when creating" (no. 48), pagenote50.

199If the "gifts" (in the common sense of the term) are "means" in the sense in which I understand them here, fruits of maturity and "rewards" of creative fidelity, it can also be said that conversely our means as they present themselves at any moment of our existence, are also, in the full sense of the term, "gifts" that come to us from God. I have already alluded to this in a previous footnote (page 87). In fact, the expression "reward" (or the equivalent expression "salary" found here and there in mystical literature) is misleading. It would be more accurate to see creative fidelity and the creative work that concretizes it as the preliminary condition that makes us fit to receive the "gifts" that God gives us (and especially our mental and spiritual "means"), gifts that He is generally infinitely more willing to give us than we are to receive them. Compare the comments on this in the note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold" (no. 9), especially page 19.

They appear at the moment when they prove necessary for a certain stage of the mission, only to disappear once the need for those means has disappeared. Such means could be called "charisma", granted by God as a special grace in view of certain designs with a limited duration. Unlike the "means" I speak of in the text, these charisms do not have the nature of knowledge that merges with our being as an integral part of our maturity and as the fruit of a previous creative activity.

It is possible that the "gift of prophecy" will always be a charisma, and never an "acquired" means, a "gift" in the sense that I have just specified. What is certain is that I do not feel like a "prophet" at all, although I have had the good fortune to be favored with powerful prophetic dreams (and when I would have least expected it!). More precisely, only once in my life have I been favored with a charisma: it was between the end of December and the end of March last, when I had almost complete understanding (at least it seemed that way to me). ýa) of my dreams. I was all proud of it and believed that I had achieved it, that my valiant efforts would henceforth be lavishly rewarded – that I had "learned the language of my dreams." I was convinced that I had acquired it for life, that from now on I would be permanently connected to the good Lord! I was somewhat frustrated and disoriented, after three months of metaphysical honeymoon, when I surrendered to the evidence: if I had understood the essence of my dreams during those three extraordinary months, thank you also to intense and passionate work, it was not because I had "learned the language" (and just had to perfect myself in it...), but because God had decided, during that time, to put himself within my reach.

Without a doubt it was to allow me to "give my full voice" to the message that I have the mission of announcing. This grace seems so unprecedented to me (and yet God knows that my life has been filled with inestimable graces...) that the more time passes, the more confused I am. A kind of uninterrupted dialogue with the good Lord, or a "private lesson" in His way, continued night and day for weeks and months at a stretch! Now that I have returned from a kind of arrogant unconsciousness (believing that this was going to continue until the end of my days...) and that I have as great an ignorance of the ways of God as before, it seems to me a It is true delirium to imagine that something so prodigious with which I was favored could be renewed. It's already difficult for me to get used to it (haven't I dreamed it?!) that, among all of us, God has set His gaze

about my person, who leaves so much to be desired (He knows this even better than I do), and who certainly has nothing of a saint or a prophet...

(51) The clichés of the spiritual (1): stop! to "error" and "ignorance" (August 23 and 30)200 It must be emphasized that the state of truth does not exclude error or ignorance, just as these do not exclude creation: nor creation on "plenary" on the spiritual plane, nor that of the lower planes. If it were otherwise, the only being that creates and the only "true" being would be God himself (even so...). It is time for humanity, and those who (often unknowingly) set the tone within it, overcome the endlessly repeated clichés. These are even found in the pens of some great spiritualists (who on this subject have a tendency, alas! to limit themselves to repeating one another with conviction...), for whom "error" and "ignorance" are the desolate lot and the deplorable defect of the beings sunk in the black darkness of non-spirituality.

For once, we can confirm that scientists, or at least the best and most open ones, have more discernment and more modesty than spiritual people. On the one hand, they understand the very relative aspect of the notion of error, and especially of ignorance: there is something that we all ignore, even if it is only what we will be tomorrow or in an hour, shortly. that we do not waste our time... On the other hand, they know from daily experience the crucial role, not only inevitable but indispensable and fruitful, of error on the path of discovery. AND

200See the reference to this note in the subsection "The act that does "good" is the fully creative act" (no. 56, 4), page ??.

I can add that this is the case both in discovery on the spiritual plane and in scientific discovery. An "error" that, in the form of a statement that turns out to be false, puts its finger on a neurological issue that until then remained ignored, is infinitely more fruitful than a thousand banal "truths." that scratch the surface (if they ever touch it...). And then it matters little whether the one who, moved by a dark and profound prescience, has unraveled the fruitful statement, boldly believed it to be true, or whether he did so with many reservations, as a hypothesis. clothed in an affirmative form²⁰¹, and with the prudent dispositions typical of greater maturity.

From the first pages of *Cosechas y Siembras*, I express myself about this²⁰², because an understanding of the fruitful and irreplaceable role of error in all work of discovery already seemed important to me (and too often absent).

The reflection that I have been continuing for four months with the writing of *The Key of Dreams*, and the readings that have accompanied it, have fully convinced me that on the spiritual level (and more particularly in the knowledge of oneself), just as on the level of intellectual knowledge, error and ignorance are inseparable from the human condition. I would even say that this radical fallibility, even among the greatest²⁰³, is even more essential on the spiritual level than on the level of thought that it reveals, and particularly on that of scientific thought. In fact, once it has been understood that the "explanations" and "models" that are invented for the Universe of "observable phenomena" never exhaust the reality that they strive to understand or describe, which at most Thus they give an apprehension and an approximation that is more or less achieved and more or less illuminating, more or less fine or coarse, for this very reason we are led to see in every statement about that reality a "hypothesis" more or less fruitful or more or less aberrant, advanced in the context of a particular "theory." Except in mathematics, in which the distinction between a "true" and a "false" proposition has a clear and important technical meaning, in the sciences the very notion of "error" tends to be blurred or obscured. less to relativize, at least in a theoretical work that does not venture to make precise predictions, which experience can confirm or refute. But this is not the case on the level of spiritual knowledge and self-discovery. Except in a being who is spiritually inane or dead (a state that today is, to tell the truth, rather the rule than the exception...), the inner shock that makes us feel (let's say) such acts or behaviors as evil, or iniquitous, dishonest, indecent, "immoral", or on the contrary the joy and elevation that we experience in the face of what seems to us to be a sign of true human greatness – those are things that They are an intimate and indissoluble part of what we are, and we cannot think in good faith and without mutilating ourselves by distancing ourselves from them, pretending to see in them nothing more than a kind of emotional "result" of a "hypothesis" or ' tacit or explicit conventions that characterize

²⁰¹These are, therefore, dispositions linked to the temperament or state of maturity of the person who has known how to touch the neural issue, and which do not modify in any way the creative value of the act, just as it is not affected by the content of the answer, affirmative or negative, that will end up occurring. I add that in the case of mathematical research, for more than two thousand years it has been a common practice to "test" a dubious proposition by taking it as a "hypothesis." from the start, that is, assuming it to be true, to try to reach a contradiction and then conclude that it is false ("demonstration by reduction to the absurd" of the negation of the proposition). In fact, as emphasized in the first two sections of *Harvests and Sowings* (cf. the following footnote), this form of "testing" is the spontaneous path of discovery in all domains and in all the plans of knowledge. That is why it is very strange that there is such a strange lack of knowledge about it, including even those who practice it every day! See in this regard in *Cosechas y Siembras* the section "Infallibility (of others) and contempt (of oneself)" (*CyS I*, no 4), and in this book the note "The mystification – or creation and shame" (no. 46).

²⁰²See the first two sections of *Cosechas y Siembras*, dated July 1983: "The Child and the Good God" and "Error and Discovery" (*CyS I*, no s 1 , 2).

²⁰³Among those "greatest" among the spiritual, especially in the eyes of Christianity, I think very particularly of Jesus (to whom I will return below), and of the apostles, who, just as that Jesus himself and even (as far as Saint Paul is concerned) even more than him, have constituted an intangible authority for Christians for two thousand years. I examine the question of his fallibility in notes 21 , 22, 26, 27, 28.

certain cultural milieu of which we are part. Although it is nevertheless true that it is above all at that level, that of spiritual reality, where social conditioning acts with such force that it erases in the majority all fickleness of an autonomous perception of realities. of a spiritual nature, and crushes in the egg all desire to know oneself in this way...

This is part, it seems, of the inveterate reflexes of the human psyche, to confuse human greatness with infallibility. This reflection is not only seen in the face of those who, often with reason, are considered the great Sages and the great Instructors in the history of our species, to whom a secular tradition has dedicated a cult (which invariably takes the form of idolatry...). The lesser despot (like Hitler and Stalin, to name a few), and the lesser Guru deified by his disciples and often by himself, and sometimes even by sports and entertainment celebrities. , are invested with a similar sacredness, with the halo of the attributes of omniscience and infallibility. From the moment someone is attributed "greatness" and is elevated to the number of the "Great Ones" or is proclaimed the Great One, in almost everyone there is a more or less click of abdication. total of one's own faculties of perception and judgment, for the benefit of the Idol, invested with the attribute of infallibility. This abdication is adorned with names to suit each person and always with the best effect, such as "faith", "love", "piety", "devotion", "commitment", "fidelity", "admiration". "... In it I see one of the most insidious and tenacious manifestations of the "herd spirit", rooted in the secret underestimation of oneself and "positive" compensation of the intimate conviction of helplessness, deeply imprinted on the psyche²⁰⁴ by the repression of the Group suffered in childhood²⁰⁵.

These ancient reflections have weighed all the more on the spiritual history of humanity as the spiritual ones themselves, and even the most prestigious and greatest among them, have not been more exempt than the common of mortals²⁰⁶. For this reason, it seems to me that they have a great responsibility in the millennia-old immobility of the "great religions"²⁰⁷ of which they are so proud, limiting themselves to transmitting an intangible heritage from generation to generation²⁰⁸. Perhaps the most "nonsense" illustration of all, at least the one that screams the loudest in my ears, is found in the pious theological evasion of the message of Jesus (duly deified previously) continued (in the path of the apostles) for two millennia by the Churches that

²⁰⁴The "negative" compensation for malicious and destructive drives has already been discussed before, especially in the note "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" (no. 43).

²⁰⁵For another possible cause of this "secret underestimation" of oneself, see the note "The child and his domestication – or the unwelcome visitor" (no. 40).

²⁰⁶The only spiritualists that I know from their writings that do not focus on the idolatrous idealization of great religious Authorities or on the conventional image of the "Wise", the "Enlightened One", the "Saint", the man "made God". (or any other name given to him) are Gandhi, Krishnamurti and L'egaut. Now, with an important reservation for Krishnamurti, that conventional idealization that he knew how to perceive in others and overcome in front of those who were his Teachers and Models reappeared, as strong as ever, in his vision. of himself.

²⁰⁷It is necessary to specify that this "great responsibility" that I see in them is a very personal assessment, and I am not sure that God does not see things this way. I think mainly of the mystics, and I tell myself that if in His eyes their responsibility for the millennia-old spiritual stagnation were as great as it seems to me, He would be more reserved with them! We must think that their love for God and the unreserved gift they give Him of their life and person, and also their love for others, count more for Him, while their myopia and Even their blindness, which comes from cultural conditioning and which they share with all their contemporaries, is insignificant to God. (Compare the reflection on Saint Teresa in the note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge", no . 9, especially page 22.) While in terms of sound reason Although its visible social and cultural influence could seem very negative, I am convinced that its influence on the spiritual destinies of humanity, invisible to every human eye that is not fully awake to spiritual reality, is highly beneficial and of inestimable value. And in no way do I exclude that the same thing happens with the apostles (who, however, were not at all mystical) and even with Saint Paul (my black beast, it would have been noted, no matter how attractive he was). be...). The good Lord has not made me aware of anything about it, and furthermore I doubt that He will ever deem it useful to do so...

²⁰⁸Not to mention the unfortunate tendency of these religions (which is part of their "millennial immobility") to always take the side of the cops and power. That is something that none of the spiritualists I know, with the exception of L'egaut, seems to have ever perceived, so natural that it seems to everyone...

They call themselves theirs; and all the aberrations, all the corruptions and all the crimes that have accompanied it (without any of the great Christian spiritualists at least pretending to take note....).

It is surely no coincidence that the Christian tradition, illuminated by the flames of pyres, is where the fear of "error" (just like that of death...) has been most assiduously maintained, and has reached truly neurotic dimensions. It's not just the usual rum-rum on the "worldly" who indulge, alas! in error and ignorance. But since Saint Paul, the "error" (that is, that which deviates from the officially decreed doctrine) has taken the name of heresy, and the duty of the Authority is to extirpate it. The pyres of the good old days have gone out, but the mentality has not changed. At least not in the Institution. And it's unlikely to change before the Crash. At that moment it will change, or the Church will disappear.

There is an insidious reflex, rooted in the language itself, which consists of opposing "truth" and "error," accompanied by a cultural reflex that assimilates "error" to an "evil," and even (and this is the rule in the Christian Churches since their origins) to a depravity of the person who commits the error. I marvel at how such a phenomenal confusion, testimony to such prodigious ignorance, has been able to persist even to this day and have a high standard in almost everyone, including and especially in those who say of the "spirituality". Already in the most banal everyday experience, we see that the fact that a being is "true", or more precisely, that it is in a "state of truth", in no way prevents it from being adhere to a vision of the world or of oneself that is "wrong," and this is even more so if one's spiritual maturity is still rough. But even beings who have reached the peak of humanity, who have become as one with God as can be given to man in his earthly life, are nevertheless not exempt from freedom and the risk of error, inseparable (it seems to be) from the human condition until today. Even those blessed beings among all are impregnated, like the last of us, with the values and ideas of the surrounding culture, although they come to detach themselves from it more than any other of their contemporaries.

The way in which the being faces these limits, and the extent to which it overcomes them through creativity to access a more or less total inner autonomy – that is truly the essence of his spiritual adventure²⁰⁹, and the true measure of his stature as a man²¹⁰. But even the greatest, it seems that until now they have not been given access to total spiritual autonomy, which allows them to completely escape the limits marked by time and place. Jesus himself, that great among the Great, did not question the common belief in his time in a "hell" and a "paradise," places of eternal punishment or reward,²¹¹ which just This title seems truly aberrant to any spirit that has not been

²⁰⁹Compare with the reflections in the section "Creation and repression – or the tightrope" (no. 45), in the note "Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma" (no. 41), and at the end of the subsection "Truth or obedience? – or man facing the Law" (no 56, 2).

²¹⁰If I see there "the true measure of his stature as a man," it is by placing myself in the perspective of inner autonomy, which I take as a sign and measure par excellence of spiritual freedom. However, it is possible that in the eyes of God, this aspect is secondary to that of love for God and men. (Compare footnote on page 92.) Certainly, as I emphasize elsewhere, "the life of the spirit is one, and freedom and love cannot be separated – he who mutilates freedom, mutilates love". (See the note "Apostles are fallible – or grace and freedom", no . 21, page 37.) But it is also true that mystics often lack spiritual autonomy , without lacking love. (While in my case it is rather the other way around...) I admit that I am far from seeing it clearly! If not Jesus, he (and before him the Buddha) has been great for one thing and the other – for love and for freedom...

²¹¹Compare the note "Christian hell – or the great fear of dying" (no. 28). It must be emphasized that in the Christian tradition, as it has developed from the doctrinal elaborations of the apostles, the ideas of hell and paradise have falsified religious life and the relationship with death to a degree that does not seem to me to have been reached by any other religion, including the Judaic religion that had permeated the mental universes of Jesus and his disciples (who became his apostles). In the light of mere human reason,

marked since childhood with such a belief, or who has known how to get rid of it²¹².

Perhaps L'égaut is the first man, and above all the first "spiritual", who has had the inner autonomy and the courage to see and say clearly that true human greatness, even there where the divine reaches, has nothing to do with the alleged "infallibility" with which the human spirit, crushed by an immemorial tradition, has always been pleased to surround it²¹³. This fallacious attribute, with which the piety of generations takes pleasure in adorning those that seem great to them, like a coat with an elaborate embroidery full of medals, does nothing more than hide with four-bitch jewelry what is the very essence of spiritual greatness. According to these clichés, nothing is easier and more pleasant than being "great", than having been favored by God (or by the Fates...) with infused and infallible science, a kind of "Tarz". "an" spiritual in short, always invincible! All problems are solved ex officio, at all times he knows exactly what needs to be done, not to mention the fervent and well-deserved admiration with which grateful generations surround his great deeds. Nothing is cooler and more gratifying than being "great", the shame is that it is always reserved for someone else...²¹⁴.

Returning to the everlasting opposition

truth – error	true False
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and the related abuses and gross contradictions, it is important to realize that the terms "truth", "true" and "false" each have two very different meanings, and that they should not be confused. On the one hand they apply to a statement, a thought, an opinion, a belief, a doctrine, a theory – in short to a product of the human spirit, to which we are invited to give our adherence. on or to reject it, on the validity of which we are called to pronounce. Assuming that this "statement" or "proposal" (to give it that name) is formulated and apprehended with enough care so that it is not purely verbal but actually com

It would seem that in this matter, as in others, that the apostles have rendered a poor service to the Christianity of which they were to be, after the death and glorification of their Master, the first ferment.

²¹²Of course there is no measure between the spiritual and intellectual creative activity that is required today to detach oneself from the belief in hell and paradise, for those who (somewhat extraordinary) have grown up in a family environment impregnated with that belief, and what would have been necessary for a Jew at the time of Jesus. There are reasons to think that if Jesus' life had not been cut short, he would not have failed, maturing with intense inner work, to realize the aberrant nature of those beliefs. What he did realize, and it was more essential than any adherence or withdrawal of adherence to this or that particular belief, is the primacy of being over belief, of faith. creative over all religious doctrine and over all Law. In his short life, he went directly to what was to be the essential of his unique mission, to which perhaps no man before him, nor long after him, he has known how to see fully.

²¹³Perhaps this is the most important thing I have learned when encountering L'égaut's thought. I already knew it at the level of intellectual creation, but I still remained half a prisoner of the conventional images of rigor as far as the Greats of spiritual life are concerned. It is true that the recent reading of a good number of mystics, as well as the reminiscences of previous readings, have also contributed to the emergence of this understanding. A second thing that I owe to L'égaut is to now be perfectly clear that Jesus was not "God-Son", foreseen from all eternity for the bleeding sacrifice (the meaning of which, I admit, escaped me), but a man , creating day by day his life and his mission – and that it is in that humanity of Jesus, and not in the divine attributes that have been generously attributed to him (as if they belonged to him by right from all eternity), where its only greatness lies. The third thing that we owe to L'égaut, crucial for the understanding of the mission of Jesus, is an understanding of the meaning of his death, freed from immemorial and already surpassed (as well as incomprehensible) connotations. .) of bleeding sacrifice that would be pleasing to God and would have the power (at least under certain conditions) to render men's faults null and void. All that sacrificial doctrine of "redemption" or "rescue" from sins, which had always seemed strangely dark to me and as if filled to bursting with a contained anguish that does not dare to say its name even less looking into each other's eyes seems to me now to be strangely artificial, forced, abstruse, on the verge of neurotic – perhaps simply due to being anachronistic! Even without being a Christian or feeling called to ever be one, it is nevertheless a relief to finally see it clearly and have a clean heart.

²¹⁴There is, it is true, the cross of Christ and the similar inconveniences that certain martyrs had to go through. But that, after all, was nothing more than a bad moment to be had and a small detail, exceedingly compensated by the celestial beatitudes and by the no less blessed and no less eternal admiration of the entire flock of the faithful...

carries a meaning, the question of its validity really arises, and in well-defined cases the answer can then be expressed with the judgments of "true" and "false", mutually opposite²¹⁵. The true statement is classified as "truth", the false or erroneous statement as "error". When the statement concerns spiritual reality, there is no method, no "objective" criterion, to decide its "true" or "false" character²¹⁶. But even in that case, a judgment of "false" should not, at least in someone wise, carry any disapproving or pejorative nuance on a spiritual or moral level, when there is no express reason to suppose that the error is deliberate and does so with the intention of misleading²¹⁷; In other words, that the "error" is actually a lie. I dare say that at least such is the attitude of God himself, who does not take into account the soul for any of its errors in good faith, due to lack of maturity or insight, no matter how serious the errors may be. consequences²¹⁸.

Very different is the situation in which the terms "true" or "false" are used to describe not a product of the spirit, but a person, or the state in which a person is at a certain moment. In this case, they no longer qualify, as before, an essentially intellectual reality (although the statement in question refers to a spiritual reality), but a totally different spiritual reality. Being "true" or in a "state of truth" is being "pleasing to God", one who collaborates directly with His designs, whatever the level one is at; It is the authentic being, faithful to its creative spiritual nature, the being in becoming through its spiritual progress²¹⁹. By contrast, the "false" being is the being in a state of inauthenticity, in a state of lie. A being can be "true", even if it is in a state of gross spiritual ignorance and full of errors. Because of this quality of truth, it improves and accesses a state of less absolute ignorance, which will also (if the soul remains faithful to itself, if it remains "true") become more refined... Conversely, the who has read and assimilated all the books and is a well of wisdom, is nevertheless free to slip into a state of lying. Then all his wisdom will be of no use to him, except to entangle himself even more subtly in his gross illusions and frauds.

We thus see that the same term, "false"

or "the false"

Depending on whether you qualify a statement (intellectual level²²⁰) or a person (spiritual level) it has two totally different connotations.

error the lie.

For this reason, the term "true"

or "the true", "truth"

²¹⁵However, in ordinary conversation, delicacy and courtesy lead us to qualify. When we want to rectify an erroneous statement made by someone, we would never think of saying "that is false" or "that is not true", but if we do not question their good faith we would rather say "you make a mistake" or "you are wrong." It is all the more remarkable that thought, when infatuated by a doctrinal, philosophical or "spiritual" purpose, tends to lose the sense of elementary nuances to such an extent!

²¹⁶Compare with the section "God is neither defined nor demonstrated" (no. 25) and with the note "God is constantly hidden" (no. 19).

²¹⁷In the tradition of the Churches since their origins, it has been a true perversion of the spirit, consecrated by tradition, to consider the presence of such a malevolent intention to lead to error evident. (for the mere pleasure of doing wrong, I suppose...), as soon as an opinion expressed on some issue that seems to concern "the doctrine", is revealed to be contrary to orthodoxy. In no other religion am I aware of such an extreme aberration in doctrinal fanaticism.

²¹⁸Compare what is said about this in the subsection "The evil-doing father – or evil through ignorance" (no. 56, 3), especially on page ??

²¹⁹For a canonical and doctrinally exhaustive enumeration of the theological characteristics of said state, see, in the Tree of Good and Evil (section no. 56) branch 5a "The state of truth is the fully creative state."

²²⁰As I hinted in passing above, this use of the term "false" concerns an intellectual reality, even though the statement it refers to concerns a spiritual reality. Compare with the reflection in the note "Eros and Spirit (1) – or abundance and the essential" (no. 32), especially page 60.

In these two contexts, it has connotations of a totally different nature and yet, due to a millenary tradition apparently common to all great religions (but taken to its most aberrant extremes by the Christian religion), they almost confuse all. This is how a surprising confusion persists to this day, even among the most cultured and informed people, between, on the one hand, the propositions (varying infinitely from one person to another) qualified of "truths", and on the other hand the quality of truth of a being. This comes to be reduced (in the spirit of almost everyone) to the acceptance of such alleged "truths", taken as a yardstick to measure the truth by the one who feels called to judge²²¹.

(52) The clichés of the spiritual (2): stop! to doubt and security (August 23 and 24)²²² I imply

here, in passing, that on our own we would not have faculties of spiritual perception, that in us only God perceives spiritual reality ; that to know it we would have no other means than listening to the "inner voice", through which God (when he deems appropriate) is pleased to make it known to us. Once again we touch here in passing on the question of the "part of God, part of man" in creation, which the preceding section ("Creation and inner voice" dealt with precisely). ", no 55), and for which I in no way pretend to have an answer, much less a well-defined answer. It could be that the more a being reaches a high degree of spiritual maturity, the more his own faculties of spiritual apprehension, "autonomous" with respect to God, develop in him – the more he has to! become one with God in 'el²²³! On the other hand, I suppose that not only will we never know the last word on the question of the "man's part," but that question may also not be a truly fertile question. . As far as I know, the "great mystics"²²⁵ never raise it. On the contrary, they affirm in a thousand ways and always in a way without reply, that the foundation of all knowledge

221Especially such has been, with little difference (after Saint Paul put his hand into the message of Jesus), the official attitude of the Catholic Church, tacitly or explicitly endorsed by all " "great spirituals" of Christianity for two thousand years.

222See the reference to this note in the subsection "The state of truth is the fully creative state" (no. 56, 5), page ??.

223We can think that this growing communion with God in us, as our spiritual maturity progresses, is concretized by an increasingly constant presence of the voice of God in us, and by listening more and more attentive and delicate of that voice. (I myself am in the very first stages of such an evolution...)

This would be enough to "explain" that the faculties of spiritual apprehension develop, without having to assume that they are our own, that is, "autonomous with respect to God." This means more or less that these faculties are neither more nor less than our faculties of listening to the voice of God in us, which also and above all imply that of discerning that voice from the voices of others. 'asitas that come from the self and Eros, that is, from the body.

224With this I do not mean that this question is not useful, and even that there will not come a time when we cannot stop raising it, a time when it is essential to raise it, instead of contenting ourselves with pushing it aside as inopportune, or (what which comes to the same thing) of perhaps giving him the predetermined answer that comes to us from a certain "authority" (while the "authorities" perhaps have done nothing more than repeat each other!). Rather, I wanted to suggest that perhaps it is useless, once we have seen the question, to persist in wanting to give it at all costs an answer that satisfies us, and that it is better to remain in the expectation of elements of response that can arrive by themselves, as our spiritual experience enriches and deepens.

225I use the expression "great mystics" with reluctance and with all reservations, hence the quotation marks. In its current use, whether it is about mystics or something else, the adjective "great" does not mean anything other than: those who for one reason or another are well-known or famous. In mystics, that practically means: those who have left a written and published testimony and are commonly accessible and read in our days. For Christian mystics, there is also the official consecration of those who have been canonized by Rome. However, I doubt that the good Lord is impressed by the pope's decrees on matters of "holiness", no more than by the more or less great prestige and fashion of this or that mystic among the p Public believer or non-believer. It seems to me that it is not excluded, nor is it contrary to what I know of the ways of God, that certain mystics who are the "greatest" in His eyes remain ignored by history. It is also true that of those that I have had the opportunity to read until today, among people with a reputation for "holiness" or for being "great mystics", there are some who have given me the impression of a shoddy spirituality, there are others in whom I have been able to appreciate the qualities of authenticity and "greatness": Saint Teresa of Avila, Master Eckehart, the author of "The Cloud of Unknowing" Unknowyng is an anonymous writing in medieval English from the late 14th century), R`amakrishna, Marcel L'egaut. Without a doubt many other authors will be added to them, along with my planned readings...

spiritual, that in man all creativity (and everything that is good in him and in his deeds and his deeds, assuming there is some good...) is from God, and nothing from man! I do not believe that this is entirely accurate²²⁶, but when faced with the mystery, without a doubt that is the most fertile inner attitude²²⁷, much more than the tendency so strongly rooted in us to boast about our works and our actions. .

What does pose a problem for me here is that often this attitude of mystics, for a kind of "deliberate purpose of humility" (which, I suppose, even in them is not always humility. .), leads them to express in crude words (if not to truly feel) a true contempt for God's Creation in general, and for man, his faculties, his body and sometimes even his soul in particular²²⁸. That is a most regrettable tendency, and why (as far as I can see) the visible influence of mystics on the spiritual evolution of human society has perhaps been more of a brake. than a stimulus²²⁹. Men who have the privilege of an intensely creative life can certainly allow themselves, through a kind of permanent "puja" of humility and without danger of thereby castrating their very real creativity (and it matters little whether this is exclusively from God or not) , to speak of their own insignificance or their alleged nullity, in terms that can sometimes come close to disgust or contempt. But it is not the same when such words reach beings who do not share such a rare privilege, nor have such strength, but rather all the conditioning that has weighed and weighs on them (and this for centuries and millennia without number...) have already convinced them of their own irremediable nullity. If this humility of the mystic, so loudly and tirelessly proclaimed, wants to take the lead over the movements of vanity and pride, and if the effect is perhaps achieved (for better or worse) in the mystic himself²³⁰, surely not in the common of mortals.

Pride and vanity are not born from the knowledge we have of the presence in us of profound creative forces (even if we were totally ignorant of the presence of God) – quite the opposite! They are precisely a compensation for that intimate conviction (rarely conscious and even more rarely spoken out loud...) of impotence and nullity, implanted in the being since childhood and that all professions of faith of the mystics and all the declarations of the Church have only nourished and reinforced throughout the centuries.

Just as vanity and obsequious servility are not opposed, but are two inseparable aspects of the same disease of the soul, so trust and humility are also inseparable and complementary aspects of the same quality, husband and wife of the same "cosmic couple"²³¹. To destroy or repress one is to denature the other. Confidence without humility is impudence, pride, vanity. Humility without confidence is self-pity, flattery, servility.

226That's a euphemism. From two of my dreams in January and February of this year, I know pertinently that there is a creativity that is typical of man. But those dreams suggest that it is relatively modest (at least in me) compared to "God's part" in human creativity.

227Here I speak of the attitude that consists of attributing and giving thanks to God for what good we can do, without however including the one that affirms in a tone without reply that man is incapable by nature of contributing on his part in no good. Surely (as also confirmed by one of the two dreams to which I have just referred) we are God's collaborators (provided we consent). Although this collaboration is undoubtedly modest, it is nevertheless not negligible – at least (I seem to understand) not in the eyes of God.

228See in this regard the note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge" (no. 9), and also "Eros and Spirit (2) – or the flesh and the Holy" (no. 33).

229However, I am convinced that there is also an invisible action of infinitely greater and beneficial scope. (See in this regard a note at the foot of page 92 of the previous note.) Someday I hope to have a less vague, if not non-existent, apprehension of that invisible spiritual action of the mystics, and more generally, of man animated by a true love for God and men.

230This "perhaps it is achieved" is a euphemism – I pertinently know that vanity is not erased by deliberate purposes or by euphemisms! Compare with the reflections in the aforementioned note on the mystics (note no. 9), especially page 19.

231For these "cosmic couples" and the philosophy of yin and yang, I refer to Cosechas y Siembras III, "The Key to Yin and Yang", and especially to the two notes "The dynamics of things" and "Enemy spouses" (nos 111, 111'). See also the appendix to CyS III, "The Doors on the Universe".

Confidence and humility are of the soul, vanity and servility are of the self (and take possession of the psyche if the soul is not vigilant...). Confidence is rooted in the immediate knowledge of our deep strengths, of our radical uniqueness, of our indescribable beauty, of a "greatness" that is not distorted by the desire to rise above others. Humility is born from the experience of our limits, our errors and our faults, also from our miseries and perhaps from a division, from our fragility...

Trust is the basis of faith, as humility is the mother of doubt. And faith and doubt marry as trust and humility marry, each one drawing its reason for being and its fruitfulness from the union, each one irremediably sick and denatured when this is missing or weakened. The faith that fears or excludes doubt has nothing more than its name, clinging to a letter while forgetting the spirit, seeking the comfort and security of dogma while losing the creative virtue of the true faith whose name it usurps. . And the doubt that is not animated by a faith that makes it fertile, is the idle doubt, alibied by laziness or a resignation, the hollow doubt at the end of a conversation, or also in the doubt that gnaws at an entire life and of which we will never have the courage to listen to the humble message...

In these two pairs of inseparable spouses trust – humility

faith – doubt

The spirituals of the East and the West as one man (and leaving aside very rare exceptions²³²) have reduced the husband's "trust" in the first, and the wife's "doubt" in the second²³³ .

At least it can be said that everything that resembles trust is very frowned upon by them, immediately branded as pride, ignorance, selfishness and madness, especially when it is expressed in the "preserve" of spiritual things. or the religious tradition that prevails. (On the contrary, all the arrogance and desire for power and conquest of the princes who rule them do not seem to bother them...) As for doubt, it is much worse. It's everyone's black beast! The capital sin of attacking the morale of the army – sorry, of the community of faithful, one would have to say. As incredible as this may seem in beings often endowed with unusual intelligence and sensitivity, very often reading spiritual sayings (which must limit themselves to reciting with conviction a lesson too well learned). and for a long time...) there is the impression that they confuse faith (which they nevertheless know first-hand) with credulity and blind discipline (the discipline of the army...), and with pious thoughts consciously learned and repeated relentlessly. That is why we should not be surprised that they view confidence with such suspicion (while ignoring the confidence that lives in them and enables them to do something more than recite...). For is it not from a true trust, and from the creative faith that is rooted in it, that the being draws the means of an interior autonomy, a precondition of a true spirituality, of a spirituality that is something other than pious repetition?

But in short that would be anarchy – God and the men of God forbid!

It is not yesterday that confidence and humility fare decidedly very poorly among men, while pride and baseness prosper. And I well see that the vicissitudes of those four are inextricably linked. However, humility has been preached from all sides for millennia, with a profusion of commonplaces (which are the indispensable sauce of preaching), and pride and its companion have never fared so well. , often even in those who preach it. The times are ripe, perhaps, to stop using unctuous sermons and moralizing clichés, often hardly less hollow than the mass animation that in our times.

232The only exceptions that I know of are Krishnamurti and L'egaut.

233Unfortunately, the grammatical gender of the four terms that appear in the two pairs do not correspond to their "masculine" and "feminine" function in them, with the sole exception of "humility" (N . del T.: In French, "doubt" is masculine). It is particularly flagrant in the couple faith – doubt, in which the first term has a yang (masculine) role, and the second yin (feminine) role, while as if on purpose, the grammatical genders are opposite! The situation is not much better in German. (Both terms are masculine, just as in confidence – humility both terms are feminine in French!). Because language is not always a reliable guide to orient yourself in the delicate game of yin and yang...

days has ended up supplanting the mass.

For my part, I would not like to preach, but rather to clarify, in light of what I know firsthand²³⁴ as well as what I know I do not know. Perhaps everything I am called to say and show can be seen as a commentary, in light and dark, of the same fact, or as a counterpoint, arising from the same main theme: man is a creator!

(53) The Master's black beasts (1) – or stop! to the work of thinking (August

25 and 31)²³⁵ While Krishnamurti tirelessly insists on the importance of knowing oneself, it is all the more strange and frustrating that in his writings there is no trace of a progress in that sense, of some vigilance against himself. Quite the contrary, even the tone of his writings clearly shows that he sees himself as the infallible Truth made flesh, and that in his eyes it would be unthinkable that he would have to put the vigilance recommendations into practice. and extreme attention to oneself, which one rightly presents as essential for everyone else. That is why we should not be surprised that Krishnamurti, who in such a healthy way distances himself from so many commonplaces and stereotyped attitudes that are current in "spiritual" circles, nevertheless shares with the majority of spiritualists the attitude of rejection (in his case without palliative) in the face of curiosity 236. In fact, it is precisely, at least outside of moments of internal crisis, the main "active force" in a true knowledge of oneself²³⁷, pursued purposefully. deliberate and knowingly bear.

It is true that Krishnamurti insistently affirms the illusory nature of all work in self-knowledge, seeing in it only a manifestation of the will of the ego (aka the self) to "become." and to grow. In this total ignorance of the creative role of the work of discovery and especially of the work of self-discovery, I see the great misunderstanding, the fundamental error in the clarification of spiritual life in Krishnamurti's thought. On the other hand, I have no doubt that this false and paralyzing opinion in which Krishnamurti remained blocked, after the prodigious impulse of a moment, is in no way a coincidence. It was formed and firmly installed in him, surely under the push of egotic forces, precisely to block any fickleness of gaining knowledge of the Image, and of its equally plethoric and unreal nature in the Master as in the Master. any (but by increased force...).

In myself, who had made mine that deliberate Krishnamurtian double purpose "anti-curiosity" and "anti-work" in self-knowledge (which is practically equivalent to an abdication of the capacity for self-discovery), this acted as a very effective "ideological" brake in the years preceding the great "leap" in 1976. This brake then came as welcome support to the resistances against self-knowledge, of a power no less in me than in anyone else, and of which I was unaware of the existence just like Krishnamurti who (and rightly so) does not say a word. On the other hand, that leap, that crossing of a double-threshold that I spoke of elsewhere²³⁸, is what has freed me from the influence of Krishnamurti's thought, with which I had been impregnated in the previous years, For the best and for the worst! In retrospect, I see that that thought certainly had contributed a lot to me.

234Among what I know "first hand", of course I count on what the experience of my own life and meditation on that experience have taught me, but also the revelations that come to me through my dreams and very particularly, for my metaphysical and prophetic dreams, which give me knowledge that no experience by itself or any reflection could provide.

235See the reference to this note in the subsection "Bad company" (no. 56, 7, c.) page ??.

236This distrust of spiritual people in the face of the curiosity of the spirit (or more precisely, the curiosity of the child in us) will be dealt with in the paragraph that follows in the return to this note. , at the beginning of the sub-subsection "The Moralizer – or the seal and the sword" (no s 56, 7, d.).

237This is what will be remembered in the sub-subsection cited in the preceding footnote.

238In the subsection "The forbidden fruit (1): resistance and suffering of the creator" (no. 56, 6).

Mainly it had helped me to notice certain earmuffs in myself and to get rid of them, and with that, at least a little, to lighten myself, to free myself. But in those years I did not truly "make that thought my own" for lack of creative work (!) beyond the simple intellectual level and (at the critical level) of confirming certain flagrant contradictions, to achieve a perception or at least a presentiment of certain evident gaps and irremediable distortions of egotic origin in the Master's thought - in the absence of such work that thought, which at a certain moment in my itinerary was liberating, became or in an obstacle²³⁹. That obstacle fell, without me realizing how absorbed I was in the fullness of what I was living, on the day I "discovered meditation", that is: the day I discovered ѕ the work of discovery of myself...

But let's return to Krishnamurti's thought and his "black beasts", among which I have already mentioned curiosity (54), and work: we must also add thought. Everything is related, because thought is precisely the main instrument in the work of self-discovery, work moved by active curiosity! Krishnamurti treats thought as a purely egotic psychic activity, enemy of self-knowledge (!) and spiritual knowledge, incompatible with love. I do not know of any other author who, as absolutely as Krishnamurti, insists not only on the limits of thought, but goes so far as to deny it any usefulness outside the exclusively material and practical plane, and who little by little who dares to stick his nose into "the spiritual", make him the number one enemy of spirituality²⁴⁰. With the help of experience, I now see clearly to what extent this vision is aberrant and totally theoretical, and (as I have just said regarding the work) I seem to see clearly its egotic origin. But in the years before the jump, I had the opportunity to convince myself that other "confirmations" of Krishnamurti that at first glance were no less shocking and incredible (and above all that of the "escape mechanism") , were nevertheless true. I quickly came, in a tacit if not openly declared way, to give total credit to everything the Master taught with such masterful certainty. If I fell behind or even got blocked for years in my own walk, I only have myself to blame!

Finally, since Krishnamurti did not practice a path of self-knowledge, he became fixed on some "Teachings" that, although they advocate them as a kind of "sovereign good" (which will be Granted, who knows, by some divine grace?), attitudes and ideas stood out strongly that cut short (in those who made them their own) with all the fickleness of self-knowledge. Such was his case until the end of his life, and mine during several years of my life when, however, I was in full ideological and spiritual effervescence.

Thus, since Krishnamurti lacked true personal authenticity even in the dissemination of his message (a message that became a repetition rather than a creative expression of something really lived and fully assumed), his insistence on the psyche and self-knowledge was stripped of its ability to illuminate and awaken that it had undoubtedly initially had, and came to be no more than one of the basic "theses" among others, in a construction of the spirit baptized "the Teachings" and converted for the Master into an ultimate goal in himself and the reason for his own existence. In fact, among the numerous devotees of Krishnamurti that I have met, there is not one in whom I have seen even the slightest hint of self-knowledge, due to the confirmation (let's say) of some "escapes" of his harvest (which However, they were obvious both to them and to those not initiated into the Master's thought). The only visible effect of these "Teachings" was to feed a "Krishnamurtian" discourse and enhance a certain

²³⁹See in this regard in Harvests and Sowings the note "Krishnamurti – or liberation turned into an obstacle" (no. 41). See also, about Krishnamurti and my relationship with him, the note "Yang acts as yin – or the role of the Master" (CyS III, no 118).

²⁴⁰Thus taking a position of pure and simple rejection of thought as a possible foothold in the spiritual life, Krishnamurti obviously never got the thought (!) that all his books actually develop (and often They limit themselves to repeating tirelessly) a "Krishnamurtian" thought about existence and spiritual reality, and that he has not considered it a waste to dedicate his entire life to spreading that thought (systematized and made static and immutable in his "Teachings").").

image of themselves, as followers of a “spirituality” felt to be particularly select.

For some years, I was one of them²⁴¹. However, with one difference, that under the shocking effect of the first Krishnamurti book that I read, my eyes were really opened to certain realities, but only (as in your case) to the others. Certainly that was something – and I would even say something of great value. But the creative virtue of that knowledge remained blocked, until I achieved the decisive breakthrough – the one through which it was initiated in me, finally! a job and a process of self-knowledge. Because of that breakthrough, which radically freed me from the Master's dominion, what I had “borrowed” from him became truly mine and, for that very reason, fertile.

(54) The black beasts of the Master (2) – or the rejection of becoming (September

1)²⁴² Perhaps it is an exaggeration to call curiosity a “black beast” of Krishnamurti, because (if my memory does not deceive me) is only expressed about it occasionally and in passing. On the contrary, he returns with great insistence to his opinions (presented as ultimate truths) about the work of discovery (and more particularly about self-discovery), and above all about thought²⁴³. As another “black beast”, I also point to the “I” or the “ego”, which Krishnamurti more or less identifies (and certainly without reason) with thought²⁴⁴.

His relationship with the “I” (which he believed, as something obvious, only existed in others...) has seemed to me quite similar to that of the Christian believer of the good old days. with the “Evil One”, diabolical incarnation of evil and object of total disapproval. That was one of the first contradictions that had struck me in the thought (or more exactly, in the person) of the Master, since the first book I had in my hands²⁴⁵. In fact, Krishnamurti insists incessantly on the importance of approaching “what is” with dispositions of total acceptance, of intense attention that excludes from the outset all evaluation (product of thought!), both positive and negative. . But the nature of that famous “I” (which until then, to tell the truth, I had not cared much about) was apparently so perverse and so deplorable, that it appeared as an exception (it is true that you ‘acita) to the rule of universal acceptance! However, I told myself that if that “I” was really there (at least somewhere else

241Here I return, with a somewhat different illumination, to what I said above about my past relationship with Krishnamurti's thought (see paragraph 3 of this note). Compare also with the comments on Krishnamurti, in the sub-subsection “The most absurd fact” (no. 56, 7, a.), pages ??, ??, and especially a note At the bottom of the page ??.

242See the reference to this note in the previous note, page 100.

243See in this regard the paragraph of the previous note in which the reference to this note is found.

244Thought is an instrument of the psyche with multiple uses, at the disposal of the self and the soul indifferently (and in that sense, at the disposal of either the “spirit” or the “child” in us – see in this regard the note “The small family and its Guest”, no 1). To the extent that the spirit, the responsible entity and leader of the psyche, assumes that responsibility (which rarely happens, it is true...), it also monitors, when the ego takes control of the instrument, so that he makes good use of it, in accordance with the very useful function of the self as in charge of “intendance”. It is true that almost always and outside of true thought work (especially in professional life, to face such and such more or less technical problems), thought has a clear tendency to be misused by the ego. (under the sleepy eye of the spirit well disposed to not notice anything...), whether to put itself at the service of its desire for self-aggrandizement, or as a simple “cackling” or “background noise” to fill at any price the inner emptiness and escape the danger of silence. In these cases, thought is almost never used as an instrument of knowledge, in accordance with its vocation, degraded to a role of “ambient sound” intended to prevent the appearance of inappropriate knowledge, and even “falsifying” knowledge. , to present oneself or another a deliberately distorted or literally lying image of reality.

Now, Krishnamurti speaks of thought as if he were unaware that it can be used by an instance of the psyche other than the self. I came to wonder if he knew of the existence of the soul in the psyche, which he never talks about in any case. At least it seems that he refuses to give any name to that in the psyche that (for example) sees and contemplates, that loves with full love and knows, that is responsible for our actions, that can create on the spiritual plane, to at the same time he is free to challenge that power and leave him unemployed.

245It must have been in 1970 or 1971. The book I am referring to is “The First and the Last Freedom.”

of the Master...), no matter how cumbersome and irritatingly plethoric it was, there must have been good reasons for its existence (which surely it would not be useless to make clear, if it were possible...), and that it had to play (or at least have played, in the history of our species) a role that was not only catastrophic, but also useful, and even indispensable (and that it would be important to unravel). . I expressed these perplexities, among some others, to Krishnamurti himself in a letter in July 1974, but received no response.

Since we are with Krishnamurti's black beasts, the idea of a fifth beast comes to me (in addition to curiosity, work, thought, ego): it is the very idea of a human becoming (55). He returns to it with the same tireless insistence as to the sterilizing character (according to him) of the self and thought. This idea of becoming, according to him, would be exclusively a product of the ego's desire for self-aggrandizement, which constantly projects itself into the future to become this or that, in its restless effort to avoid a decision. Knowledge of the present moment and what one really is. This particularity of the self, which Krishnamurti incessantly emphasizes, is very real and powerful, and is perceived by Krishnamurti with remarkable acuity. With greater or lesser force from one to another, this modality of the "escape from the real" seems to me to be present in almost everyone: few beings, except in rare moments, are capable of truly living in the present moment, in instead of projecting oneself into the future, into a "becoming" that we never tire of pursuing and that always escapes us. Perhaps it is that rare quality of knowing how to live totally in the moment, of being totally present, if not to oneself, at least to what surrounds us (and to the extent that that environment does not send us an inopportune message about ourselves...) – perhaps it is there (and not in an imaginary absence of egotic drives and a powerful Image) where one finds a certain quality of being that distinguished Krishnamurti from the majority. ia of his fellow men; a perhaps unique quality that is so often perceived in his writings, and that those who have known him closely (according to what has come down to me) have often felt keenly.

Having seen and said this, it is no less true that "becoming", both that of the psyche and that of the Universe to which it is inextricably linked, is not only a fixed idea of the self, a product of thought in search of chimeras. , in its incessant effort to escape from reality. It is also a reality, immediate and irrefutable – and yet Krishnamurti, as incredible as it may seem, seemed to have sworn to deny it! It would seem that the Master, because of that same blessed capacity that he had to live in the moment, wanted to ignore that the moment, however "eternal" it may be, is no less movement and becoming, and that in that becoming it has a direction and a meaning, which it is up to us to apprehend with lucidity and effort, to discover in each moment, in each stage of our journey. Spiritual stagnation and maturation are not the same thing. In no way are they inventions of the self or even of thought, but realities that the attentive spirit also clearly perceives, and that thought (when it works in the service of the spirit) conceives. Stagnation, that is, the non-becoming of the soul, frozen in a "state of knowledge" that has stopped evolving, maturing, is a result of the inertia and resistance of the self. (And the desire to become of the self is part of that inertia, even if it is in the "noble" way of ensuring the dissemination of "Teachings" with which we have identified ourselves in body and soul...) But maturation, the becoming of the soul, is a process that develops in the deep creative layers of the psyche, to which neither the self nor the conscious gaze have access²⁴⁶. Far from the peripheral anxieties and fears, sheltered from any gaze, from those dark labors in the deep layers springs, no one knows how or why, the future of being

²⁴⁶However, I have just stated that the self (which "does not have access" to the "deep creative layers" from which "the becoming" of the soul "springs"), nevertheless has the power (due to the resistance and inertia that are its own).) of blocking maturation, or at least, that such a blockage would be the "result" of the inertia and resistance of the ego. To tell the truth, the self does not have any "power" to block a spiritual process, such as that of the maturation of the soul, not even a creative process of an intellectual nature, if the soul does not allow it. granted by free choice, consenting to allow oneself (so to speak) to be "forced" by the self. Compare with the note "A docile master violent servant – or body, spirit and ego" (no. 5).

towards what he potentially is and that no one yet knows. The soul is free to assent to that work and thereby stimulate it and (indirectly at least) to associate and contribute to it, just as it is also free to reject it and thereby block it more or less completely.

And it is surely no coincidence that Krishnamurti, who denies the spiritual fruitfulness of the work of thought, and also that of the thirst for knowledge that animates such work, also denies the reality of the deep becoming of the psyche, and pretends to ignore the same words "discovery" and "maturation" in their vision of spiritual reality. There is no doubt that these surprising (or "incredible") options are nothing more than the translation or justification, at the level of the ideas and the ideological edifice they form, of an option. is much deeper, maintained throughout life under the pressure (not even interviewed by him...) of the forces of the ego: the refusal to learn and above all, to learn about himself and with that , to change. Which is also saying: the rejection of one's own future.

(55) The Master's black beasts (3) – or stop! to desire (September

1)247 Let us not forget to also point out a sixth "beast", barely less black than the others: it is desire. Furthermore, Krishnamurti invariably associates the idea of a "becoming" with the ego's "desire to become" (to become this or that, or to become "better", richer, more just, more loving, wiser...). Thus his rejection of becoming is included in that of desire, and of what he calls "the process of desire," to which he returns tirelessly. In desire he only sees the manifestation par excellence of the ego's greed, evading the real and projecting himself in his desire to expand incessantly through the accumulation of his "assets", both material and emotional, intellectual or supposedly "spiritual": accumulation of goods, knowledge, experiences...

This description that Krishnamurti gives of egotic desire and the "process" in which it is inscribed is very penetrating, as is that of the ego's "yearning to become." And it is also true that almost always, the ego invades the psyche to such an extent that its desires tend to stifle, or else to capture and put them at its service, the desires that have not arisen from it. But these, whether from Eros or from the soul itself, are of very different essence; to such a different extent that I tend not to give them the same name, and to reserve the name "desire" for the desire of Eros or the soul, and to distinguish them very carefully from the "cravings" of the ego. With this distinction, desire is always a drive for knowledge, whether carnal or mental when it emanates from Eros, or spiritual in the full sense of the term when it emanates from the soul. (And the soul's "longing for God," or the "thirst for truth," or the "thirst for justice," are surely among the purest and highest manifestations of the soul's desire.) Thus The "true" desire, which is from Eros or the soul and not from the self, is in man the creative force par excellence²⁴⁸ – the one that incessantly animates and pulls the psyche or the soul on the path of knowledge, without know or worry about knowing where that path takes her...

Surely it is something strange that Krishnamurti did not know or did not want to see that force, just as he did not want to see the future of the soul that that force (when the desire is of the soul) promotes. And surely by giving in to the same push of egotic forces, letting the same rejection (most common!) shape his thinking and cloud his vision, Krishnamurti was led to ignore and deny so much. the creative force as its effect: the impulse of desire, and the becoming to which desire opens us.

This rejection of desire, by pure and simple assimilation of desire to the restless longings of the ego, is also a close relative, surely, of the Master's strange distrust towards

²⁴⁷See the reference to this note in the previous note, page 102.

²⁴⁸This statement is a bit blunt, and it is worth qualifying it a little. Of course, here we are talking about "the creative force par excellence" insofar as it comes from man himself, and not from the invisible Guest. On the other hand, I think it would be fair to say that desire is like the raw and (in principle at least) visible energy that provides the "fuel" for creative processes, but that creation It itself and the forces that move it are of an infinitely more delicate nature, and undoubtedly forever invisible to the human eye.

curiosity, which I have already pointed out before²⁴⁹. In fact, whether it is expressed on the carnal plane or on the mental plane, curiosity is nothing more than one of the faces of the desire to know.

It is the "yang" aspect of that desire or at least, one of the possible modalities of the "masculine" drive – the one that daringly and without manners launches itself to become aware of the "lingerie" of things, even if he may find himself with a scratched nose...

In short, this epidermal distrust of Krishnamurti towards curiosity is now presented to me as the "anodyne" aspect of a profound rejection of a very different scope – the rejection of desire, and through it, the refusal to become. In other words: the everlasting (and oh how universal!) refusal to move.

Curiously, by this insistence on the (according to him) radically fallacious, illusory nature of desire, Krishnamurti approaches (once it does not become customary) the most common attitudes in all spiritual milieus. That is one of the most repeated commonplaces in spiritual literature, it seems to me, and perhaps even more so in that of the East (no doubt under the influence of Hinduism and especially Buddhism) than in the "ours"²⁵⁰. This is, it seems to me, the only commonplace that Krishnamurti has taken up on his own, but transforming it (it must be admitted) with a penetrating vision of the "ego process" (which, however, he mistakenly baptizes with the called "desire process"). If there is a "clich'e", it is due to amalgamation, following the general movement of putting things of different essence in the same bag; one of the order of mechanics and inertia, the other radically dynamic and creative in essence.

(56) "The Evil One" and grace – or the Holy One and the good God

(August 25)²⁵¹ On this "clash", see the much-cited note on the mystics (no. 9). The "ignorance" I speak of here is above all ignorance about the importance of self-knowledge in the spiritual life in general, and in that of the mystic very particularly.

I will give just one example among an infinity, which shocked me recently when reading the remarkable autobiographical story of Saint Teresa. His vocation was precocious, and in response to his deep aspirations, he entered the monastic path from the time he was of age. That does not prevent her from judging that she had wasted the first twenty years (if I remember correctly) in the convent in the most culpable and unforgivable way. She explains to us that, without any need and without a true desire for worldliness, she nevertheless persisted (as authorized by the rules of the convent) in dispersing herself in what she calls "locutorio friendships", of which she speaks with great disdain. as the most boring and insipid thing in the world. Thus, he more or less systematically neglected the practice of "prayer", to which, however, with all evidence, his deep being aspired, and to which most Later he was going to give himself wholeheartedly (to the extent that the obligations of his state permitted).

There was, clearly, a division in her being, undoubtedly of a "banal" nature in itself (rare are the beings exempt from this type of conflict), but whose effects were for her of the greater significance, making her live in a state of remorse and incessant tears.

I have no doubt that for a person with the qualities of courage and probity of Saint Teresa (present, I suppose, since before she was canonized...), if the idea had occurred to her to look at what was happening, there would have been It was a matter of a few hours, or at most a few days or weeks, to come to terms with herself. But in the environment she was in (and I doubt it would be different today in any convent or monastery) such an idea could not come to her. For her, it was certain that it was the work of the Evil One. If he gave in, it was due to criminal weakness or

²⁴⁹At the beginning of the penultimate note "The Master's black beasts (1): stop! to work and thought" (no. 53), page 99.

²⁵⁰The only spiritual people I know who do not sound the everlasting anti-desire trumpet are Gandhi and L'egaut. At least Krishnamurti distinguishes himself here from current attitudes by the absence in him of any anti-sex discourse (so common in spiritual milieus that it often seems inseparable).

²⁵¹See the reference to this note in the sub-subsection "Bad company" (no. 56, 7, c.), page ??.

Due to the depravity of human nature, and hers more than any other, she is the last of the sinners! Furthermore, she was sure that she had deserved eternal damnation a thousand times over for her guilty frivolity. That God (or the Christ) could nevertheless forgive her so many times, as she later could not doubt because of His eloquent signs of favor, simply surpassed all her understanding.

It is true that we could think that perhaps it has not been necessary for her to macerate like this for twenty years in remorse and heartbreak, to be ripe for the favors to which God destined her? Or what did she find, by putting Her patience to the test in this way (at least that's what she believed...), and by putting into play, with whims that ultimately mattered nothing to Her, the prospects (happiness, condemnation)? 'on?) of his eternal life, a secret, irresistible, ambiguous pleasure; perhaps like the one his mother felt when teasing her (for her excessive passion for books of chivalry) with her "silly husband"...?

I suppose that now she already knows, and that no one else (aside from God) has ever known it (her learned confessors no more than anyone else), nor will ever know it...

(57) The Law, the speech and the Noise: a millennial cycle closes...

(September 2)252 The endless section that has ended up being called "The Tree of Good and Evil", seventh and The last of the sections that have the ambitious subtitle of "spiritual knowledge", with its seven very fat subsections, has finally taken on the dimensions of a complete chapter. I have written it in draft for five days in a row (from August 14 to 18), without stopping to rewrite it cleanly, because the chain of ideas dragged me and flowed all at once. I spent the last two draft days with the seventh and final subsection, "The Forbidden Fruit (2)," which alone takes up a third of the total text (when I had already believed I realized – finally! – that I was about to finish the endless section of the endless chapter...). And now I have the impression that that finally finished chapter, "Aspects of a mission (2): spiritual knowledge" (totally unforeseen in the program, it must be remembered²⁵³) is going to be the chapter central title of the Key of Dreams, which its tenth and last section with the daring name of "The

Tree of good and evil" is like its heart, and that the seventh and last subsection of this, with the no less daring name of "The forbidden fruit", truly is like the heart from the heart. It has been long and laborious, yes, keeping me in suspense for five very compact weeks – but there is also some good work in fact!

After that draft-marathon, I spent a whole week cleaning and polishing. After three or four days of "rest", for correspondence above all, postponed from week to week while that mushroom chapter did not stop proliferating. Plus three or four days for the six notes that emerged from the reflection on spiritual knowledge²⁵⁴, grouped under the title that I found "Cliches and spirituality".

Irreverent title, no doubt, but it doesn't cause me any remorse. I even hope that one thing (among many others) that will distinguish the spirituality of the new Age about to emerge from the "archaic spirituality" of the Age that is ending, is that even when talking about spiritual things (or rather, especially in that case!) we will insist on calling bread, bread, and wine, wine. And the little that I have been able to glimpse here and there, a bit at random, of the so-called "pious" or "spiritual" literature, seems to me to be like gigantic "Augean stables" that have never been seen. had been cleaned, and therefore were in dire need of serious cleaning. The deep and the superficial, the authentic and the false, the daring of faith

²⁵²This note, unlike all the previous ones, has not emerged from a footnote that has become independent. It represents a reflection that was triggered when I was preparing (with Chapter VI) to resume the thread of the story of my spiritual adventure (left in suspense since June 25). This reflection finally represents a kind of epilogue to the six preceding notes, grouped under the title "Cliches and spirituality." That is why I have added them as a seventh and last note.

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²⁵⁴As I point out in the penultimate footnote, we must finally add this note – and there are seven of them!

and the comfort of conformity, the sublime and the corny, the naked rigor of the passion for truth and the greasy complacency simulating humility, and even the blatant lie wrapped in anointing and apology or the sanction of all the abuses of the corruptions of all the crimes, when the supposed "interests of religion" (which bears everything...) and even those of God himself (who lets people speak...) are at stake – all of this rubs shoulders and mixes so inextricably, under the tender gaze of the spiritual "authorities" (from the moment the purity of doctrine and faith is saved...), that in such A haloed dunghill of tradition, with the prestige of the ineffable and eternal values, rare are they, alas! those who dare to trust their own lights to distinguish the chaff from the grain, or even if it is only the best from the worst or the excellent from the mediocre²⁵⁵. To those who have not been given the ability to discern one from the other, or to the fat or distracted consumer who does not care about anything, even the best, when thus confused with the worst, produces the same effects: the same euphoric and weak brainwashing, effects of "opium of the people" that throughout centuries and millennia the priests and despots of all stripes have used and abused profusely. From what I have been able to see, this "spiritual" washing is only distinguished, by its effects on the mental and spiritual in man, from the "ideological" washing by the nationalist or political words reiterated incessantly, with the reinforcement also of an entire edifying literature slavishly carved to measure. Both testify to the same spirit, which inspires the same type of discourse: the "edifying discourse" that ignores man to manage the masses, that ignores and despises the faculties to pull the threads of well-proven reflections. It is the herd spirit addressing the herd, to cultivate the herd mentality in it²⁵⁶.

And here we have unexpectedly returned to Moralizer 257: the edifying speech is his speech. And even "the best", as soon as he takes possession of it to ruminate on it in his own way, is transformed as if by miracle into insipid blabla. At first, it is true, that speech was muscular, and in truth the sword was not far away to support what was said. But the brightest and most polished swords rust over time and eventually fall apart, and words lose their edge and become flaccid. The wear and tear of the Times! Even pure and simple socialism, like other isms, end up becoming flaccid – they do not escape this just as religions, which they supplanted for a time, did not escape. And in our days there are few to whom this speech, whatever its color, does not leave cold, so much so that the human species has been stuffed and over-stuffed with it! The brilliant speech of the Law was worn out and became the edifying speech of the preacher, which in turn was worn out...

However, he who was a flock, remains a flock, even if it is a crowded flock! And in his long history, never has man been so imprisoned and emptied of himself and filled and kneaded, crumbled and scattered to the four winds by so many speeches so many phrases so many words sounds tach'ÿn-tach'ÿn notes phonemes that fall upon it, bombard it, crush it, project it, disperse it under the incessant storm of noise of noise of noise – on TV, newspapers, advertisements, transistors, radio, magazines, videos, advertising, publications. books latest cry the latest news declarations conferences sensational interviews confidences with extra publicity...

It is the final delinquescence of the Age of Morals: after the time of the Law, there was the time of edifying speech, which now sinks into the final apotheosis of Noise, consumption

²⁵⁵This inability to judge healthily and with one's own lights a work or a production of the spirit, regardless of the labels with which they have been marked and the reputation of the author, is nothing special about the literature called "spiritual". It has left me stunned more than once, including some where I would have least expected it. It is one of the numerous manifestations of the "herd spirit" that we are going to deal with below.

²⁵⁶The image of the "flock" appeared for the first time in the note "Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20, page 37). I return to it in more detail in the section "The herd mentality – or the root of evil" (no. 52).

²⁵⁷We have already encountered this important character under different faces. See especially the sub-subsection "The Moralizer – or the seal and the sword" (no. 56, 7, d.).

non-stop from day to night of speech-noise and noise-noise, speech for the sake of speech and noise for the noise...

Thus the rigid order of the Law, once placed as an eternal and immutable foundation, disintegrates before our eyes and ends in that Chaos of Noise. Here comes the time when a millennial cycle is completed and closed, and when under the push of God and through a vital leap in us, men called by Man, a different order is ready to be born from chaos. .

(58) Who is "I"? – or resignation (September 18

and 20)258 Furthermore, in the thirty pages of reflections on my life, written at that time (July and August 1974), a constant discomfort is noted, a distrust of myself and that includes even the work of formulation (a work of reflection, in short, that I did not dare to say its name!) in which I was involved – and yet God knows what urgent it was! I was dimly aware of the incessant work in me of egoic forces of resistance and self-aggrandizement, but without being able to actually grasp them (nor would it have occurred to me that one could do so!), and without having the slightest idea of what I could rely on to face and overcome them (and the very idea that this was something possible, with tight and rigorous "documented" work, had not even touched me).

The Krishnamurtian thought that I had made mine was of no help to me here.

On the contrary, it paralyzed me, filling me with suspicion towards my best allies: incisive and rigorous thinking, at the service of a curiosity that has already been awakened. And speaking of "my" allies: I didn't see any other "I" than that "ego" (aka "me") that I knew too well! I did not know that there was still something else in me, in the psyche, that in me there was the soul, and that it was the true "I": the one to whom it corresponded act as boss of both thought (willing to obey) and ego (however reticent it may be to obey and serve...). I did not discover that other, that true self until more than two years later, on October 18, 1976, with the first dream whose message I probed: they are the "reunions with myself." ", whose brief evocation opens the Key of Dreams (from the first paragraph of the section "First encounters – or dreams and self-knowledge") – reunions experienced as a true "second birth". But even in the following years, I visualized and conceived that "true self" not under the name of "soul" or "spirit"259, but under that of "the child" or "the worker", and even (due to a confusion that did not appear to me as such until this winter, with metaphysical dreams) that of "Eros". The soul and spirit do not enter my conceptual, psychological and spiritual universe until December 1985 (with the first messenger dream in which a personification of my soul appears, more just like that

258See the reference to this note in the section "Evidence of bankruptcy (2) – or the essential and the accessory" (no. 68), page 127.

259This is surely linked to the fact that the word "soul" itself is practically absent from the Krishnamurtian vocabulary (no doubt in reaction to the abuse of that term, put in all the sauces, in the spiritual means that Krishnamurti knew from his youth), and that the word "spirit" ("mind" in English) is used by him with a systematic pejorative connotation: "the spirit" appears as a kind of particularly tempting transvestite of the ego, adorned with all the prestige surrounding cultural values linked to creative thinking and "spirituality." And it is true that he is one of the most popular transvestites of the ego, championing "spirit" or "spirituality." The fact that Krishnamurti thus denies (at least tacitly) the existence of the "spirit" or the "soul" or any other name given to it (embodying the spiritual "I", the instance responsible for the psyche and the only one with a vocation for spiritual knowledge), as a reality of essence different from the ego (although it likes to appropriate those names) – that kind of spiritual nihilism has surely contributed not a little to keeping me in that confusion about myself that I describe in this note. Compare the three notes (no. 53 to 55) on Krishnamurti's "black beasts": the confusion in my spirit was a faithful reflection of that which reigned in the spirit of the one who tacitly (and without wanting to admit it) I had chosen him as my teacher and (behind my back) my model.

For a small "presentation" of the psyche and the role that "the spirit" plays in it, I refer to the long note "The small family and its Guest", no. 1.

yin aspect of the soul, of Psyche²⁶⁰), and especially in the wake of the dreams of the past autumn and winter²⁶¹.

Let us return to my spiritual dispositions in June and July 1974, at the moment when for the first time in my life I devoted a reflection to my own life and myself. The state of confusion I was in then about who "myself" is, appears very clearly in a short poem (in English, dated 6/25/1974), dedicated to a Japanese friend. is "Yooichiro". I include a translation in French²⁶²:

Hi

Battlefield of a
hundred forces
vying to be "me" and
another "me"
gazing at them,
bewildered, and yet another
closed eyes
proclaiming "who I am"
 "who I will
 be" "who I should be"
and another submitting and
another rebelling
and yet another analyzing them all –
except himself...
all this and this only is "Me"

The conclusion, peremptory where there is one, is practically equivalent to a decree of impotence: in that dunghill and that hubbub that is "I", it would be in vain to want to discern or establish an order, to discern or establish an "I". "that he was "the real one", with whom I would legitimately identify for my greater benefit, a leader according to a spiritual order of things that is not an invention of one of those hundred forces, of those hundred "I"s that confront each other and want to impose their law, but an order of a very different nature. Equally dismissing those hundred "I" as all equally legitimate and equally illegitimate, in short washing my hands in their disputes (and here is the hundred and one "I" that appears, washing its hands and proclaiming: "I have nothing to do with that!"), that was equivalent (according to the Krishnamurtian canons with which he was so steeped) to giving up all work to make it clear. For such work is meaningless, it is nothing more than noise added to noise, unless it is animated by a thirst for truth and he (the "I") who undertakes it is not moved by a will to power or by the desire to assert oneself. In my confusion, I was so far away (or was it just an appearance, or a "distance" due to the screen of some fixed idea?) from him who in me thirsts for truth and knows how to drink , which was as if he had totally forgotten its existence! Or as if someone in me, from the helpless days of my childhood, had declared once and for all that I did not exist – that I would be and do as I saw everything being and doing. around me: as if the naked truth, and he who thirsts in us and knows how to drink, did not exist...

260I say a few words about that messenger dream in the note (no. 1) that I just cited, at the beginning of the notes of June 5 (page 8. There I link with the presentation of "Psyche", the legitimate wife of the spirit...
261Compare the comments in a footnote on page 6, in the note cited in the two preceding footnotes.

262I/Battlefield/of a hundred forces/rivaling to be "me"/and another "me"/contemplating them, stunned/and another one/with eyes closed/proclaiming "who am I"/ "who I will be"/"who I should be"/and another submitting/and another rebelling/and another analyzing them all/– except himself/everything that and only that/is "I"

(59) The strength of humility

(September 18 and 20)263 True humility is the state of the soul that allows it to accept without resistance knowledge about itself, about the psyche, about its past, about its destiny, that the "I", by its own nature or by powerful acquired mechanisms, would tend to reject, often vehemently and as an intolerable outrage. That is why such knowledge, and to the extent that the "I" is strong and powerful in the scene, is almost always felt as painful. Humility is also the strength par excellence that allows us to accept suffering and pain. Conversely, suffering and pain, to the extent that (even if it is through wear and tear...) erase the resistance against them, make humility emerge, like a beneficial rain that soaks arid land makes the seed hatch. buried Humility is a true spiritual force, or a state of "spiritual power", which allows the soul to know what was hidden from it, to spontaneously carry out the right act, the creative act, where without it knowledge and just act are excluded.

Humility is of a very different essence from that assigned to it by current clichés, which confuse it with a kind of deliberate purpose (not to say, a pose) which consists of always putting on (or pretending to put on) below the others, giving them if necessary imaginary qualities, or loading himself with no less imaginary defects (and which often deceive no one, starting with the interested party himself). Such games are more the affectation of a vanity that takes pleasure in playing at being "the humble one" (and sometimes going so far as to take naive pride in its own "humility")²⁶⁴, than signs or means of true humility²⁶⁵.

263See the forwarding sign to this note in the section "Evidence of bankruptcy (2) – or the essential and the accessory" (no. 68), page 127. For other elements of reflection on humility (and on its spouse, trust) see the note "The clichés of the spiritual (2): stop! to doubt and security" (no. 52), and also the long note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold" (no. 9). In this last title, "the gold" could be understood as a designation of true humility, while "the bargain" would designate the clichés (or the "deliberate purposes") with which often found inextricably mixed, due to the cultural conditioning. It retains a dominant influence on many of the great spirituals. (See the finding in the aforementioned note, page 20).

264That was particularly the case with me almost habitually, from 1971 to 1976, but it has completely disappeared (I think) with the entry into my life of meditation, in October 1976. I have encountered the same kind of childish boasting, displaying a very wise and distinguished "humility", in certain passages of CG Jung's autobiography, written in the last years of his life. Judging by the echoes of some readers that have reached me, it seems that I am the only one to notice, since this type of pose is considered good form and is taken for granted among the users of the erudite "spirituality" that keeps the flag high, with the double flag of Humanism and Science...

265However, it sometimes happens that true humility coexists more or less with such games, which are then not a "pretense" intended to give the appearance of an absent humility, but rather the means that the soul, animated by the desire for humility and little Confident of herself, she believes she can use it (while hiding it from herself) to access a state of humility (if she fears she lacks it) or to maintain herself in it. I am convinced that such supposed "means" always tend to go against what they pursue – they create noise, a hubbub, while only silence and limpidity respond to the intimate nature of humility. I try to hint at the type of "buzz", of ambiguity that surrounds these games in the aforementioned note (no. 9) on the mystics, in a paragraph on page 19.

True humility arises spontaneously from the thirst for truth, it is one of the essential aspects of the soul in a state of truth. It cannot be "achieved" or "obtained," like a "virtue" that one would like to cultivate, or a "duty" that one would like to fulfill, to live up to a religious vocation for example, or an image, of a model that is supposed to embody it and that we strive to resemble. Just like the "humility games" mentioned above (and which are one of its most common expressions), such efforts have a tendency to interfere with the silent presence of a state of truth, of humility. By the very effort of conforming to this or that, we distract ourselves from what is essential, which is to become aware of what really is, as it is.

The fixed idea so strongly implanted in the Christian spiritual tradition (to the point of becoming suffocating), that "one must be humble", and the consequent sentimental clichés about the "humility" that must be achieved by any price, surely they have also constituted and still constitute a very heavy handicap for many spiritual people – for all those who have not achieved the indispensable spiritual autonomy (which has a great risk of being branded as pride, if not as heresy). 'yía!' to overcome them once and for all.

In no case is humility manifested by resistance against knowledge²⁶⁶.

It is not opposed to the perception and knowledge of greatness or beauty in oneself, or in a work of which one is the author – no more than if it were the person or work of another. More generally, it is not opposed to a perception or knowledge even when these can be felt by the ego as a cause of satisfaction, of gratification. But the presence of humility does not allow the pleasure of the self (perceived by the soul as such) to spread and contaminate the soul with a breath of sufficiency, nor does the living knowledge of what is valuable in itself, in its works or what she guards (and especially the body in its own strength and its beauty, or the psyche...) incites her to place herself above anyone. On the contrary, vividly feeling what is valuable in ourselves makes us capable, when we are in a state of humility, to also perceive what is valuable in another and, although it still remains hidden or in a potential state, it does not ask for more than unfolding and realizing itself.

(60) Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential

(September 23)²⁶⁷ The religious “creed” of my monk friends who came to my house (63) was in fact reduced to its simplest expression: unconditional devotion to Fujii Guruji, equally unconditional belief in the supreme virtue of “Prayer”, and finally acceptance of the moral and spiritual authority (after that of Fujii Guruji himself) of the prophet Nichiren (64) and Buddha. At least for the latter, it was a creed in theory, since with the exception of the oldest monks who had received traditional doctrinal training outside the Nihonzan Myohoji²⁶⁸, rare ones must have been monks who had held in their hands even if it was only the Dhammapada (the fundamental text of Buddhism, equivalent to the Gospels for Christians). I was not a little stupefied one day when I realized that the closest of my monk friends was completely unaware that according to the “Mahayana”²⁶⁹ Buddhism that I was supposed to profess, the reincarnation! Never (he explained to me) had he ever asked himself any question about the destinies of the soul after death, nor about the soul without a doubt, and visibly he had never faced such a question! on during his years of life as a monk within that decidedly unusual sect!

However, the literal meaning of the Prayer expresses veneration for the Lotus Flower Sutra, whose essential content is the Promise made by the Eternal Buddha to every living being to achieve, in the end (if necessary) of a myriad of successive existences, the ultimate state of perfect Wisdom, of becoming also a “Buddha” (or “a Buddha”). Furthermore, from the first day I contacted the first monk in the group, he took great care to explain to me that the Prayer, when said as a greeting and for that very reason, as an act of respect, expresses in fact respect for the “future Buddha”, who already lives potentially in every living being. The ritual bowing in the greeting, but also during the religious service when the participants turn towards each other, is not the bowing before “God” or before “Buddha”, but before the being of flesh and blood. bone that is in front, in which one salutes the Buddha that he himself is called to be.

That essential content of the Prayer was, I have no doubt about it, deeply internalized in all the monks who were disciples of Guruji with whom I had friendly relations.

But as strange as it may seem, that does not imply, however, for a simple spirit like

266However, I was able to “coexist more or less” with such resistances, which are supposed to safeguard it, but which in reality are parasitic psychic movements, a dispersion of energy, which tend to cloud the state of humility. much more than to preserve it. See in this regard the comments in the previous footnote.

267See the forwarding sign to this note in the section “The entry of the Divine (2) – or “pleasing Buddha”” (no. 71), page 111.

268N. T.: Monastic order of Japanese Nichirenite Buddhism, founded by Guruji.

269This is the monk friend whom I met in the Correctional Facility in 1977, under the charge of having “housed and fed free of charge a foreigner in an irregular situation.” For the details of this very familiar story, I refer to Cosechas y Siembras, section “My goodbye – or the foreigners” (CyS I, no 24).

that of my friend, little given to intellectual representations and above all intuitive²⁷⁰, who raises the question of in what sense a being, mortal after all as anyone knows, and generally very far from being "a Buddha" at the moment when he approaches death, he would nevertheless be "destined to be Buddha"...

This shows to what extent Fujii Guruji cared little about the theological training of those he ordained as monks in the sect he had founded²⁷¹ and which was like an emanation of his powerful religious personality. The only thing that mattered to him was the ardent love for Prayer, which must be for the adept a source of joy and strength, and apart from that (or better included in that) a total militant devotion to the cause of peace in the world. As far as I know, and as extraordinary as it may seem, the Nihonzan Myohoji group is the first and only religious group in the world whose very reason for being, inseparable from its religious vocation, is a non-violent struggle (66) for peace in the World, together with a rejection of all military apparatus²⁷² and an incessant action for their abolition. For Fujii Guruji, Prayer, the Buddha's supreme gift to men, was the spiritual agent par excellence to spread peace and to act towards the disappearance of violence in human society. And the main focus of that action was the institutional violence embodied by the military apparatus and its reason for being, war, which surpasses in bestiality any other violence, even the most criminal (71) .

Fujii Guruji was also one of the few spiritual people to feel with all its urgency, with all its acuity and scope the current Crisis of Civilization, and the threat of imminent and total destruction that weighs on the human species due to the conjugated effects , inseparable from each other, from the frenetic despiritualization of mentalities and from the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction. He clearly saw that the short-term survival of life on earth is inextricably linked to a profound spiritual mutation, to a Revolution of mentalities of unprecedented breadth and depth²⁷³. Just one such mutation

270Most of my life I would have been tempted to see in these enormous inconsistencies a sign of hopeless stupidity. Thanks to these meetings I now know that this is not the case. That friend had a sensitivity of astonishing finesse that often made me feel very clumsy. He was not proud of this, especially since this quality tends to go completely unnoticed, especially in a person of very modest nature and little given to expressing himself about what he perceives, nor to trusting himself, when that is necessary. contrary to what is thought and said around. However, on the occasion of the (particularly violent) suicide of a mutual friend, an event that deeply disturbed the circle of those who had known him, this monk not only found a serenity which was of great help, but also that I "felt" that death and its deep meaning (which escaped me just as it escaped everyone...) with an astonishing penetration. What he had understood about that death, no profane or sacred book, no person in the world, could have taught him...

271That foundation dates back to 1918 (then I was 33 years old). It was in the first year of his missionary work outside Japan, in Manchuria and China, where the first disciples outside Japan were also formed.

272The only other religious group that I know of that practices a consistent attitude, if not of active militancy against all forms of military violence, at least of non-collaboration with the military apparatus, are the "Jehovah's Witnesses", a well-known Christian sect. Known in the West for her tireless proselytism and her doctrinal intransigence, sometimes close to religious fanaticism. In countries that do not recognize conscientious objection for religious reasons, male Jehovah's Witnesses spent most of their lives in prison for their refusal of military service. This was the case in France until a statute on conscientious objection was finally promulgated in the 1950s. It is hardly necessary to point out that the Christian Churches, both Catholic and Protestant, have never been moved by the fate of Christians imprisoned because of their fidelity to the spirit and message of a certain powerhouse called Jesus. us, condemned to death as he deserved two thousand years ago – not counting the few non-Christians who accompanied them, preferring prison rather than participating in the preparation of the butchery. collectives of tomorrow. In France, it was finally an old man, alone and at the end of his life, and to top it off, an unspeakable anarchist, Andr'e Lecoin, who managed to impose a statute of conscientious objection on the State apparatus. , with an unlimited hunger strike. Let no one look for his name in an encyclopedia (in his place one will find Marshal Leclerc of illustrious memory...), nor in the memory of the people of the Church and of the spiritual Christians who pass for seriousness, all so busy in "spirituality" that they must not have realized that something has happened in a so-called "Christian" country. But surely God recognizes His own, even among those who believe they do not know Him, just as He also knows those who have seen Him in prison for the iniquity of men, and have not helped Him...

273This vision of a necessary spiritual mutation seems to me to be somewhat clouded in Fujii Guruji by

would put a total and definitive end to military madness and the cynical and atrocious games of war, those vestiges that have become suicidal today of the age of violence and the herd – of the “Law of the Jungle.” ” (to take up Guriji’s own expression).

The appearance of a man of prophetic stature like Fujii Guruji, like that of a Marcel L’egaut, personalities as different as can be imagined but both deeply religious men and intrepid visionaries, are among the few signs that announce and prefigure the Great Mutation. Certainly laughable signs in terms of their measurable sociological or psychological impact, and yet a sign of immense reach at the only level that counts here, that of spiritual reality. Is it God who has raised up those men of faith and courage and penetrating gaze, because the Hour is approaching? Or is it because such men (and even if there are only one or two...) have risen, against the millennia-old inertia that weighs on them just as it weighs on everyone – is it because of them, that He hoped in silence (for a long time, perhaps before man was created...), so that the Times have already been found ripe for the Harvest and the Hour has finally been set? (Though perhaps no one but the Lord of all Creation knows it?) I do not know, and perhaps no man ever will.

But I know that when the Hour strikes, gathering all the weight of what now weighs in the World of men will be found light, and the “nothingness” that is the look and voice of only one who dares to see and say, even if it is the solitary voice that cries in the desert, it would have weighed a lot to finally tip His Scales...

I have just evoked what was the challenge of superhuman dimensions that, alone among the crowd, Fujii Guruji faced, with no other weapon than the humble and indomitable courage of faith. This makes me understand to what extent every somewhat “theological” or doctrinal question must have seemed to him as entirely accessory, not to say futile, if not for his own interior life (firmly rooted in a tradition). a very rich religious tradition), at least for the training and ordination of its followers – when the House of Man is on fire! Far from having been disturbed by what he was one of the few to see in all its unthinkable acuity, his gaze became more penetrating to discern the essential in the chaotic movement of the accessory, in which It makes us discern an order and a direction. Thus Guriji was also one of the few spiritual people who clearly saw the essential difference between the intellectual dimension and the spiritual dimension of the human being, and in knowing what doctrine and theology are of the intellect, and what faith, love, hope are from the spirit. And he knew by instinct that the Crisis of crises would not be resolved by the intellect, but by the spirit – not the intelligence of the head (which is secondary), but faith. In response to an unprecedented situation, he had the unimaginable audacity, literally breaking with a multi-millennial tradition, to found a community of monks in which the required doctrinal background was strictly zero!

“golden age” whims: he believes he finds in a certain peaceful period of Japan, under the aegis of Buddhism (especially in the Nara period of the 8th century), a kind of national spiritual ideal, which he would like to see spread on a global scale by the sovereign virtue of the Prayer “Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo!”²⁷⁴. This ambiguous longing in Guriji’s prophetic vision is reinforced by his unmitigated condemnation of the scientific spirit, which he considers responsible (not without good reason, it must be admitted) for despiritualization. on of the modern world and the suicidal impasse in which it finds itself involved.

For my part, I believe that the despiritualization of the modern world, and the senile degeneration of the religious spirit, were already in germ in the same religious institutions, and in fact they constitute some symptoms among others of that “childhood disease” of humanity, which is about to reach its climax crisis and unravel. The traditional opposition of “science” and “religion” seems to me to be another of its symptoms, originally due to a healthy and creative reaction of the human spirit, striving more or less to get rid of the intellectual and doctrinal corset of a religious institution as tempted as any other human institution by power and the abuse of power. In reality, man’s thirst for knowledge, arising from the drive of Eros, is in no way opposed by its nature to either his true religious or spiritual needs, or his divine purposes. In the human adventure, the three planes of carnal, mental and spiritual knowledge are inextricably linked to each other, and in the long run man would not know how to collaborate with God’s designs and act in favor of divine destiny by rejecting one of these three dimensions. essential to their nature.

And it is certainly "evident" that for his mission and for the one he entrusted to that community, such baggage was of no help. If those few empty-handed monks had something with which to act on the inexorable inertia of the World, it was certainly not with the laughable means of "arguments" drawn from a doctrinal background, from the same order of the World that, in the plane of intelligence and discourse, crushed them millions and millions of times with all the weight of noisy science. But it was with faith, with that which "moves mountains" (as a great man assured us where there is one for his faith...)275.

In the same vein, the rules and vows that founded monastic life within Nihonzan Myohoji were reduced to little, essentially leaving each person to face their responsibility of assuming their monastic vocation. 'astica, as well as the militant peace mission that was inextricably linked to it, according to its own lights. The only rule Guruji was very strict about was the vow of poverty. According to him, relaxation at that point opened the door to all corruptions. In recent years, and for reasons of opportunity rather than strictly moral ones, he was also led to adopt a firm position against the use of drugs within the group²⁷⁶. On the contrary, even though he strongly advised sexual continence, he did not make it an imperative rule, leaving each person responsible for their own decisions on the matter. From what I have been told, experience has also shown that in almost all cases, when a monk had a romantic relationship, it was either short-lived or he ended up leaving the monk. monastic state by own choice²⁷⁷ I think that with two or three exceptions, the

275It is true that these "mountains" (some healings described as "miraculous" two thousand years ago, say, or the construction of some "peace pagodas" in this century, here and there the world...) may seem laughable in the eyes of reason alone, given the unimaginable dimensions of what is at stake: the "salvation" of humanity. But if reason observes with good sense the smallness of the effects on the plane in which it itself is situated, faith, it, knows by instinct that they are only reflections or signs that describe an action. are of very different magnitude and scope, which are carried out on a plane very different from reality. (A little like compact and modest-looking mathematical symbols, which are 99 or 99 or the sign ∫, serve to designate very large or unimaginably large numbers, even infinity...) They are like outcrops in the visible world of vast effects that take place in the invisible world – signs that the intelligence of reason alone ignores as such, and that for the intelligence rooted in faith can sometimes have a dazzling clarity. And perhaps the promised Hour is also the one in which the invisible World, ceasing to stubbornly hide itself from the eyes of the vast majority (and, almost always, even from the eyes of the chosen ones...), bursts forth. in the visible World with force, with visible and striking effects, irrefutable, not only for some but for all.

276One of the many apparent paradoxes of the person of Guruji, that ascetic among ascetics, is that he has attracted numerous hippies and welcomed them with an affection free of any trace of moralizing distrust. One of the only two disciples he mentions by name in his autobiography was a hippie when he met him. (Furthermore, it is the monk mentioned above, in this note, who earned me the honor of being in the correctional facility for the cause of the Buddha – and of foreigners...) Guruji says:

"Shakyamuni (the Buddha), with nothing but his iron bowl, only ate what others gave him. Without the help of his royal family, he wandered in search of the truth and preaching the doctrine. Shakyamuni was also a hippie in search of the truth. In short, hippies are seekers of truth who do not care about the material needs of existence."

Speaking of hippies, he said in the preceding paragraph: "They never do harm or speak ill of anyone. They only walk in search of the truth. Hoping to find something in India or discover something valuable in Japan, they walk and walk without stopping..." However, later he also saw them green and unripe in some of them. But his sympathy and patience continued, even at the risk of giving his adversaries sticks to hit him with...

As far as my own experience with the monks of Nihonzan Myohoji is concerned, I never had any stories of drugs in my home, nor (as far as I know) among the missionary monks in Europe and America. In general, everyone had impeccable "manners" in their way of life, and a lot of tact and discretion with the host.

277I was able to verify this through personal experience, because in 1977 I had a love relationship with a young nun from the group, a relationship that only lasted a few weeks. It was she who put an end to it. According to my latest news, she is still a member of the group today and always so active in missionary and pacifist work. Neither she nor I wanted to keep our relationship a secret, and I never got the impression that anyone in the group was upset or offended. Among Guruji's early disciples is a couple who live in the group's temple at Atami, which serves as Guruji's usual residence in Japan. The husband and wife ended up being ordained monks by Guruji, but upon insisting, Guruji acceded to their desire to continue living maritally. In 1983, I had the pleasure of hosting his son, a man in his thirties who was also ordained as a monk by Guruji, into my home. He has a devotion to him

monks who formed the stable nucleus of Nihonzan Myohoji, that is, those who had been part of it for many years, spontaneously observed the traditional monastic rule of chastity, and this by free choice and not because they had felt obliged under the pressure of the group or of Guruji himself. As extraordinary as it may seem, one would say that such pressures did not exist²⁷⁸.

(61) Fujii Guruji (2) – or the gift

(October 26–28)²⁷⁹ This improvised retrospective on the personality of Fujii Guruji conveniently reminds me that he is one of the very few spiritual people²⁸⁰ who has understood that An authentic spiritual life is in no way subordinated to doctrinal knowledge or intellectual abilities, but on the contrary is inseparable from the deployment of creative freedom in the being, and cannot be deployed outside of respect for that freedom. That this respect for freedom among its followers has come to include the quintessentially taboo terrain of sexual life has something to marvel at. Without a doubt in the past I did not know how to appreciate the extraordinary, almost incredible character of that attitude of Guruji, in the eyes of the “Sangha” (the religious community of all Buddhist believers) surely more “scandalous” and appropriate to sacralize the religion and the monastic state that constitutes its core, that its unspeakable laxity regarding the doctrinal preparation of those ordained monks or nuns²⁸¹.

To fully appreciate the liberties that Fujii Guruji took with an immemorial tradition, it is worth remembering here who is a man who baffles more than one, and who commands respect from all. Anyone who has encountered him, even if only once or has only seen him in a photo, knows that he is not a man that can be removed with a swat like a

infinite at the same time as an affection like the one a grandfather has. He gave me the impression of being an exceptionally complete man from all points of view. It was he who spoke to me with great simplicity about the particular situation of his parents. Apparently all the members of his family have been ordained monks by Guruji, and they all dedicate themselves to him body and soul.

²⁷⁸See the continuation in the following note.

²⁷⁹Continuation of the previous note, dated September 23, more than a month ago. This regrettable interruption is due to an illness – see in this regard the beginning of the note “The Mutants (1): the dance of the mutants” (no. 85).

²⁸⁰The only other spiritualists in whom I have found that understanding are Krishnamurti, Marcel L'egaut and (I think to a lesser extent) Gandhi. In the last two decades of Gandhi's life, it seems to me that this understanding was partly clouded by a more and more moralizing and affected discourse, constantly on the edge of cliché and self-indulgence. Without a doubt we must see there the tribute to his role as a national and religious idol, difficult to assume even for a man of his stature.

²⁸¹Surely even some of his most faithful disciples felt uncomfortable with these particularities of their Master, little in conformity with the image they would have liked to have of a great Buddhist saint, and it was very difficult for them not to see those “stains”. His fidelity is an even more eloquent testimony to the extraordinary ascendancy exercised by that man. (On the other hand, this ancestry, visibly, was not sought. It seems that he already had it before he began his mission as a religious teacher, at the age of 32.) In that man, during his long life, there was a deepening and for that very reason, at times, a truly astonishing transformation of his vision of the world, of which he himself seems not to have always realized very clearly how natural his vision was. arrival, but which must have baffled and secretly shocked more than one of his unconditional disciples. It is true that as far as I know, Fujii Guruji did not consider it useful to make explicit and explain with public statements his most disturbing positions for a decent Buddhist – perhaps simply because, accustomed throughout his life to following only his own lights, he ended up losing a bit of the meaning of those norms that people have become accustomed to clinging to very carefully.

The truth is that even among his youngest disciples and less imbued with traditional religious values, those attitudes of Guruji, which separate him so radically from any other religious Master, are rarely made “clear.” that they have been able to know. His unequivocal attitude towards military violence is enough to single him out in the midst of the general laxity in this regard, de rigueur in religious circles as much as in any other! With all the more reason, in the innumerable official tribute speeches in honor of Fujii Guruji in his glorious old age, any allusion (even if only to his anti-militarist action) that could shock someone in the usual talk of good feelings and great humanitarian principles, understanding between peoples and all that, is carefully omitted. (According to the immutable rules of that genre, scourge of great solemn occasions...)

"exalted" or a "crazy", who should not be taken seriously. He has a presence like I have rarely found in a man, a presence, moreover, foreign to any conscious or unconscious desire to impose himself, to impose, to dominate. A presence that is radiant. That acts with more force in silence than with words. I know of no man who so irresistibly evokes greatness – a greatness that is neither of the flesh nor of the intellect, but of the spirit.

In its penetrating gaze we believe we perceive the indomitable strength of the eagle. But that force is joy, no matter how incisive it is, we nevertheless feel a sweetness in it, it is not made to hurt. If, however, it sometimes hurts, we feel that this wound does good to the one who receives it. That man is among men like an eagle, and at the same time he is like a small child, like a newborn in his infinite delicacy, surrounded by adults whom he makes appear crude and clumsy.

Intrepid, lively, indomitable will – and the innocence of the child who has just been born, both merging indissolubly...

He was born (on August 6, 1885) in an "extremely poor peasant family, which did not have money to pay for a single pack animal, neither ox nor horse. We had to live on a few grains of millet"282. By his own choice, he continued to live a life of poverty, more than once at the limit of what his body could bear – until his hundredth year, which was the year of his death. After primary education, he continued his studies in an "Agricultural Academy", but attracted by religious life from his early childhood, and despite the severe anti-religious and anti-Buddhist policy carried out by the imperial government of Japan, he was ordained a monk at the age of eighteen. It was a decision with harsh consequences because in this way he renounced all hope of being able to materially support his family, who had invested so much in him. Perhaps he would not have been able to overcome the opposition of his father, supported by the family council, and this in a country where the authority of the family is incomparably greater than in our country, if he had not been helped in extremis for the understanding and apparently unconditional support of his mother. From now on he would dedicate an almost religious devotion to her. She herself would be ordained religious by her son and would follow him on his missionary pilgrimages and in his rigorous ascetic practices. She would continue to be her son's faithful disciple, throughout a life of deprivation and monastic discipline of a rigor difficult to imagine, until her death in 1930, at the age of 83. .

That same year, now free from all family ties, Guruji (at the age of 45) made a solemn vow to dedicate his life to the fulfillment of a prophecy of the great prophet Nichiren of whom (since the beginning of his monastic life) had become a devout disciple: "bringing" to India, the cradle of Buddha and Buddhism, the saving doctrine of Buddha²⁸³.

282I draw most of the details of Fujii Guruji's life from his autobiography, an astonishing testimony for more than one reason (I think it was written at the end of the sixties, when Guruji was older). 80 years old). There is an English translation, unfortunately very abbreviated (one third): "My Non-Violence, an autobiography of a Japanese Buddhist," published by Nihonzan Myohoji (Japan Buddha Sangha Press, 3-2-22 Kudan-kita, Chiyodaku, Tokyo, Japan), 1975. My other written source is a compilation of statements and lectures by Fujii Guruji published in English, "Buddhism for World Peace" (Buddhism for World Peace), in the same publishing house (1980), on its 95th anniversary. This book has a very useful table at the end, with the main events in Fujii Guruji's life arranged chronologically (pages 324–329). (In the English edition of the biography, visibly rushed, the dates are often missing.)

283Saint Nichiren, Japanese Buddhist reformer and prophet of the 13th century (1222–1282). It recommends placing the doctrine expounded in the Lotus Flower Sutra (Saddharmapundarikasutra) at the center of national religious life, and teaches the supreme beneficial virtue of the prayer Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo, which expresses the veneration for that Sutra. Because of his uncompromising choices, he had to face persecution and adversity of unusual rigor, without getting the established authorities to accept his points of view. Nowadays, in Japan there are several million "Nichirenite" Buddhists, divided into numerous sects of the most diverse tendencies. That of Fujii Guruji, Nihonzan Myohoji, is undoubtedly the smallest numerically, counting barely one or two hundred monks, nuns and sympathizers. But it has achieved a large audience due to Guruji's exceptional personality and his pacifist and anti-militarist commitments, both in Japan (fight against the presence of American bases in Japan, which served as logistical support during the Vietnam War) as in many other countries, and especially in the United States, considered by Guruji to be the main focus of wars in the world today.

Then it had already been thirteen years, from the age of 32284, that in accordance with the message of a dream²⁸⁵ that he had in 1912 (he was then twenty-seven years old), he devoted his life to "enlightening others" and to spread the Dharma (the doctrine of the Buddha) throughout the world, both in Japan and in Manchuria and China. After the apocalyptic destruction of Hiroshima, at the end of the Second World War, that mission was expanded to a worldwide mission, in inseparable symbiosis, currently, with non-violent pacifist activity. in the spirit of Gandhi (67).

Between his ordination in 1903 and the dream of 1912 that dictated his future mission, Guruji spent ten years of his life studying the main currents of Buddhism present in his country, starting of Nichiren's teaching to finally return to it and remain in it until the end of his life, and making the writings of the prophet and the Lotus Flower Sutra his daily spiritual bread and his reference constant. But he is visibly more inclined to religious practice than to erudition and exegesis of texts²⁸⁶. Religious teachings interest him not as subjects of philosophical, historical, or linguistic studies, but to the exact extent to which they illuminate his own life and that of others. Like Gandhi, he is not an intellectual or a mystic, but a man of action. In his autobiography, he never dwells on the details of his studies, and even less so on the discussion of doctrinal or philosophical issues or the evolution of his ideas and his vision of the world. On the contrary, he speaks in considerable detail about his ascetic practices. Devoting himself to his religious studies, becoming familiar with Zen doctrines and practices, it seems that he devoted the five years of "waiting" between 1912 and 1917 (when he was to begin his missionary activity) above all to a "practical" preparation through ascetic practices, "self-training" as he calls them.

The first exercises he mentions consist of skin burns, practiced continuously and systematically as a means (I assume) to train oneself to resist pain.

Buddhism, born in India in the sixth century before Jesus Christ, spread to Japan via China and replaced the traditional religion, Shintoism, in the first centuries of our era. In Nichiren's time, Buddhism had practically disappeared from India for several centuries.

²⁸⁴According to the Japanese way of counting, which considers that a man is one year old at birth, one would have to read here as 33 years. It is the number that appears in Guruji's autobiography. It is also the age when Nichiren founded his new sect.

²⁸⁵Various dreams and visions played a major role in Guruji's life. When I learned about his biography for the first time, in 1974 or 1975, I was very shocked that such importance could be given to dreams, and to their messages in such imponderable symbolic language! I saw it as an archaic remnant, in my opinion quite folkloric in the twentieth century. I was far from suspecting that soon, a dream (which also did not seem to have the slightest religious connotation) was going to profoundly transform my relationship with myself and with the world; and that from now on my ascent along the path of knowledge was going to be marked by other dreams, which always arrived ready to provide me with some crucial knowledge, which nothing could have made me foresee and that no book or anyone could have communicate And even some "visions" were presented last winter, as the most natural thing in the world – so simply, without drum or trumpet, as they appear in Guruji's story...

After the great turning point that took place in my spiritual life in 1976, with (among others) the first messenger dream whose message I probed, it did not even occur to me to relate it to something other than the person of Guruji, or with my contacts with a religious environment, through the monks that I received familiarly in my house. I have only realized that link with the retrospective I am doing of my encounter with Guruji, and with the monks inspired by him.

²⁸⁶I do not think that Guruji can reasonably be considered a "scholar" in Buddhist religious literature. As far as I know, he never learned a foreign language, such as Pali, Sanskrit, or Chinese, as would have been natural for a scholar of Buddhist writings. Furthermore, I have noticed that many Japanese (and Guruji and almost all of his disciples that I have met are) have a serious "block" with foreign languages. When Guruji met Gandhi in 1933, after three years in India, he still practically did not speak a word of Hindi, and his interpreter, a Japanese disciple, It's from Guruji, he only spoke English and very badly. (Regarding that encounter, see the later note "The encounter – or the gift of attention", no. 66.)

In general, I have the impression that powerfully original spirits are rarely inclined to scholarship as such, but rather tend to devote themselves selectively to what exactly is to nourish their mission already. assimilate it, avoiding carrying all useless baggage. In this aspect, the Renaissance seems to have been an exceptional time, in which humanistic scholarship was part of the air of the times and the most gifted acquired it "on the fly", as something taken for granted. sitting.

physical. In the following years he imagined and carried out resistance tests worthy of appearing in a "universal ascetic hagiography" from the beginning. He describes them with the unemphasized detail that would be put into a small manual of gymnastic movements. Surely there are few who have survived the type of "training" they underwent in their youth, without their health suffering, quite the contrary. It seems that he forged himself at the same time as his will, to be able to later face without fear or fainting the sometimes extreme rigors of the life he had chosen.

I remember that at first I was disconcerted and even annoyed, when sporadically I heard echoes of those ancient ascetic practices of Guruji, from one of his disciples who had taken up some of them on their own (the least reckless!) of them. According to my well-established ideas, I then saw there an ominous religious fanaticism, a regrettable contempt and even a hatred of the body, which was vented with such violence on itself²⁸⁷. But as I got to know Guruji's unusual personality better, I had to realize that this categorical scheme could not be applied to him in any way. In him there is no trace of hatred either of the World²⁸⁸, or of himself or of his body. Quite the contrary, in him one feels a respect and love for the things of this world, even the most humble ones, a gratitude for everything that happens to him as well as a concern for what is entrusted to him. his care, including the well-being and health of his own body, as well as that of his disciples and relatives.

In his ascetic exercises, sometimes reaching the extreme limit of human resistance, he was always very careful, while pushing the limit as much as he could, to never go over. and do it in such a way that the body entrusted to it would not deteriorate or diminish, or become ugly in any way. We may wonder about the meaning of such self-imposed tests, to which so many deeply religious temperaments seem to be inclined.

I am not aware that Guruji ever explained himself about this²⁸⁹, and undoubtedly he must have felt all the less incited to do so since these practices are inscribed in Buddhism as well as the Hinduism that had preceded him. or in later Christianity, in a long tradition several times thousands of years old²⁹⁰. But the very term he uses, "self-training," suggests

²⁸⁷He had the same discomfort, the same attitude of rejection, towards what he knew about the rites of initiation, especially the rites of puberty, in so-called "primitive" societies. Also on this topic, my way of seeing has changed considerably over the years.

²⁸⁸Guruji's dispositions regarding the "World" agree with those of Nichiren. This distanced himself from the dominant attitudes of his time, in which people tended to project their nostalgia into an idyllic "beyond", within a violent and agitated society, of a serene life. and happy. He insisted that the role of religion is not to incite men to place their hopes in a mythical world, but to establish a state of harmony among men within the nation, and ('lately) between the different nations. In short, it is about establishing the "Kingdom of God" on earth (returning to the evangelical expression), instead of relegating it to heaven. Surely this was also the vision of Jesus, just like that of Buddha, but in both with a greater emphasis on the individual aspect, the "Kingdom of God in man", rather than the collective one (the kingdom of God in the nation). That collective aspect of the advent of the Kingdom of God has been highlighted to me in three of the four prophetic dreams I had this past winter.

²⁸⁹He says, however, regarding his exercises in the glacial cold of Manchuria, that they reminded him of the trials that Saint Nichiren had to undergo in his harsh exile, on the island of Sado. The motivation seems to be of the same nature as that of Christian mystics who burn with the desire to "share the cross of Christ" as much as possible.

²⁹⁰The Buddha himself, endowed with an exceptional will, before his enlightenment performed ascetic exercises taken to an extreme degree, which he also describes in colorful terms in one of his sermons (as he has told us). transmitted oral tradition). After his enlightenment, he rejected that extreme path, as well as the opposite extreme path of a simple life given to the pursuit of pleasures, as devoid of nobility, and he would outline and recommend to the "noble middle way." Surely he knew well, in doing so, that among those who accepted his teaching in the centuries to come, there would be those who nevertheless followed one or another extreme path, which he had overcome.

The experiences of neither the Buddha nor anyone else can exempt every man from having to go through his own experiences to find his right path. It was no other way for Fujii Guruji. It seems that I did not practice extreme forms of ascetic self-training beyond the age of 35. It seems that they ended in the first years of his actual missionary work (which began in 1917, when he was 32 years old).

a “training” like that of an athlete, already indicating quite clearly at least one of its motivations: it is about exercising the body and the will together, to achieve as perfect a control as possible of the will (or rather, of the spirit, the spiritual entity responsible for the person...) over the body, and of the spirit and the body together over all trials (and also, without a doubt, over all temptations to become complacent... .) that could be presented; and this not with dispositions of brutality or closure towards the humble and necessary demands of the body, but rather with those of the perfect knight towards his mount: of a gentleman certainly demanding to the extreme with her as with himself, he carried sometimes taking it to the extreme limit of what it is capable of giving, but taking care at the same time to never exceed that limit and dedicating to it at all times a loving and attentive care²⁹¹ .

Without a doubt, if Guruji could go on that path (among others that may seem more essential...) as far as he did, without losing his life or health, it was not only because he had a constitution. is ideal, but above all by the strength of his faith. Surely it was she who urged him to confidently reach a limit that to reason and imagination could seem crazy, without any fear of dying or being damaged for life. I am very clear that for Guruji this was not a kind of “double or nothing” game, a bet everything – but rather that at each moment he had a clear awareness of his real possibilities of resistance, certainly counting the multiplication disproportionate due to the effect of an ardent faith in which his entire being was concentrated.

Certainly, such extreme ascetic tests go far beyond the needs of even the most demanding “self-training,” and their meaning cannot be reduced to a somehow “utilitarian” aspect. according to the image of the knight who trains with his mount, in order to be prepared to resist all assaults! I think I sense there a more specifically religious tone that, although it remains constantly implicit, is not of less importance. One perceives the impulse of an exalted desire to glorify God (or the Buddha, or the Creator, or any other name given to Him...) with all one's being, with such acts of self-improvement. and what ordinarily seems to be humanly achievable – making a total donation of that improvement to Him who glorifies Himself so silently. Surely, what makes such an act possible and gives it all its meaning is knowing that we are not alone on this path; that in some mysterious way, the One we glorify with all our heart and all our being Associates and participates in that act of praise and love.

In this light, it is understood that if in Nichidatsu Guruji this gift of love was once made through extreme ascetic austerities, it was not because that man was alienated from his body, or had a horror of it, but rather On the contrary, because he was, at the same time as a “spiritual”, an “earthly” friend of his body, which he appreciated by instinct. It was with something very valuable to him that he bore witness in the most spontaneous and perfect way to his love for Him who is the Source of all love and whose glory he sang, better than his friends could have done. weak words. There are acts, I now realize, that (without ever saying it...) are above all prayer and offering – a passionate song of love of which they are both lyrics and melody.

And surely you don't have to be or feel like a giant of the spirit to give yourself this way, dedicating yourself completely – making life, even if only for a few moments, a song of praise, a

291I see above all two types of obstacles on the path of ascetic austerities, which (if care is not taken) can distort their meaning even if they are not mixed with any hidden self-destructive or “masochistic” intention. ”. One is to lose contact with the essential needs of the body and do violence to it, even without violent intentions towards it – like a harsh and merciless lord who demands more from his servants than they can really give. The other, undoubtedly even more frequent, is to launch into an ascetic bid out of a desire for egotic self-aggrandizement, to place oneself above others in one's own eyes or in the eyes of others. of other; or if only for the satisfaction of experiencing the absolute, discretionary power of the will over the body. In such a case, that will is not, as we can imagine, that of the spirit, which is then subjugated by the ego, but the will of the ego. Surely both attitudes, that of closure towards the needs of the body, and that which is motivated by the desire for power or self-aggrandizement, often go together. In fact, the movements of vanity and pride are always accompanied by a closure of being. And the acts they inspire are spiritually sterile in and of themselves.

love song For this it is enough to have felt the reality and the presence of He and She from whom all the gifts come, of He and She who welcome all the gifts that the living waters of love bring to them. With such an act we become a vehicle of the gift that the Soul of the Universe makes to Itself. We participate, in our humble place, in the great Song of Creation and in the force of the River of becoming.

It is not necessary to be great: by stripping ourselves we surpass ourselves, and by surpassing ourselves (with a strength that is in us and that does not come from us...), without seeking it we grow.

(62) May our prayer be a song... (October 29)292

"The Prayer" consists of the indefinite repetition of seven sacred syllables²⁹³ Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo! , following an invariable rhythm carried in unison by

all the participants, almost always quite vigorously, with small portable leather prayer drums, which are rhythmically struck with a robust and recurved mallet, of a wood that is both hard and light. The rhythm is rigorously fixed, only the tempo can vary according to the general tone and the particular dispositions of the participants. The sound of the drum itself has a very invigorating effect on the participants and eventual listeners – at least (in the latter) when there is no resistance due to deliberate prevention. There is no fixed melody, and almost always the recitative of each of the participants is located in a more or less monotone register, each one "placing" his voice at the pitch that is his own, or (at sometimes a little by chance) according to their disposition or the inspiration of the moment. It is also not unusual, especially when there are many participants and they have come together more or less by chance, without being accustomed to praying with each other, for the song to begin in a rather dissonant manner, but it seems that this does not occur. nobody cares. Then there is a kind of miracle that always happens²⁹⁴, and that never ceases to amaze me every time: and in the following minutes, as the singing progresses and without there being the slightest appearance of conscious effort in that sense, all those voices, which in that initial cacophony they often seem crude and clumsy, they readjust and "place themselves" with each other as if moved by the effect of a force that had been born from the same song and that would act in each one, to resolve the hubbub. of heteroclite and dissonant voices in the multiple and delicate polyphonic harmony of a true song; a song different from any other that had ever been sung, being born like this (we couldn't say how) at each moment, as under the discreet indications of an invisible and inspired Orchestra Conductor, who with his hands expertly and confidently weaves the scattered threads of our grainy voices into that warm, soft, undulating ribbon of a vast song.

For a superficial observer, that harmony of the Prayer sung in common can seem repetitive, due to that unalterable rhythmic unity of the base of the seven ritual syllables, according to an apparently melodic texture. invariable. However, when (as is most common) the singing continues for longer than a few minutes, even an hour or more, that melodic texture tends to modify insensibly throughout the song, by progressive slides of either one voice or another, tracing a sinuous path towards the highs or the lows, in the moving web of intertwined voices. Just like a traveler on a barge

292See the forwarding sign to this note in the section "The entry of the divine (2) – or "pleasing Buddha"" (no. 71), page 111.

293For the religious significance of these syllables, see the comments in the penultimate note "Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential", page 110.

294Sometimes, very exceptionally, I have participated in a common prayer for three, and in one of the participating monks a systematic disturbing action was manifested, tending to maintain at all costs one of harmony of the set. However, he was a man with a remarkable musical sense, but prey to a state of internal deterioration close to neurosis. In the following days I refrained from associating myself with a "prayer" that had become a mockery.

calm and powerful that goes down a river, the movement and song of those waters that drag you may seem the same from one moment to the next. And yet he also knows, and always renews that experience, that it changes subtly, according to the winds and the sun and the surrounding relief and the meanders of the route, as he continues his journey and approaches the end – the sea that tirelessly calls him and attracts him, ceaselessly changing and eternally similar to themselves, those singing and undulating waters...

(63) Visitors without luggage

(September 25 and 26)²⁹⁵ The monks who came to see me were almost always young monks, in their twenties or thirties, leaving aside the group of monks and nuns who were my hu He stayed with Fujii Guruji himself for several days at the beginning of November 1976. There are also two other older monks who have come to France for visits of a few weeks. Both were men of great presence, Fukuda shonin and Yagi-ji shonin. It is a great privilege for me that they have come to live under my roof for a certain amount of time, too short for my liking (one or two weeks each) to provide a lesson with their mere presence to the student, alas! mediocre that I was. On Fukuda shonin's first visit, at the end of 1976, he must have been in his fifties – he is five or six years older than me. Thanks to him, who had seen an article in a Japanese newspaper about my environmentalist and antimilitarist militant activity within *Survivir y Vivir*, and about my position on science and scientific research. *Ínfica*, contact was established between Nihonzan Myohoji and me. The first missionary monk of the group that came to Europe, the same one who landed in my house without warning on April 7, 1974, was his direct disciple, having become a monk under his influence while he continued his studies. of physics. Fukuda shonin and I had strong affinities. He was a man who was both thoughtful and had a communicative temperament, active, kind, tinged with a quiet joy, and he liked to sing.

Expert cook and gardener to boot. And he also had a great experience of life.

I regret that contact with him was not maintained after 1978 – that is one of the many things that remain mysterious to me, in my relations with the Nihonzan Myohoji group. He was distinguished from Guruji by his sedentary nature: he only left Japan (apart from his two visits to my house) during the last war, when he was a young soldier²⁹⁶ Against tradition With Buddhist monasticism, he led a peasant's life (practicing organic cultivation, it must be specified). He had gathered around him a group of young people from the city for a common life that was both religious and agricultural.

Yagi shonin had spent a large part of his life in the missionary work of Nihonzan Myohoji in India. He must have been in his late seventies. Small, very fine, inclined to silence, doing things discreetly so that he was barely noticed, he detached himself from the

²⁹⁵See the reference to this note in the note "Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential" (no. 60), page 110.

²⁹⁶I was a little surprised to see that a Buddhist monk, imbued with the Buddha's message of peace and dedicated body and soul to an "action of peace" in the Buddha's spirit, spoke to me as if about the most as natural and (it might seem) the most "normal" in the world of their participation in the war, in a war that was also in the purest imperialist style against peaceful and militarily weak peoples. prepared. When Fukuda questioned him about this, he told me that as far as he knew, there was not a single Buddhist, monk or layman, in Japan who refused to be mobilized as he was obliged to. the law – at risk, it is true (according to what my informant told me), of being shot more or less on the spot for "desertion." It was not clear to me whether the situation would be different today, even if only (say) among the monks of Nihonzan Myohoji, or whether on the next great occasion the reflection of the flock would act. inexorably as before. What happened in the last world war, both in the East and in Europe, both in Buddhist and Christian countries, in any case illustrates in a striking way to what extent the admirable stories of "Bodhisattvas" are dismembering and blessing their executioners, or of Christian saints suffering a thousand torments rather than deviate an inch from the path (which 297) the effect of euphoric vapors, that the former traced by the Christ, have on the ardent faithful are pleased to identify with those images of Epinal serious storm dissipates without leaving a trace; the time, at least, to fulfill "his duty as a citizen" and to wait for better times (if they come...) to return to the sweet and ineffable "spiritu

however, a silent radiation that permeated the atmosphere of the place. Unfortunately I perceived it through an insulating shell, so distracted was I in that period by I couldn't say what occupations or cares. And yet, despite that distraction, despite that lack of attention (to the limit, I fear, of courtesy) towards my guest, and that in the ten years I have forgotten so many things that have passed, the memory of that silent presence, of that discreetly loving availability, remains vividly engraved in my spirit. I don't think I'll ever forget it.

It is remarkable that with Fukuda shonin and Yagi shonin I never had any desire to discuss matters of doctrine, nor with any of the younger monks who came to share my roof. Among my monk friends, the only one who, on his own initiative, occasionally clarified questions of doctrine or faith for me, and even the only one I have heard or read express in that sense, is Fujii Guruji himself. That had to be part of the unwritten law of the group, felt by everyone without ever having to be formulated: that only the Master had the authority to speak about such matters. And in that area his authority, more immediate than that of Buddha or Saint Nichiren, was absolute.

(64) Affiliation and growth of a mission (Nichiren and Guruji)

(September 26)298 I thought I felt among the members of Nihonzan Myohoji a tacit agreement that Fujii Guruji was a reincarnation of Bodhisattva Nichiren himself. Without having a well-established conviction on this subject, this assumption seems at least the most natural to me. What is certain is that the strong personality of Fujii Guruji does not yield anything to that of Saint Nichiren, both for his indomitable courage in adversity and trials (sometimes to the limit of human endurance), and for his humility. that accompanies that courage, as if by an unwavering faith in one's own mission, of superhuman dimensions. Added to this is in both cases an unwavering security in the justice of their options and their religious opinions (a security that can reach the most peremptory intolerance), and an indefatigable militant ardor to enlighten men, announcing to the world the truth of which they feel appointed apostles.

According to the "Krishnamurtian" vision of spiritual and psychic reality, a vision (often everything in "black or white") with which I was still so strongly impregnated in October 1976, he tended to see in such apostolic dispositions nothing more than a product of the ego's self-aggrandizing tendencies. I was left with a discomfort towards that aspect of Guruji's person, an aspect that I had never seriously examined under its different illumination. Furthermore, this unrest was fueled and reinforced by certain aspects and episodes that were sometimes disconcerting, to say the least, of the missionary activity of the group that accepted the authority of Fujii Guruji²⁹⁹. However, with hindsight, I can say without reservation that in Guruji (and surely just as in Saint Nichiren) that apostolic ardor seems to me to be of a spiritual nature, and not egotic. One of the sure touchstones for that spiritual quality is strength in suffering and loneliness – the ability to carry out your mission, alone if necessary, amidst indifference, apathy, or hostility and even the contempt of all, without losing the sense of the greatness of that mission, nor becoming hardened or sour. The most mercilessly rigorous winters passing through such souls make them cleaner, and their perfume more delicate and penetrating, as if by a wine of noble strain.

Another touchstone is contact with such beings, in "flesh and blood" or even if only through their works, contact that allows us to perceive that essential limpidity, that perfume, unaltered by the various contingencies that They get screwed just like they screw us. It is this direct perception of Fujii Guruji's exceptional personality that has remained a note of

²⁹⁸See the forwarding sign to this note in the note "Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential" (no. 60), page 110.

²⁹⁹I explain some of this in the note "The saint and his weaknesses – or the paradox of the mutant" (no. 71), especially page 140.

strong and persistent, unalterable background in my relationship with him. The "discomfort" that I just evoked added "harmonics" (sometimes to the limit of dissonance...), which enriched it as with a persistent and never resolved question, with shades of mystery never truly fathomed. Somewhere in me, surely, the essential part of the contingent had already been decanted, in that song of disconcerting richness that reached me through the living personality and writings of Guriji, and through the echoes of his life. But that separation only became fully conscious with the work of these last few months on the Key of Dreams, over the days and weeks. The occasional reflection on the spiritual work of the apostles of Jesus, under the impulse of the thought of Marcel L'egaut, certainly had its part.

Returning to the relationship between Fujii Guruji and Nichiren, it occurs to me that this is quintessentially one of those cases mentioned by Marcel L'egaut (but above all in the context of the Christian spiritual world) of an authentic "spiritual affiliation." This filiation has been of exceptional fertility, taking place after more than seven centuries without its strength being affected in any way. In fact, almost seven centuries had to pass since the death of the great Buddhist prophet, before the man arose who made the vow to consecrate his life to the fulfillment of the mission that he announced: to bring to India, cradle of the doctrine of Buddha that had so permeated the people and culture of Japan, that priceless pearl that India had allowed to be lost. Thus Guruji was the first and one of the main workers of the revival of Buddhism in India. After ten or fifteen centuries he was dead and practically unknown throughout India, in 1930 an unknown and solitary monk who was in his forties, with no ties to the country and without even knowing one of its languages , armed only with his faith, his sacred drum and his Prayer, arrived to disembark. He spent almost half a century of his life there, traveling in all directions and singing Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo at the top of his voice, accompanying himself with the prayer drum. Today India has millions of Buddhists³⁰⁰ – Buddhism has once again become one of the three main religions of the country, with Hinduism and Islam. Mere coincidence (65)?

But that great mission, nourished over the years by what the worker was and by what he became with his contact, has not stopped transforming during that half century. For the mission is a work of faith and art, and not the execution of a task according to pre-established and immutable plans: the work of a creator, not an errand boy. Without it being premeditated or foreseen, due to the creative virtue that was in her and in the one who merged with her, she grew until she was the size of all of humanity and its destiny, not only that of the next generations, but of their destiny forever and ever. What men with a prophetic and profound vision, such as the Buddha, Jesus and Nichiren, glimpsed on the horizon of time, and that until the moment of the atomic conflagration of Hiroshima, on August 6, 1945 , still remained in a haze more than distant for everyone, including Fujii Guruji, who was already approaching the evening of a life full of work, suddenly became very close: that great fire that burned Hiroshima, it was the

³⁰⁰It is above all the former casteless people who have embraced the Buddhist religion, which does not recognize the caste system. Without a doubt, this was above all the tangible revolutionary character of the Buddha's doctrine, which took a drastic position in favor of those disinherited from the old caste system. Buddha, that son of a king, when he became a mendicant monk, identified himself with the poor of the poor. The ocher color of the Buddhist monk's habit, in accordance with the tradition inaugurated by the Buddha, symbolizes the earth, the mud, which is considered vile by tradition, assimilated to the condition of the outcast, and covered of nobility due to the Buddha's unreserved commitment. It is not surprising that the teachings of the Buddha, like those of Jesus, have met with vehement hostility from the established powers during his lifetime and in the following centuries, and this despite the fact that that Hinduism has a tendency to be much more tolerant of doctrinal deviations than Judaism has been. It is also somewhat strange that the Buddha became old and died a natural death, instead of being quickly put out of action, as was the case with Jesus. Perhaps his high birth contributed to surrounding him with a halo of prestige that preserved him, as well as his numerous disciples in life, from bloody persecution.

According to tradition, during the fifty years that were granted to him after his enlightenment, the person of Buddha emanated a radiance and an authority such as is not known of anywhere else. 'another man in history, including Jesus.

sign of the great Fire that already burns the House of Men! Suddenly those times of an almost mythical future in which, according to the prophecies, the destiny of men must be played, have become very close, what can I say: we were already in the House that It was burning and we are still in it, but without the majority realizing it yet; because the flames are not yet around us and the heat does not reach us, and those who burn are always the others (at least it seems that way...), and the others are still far away...

That man knew how to feel that burning breath, as a sign that the measure was already filled and that the times were ripe: hell has solidly set foot and has spread and invaded the land of men, the land of God and all creatures. And to overcome hell, we must now take the Leap – or perish...

That leap, he saw it well with the eyes of the spirit, was not a leap of mere human inventiveness, but a prodigious spiritual leap of all of humanity. It is the leap that, tearing us away from our contempt for the beings and things that surround us, must elevate us to the veneration of the divine in everything that has a breath of life.

He who venerates does not destroy or mutilate, but rather salutes and prostrates himself before what he venerates. And for the man imbued with the spirit of the Sutra of the Good Law of the Lotus Flower, the religious greeting par excellence, the one who religates, is none other than the Prayer of Prayers, the supreme gift of the Buddha to the men and Promise made to all living beings, assuring them a destiny of Buddha:

¡ Na myo ho ren ge kyo!

(65) The balance of faith – or the secret ways

(November 1)301 It must be very difficult, if not impossible, to appreciate or locate the exact extent of Guruji's "pioneer missionary" role, in the revival of Buddhism in India. I have not been aware of any beginning of reflection in that sense, neither in Guruji himself nor in his followers. Surely, his innermost conviction, more or less tacit, more or less clearly expressed, is that this rebirth is, before anything else, the spiritual work of Guruji. In any case, it is undeniable that Guruji and his disciples of Nihonzan Myohoji have played a leading role in the restoration of the holy places linked to the life of the Buddha. The "Gardens of Lumini", the birthplace of the Buddha, and the sacred mountain of Gijjhakuta in the province of Rajgir, where Buddha would have taught the Lotus Flower Sutra, were invaded by an almost jungle. impenetrable when Guruji landed in India, at the end of 1930. No doubt for political reasons the government of India, at least from 1956 (on the occasion of the 2500th anniversary of the "Great Demise") , ie the death of the Buddha) supported the efforts to restore Buddhism in the country, which were in line with the official program of social rehabilitation of the former "untouchables". The friendly contact established in 1933 between Gandhi and Guruji (see on this subject the following note, "The meeting – or the gift of attention") surely played a role in this evolution of the spirits in high places, in favor of Buddhism. Without taking into account its reach at the level of purely spiritual forces, which is considerable.

On the other hand, and as I can judge from the various echoes that reach me, it is also true that Guruji and the monks of Nihonzan Myohoji in India, by not speaking the language of the country, have never taken root in the bosom of the Hindu people. His form of Buddhism, centered on prayer (in Japanese302!) Na myo ho ren ge kyo, also had no chance, under those conditions,

301See the forwarding sign to this note in the previous note, page 122.

302It is quite strange, when you think about it, that Guruji apparently never thought of reciting the Prayer in its original form, in the Pali language, which is at least part of the archaic cultural heritage of the country in which he intended. He was going to carry out his missionary work. This is in the same vein as Guruji's reluctance, shared by most of his disciples, to learn a language other than Japanese, for the needs of missionary work. There seems to be a deliberate purpose to totally ignore the practical aspects of missionary work, including verbal communication with those who are intended to religiously "enlighten." We can see

to take root there. I suppose that the vast majority of Buddhists in India, almost entirely former untouchables, do not even know the existence of that prayer, that they have not heard either the sacred words or the sound of the drum that accompanies them. ~na. But in the spirit of Guruji it is that Prayer of Prayers, and no other, that is supposed to "save" not only India, but the entire world. In that spirit he writes in his autobiography (loc. cit. page 66):

"With the faith that in any case Buddhism would not fail to return to India, I went there, and if I failed, Nichiren's prophecy would lose credibility. Since my doctrine is Buddhism preached by Saint Nichiren, if I did not propagate Na-mu-myo-ho-ren-ge-kyo, my trip to India would lose its meaning. It is true that among the different practices of Buddhism in Japan, Na-mu-myo-ho-ren-ge-kyo was created by the Japanese people and as such cannot be easily understood by foreigners. . When the Indians understand this, an authentic religious bond will be reestablished. If this doctrine is a religion truly capable of realizing the idea of world peace, it will not fail to find believers. Only such religion can save India. And not only India, but the whole world can be saved.

According to the faith I have in the foresight of the founder [Nichiren], there is no doubt about that."

Taking Guruji at his word, we should consider his mission in India a failure! However, that is not the feeling of Guruji or any of his disciples, nor certainly mine. In my spirit there is no doubt that, like Gandhi's mission, Guruji's will play an important role in God's designs. According to the objective judgment of human reason, Gandhi's mission also seems an incontestable failure – Indian society, like the world as a whole, is as far removed as ever from the precept of loving non-violence. And this was already the case at the time of Gandhi's death.

A few pages after the passage I have quoted, Guruji says that he settled in the middle of the jungle, next to an ancient tower that marked the birthplace of the Buddha. He intended to remain there praying and fasting for an indefinite period of time, even if he had to starve if necessary. Finally the chief of the nearest village came to look for him and offered him hospitality, proposing that he come and return every day, instead of staying in the place and fasting until death. Surely, if that man who had heard the sound of the prayer drum coming from the nearby jungle had not been moved, Guruji would have died there according to his determination, although at 'un was in the first step of his mission, recently arrived in India. However, it is very evident that by dying like this in his endeavor he would not have had the feeling of failure. He looked with the eyes of the spirit, and knew that every act of faith, every act of love bears fruit.

The secret paths by which the acts of the man faithful to his mission work are hidden from his eyes just as they are from the eyes of everyone. At most we can catch occasional outcrops, here and there. But in all their extent and depth, only God knows them.

There is the sign of unconditional faith, in the fertility of its action, in the preeminence of spiritual forces. However, I also think I see there a trace of discreet nationalism, a tendency as strong in Japan, including religiously inspired media, as in any other part of the world. That nationalist sentiment was even clearer in Nichiren, for whom the Japanese nation was called to a saving mission in the world.

Likewise, Gandhi saw such a role for the Hindu people. (And likewise the Hebrew prophets, for the Jewish nation...) Surely Guruji knew this, and yet neither of them felt that it was a difference that separated them.

Without a doubt the opposite is close to the truth – the way in which both identified with their mission, which they knew was universal in scope, a mission of all their people, far from separating them, I could only bring them closer.

In what is essential, located on the spiritual plane, two missions can complete each other, but never truly contradict each other and even less enter into competition with each other. In other words: God's plans follow innumerable paths, under an infinity of different faces that are all true. However different they may be, those designs and those faces are in intimate agreement with each other, just as God is in agreement with himself.

(66) The encounter – or the gift of attention (Gandhi and Guruji)

(September 27)303 Since before his arrival in India, in 1930, Fujii Guruji had been strongly impressed by non-violent action. –violent action carried out by Gandhi in favor of the independence of India, which was at its peak when he landed. It is the year of the famous “Salt March”, in which Gandhi and numerous collaborators were imprisoned³⁰⁴. It appears that Gandhi is the only spiritual person, apart from Buddha and Nichiren, whose thought and personality have had a profound impact on the vision and mission of Fujii Guruji. After the death of his mother in 1930, from the moment Guruji vowed to dedicate himself to the spread of Buddhism and Prayer in India, he also had the idea that praying He fought tirelessly for the success of the independence movement started by Gandhi in 1918, against all the great powers including Japan. His own mission and that of Gandhiji seemed to him inextricably linked.

It is very characteristic of Guruji's direct approach that upon landing in India it did not occur to him to contact Gandhi-ji as soon as possible. That might have seemed useful to him to obtain a moral guarantee that, from a purely practical point of view, would surely have been very valuable in paving the way for missionary work in the classical style. Instead, he first spent three years visiting the sacred places of Buddhism in India (which for several centuries, invaded by the jungle, no one had set foot on...), and familiarized himself with He got a little used to the life of the Indians, living in conditions of loneliness and poverty in which more than once it seemed to him that he was going to die in the effort. Meanwhile, the rumor of a Japanese “monk with a drum” reached Gandhi, by word of mouth and from God knows where. A sign among many others of the extent to which Gandhi, that national idol of an immense nation, nevertheless remained close to the life of the people and their thousand “little things”: like that “history crazy” of the Japanese mendicant monk, who without speaking a word of Hindi, in a lost and stinking suburb of Bombay, next to piles of garbage and the place where corpses are incinerated, teaches the children to sing a curious prayer in Japanese, accompanied by a drum...

Gandhi then lived in his Wardha ashram, 800 km away. His wife Kasturba (on the occasion of some trip she had to make to Bombay, I suppose) went to see the original in person (that's what!) and in his place, and upon her unexpected arrival she was received in the hut of the hermit by a bunch of ragged and happy children, beating the drum with gusto and singing words incomprehensible to themselves as well as to the distinguished visitor.

She would also end up learning those words, if not understanding their meaning, and she would also sing, like Gandhi, the sacred song...

For Fujii Guruji, there it was – in that meeting of Japanese Buddhism embodied by what he saw as most valuable in it, by Prayer among all, and India embodied by the best that he had to offer to the world, for that great saint (whom he revered, in truth, as much as Nichiren himself...) – there was in his eyes the deep spiritual reason for the success of the movement. independence of India through non-violent means; a success that to “realistic” eyes would have seemed unthinkable, absolutely hopeless. Just like those same eyes,

303See the reference to this note in the note “Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential” (no. 60), page 111.

304Due to the education received, like the prophet Nichiren himself, Guruji would have tended to be respectful of established authority and to grant it considerations and attentions that, according to my own inclination, often seem excessive to me. This does not prevent that, like Nichiren, and certainly without consciously seeking it, Guruji very often found himself in opposition to the authorities, when they were hostile to his mission, and he had to face repression, without ever thinking of complaining or reproaching his oppressors. Thus in 1930 he had long ago overcome the common attitude, according to which prison is the lot only of evildoers. Already in the first year of his mission, in 1917, on the occasion of his naive efforts to convert the imperial family to the true Buddhist faith (that was the first idea that came to him, for his mission in Japan...), he had the right to a stay in prison, punctuated by other bizarre episodes. Surely this was one of the first noticeable fruits of his first missionary efforts...

of mere "sound reason" that ignores what is of an order different from its own, the intimate conviction of Fujii Guruji about that deep link between his mission and that of Gandhi and the destinies of India, It can only seem to them like a phantasmagoria bordering on absurdity and ridicule³⁰⁵ .

The first meeting between the two men took place on October 4, 1933. It lasted about twenty minutes – the allotted time had been fifteen. (Gandhi's time, given the influx of visitors wanting to speak with him, not to mention his duties as coordinator of the national level action, was strictly scheduled...) For the next two months, Guruji remained nearby of Gandhi at his Wardha Ashram, which gave rise to several more short interviews (totaling perhaps an hour, counting the first), plus an exchange of letters. We have left the notes of a kind of "diary", kept by Guruji in those days, which he knew were capital for his mission. Notes taken live, and of immense interest, that I read for the first time yesterday morning³⁰⁶ .

During the twenty minutes that the first "interview" lasted, with the emotional assistance of a Japanese monk who was a disciple of Guruji and who spoke a little (very little...) of English, Guruji did not open or the mouth to speak:

"During all that time, I joined my hands in prayer, in gratitude for that rare and valuable occasion. More than hoping to get something out of the interview, I had the desire to capture Gandhi-ji himself with that meeting. My intention was not to listen to opinions, nor did I have the desire to make him understand some of mine. Every newspaper in India dedicated an article to that meeting, saying that "during that 20-minute meeting, he remained reciting Odaimoku and praying." The fact is that those twenty minutes passed while the tears did not stop running down my face."

When reading that brief story, one notices that in those twenty minutes in which Guruji limited himself to praying, the three years full of hope, prayer, suffering and faith that he had spent in that country He did not dream of going to bother the one who in his eyes totally embodied him, those years were present with all their weight. And all his intense life since the haloed years of oblivion of his childhood, that life that had been married to a mission that surpassed it infinitely – that life was there all in its entirety, in those minutes so dense and of a meaning so rich that only the prayer of the heart and tears could say it. For me, the most extraordinary thing, however, is that Gandhi, faced with this stranger about whom he knew almost nothing and whom he was seeing for the first time, was able to feel it: that the one who was there, apparently unable to articulate a single word, in the company of an "interpreter" choked with emotion and more or less stammering, speaking as best he could in place of the mute visitor – that this was not one more in that wave of visitors, among the thirty or fifty if not a hundred that he received every day. That this humble-looking man had not come to ask (to ask perhaps, surely like so many others, for the distinction and honor of having spoken with Gandhi...), but rather he had come to give . If he nevertheless received, it was only through that gift that he made of himself without measure and without expecting anything in return...

This extraordinary gift of attention is what impresses me in Gandhi and what, for me, gives him his greatness in those minutes, just as it gives it to Guruji. Attention that takes faces

305I myself do not have very clear ideas about Guruji's innermost conviction, otherwise it seems neither absurd nor ridiculous to me. Furthermore, it seems to me that she is not only worthy of respect and to be taken seriously, but also natural, and useful and fertile in her own life and in that of her disciples. At the level at which such a conviction is situated, which is not that of psychic or sociological determinism but rather that of spiritual reality, it seems to me that it escapes any possibility of "objective" appreciation. ". See in this regard the reflection of the two consecutive notes "Providence – invention or discovery?" and "Meaning and interpretation" (Nos 30, 31).

306The last three days I have spent mainly reading (or re-reading) the two aforementioned books by Guruji, "My Non-violence" and "Bouddhisme for World Peace". Guruji's notes to which I refer here appear in the second of these books, pages 44–77. The passage quoted below is found on page 53. Of course, there is also a more detailed account of the meeting and the words exchanged between Gandhi and the Rev.

Okitsu (the monk disciple of Guruji, who acted as interpreter).

so different in one and in the other (since one often has the impression that Guruji does not see the person in front of him...) that one could believe that he is, in these two very different men, of very different essence. (Even being tempted to believe it absent in Guruji...)

However, perhaps that is not the case. At least in that brief encounter (which would seem banal and perhaps vaguely comical to any superficial observer), in both cases this attention separates and surpasses everything that is at that very moment. accessory (while by itself it would be of capital importance for one or the other). In those rare moments when two men meet beyond the ideas and words they pronounce, attention to what is essential lives in both of them.

(67) The Mahatma in uniform – or tribute to the unknown non-soldier

(November 1–4)307 Before the turning point of Hiroshima, it does not seem that wars between nations and the role that 'himself or his disciples' had to play in them, they have posed the slightest problem to Fujii Guruji³⁰⁸. At least I have not found any trace of a reservation or reticence in that sense either in the part of his biography that deals with that time when he was less than sixty years old, or elsewhere. On the contrary, from what I know of Guruji's actions and actions after 1945, I believe I can say that his opposition to the military apparatus in times of peace as well as in times of war, just as his opposition to Every war, even if it seems justified according to commonly accepted criteria, has been total and without a trace of ambiguity³⁰⁹. This attitude of resolute and total non-violence in the face of war and military apparatus contrasts with the strangely ambiguous attitude of Gandhi himself, whose insurmountable example Guruji believed he was following³¹⁰.

It is in Gandhi's fundamental ambiguity in his relationship with war, with that purulent plague falsely sanctified and made respectable and anodyne by a millennia-old tradition of barbarism and social hypocrisy, it is there where I see the great contradiction (among others of less formidable magnitude) in the life of the Mahatma (68). He believed he totally devoted that life to the search for truth and, as a result of that search, to the practice of "ahimsa", of loving non-violence towards all men. In his own country, a country to which he was deeply united, he declared himself willing to renounce the independence of his people, severely oppressed and humiliated under the colonial yoke, if violent means had to be resorted to establishing it. But strangely enough, that same man served successively in three wars, due to causes that were totally beyond his control³¹¹, serving the governments of countries in which he

307See the reference to this note in the note "Fujii Guruji (2) – or the gift" (no. 61), page 116.

308See the beginning of the note "The saint and his failures – or the paradox of the mutant" (no. 71) for clarifications and comments on the matter.

309A typical example in this regard is Guruji's attitude towards the Sino-Indian border incidents. Citing the authority of the Buddha and Gandhi, he advocated (admittedly unsuccessfully) to dissuade India from being drawn into war, proposing to personally participate, with his disciples, in nonviolent action in the Sino-Indian border. See, in "Buddhism for World Peace", "The doctrine of the sword", pp. 85–88.

310I refer to the previous note, "The encounter – or the gift of attention", for the relationship between Gandhi and Fujii Guruji.

I do not know if Gandhi knew how, he too, to finally learn the "lesson of history" with the wind of the Hiroshima explosion, during the two years that remained of his life before his violent death. in January 1948. But I have not received any echo in that sense.

311These are the B'oer War (1899–1902), the "Zul'us Revolt" (1906), and the First World War (1914–1918). The first two times Gandhi enlisted in the service of the South African government (British government, against the Boers first, against the Zul'us declared "in rebellion" later), and the third once in the British armed forces while in England. Born in 1869, Gandhi was 30 years old when the Boer War broke out, and 49 when the First World War ended.

Gandhi's motivations are very clear and are the same on all three occasions: by expressing his loyalty, taking with him numerous compatriots, to secure the Indians (whether it is the Indian minority in South Africa, or the Indians of India under British tutelage) the esteem and recognition of the white masters, who until then treated them with contempt. (That naive hope was disappointed three times.) There we see the principle so familiar to Gandhi of collaborating with his adversaries to make them friends, but that, in the

He himself was a foreigner, and in addition favored the discrimination and humiliating brutality of the masters of the country.

Certainly, without however approving or wanting to follow his example, there would be no need to throw stones at him, if we think about the immense pressures that he already had to face in times of peace in his non-violent struggle for the rights and dignity of the Indian minority in

South Africa – pressures surely tenfold in a state of emergency. I can imagine that in their eyes, refusing to cooperate with the government by refusing to obey a mobilization order³¹² was, above all, isolating themselves from the host country as a whole, and even from their entire host country. compatriots who resided there, to the point of ending all hope of being able to carry out their mission – “non-violent”! Under the pressure of extreme circumstances, he allowed himself to be drawn into participation in the barbarity of war, with the fallacious hope of “gains” that would serve the great cause.

There it is recognized, alas! the very familiar gear of “the end justifies the means”, a gear well oiled by so many conditionings, and which is not from yesterday... The Mahatma put, as they say, water (rather dubious) in the appreciated wine of ahimsa, of love between men: war at the service of love, in short! Some would say as little water as possible, since on all three occasions he did his military service as an ambulance driver³¹³. He himself recognizes that this is not an essential difference³¹⁴:

In the context of war, it takes on strangely grating tones and becomes a grim caricature of Gandhi's beloved “ahimsa.” It is particularly flagrant in the episode of the repression of the Zul'us, who form an indigenous minority of people of color, oppressed even more fiercely than the Indians by the white masters of the country., to whom Gandhi, at the head of his compatriots, provides help in the hope of a reward (neither promised nor given). The unconscious cynicism here gives way in no way to that which prevails everywhere in the world of international relations, and which reaches its paroxysm in the delirium of wartime.

312When writing these lines my somewhat vague memory led me astray. Once verified, on none of the three occasions mentioned was there the slightest pressure on Gandhi or on his compatriots, foreigners in their host country, to force them to participate in the war. On each occasion it was Gandhi who, bringing along numerous compatriots who completely trusted him, “was zealous” to have his services accepted. On both occasions in South Africa, he took the initiative to establish an ambulance corps made up of eleven hundred Indians, and in the Boer War of 1899 he barely obtained authorization to participate, heads of their ambulance drivers. Although anti-Indian discrimination did not move a hair, Gandhi was at least entitled to a military medal, of which he was very proud for a long time.

In the following years, it seems, his vision of the world deepened under the influence of Bhagavadgita, Tolstoy, and Ruskin. That is why the moral sanction that he gave to colonial and racist barbarism is of greater weight, with his active participation in the crushing of the “revolt” of the Zul'us. While it may be thought that his enlistment in 1899 was nothing more than the effect of pure ignorance, it is difficult to believe the same in 1906.

In Gandhi's life, perhaps this is the great act of infidelity to his mission; an act that, in the absence of recognizing what it was, has weighed on his life and undermined its authenticity with an endless cascade of other setbacks in that spirit of truth that he professed, engendering each other until the end of his life full of prestige and glory, throughout the four decades that remained to him.

313Apart from his services as an ambulance driver and as an organizer and commander (officer) of an Indian ambulance corps, Gandhi was notable in the war of 1914–18 for his appeal to Indian volunteers in India to enlist in the British army. It was at a time when his popularity in India was beginning to be considerable. As he himself declares, however, he “did not know,” and was indifferent to knowing, whether England's cause was “just” or not. What determined him to give his sanction to the carnage that Europe had gotten itself into was a simple political opportunism that, due to the needs of the cause (and following the general custom since there memory of man...), liked to baptize with the peremptory and pompous name of “duty.” See also the penultimate footnote on this opportunism.

314The following two quotes are taken from the collection of Gandhi's texts “Tous les hommes sont Fr`eres”, published in French translation in 1969 (Gallimard). English title “All men are brothers”, 1958, UNESCO. Gandhi's explanations of his attitude towards the war are grouped on pages 72–78 (French edition).

Pages 72 and 73 consist of three short extracts from the part of his autobiography (pages 441–451) devoted to his role in the 1914–18 war, and the following five pages of two extracts. (from pages 167–170= of the book “Selections from Gandhi” by Nirmal Kymar Bose (Navijan Publishing House, Ahmedabad, 1948). The cited text (separated here into two) is the second paragraph of the page 75. So it is taken from the last book mentioned, to which I do not have access.

In the book that I have in view, unfortunately there is no date for the cited texts nor are there any indications of

"It is not about wanting to justify my behavior by appealing to the principles of ahimsa; Because according to their scale of values, there is no difference between those who carry weapons and those who work for the Red Cross. The two take part in the war and contribute to the functioning of its machinery. "They are both guilty of a war crime."

At least something is clear, finally! And if (as he seems to admit without reservation) the cause of ahimsa had received a great blow on those three occasions, at least he has apologized honorably, and the truth has not been mistreated with the usual rationalizations, so often served and repeated.

Oh no! Well, the Mahatma hastens to chain, with a disconcerting inversion:

"However, after carefully reflecting on it, I believe that given the circumstances in which I found myself in the Boer War, in the First World War and in the alleged revolt of the Zul'us, I had to act as I did in each of those cases." (I am the one who underlines.)

Then follow more than three pages of twisted explanations that I have recently reread with attention (and with renewed astonishment), and which I find useless to reproduce here. The Mahatma goes around and around in all directions, visibly very displeased, to "pass off" something that he himself, deep down, knows well is not true; that if it were true, his life and his mission would lose their meaning – the meaning that he himself has wanted and believed to give them. In the end, the specious "arguments" and tricks with which he, the idol of his people, tries to make a fool of himself, instead of recognizing the humble truth, matter little: "I let myself be carried away by the general unconsciousness when participating in an unjustifiable massacre of human beings (made "normal" by a millennia-old blindness to which I myself gave in), while I declared that I had dedicated my life to establishing loving understanding among men. I did not know how to have the faith to remain faithful to myself and my mission. "I lost sight of what was essential, looking for accessory "advantages," without seeing to what extent they were ridiculous..."

In the absence of a simple and true language, those tortuous arguments that are unleashed page after page to convince oneself (for the umpteenth time...) that "it had to be done" what was done (and at the same time) make him "be guilty of a war crime"), are the ones we have heard so many times, millions and millions of times, and surely since the dawn of time – they are the ones to which we invariably retreat when the truth, That unappetizing girl is forgotten, and it is about "saving face." And also, this time, a Mahatma face, you see! It is not the face of the first one who arrives, and it must be well worth the effort that Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi gives (in four very compact pages, not counting the other two previous ones) to preserve that face at any price, and even make it shine...

But also at what price! (It is true that in those cases the price is never looked at...) What confusion is sown in minds, when what is tortuous is presented as right by a man who, with reason, alas! He is considered to be one of the greatest of his time and that is why (again, alas!) he is looked upon as the undeniable model, as the lighthouse that illuminates the world, by hundreds of millions of men and women of his country! yes, and for millions more throughout the world! Well, anyway, those "yes-but" "arguments" that a Mahatma puts there, trying to convince himself (a visibly hopeless undertaking) and the world (which only asks him to believe) that as if by chance, in each of those three cases in which just for one time the question was raised, he, Gandhi, "had" to act exactly as he had done – those same arguments

its context. The emphatically moralizing style makes me suppose that the text I quote must date from the 1930s or 1940s, after his autobiography. In terms of substance, as far as I can see, Gandhi's attitude towards war has not changed during his lifetime – for the reason, no doubt, that he did not have to recant the mistakes of his youth! This is how by the action of eternal vanity, against which not even the saints themselves are immune (otherwise it would be too easy to be a saint!), errors are perpetuated and They multiply in an endless escalation...

Specious statements apply equally to any hard-working citizen about to be "mobilized" amidst the waving of flags and the sound of bands, for the needs that we already know. For them they may have an appearance of legitimacy, but not for a Gandhi who at least knows firsthand (although he suddenly likes to forget it) that there is a spiritual reality, and that this reality is weighed with other scales than those of the social coercions (astutely called "duties") and the opportunisms of all kinds that these suggest or impose, including on the best (when they are willing to allow themselves to be deceived or pressured).

In summary, the Mahatma's beautiful speeches boil down to this: let us generously give this bitch of war all the names it deserves ("never compatible with ahimsa...", "immoral...", "guilty crime..." and that's it), to nobly distance ourselves from her³¹⁵ - but from the moment the slut is there, she becomes respectable as if by magic, and suddenly we remember that after 'It's all we "knowingly take advantage of" the advantages that a government that provides us with etc. etc., and that it is nothing more than justice and our strictest "duty" etc. etc "assist" said government "in its problems" and immediately fly to its rescue (even if it is to "crush Zul'us" on behalf of the white settlers, when said Zul'u brother does not allow himself to be crushed enough...).

In other words: as soon as it becomes serious – as soon as we are urged, in all legality, to eviscerate each other at the command of our respective governments, here are the beautiful non-violent speeches, love "and all that", they are carried away by the wind: on both sides of the mass grave, the conscientious and brave soldiers (including the indispensable stretcher bearers), and the famous "non-violent" just like the others same uniform same music , behold, they charge into the assault with bayonet at the ready – and from living flesh filthy mountains of bloody guts jump out...

There I have made clear the path of "duty" that the Mahatma-ahimsa preaches, suddenly becoming the docile and hasty spokesman of all the generals of all the conquerors, and of all the small and tyrants. great and all the kings and princes and heads of state, and of the pathetic repressed violent ones who seek false "greatness" and succulent relief, and of all the popes and all the well-established saints and all the Mahatma of the world since The night of the times...

That's the truth. And the noble justifications for the unjustifiable make that "ahimsa" that the Mahatma professes ridiculous. And they insult mere good sense – yours as well as mine or that of anyone who does not reject it for the needs of the cause. Without counting the good God alias "the Truth", which the Mahatma so likes to invoke, and (it is necessary to specify it) in those sad pages more than ever. When the truth that lives in oneself is violated is when

³¹⁵Such moralizing qualifiers inflated with emphasis "being guilty of a war crime..." are here simply verbal bidding, whose first and main role is clearly to compensate for the discomfort produced by the repressed inner knowledge of trying to "justify" what unjustifiable. It is very clear that by trying to distance himself from what he at the same time wants to make acceptable (and even make it a moral "duty"), for nothing in the world does the Mahatma feel "guilty" of a supposed "crime" , and he also knows pertinently that none of his innumerable and blind admirers would understand it that way. On the contrary, they would be all the more quick to take such clauses of style as a quality guarantee of the "truthfulness" and even the "humility" of the Mahatma, as they are very happy to have the moral sanction so that, when the time comes, they do not have to find themselves alone in the face of the collective error of all, alone in the face of the inexorable social machine, in the face of the repudiation of all the virtuous and of all the faint-hearted who docilely bend.

To pretend that it is our "duty" to act in this or that way, which has just been said to "make us guilty of a crime," is to take ourselves and others for idiots. In these tortuous games, words have lost their correct meaning. They stop being delicate and faithful instruments to express and discover the reality of true things, to become a fool's catcher for those who ask nothing more than to be fooled, a means for posturing when it comes to hiding the truth.

I could do a close "text analysis" of those lackluster pages of Gandhi, which make the apology for the "duty" of participating in war – the first one that comes, in every war. But my arms fall, so unworthy are those pages of the one who was Gandhi – of a certain Gandhi. It is better to forget them and learn the lesson. And if today I am the only one to learn that lesson, I have the courage and faith to believe that the day is not far away when it will be evident to everyone.

The need is felt to complete it with the anointing it deserves (and with all humility, of course...) to show to what extent we are devoted to it and oh how nobly we sacrifice ourselves for it.

I certainly know very well that Gandhi is not just that. But because of his greatness, which speaks through so many "small" and great things in his life, the scope of his actions and his attitudes, and his responsibility towards the men to whom above all he owes True, they have a larger dimension. When such a man cheats (and even becomes permanently degraded in one way or another...), many are left confused (perhaps without even realizing it...), pushed by a venerated voice to slide down the slopes marked, stuck perhaps for a long time (without any human voice warning them) in their groping walk. Well, there are many who do not have the innocence to dare to trust, despite everything and against the blind and unanimous admiration of such a supposed "giant", in their own faculties and (like the child who shout out loud: "but the Emperor is naked!") to verify the humble evidence: that man who passes for being great, who so many actions show me as truly great – here, however, he cheats...

The idea comes to me that perhaps it is in that ambiguity, to such a neuralgic point that at times it borders on mystification and spiritual fraud – that the deep reason is there, on the spiritual level, that the ahimsa of which Gandhi wanted to be the apostle has not become the spiritual force that it seemed to be called to be in the modern world, after the heroic period of the years we were twenty and thirty. Like so many other generous ideas, ahimsa remained just that, a great idea, which everyone talks about with pleasure and which no one truly lives – and Gandhi himself was the first who did not fully live it (and with a lot), contrary to what he liked to imply. Perceiving the epic airs of the ahimsa movement in India, we cannot help but feel that this "non-violence" was not, as Gandhi liked to repeat, practiced in response to a pure spiritual demand independent of any program that he, Gandhi would have proposed, arising from a fidelity to our own deep nature, to what is best in us. It was actually a strategy. A brilliant strategy, yes, which must be applauded without reservation, with joy. A strategy a thousand times preferable to any other that has so far been invented and put into practice on the political board of the world. And Gandhi and his followers applied it with conviction, as long as they had the hope, or faith, that it would be "profitable" with very visible and tangible results, and even winning (69). Furthermore, surely only with that spirit "ahimsa" would be capable, at least at that moment in the march of history, of attracting large masses from an immense country like India.

But if conditions arise in which this strategy visibly no longer "works", it is suddenly thrown away as an annoying burden, to the benefit of opportunists of all kinds, even the worst (or "criminals" and "guilty" ones...) – waiting for more favorable times in which he can serve again. That's the truth.

And war is certainly, par excellence, the time in which "tactical" non-violence, which draws its motivation (declared or secret) from the search for effectiveness on the level of visible effects, In the eyes of the world, it doesn't work. In those times, the "mobilizable" man, whom an inexorable sociological and psychic mechanism is ready to grab and drag in his bloody needs, when however something in him revolts against that nameless barbarism, and if it is faithful to that elemental shock that springs from the deepest depths (and whether he gives it a beautiful name like "non-violence", or refrains from doing so, what does it matter...) – at that moment he no longer It is at the head or in the middle of the comfortable mass of a noble movement of "nonviolence" or of this or that. Then he is alone. Alone, disapproved by everyone, between the four walls of a bare cell, when he no longer lies in the common grave of the executed (70).

There are those who find in them the humble courage of that fidelity. Those who refrain from "doing their duty." Alone men, rejected by everyone. Nobody will compliment them for

that courage. And their total moral solitude prevents them from complimenting themselves. Until now, "History" has been careful not to preserve the name of any of them. That greatness escapes him. A naked greatness, without drums or plumes. It is rare to think about them, and even rarer to pay tribute to them. A tribute, for once, to the "unknown soldier." It wouldn't be serious!

A Mahatma at the height of his glory, at the end of his life, has lost the opportunity to note such a crucial failure, and in doing so, to pay tribute to those who were faithful where he himself, following the steps of the majority, he maneuvered and distorted. Tribute to those dark combatants of a cause without flags, without strategies or general staffs, without recruits, without historiographies, without reporters or admiration of excited masses. But God knows well that this act of truth that was his responsibility, which had been waiting for him for half a century, would have been decisive in Gandhi's life, deeper and truer, and surely more authentically "effective." than many of the spectacular acts that have long caused the admiration of everyone without worrying anyone. It will be another half century since his violent death, which forever sealed his omission of an act that no one else can carry out in his place.

And yet I, who do not have to save face, am happy that this omission by another is a new occasion for, this time for me, to publicly pay tribute to some voiceless and nameless men that the whole world rejects. (As if, with this rejection, the virtuous and the just wanted to whitewash a secret fault, crush an insidious doubt under the weight of such impeccable unanimity...) And I am all the more motivated to do so because, by rendering that Tribute, I surely have very little company. There would be only a few unrecommended anarchists, people like Bakunin, Kropotkin, Elysée Reclus, Louise Michel and a handful of other "asocials" who may have done it, God knows when and in what chance.

To tell the truth, I don't dislike his company. And although he is the first to pay such public tribute to our brothers so often rejected, to those unknown and vilified "non-soldiers", solitary precursors of an impossible tomorrow (if a tomorrow can still emerge, beyond the mass graves and holocausts that the virtuous and the just make respectable...) – so be it! Better late than never.

(68) The two greatnesses – or the epic and the truth

(November 4 and 7)316 My sources on Gandhi's life are, above all, two beautiful books that complement each other admirably: Gandhi's autobiography³¹⁷, or "History of my experiences with the Truth", and the biography of Gandhi by the author (Israelite?) Shalom Ash. I read both of these books in my youth, and I have just obtained a French translation of the first. But in bookstores I have not been able to find Ash's book, apparently little known and long out of print.

I was once impressed by the simplicity, the spirit of truth, the insight of Gandhi's own account of his life. More than forty years after that youthful reading, when I went through the book again in these last few days, I have had that same impression again. That testimony seems to me to be one of the great books of our time. Faced with that strong impression, the discomfort that the few pages of the book in which Gandhi explained his relationship with the war caused me decidedly took a backseat. Unfortunately, I had to try to forget that disturbing contradiction. Now that I face it for the first time, that contradiction remains just as disconcerting to me. For the moment I can only confirm it, put it in relation to other contradictions that had escaped me in my youth, without for that reason

³¹⁶See the reference to this note in the previous note "The Mahatma in uniform – a tribute to the unknown non-soldier", page 127.

³¹⁷Autobiography written between 1922 and 1925 (partly while in prison), in the Gujarati language. An English translation, titled "An autobiography – or the story of my experiments with truth" was published between 1927 and 1929. The French translation that I have in my hands is from 1950 (PUF).

have the impression of truly understanding. To tell the truth, when faced with such things, I always remain equally bewildered or amazed (depending on the dispositions of the moment...), whether they are my own or someone else's...

Just as I loved Gandhi's biography himself, S. Ash's tended to bother me. With a rare insight, this biographer, different from the others, strongly felt, in the person of the "hero" of his book, many other ambiguities and contradictions³¹⁸ that I was not then willing to accept. Some to want to admit, and which he attributed to a regrettable "misunderstanding" of the biographer, who was decidedly not up to the level of the great man he was commenting on. Inclined rather to take a critical look at others, if Ash's uncomplacent gaze bothered me then, it was surely not only because Gandhi was undoubtedly the man who then perfectly embodied my human ideal. (leaving aside the erasure "war", badly forgotten...); but above all (I think) because the type of ambiguities that Ash perceived was precisely the one that was also found in my person, and that I was then unable to recognize as such. It was, among others, a certain "moral dirigismo" that hides its name³¹⁹, sometimes going so far as to exert extreme psychic pressure, even violent in its effects if not in its intentions³²⁰, in the name of noble moral principles, and do so convinced of totally respecting the personality and freedom of others. These dispositions go well with a tendency to consider oneself the measure of all things. This stalks more those who are endowed with a strong personality, if it is not sufficiently tempered by the prudence that accompanies a vigilant practice of self-knowledge. From there to moralizing and self-satisfied complacency³²¹, there is but one step easily taken – and my own life teaches me this more eloquently than anyone else's! But rare are those whose gaze is so straight and penetrating as to recognize when that step has been taken, and certainly the interested party least of all.

I have the impression that this step was really taken, and not a little, in the last two decades of Gandhi's life, the 1930s and 1940s. This period therefore includes the "heroic years" of non-violence and the most spectacular acts of Gandhi's life, those that most attract the imagination that loves great epic deeds. Strange paradox of a strange and paradoxical destiny! It illustrates this fact (which here is revealed to me on the way back): that the greatness that we perceive, and that attracts us so much, in the epic and historical dimension of a great destiny or a striking act, is of a very different essence from that which lies in the humble quality of truth. The confusion between the two becomes more insidious and almost irresistible, when the epic feat is placed under the banner of "Truth" proudly displayed, as was the case of that of which Gandhi was the dazzling hero. However, it seems to me that Ash knew how to feel the difference, and capture the person of Gandhi in his vivid complexity, woven of true greatness and flagrant contradictions, of cohesion and fissures – without the biographer falling into cliché, and cloying, nor in systematic rejection.

³¹⁸I seem to remember that Ash did not point out anything special about Gandhi's attitude towards war, as common as it is, probably also shared by Ash himself. On the contrary, the things that bothered him, or that he at least presented in a dubious or critical light, referred above all to the small facts and gestures of everyday life.

³¹⁹Of course, this dirigisme was not without being accompanied by verbal statements, visibly sincere, such as that his dearest wish is for each person to act strictly in accordance with what his own conscience dictates, etc. etc.

³²⁰From what I know of Gandhi's life, it seems to me that he was oblivious to any violent feeling, any feeling of resentment or malice towards anyone, including the worst scoundrels or those who behaved towards him or with others of the more repulsive way. There was no pose in that, but an inner effort of his own nature arose spontaneously and without effort. At that level of loving kindness towards every human being is where I believe I see its true greatness, by knowing how to show by example (which unfortunately has not been followed) that such provisions are not incompatible with political activity or with the responsibilities of a Head of State.

³²¹With these words I try to transcribe the German expression "Selbstgerechtigkeit" ("self-righteousness" in English), for which I do not know an equivalent in French.

When observing an insidious slide in Gandhi's spiritual life, towards the moralizing discourse and the self-complacency that is inseparable³²², we can think of the "explanation" closest at hand, in the cult (in no way sought by him). , I am convinced) of which he was the object of an entire people, and also of millions of other men throughout the world. However, I believe that the deep reason lies elsewhere. I see it in Gandhi's fundamental ambiguity regarding the question, neuralgic among all, of war; with more precision and in a more decisive manner, in his lack of honesty towards himself, with the reasoning with which he has justified purely opportunistic attitudes and gestures, to the limit of cynicism, thereby pretending build them into exemplary behaviors. As long as a failure of truth of such magnitude is not recognized as such by the person concerned, as long as he clings and settles in to "live with" and makes poverty a virtue, it tends to act on a spiritual level like a tumor that spreads. propagates. Having once resorted to the easy and comfortable cliché, leaving aside the concern to apprehend and express the naked truth, the way opens to a path in that sense: the path of ease in our relationship with the truth, which (unlike society, which loudly encourages us in all our conformisms...) always remains silent.

Or at least, when she speaks, the poor thing, it is always in such a low voice that you have to have a very fine ear and your attention on guard, to hear and listen to her. They are things of extreme delicacy. They break down, and necessarily degrade beyond repair, when they are mistreated...

(69) Of weapons and silence – or the fall of the curtain

(November 5 and 7)³²³ Gandhi's weapon par excellence, tested first against his friends and relatives, then against his political adversaries ethical (once he had acquired the fearsome "wheel" of an unprecedented ascendancy over immense masses), was fasting. As far as I know, Gandhi never had the simplicity to recognize to what extent he really was a weapon, the instrument of coercion, which was often no less violent because it remained on a psychic level than the physical violence that he so firmly disapproved. (Except in times of war, when suddenly all blows are allowed...) I think above all of the cases in which his fast was directed especially at this or that of his friends or relatives, or a certain fraction undisciplined behavior of his jealous followers, in whom he was a means of pressure of crushing weight to impose on others feelings (especially remorse), or behaviors that he, Gandhi, deemed appropriate. In the face of the British administration, fasting was a means of blackmail of prodigious power, since everyone (starting with the British officials) was well aware that if any misfortune happened to the "half-naked fakir" (as Churchill called him), that would mean carnage throughout the country.

In no way am I trying to say that in the context in which he found himself, Gandhi was wrong to ruthlessly use that means of pressure at his disposal, much preferable to bloodbaths, that is certain. But there was a lack of honesty³²⁴ in covering up the true nature of that medium with the evocation of the great principles of loving non-violence and all that. Suddenly, the very idea of non-violence was relegated to the role of an advantageous pose, itself a means (admittedly difficult to avoid) of a kind of

³²²Such self-complacency is usually accompanied by a speech "of humility," insisting in vague and general terms to what extent one is aware of one's own limits, that one is certainly fallible like anyone else, and that in addition so it is by such an attitude of humility that the man dedicated to the truth etc etc. It is the kind of gratuitous speech that Gandhi ended up using and abusing, and that seems to have erased self-examination without leaving a trace.

³²³See the reference to this note in the penultimate note, "The Mahatma in uniform – a tribute to the unknown non-soldier" (no. 67), page 131.

³²⁴Of course, it is first of all a lack of honesty towards oneself, by closing one's eyes to what happens in oneself, substituting a reality that one prefers to ignore with an image that is felt to be advantageous. What is at the heart of true spiritual honesty is a rigorous practice of self-knowledge.

moral blackmail that helped the other blackmail, under the gaze of journalists from all over the world and their cameras. I have the impression that in the last thirty years of his life, all of Gandhi's public activity in India was marred by this ambiguity, by this lack of truth, in short, behind the impressive flags "Love" and "Truth" raised by him.

They were credible, certainly, because of their exceptional personality – and most of all, because of their warm benevolence towards everyone, which was very real and not a pose. There was, and nowhere else, his true strength and greatness.

But I am convinced that even from the limited point of view of mere effectiveness, the kind of double play that he incessantly played, that tightrope in which he continually walked, did no service to Gandhi's mission. It was in its relationship with the humble truth (when the truth is understood at a less gross level than that of mere material reality), while at the same time the "Truth" was said with trumpets and shouts. Perhaps even the disastrous failure of non-violence in India, reaching the end of his life in the midst of massacres between Hindus and Muslims, does not fail to have a deep link with that insidious duplicity in which he constantly maintained himself, with his very way of being the apostle of non-violence.

That sudden explosion of hatred and violence, in which the weight of his person and his word was swept away like a fire of chaff, had a hard lesson to teach him about himself, and a hard lesson to teach him about himself. 'on crucial. Among many other things, surely this: that loving benevolence toward all men, including our oppressors, is not something that a person, even the best disposed, can learn in a few months or years, as part of a program. of active spirituality baptized Satyagraha or Ahimsa; and even less could it be imposed on those who faint with spectacular fasts of a revered Mahatma, whose life and death would from then on be suspended, like a threatening sword, over the guilty. That such a rare quality of the soul cannot be the result of a collective euphoria, nor of a generous impulse of individual good will, nor of any external physical or psychic pressure, even if it comes from the holiest and venerated of the Mahatmas. On the contrary, it is a fruit ripened in many existences, through centuries and millennia, all throughout a long cycle of births, and that is not in the hand of any man, not even perhaps. so in God's (and certainly not in His habits or His intentions!) accelerate and force that essential maturation to match the needs and imperatives of a political or other type of program – no matter how noble. and convincing, however generous, however necessary. And it is deceiving oneself to demand from another a spiritual maturity that they do not have and that it is not in their power to improvise; or pretend that it has been reached by anonymous masses of beings fascinated and subjugated by the powerful charisma of a revered Mahatma and by the hopes he embodies, while knowing that those same beings will unleash blind and deadly violence in when his idol unfortunately loses his life at the hands of the oppressor...

It is rare that a lesson is understood, and even rarer when it is a lesson so heartbreakingly that, at the end of a long life and before the curtain falls, it alters in its background the meaning that It has been believed to give to life and the image one has of oneself. To understand it is to lower your arms and remain silent. It is listening to it, and welcoming the patient message that the clean voice of things brings us – even if it is in the flares of the Fire that has broken out (and that we have not wanted to see incubate...).

There are moments when the supreme courage is knowing how to let the family mansion, the old mansion that welcomed us throughout our lives, be consumed in the flames, with our hands joined and in silence. When the main beam is already burning and the old walls tremble, fighting is a distraction, a mad flight forward. The great Grim Reaper with his fiery scythe would soon have made a clean slate of the beams and the walls, and of the pathetic old man who flails on a burning dais.

When everything has been consumed, silence finally extends. Once again comes the time to be born – to hear, to know, to listen and to learn...

(70) The execution of soldier Solvic – or the crime of the just

(November 5 and 8)325 When evoking the “common grave of those shot,” I thought about the only case I know of a man shot for refusing to participate in military confrontations. It is about a young American soldier, Solvic (I have forgotten his name³²⁶). He had the distinction and strange destiny of being the only soldier, in the history of the American army, to have been shot by his own (for “desertion in the face of the enemy”).

In his youth he had been, as they say, a “social case.” He had been in the bag (if I remember correctly) for some stupid reason, or perhaps he had been sentenced to probation – in any case he had a “criminal record” (which was going to cost him his life). life...). The truth is that he ended up stabilizing himself, with a regular job and even got married and lived with his wife, happy at last. Everything seemed to be arranged for the best in short, after an unfortunate start. And lo and behold, shortly before the end of the war (for now the last of the “world wars”), he was mobilized (the last honor he would have expected!), and was in the fighting. of the Vosges, where they were buzzing hard at that time. He quickly realized that he was not cut out for that kind of adventure. They were things beyond what he felt capable of doing. The “nerves” or whatever you want, but I couldn’t, and even (who could see the difference?) if it came to that, I wouldn’t want to. He made it known in writing to his superiors, with all humility but at the same time in terms of surprising firmness in that rather docile, timid being, of humble extraction, accustomed all his life to do what he was told. His “background” played against him: his superiors agreed to shoot him as an example – if he persisted. He persisted. They shot him.

That is the history. It is evident that this rookie, lost in a war in which he had nothing to do, did not constitute a threat to the famous “army morale.” Not to mention that a capital execution was something so unprecedented in the tradition of the American army that it was not provided for in the laws or regulations³²⁷. The thing had to reach the very general himself, General (not yet president) Eisenhower. Surely he had other things to do and followed the advice of the “competent” officers who had conducted the summary, probably two hasty words about the less than recommendable character, and case decided: he signed the execution order.

Where then was the “reason of state” to go to that extreme, to force laws and tradition and put an entire small staff of officers-justicemen into action and go so far as to bother the patron himself? on–boss? We don’t have to look far: the pleasure of the “just” in exercising the power of life and death over “the kid” with a dubious past. War is useful for something...

It was also the type of case that a Gandhi, from the height of his Righteous greatness (and “reddening with shame” for the interested party³²⁸...), would have classified as that of a “coward”, one who avoids his “duty”. But I have no doubt that this unassuming man would have been forgiven much, because of his humble and rare fidelity. A fidelity even in death and above all: alone and naked in front of a crushing, immense machine. Only in the face of the disdainful and merciless condescension of everyone – of all those impeccable “just” people, who coldly and consciously, were going to settle his accounts as he deserved...

That man grew in those weeks of waiting. He grew even in his death, surely feared and yet humbly accepted. In a way that is perhaps more essential and more

325See the reference to this note in the note “The Mahatma in uniform – a tribute to the unknown non-soldier” (no. 67), page 131.

326N. T.: This is private Edward Donald “Eddie” Slovik, shot in France on January 31, 1945 for the crime of desertion against the enemy.

327According to what Solvic’s posthumous biographer, who seems well informed, claims, Solvic’s execution was totally illegal. But in times of war that is a small detail that is not taken into account. This does not prevent that once everything “returned to order”, the widow was able to request (she had not known anything of course!) a war widow’s pension, and substantial compensation. As for those responsible for the illegal execution, they surely had their well-deserved medal.

328Returning to one of Gandhi’s expressions, which he liked to mention in his moralizing speeches in benefit of humanity.

deeper than the great Mahatma, he is in my eyes one of the sporadic and solitary precursors of the “man of tomorrow” – the one who laboriously, darkly takes shape, and who everyone around despises and denies.

After the war, an American journalist, intrigued by the exceptional nature of this “strange event,” undertook a detailed investigation of Solvic’s life. Above all, he snooped, as much as he could, into the circumstances surrounding the execution, both near and far.

Moved by I don’t know what inspiration, he patiently and tenaciously searched for traces of witnesses, of all of those that little by little he became aware of. He went to question them one by one, those he could find, and recorded their testimonies, as they emerged, hot. The wife of the executed man (very ashamed of the poor honor that fell to her), his mother if I remember correctly or other close relatives (if she had them), or at least companions who had known him well; such an elite marksman who was part of the execution squad; such an officer who participated in the court martial and the unanimous sentence “shoot him...”; and even the military chaplain³²⁹, who took good care to assure the shooters (selected, however, for this very unusual need...) that the good Lord was formal, not to mention stories, boys, it is about making their duty and above all that they do not miss the target (sometimes everyone misses – you never know...). Furthermore, the soldiers’ nerves did not appear: not a single one of the twelve bullets deviated. The chaplain attests that, once his obligation was fulfilled, he took good care to ensure that those parishioners had done their job well.

As for Private Second Class Solvic, he could never have dreamed that one day there would be so much commotion and so many distinguished gentlemen (and among them the future president!), who were going to get so upset about his humble and (in his own eyes at least) insignificant person...

With all that, said journalist (I haven’t found his name, I’m sorry) made a book-report, book-testimony, about Solvic’s life and his execution. As if we were there! Apart from some brief indications about his investigations and his meetings with witnesses, nothing more than the textual reproduction of those raw testimonies, about a life cut off in flower. No comments – they are not necessary. Amazing. One of the great books of our time (without intending it and without knowing it, surely). A great book about the blind and mediocre madness of men before we became men, and about the unknown greatness of a single man, in the face of that.

That book had its moment of success, the proof is that I bought it in paperback when I was in Kansas in 1955, for the modest sum of 26 cents³³⁰. Now it must be more or less forgotten. But I believe that the time will come when he will be remembered. And perhaps it will still be read in a thousand years, and it will be hard to believe.

(71) The saint and his weaknesses – or the paradox of the mutant

(September 27 and November 9)³³¹ It seems that the consistent and total rejection of military apparatuses did not appear in Guruji’s life until the explosion at Hiroshima omics, 6

329After the war, this same zealous religious was named titular chaplain of the White House – well he deserved it! Such were still his distinguished functions when the indiscreet journalist interviewed him. Like President Eisenhower knows how to distinguish and appreciate men with a sense of duty...

330It was my first stay in the United States, as an associate professor at the University of Kansas (Lawrence), for nine months in 1955. Recently searching through my letters to my mother during that period, I found one in which I told her impressions of readings. recent (letter dated 4/26/1955). Otherwise, I wouldn’t have remembered the 26 cents! But what I was looking for most, the name of the biographer-journalist worthy of passing down to posterity, is not there. Not even Solvic’s first name.

331See the forwarding sign to this note in the note “Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential” (no. 60), page 111.

The comments in the first paragraph that follow take up and specify those in the first paragraph of the note “The Mahatma in uniform – or tribute to the unknown non-soldier” (no. 67).

August 1945332. When reading his autobiography "My Non-violence"333, I have found no trace of such an attitude before that moment. In 1909, at the age of 24 and having been ordained as a monk five years earlier, he interrupted his religious studies to do a year's voluntary military service – for what reason I do not know at all. . In 1938 and in the following years, during the Sino-Japanese War (a typical war of imperialist expansion carried out by Japan), followed in 1941 with Japan's entry into the World War , Fujii Guruji did not hesitate to contact the main leaders of the invading army in Asia to present them with relics of the Buddha334, exhorting them to accompany the military conquest with an implantation of Buddhism (that of Nichiren, according to the prophet's prediction!) in the conquered countries. Along with his pilgrimages, the establishment of temples of Nihonzan Myohoji, and the omnipresent Prayer, he devoted himself above all to contacts with military authorities ("My non-violence", p. 86–88).

However lapidary his account of his actions and actions generally is, he nevertheless gives us a complete list of the senior military officials to whom he sent the precious relics335, which he had initially destined for the "shantis stupas" or "pagodas." of peace" – places of meditation for peace! On the contrary, in that same biography I have not found the slightest allusion that could suggest that with time and the help of Hiroshima, Fujii Guruji ended up judging that perhaps this was not the best way to use the relics of the Buddha, nor to advance religion and the cause of peace (as he had visibly naively thought).

However, after 1945 Fujii Guruji's attitude towards military apparatus and war in general seems to me to be devoid of all ambiguity and all casuistry: it was a total and unconditional rejection (72). If there was an ambiguity, it seems to me that it was in that radical inability to take a critical look at his own past and confirm: on this or that occasion I made a serious mistake. Perhaps this is the main limitation that I see in that man of exceptional stature, a limitation that on the other hand he shares with almost all of his peers. However, I am aware that in him the cause is not, as in so many others, a pride that refuses to recognize error336. Rather, I believe that it is in a certain way a "backlash" of his very strong personality (which did not rely on any authority other than that of Buddha, Nichiren and what his own lights taught him... .), and the very particular way in which 'this condition' affected his life. It seems that at least since 1914 (when he was 29 years old) and certainly before, he always had disciples, attracted no doubt by the unusual authority that emanated from him – devoted disciples in body and soul and for whom he represented the supreme spiritual authority. Based on everything I know about Guruji, I think I can say without reservation that

332By a strange coincidence, that day is also Guruji's sixtieth birthday, and the fifty-fifth birthday of my father (who had died in Auschwitz three years earlier.

333On this autobiography, see a note at the foot of page 115 in the note "Fujii Guruji (2) – or the gift" (no. 61).

334Fujii Guruji had received these relics in Ceylon (Sri Lanka) in 1933, from the hands of an old monk, in circumstances that he narrates (always briefly) in his autobiography, and that (no doubt due to his character seemingly fortuitous – as simple and unpredictable as in a fairy tale!) perceived as "miraculous". I think that anyone else in his place, who was not totally impervious to the meaning of what was happening to him, would not have been able to help but feel the event more or less that way. (Although without the good God, to manifest His intervention, having to violate any of the natural laws that He has established...).

335On the contrary, we will not know how these requests from an obscure missionary monk of the Nichirenite sect, whose name they had undoubtedly never heard, were received by those great figures. I presume that they had other things to do, and God knows what dossiers or what military canteens the holy relics have ended up in, where perhaps they still sleep today.

336Perhaps the attempts at explanation that follow will not seem convincing to some, who will simply assume that I did not want to call a spade a spade! I do not exclude that your suspicion may be founded. After all, if (as I so often insist) everyone is fallible, I am certainly no exception! Furthermore, I do not in any way claim that Fujii Guruji has always been devoid of any movement of vanity. But I have the deep conviction that this remains accidental, that it is absent from the great options and the great tasks of his life, and that it does not contribute to the background note of his relationships with others. as, nor of his relationship with himself.

He never knew the temptation of power – that it was something totally foreign to his nature. A certain power emanated from him, that is certain, perceived by all, but it was a power that was not sought and in which he took no pleasure, any more than a mighty tree takes pleasure in strength. that is in him and that radiates to everything around him.

Despite the veneration that his disciples had for him and the role of “truth incarnate” that they assigned to him (as usually happens in such cases) they did not cease to influence him, certainly unintentionally, as a conditioning as powerful as the power that emanated from him represented for his disciples, and kept them in their orbit. All his life, I believe, he was a prisoner of that dangerous and false conception that in matters relating to religion and spiritual life, and especially to “good” and “evil,” the “founded” or “unfounded” ” of an action (and above all, certainly, of his own actions) was infallible. He certainly knew that what he did, he did it with complete involvement and with a heart free of any selfish motive, no matter how hidden. (I have no doubt about it.) Sure of that intimate knowledge, it was impossible for him to conceive that even with such dispositions, one could make a serious mistake, be the instrument of tenacious false ideas and the plaything of the illusions they maintain. It is already strange, certainly, that under the shock of Hiroshima, the Master's attitude towards war and the army has changed so radically, overnight it seems³³⁷. But see that there is nothing in common between the attitude of the one who strives to implant a so-called religion of “peace” in the wake of tanks and air raids, and that of the one who preaches the unconditional renunciation of all war and insists on the absolute value of the Buddha's precept: “thou shalt not kill!”³³⁸ – he would not see that (as far as I know) in the forty years that he still had left. Life after Hiroshima.

The same ambiguity is found in his attacks, certainly very well founded in themselves, against American imperialism, which is the main focus of his penetrating criticism of a delusional world. For him, as for so many others, Hiroshima is perhaps the most atrocious symbol of that delirium. But these justified diatribes against American imperialism would gain weight and depth if we added to them the awareness that in this suicidal madness that culminates (provisionally) in Hiroshima, the same victim, Japan, is by no means innocent. .

Yes, Guruji himself, the indefatigable apostle of the Buddha's “religion of peace”, has not been totally alien either; which has a part of personal responsibility, all the more considerable

337Of course, there is no detail in Guruji's biography about how this draconian change, which he apparently did not realize, came about! Only by interweaving details can we place it in the Hiroshima explosion.

338Guruji insistently cites this precept of the Buddha, which also serves to illustrate that Buddhism is, par excellence, a “religion of peace,” and even (according to him) the religion destined to unite everyone. the peoples of the earth and to establish peace in the world. Forget that the peoples who have embraced Buddhism, starting with Japan itself (who above all like to see the religious and peacemaking mission in the world), have not been less inclined to warlike follies than the rest. . Likewise, he forgets that many centuries before the Buddha, that same precept “Thou shalt not kill” was taught in the Jewish Law, without, on the other hand, being more respected by the Jewish people than by the Buddhist peoples with those that Guruji identifies with. Guruji not only pretends to ignore this historical circumstance, but he does not hesitate to take the “God of the Bible” almost as an ill-advised enemy, reviewing some passages of Genesis with a visibly polemical spirit. (See “The God in the Bible,” in “Buddhism for World–Peace,” p. 120–126.) He accuses this God of all kinds of grave errors and cruelties (seeing especially the creation of the woman, from a rib of Adam, the ancestor of vivisection practiced by modern medicine), also reproaches him for not recognizing Buddha's doctrine of non-duality, and ends his long diatribe with: “pointing the finger at the God of the Bible, I would call him a God who desecrates man!”

Certainly that is a “missionary” discourse in the narrowest and most sectarian sense of the term, which I have only read recently and not without some surprise, I did not know that register! On the other hand, it would seem that his disciples, at least those who carry out missionary work in a foreign country, have had the tact to respectfully pass on this aspect of their Master's teaching in silence. I have always seen them adopt attitudes of respect towards all religions, and their particular practices. In his spirit, very far removed from any doctrinal susceptibility, these are in no way opposed to the singing of the Prayer, nor do they prevent him from participating in the priceless benefits of the Prayer. With this, they are in short more faithful to the spirit of Guruji than the Master himself, giving their faith not to such religious doctrine (which they also tend to ignore!), but only to Prayer. Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo, and the meaning that this has for them.

how much his spiritual stature is great and his ascendancy considerable. Well, Hiroshima would not have happened without the Japanese imperialist madness. To this madness, Guruji himself had given his tacit assent until the age of sixty, and even (towards the end of these years) a full guarantee, placing in the hands of the main military leaders those precious relics wherever they exist, miraculously entrusted to their hands.

And I cannot help but feel a direct, irrefutable relationship between that blindness towards his personal part, and that of his country until today in the madness and devastation that devastates the world, and that evil that On the other hand, I have so often felt the missionary group of which I was the soul and which was in their hands being gnawed at. Incessantly I have seen the sordid coexist in them with the sublime, fabrication and imposture with the spirit of truth, the most somber and dubious maneuvers with candid transparency – all confused and covered under the same mantle of solidarity of the group, by the same smile of polite astonishment (where sometimes we feel a discomfort of self-consciousness appearing...), with which an attempt is made to evacuate the unjustifiable. And (it must be said out of respect for the truth) Fujii Guruji did not stop participating by omission in that atmosphere of ambiguity, due to his attitude of not wanting to know anything or hear anything. When it happened, sometimes by allusions but on other occasions very clearly, in one or two cases to such an extreme that the group's "peace work" seemed to lose all meaning and merrily integrate under the noble flag of rigor in the general rot, limited itself to responding with commonplaces or with silence, which for me was equivalent to tacit connivance.

The few times that I was able to have open heart dialogues with members of the Nihonzan Myohoji group, I did not fail to tell them about the perplexity I had about the attitude of their revered Master. In retrospect, I am no longer surprised that no one could enlighten me, where in truth I was the best placed to enlighten myself. But then it was difficult for me to admit that a man whose greatness I perceived so irrefutably (and now that I know how to give everything its part, I see it more clearly than ever), that I had He could verify through so many converging signs the indomitable courage, the humility, the depth, however in many aspects he shared with other mortals that eternal attitude of rejection of reality in favor of beloved images, the same obstinate blindness., immutable, which ignores itself. And especially there where an innocent and upright gaze threatens to heartbreakingly change the ideas to which we have a strong attachment, about oneself, about one's own actions and about one's works.

To put it another way, and place things at a level that exceeds the case of that particular person. There were in that century (as undoubtedly also in past centuries, but here it matters little) a certain number of isolated men who, in the view of the reflection of three weeks ago³³⁹ are in my eyes figure of "new men". Men who seem like "mutants" (85) and who already prefigure, in one way or another, the "man of tomorrow" in his present future; the man in the full sense who, without any doubt, will emerge in the generations to come, during the "post-herd" age whose advent is very close and which they tacitly announce.

My perplexities about Fujii Guruji seem to me to be the same ones that would not fail to arise from the attentive and lacking pious examination of each of those precursors, those precursors, beings straddling two adjacent and profoundly different Eras: the of the flock, and that of Man, freed from the atavisms of the flock.

Without a doubt he had already had the dark premonition of having the privilege of finding in Guruji one of those men of a different temperament, one of those who announce, by what they are, even more than by what they say in clear words., those "new times" in which (at least on a conscious level) I had then stopped believing. Sensing this dimension in Guruji, I was all the more disconcerted in the cases in which, according to my own modest lights, it seemed to me irrefutable that Guruji was gravely wrong; who erred not because of simple ignorance of material facts (and often contented himself with precarious and dubious sources), but because of what I felt very strongly about.

³³⁹See the section "The new man – or the surface and the depth" (no. 61).

sometimes as ignorance or deliberate blindness on the spiritual plane 340; an ignorance (or a blindness) that remained limited, certainly, to such facts, but that I nevertheless felt to be patent and far-reaching. On the other hand, I have no doubt that this disconcerting circumstance, which it is impossible for me to minimize here without betraying the truth, has contributed greatly in my relationship with Guruji to a certain state of partial closure in me. ; closure undoubtedly necessary to preserve my autonomy of perception and judgment, in an environment full of ambiguities that I could not place in their right place. But for the same reason I also closed myself (although not completely) to the authentic spiritual radiation that emanated directly from the person of Guruji, or reached me indirectly through his disciples. Despite the ties of respect and warm sympathy towards him and some of his disciples, I could not help but maintain myself in a position of express reserve and prudent expectation towards the group, and even, to a certain extent, measure, in front of Guruji himself. Surely that is why I had a tendency, until these last days when written reflection reveals things to me in a new light, to underestimate and even to ignore purely and simply Guruji's action in my maturation. spiritual, during those years from 1974 to 1978 when I was in close contact with Nihonzan Myohoji.

That distance to which, so to speak, I found myself cornered, made me see at the same time my mission (or "my way", as I called it then, at a time when I still had no I was aware of a mission that awaited me341) as very different from Guruji's, and almost foreign to his.

Only now do many signs finally make me see a "convergence" as surprising between my mission and that of Guruji, as the convergence that I recently observed342 with that of Marcel L'egaut.

In a way (no doubt there is some impudence on my part in feeling this way...) my mission now seems to me like a direct extension of both that of Guruji and that of Marcel L'egaut. In any case, what is certain (and this time without any suspicion of impudence!) is that my mission has been nourished by Guruji's, and equally (since three months ago, when I encountered the thought de L'egaut) from that of L'egaut. The fruits of this second meeting appeared immediately, in a way perceived as dazzling. On the contrary, in the case of the encounter with Guruji, it took thirteen years for the fruit, ripened in the shadows and against intimate resistance, to finally come to light. But it is no less valuable for that reason, and surely the second meeting would not have taken place if it had not been prepared by the first. But if the fruit has been so reluctant to form and become fully visible, it surely has not been without reason.

But let's return to the association with the "mutants", with the "new men", previously mentioned. That division in my relationship with Guruji, and those resistances to the beneficial action that radiated from him, seem to me to be due to a lack of maturity in me, which made me It would be difficult to fully accept this fact that now seems crucial to me, and that all our acquired reflexes343 push us to ignore, to deny, to conceal by all means: that the best

340I am thinking here above all of cases of flagrant deceit and dishonesty, under the name of Guruji, for things that touched his heart: establishment of a Nihonzan Myohoji temple, construction of a "pagoda of "peace" in a prestigious place... An ambitious and unscrupulous disciple who, to achieve his wonderful plans (and thus shine in the eyes of his Master), does not hesitate to resort to the most bizarre and stinking – and a Master who for nothing in the world would like to stop thinking that his very devoted disciple is not the most exemplary of the Buddha's servants. Solidarity Master-disciple, boss-subordinate, as in millions and billions surely, but involving men in the least expected...

341However, I believe that Guruji, who was more spiritually mature, had a clear prescience that I was the bearer of a mission, the particular nature of which undoubtedly escaped him; except that it had to be linked in some intimate way to his. I plan to return to this in a future section of the main text (no. 72 or 73).

342See the section "The unthinkable convergence" (no. 37).
343Surely there are other causes that also come from me, that have contributed to my reticent attitude in so many aspects towards Guruji. I think especially of the systematic skepticism in which I had maintained until then regarding the "religious" understanding of the world, in favor of an approach that gave preeminence to intellectual faculties. However, when I met Guruji, the times

among us – not only the “geniuses” but also (and more essentially) those whom many men call “saints” and revere as such, are limited and fallible, are subject to errors (73) – including even errors of great consequence³⁴⁴. If we follow one of them blindly, it is at our own risk! Our spiritual laziness, which pushes us to imitate more than to be inspired freely and according to our own lights in what we recognize as great, as valuable in them – that laziness does not exempt us from our responsibility for our own errors; nor the fact that we have done them under the incitement or with the tacit or clearly expressed acquiescence of even the greatest of saints. And if against the grain we reject en masse a great man from whom we would have a lot to learn, because of certain errors that we believe we see in him, it is also at our own risk! Rejecting en masse, just like following blindly, comes from the same laziness, from the same spiritual inertia: that which refuses to confront the shifting and disconcerting complexity of reality, to take refuge in simplistic and relaxing images, all “white.” or all “black.”

I have evoked the “genius” and the “saint”, but I could also have replaced them with the case, more interesting for my purpose, of what I call a “new man” or (half-jokingly) a “mutant”. Through certain flashes of understanding that illuminate his mission and give it a very particular meaning and scope, that man already prefigures the man of tomorrow, the man who has detached himself from the spirit of the flock. no, the man of the Age of Man who takes over from the Age of the Flock. It is as if I already had one foot, or even just a toe, on the “other side”, in the promised and unknown “tomorrow”, not even glimpsed except in dreams. ...But it's not on the other side yet! His other foot, and even the entire rest of his being with the sole exception of that impudent toe, that sacrilegious finger that imperceptibly “oversteps” – almost his entire being, with all the weight of countless gregarious millennia , remains even on this side, wisely aligned in the ranks of the flock.

If it were not so, perhaps that man would be instantly destroyed by a mad horde, as Jesus was two thousand years ago. But even Jesus, at the level of ideas if not at the properly spiritual level, remained to a certain extent enclosed in the limits of place and time. With more reason it is like this in each of us, beings groping towards man, more than half swallowed up in the atavisms of the flock – even the best among us. Even the “mutants”!

(72) “Human formation” and “final solution” (September

23 and November 14)³⁴⁵ This draconian evolution in Fujii Guruji regarding war and armies, the day after Hiroshima contrasts with the conformism (at least in this chapter) of another “great spiritual” (among a legion of many others, what a shame!); although he was less exposed in his youth (presumably) than Guruji to an ideology that exalts military virtues (such as that of Japan in the midst of imperialist expansion). This is (sorry!) Marcel L'egaut. He, who has traveled such a path, seems that even today on this neurological issue he has not moved since the days of a childhood that I imagine to be sensible, and surrounded by good-thinking effluvia.

During the “drôle de guerre”³⁴⁶ of 1939, when he was 39 years old, L'egaut made a conscientious and unsuccessful effort to fulfill his duty as an officer and as a Christian, trying to inspire

They were ripe for a change. If this was done so reluctantly, it is undoubtedly for the reasons that I am making clear in this note.

³⁴⁴Well understood, the greatest limitation, common to all without exception and the common cause of most of the “errors” to which I allude, is found in the everlasting “attitude of flight” in the face of reality. That is the great obstacle to knowledge, which comes to us directly from our herd atavisms.

³⁴⁵See the quote from this note in the previous note, “The saint and his failures – or the paradox of the mutant”, page 138.

³⁴⁶N. T.: The period of World War II extending from France's declaration of war on Germany on September 3, 1939, to Germany's invasion of France on May 10, 1940. .

"his men" the warrior enthusiasm that what a shame! they were missing. Perhaps even he himself lacked true conviction, without wanting to admit it at that moment, or later; or if he managed to glimpse it, it was to blame him, according to well-rounded reflections that are there for that. He is left with a confused feeling of discomfort, of failure, of "mediocrity" (returning to his own expression), not to say of guilt (that's the great word coward!), not only on behalf of the others but also and above all on his own account. In any case, a feeling that I will never try to elucidate. At least that is the impression I got from reading some pages in which, at the end of his life, he (like Gandhi...) evokes the balance he has drawn from those moments. (Distressing moments certainly but which, like a "man standing", he does not want to avoid).

It is in the first pages of the small interview book "Questions to...", which appeared in 1974 (L'egaut was then 74 years old). He feels that memory as that of a painful "human" failure, both on a personal level and on a national level. He deplores the fact that he has not known how to give future soldiers, from the barracks and without waiting for the war to break out,

"a sufficiently human formation so that they are capable, with their reactions to the event, of having the appropriate reflexes in order to be able to execute, when the time comes, what they have to do as soldiers..."³⁴⁷

(truly charming euphemism, given the type of need...).

Fortunately, on the other side of the Rhine, the corresponding Hitler and company did not skimp on giving the soldiers and future soldiers (and future combatants and heroes) that "human formation" that L'egaut long for us French; the same one that allowed them to "execute, when the time comes", and with magnificent enthusiasm! those "adequate reflexes" as well as "what they had to do as soldiers." Not having the skills to illuminate with the drawings that are imposed, I limit myself to remembering that this human formation, which is not from yesterday and so dear to Christians on both sides of the Rhine (just as in any other part of the world) as well as their Churches (vociferous patriots at the right moment, and who know how to give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, even if it is bleeding flesh...) – that this human and Christian culture has ended that time with a carnage of some one hundred million civilian and military deaths (including crematorium ovens) and many others mutilated, without counting Hiroshima and its brilliant legacy.

Next time, with human training finally suitable (progress does not stop) and with the help of atomic means (they have already been tested), we can expect it to be done a hundred times better – finishing off Thus once and for all human formation with a world ossuary worthy of the undertaking – without any survivors...

The one who will be happy this time is the good Lord!

(73) All men are fallible – or the breakup

347I was shocked, in the few lines of the aforementioned text, and through the few pages of the interview (from which these lines are extracted) in which L'egaut extends a little about his experience in the war, to what extent in them the style is muddled, while generally he expresses himself easily and without getting tangled in the words. The same strange impression, on the other hand, reading Gandhi's "explanations" on the same subject (see the note "The Mahatma in uniform – or tribute to the unknown non-soldier", no. 67) . Often the style is a faithful mirror, and the jumbled words here seem to me to be the sign of a thought that beats around the bush and does not want to go near a cauldron – for fear, no doubt, of seeing a corpse that is cooks in the... However, that experience caused a healthy shock, and (it seems) that shock was what tore L'egaut from his "university" orbit. From the following year, he settled on a lost farm in the mountains near Die, to raise sheep. He would remain a pastor-breeder for twenty-five years. Surely it was in those years that he achieved the maturation and spiritual penetration that provided the substance of his later books.

Through the silly war and the handsome officer (who no longer knows very well which foot to dance on...), and the bleating sheep and the patient shepherd, to reach the "Meditation of a Christian of the 20th century", the ways of God are decidedly impenetrable...

(November 10 and 11)348 As I have already specified elsewhere³⁴⁹, the encounter with the thought of Marcel L'egaut has made me understand that “crucial fact” about which I still questioned myself with a certain perplexity: that of the radical “fallibility” of all men, including the greatest and even those (like Jesus the Christ or Gautama the Buddha) who the idolatrous atavism of a millennia-old religious tradition has deified and, therefore himself, dehumanized. That seems to me to be one of the most important things that reading L'egaut has allowed me to fully accept.

This has also put an end to more or less subconscious parasitic psychic tensions, which had a tendency to act as an insidious brake, as a dispersion of energy, every time I confronted life and the thought of a man who at first had seemed “great” to me, and when I found myself disconcerted by what time and again, it surfaced on close examination and seemed to go against that greatness. (Or at least, it went against the idea that was too “idealistic”, too intransigent and simplistic, that I had of human greatness...) I even have the conviction that this understanding, which so strongly It contributes to forming the background note in L'egaut's work, it is one of his great contributions to human thought – to the knowledge that man has of his own spiritual nature, and of the spiritual adventure of our species.

Surely there will be many who object that the statement “man is fallible” is a philosophical banality, that L'egaut was not needed for that, and that I myself have not found out until today I'm sixty years old, it's not exactly something in my favor. I have heard that kind of speech many times, squeamishing about an idea or a deep understanding, which is presented in such a simple form that we confuse the radical simplicity of fundamental things with the banality of easy things that says anyone. He who is thus deceived remains on the surface of the words without penetrating further and without reaching or even touching the knowledge that they strive to express. In what to some would seem a philosophical banality, I recognize for my part an unprecedented revolution in religious thought, the break with a tradition that dates back to the mists of time and that weighs on man as a leaden slab – a rupture that opens a profound renewal not only of religious thought, but also and above all of the very way in which the religious experience is lived.

Repeating a formula learned in class books or elsewhere, such as “man is fallible” or “all men are fallible,” that is simply a wise monkey activity, a simple mechanism disconnected from all knowledge that goes beyond the everlasting “Someone said...”. On the contrary, making the experience, often disconcerting and painful, during the long years of childhood, adolescence and adulthood, that all the beings who have surrounded us, with whom we have rubbed shoulders or with whom we We have been confronted, they have flaws, often secret and incomprehensible, often surrounded by the halo of a fearful mystery... – and from that experience repeated so many times under so many different faces, an experience more or less understood and more more or less profound, to finally reach a kind of diffuse understanding that means that in the face of every new being that we encounter, even with the most lively expectations, we hope (with some interest perhaps, even with suspense...) to see that same type of experience confirmed again – 'that is already the fruit of authentic interior maturation. Whatever the words one tries to express, this maturity of being has nothing in common with the ability to recite a philosophical discourse.

In these days of furious brushing of mentalities, those who reach that relatively modest stage of maturity during their lifetime are relatively rare. Even rarer, that one

³⁴⁸See the quote from this note in the previous note “The saint and his failures – or the paradox of the mutant”, page 142.

³⁴⁹See a note at the foot of page 94, in the note “The clichés of the spiritual (1) – or stop! to error and ignorance” (no. 51). The reflection made in this note can be seen as a kind of extension of the note I just cited. Compare also with the notes “Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast”, “The apostles are fallible – or grace and freedom”, “When you have learned the lesson – or the God's Great Joke” no s 20, 21, 27).

those in which that understanding, even blurred and poorly secured, is not swept away like straw dust, when it finally emerges, who would have thought it! the long-awaited idol, adorned with all the trappings that ordinary mortals lack, an idol with which they immediately secretly identify: such a prestigious tribune or head of state or army, such an intellectual master, such an incomparable artist, or even if he is only the soul mate of the other sex, oh yes, the exquisite being among all of us to whom we approach trembling!

As for those who have advanced on the path of their life to the point of making a real verification, "on the ground" and not purely verbal and peak, of their own "fallibility", those who have at least glimpsed (without closing hastily the door ajar...) to what extent their own feelings and ideas about themselves and about the world are the product not of a sovereign personal thought, but rather of a conditioning that permeates the entire being and of which we are not owners, and the result of choices, rarely coherent and always without realizing it, under the uncontrolled push of invisible impulses – 'those are so rare, in truth, that I am not sure I have ever encountered them in the flesh only one apart from me, throughout my life and until a few days ago³⁵⁰!

In summary, the same words, brought together in the same definitive formula, can express totally different levels of understanding and knowledge, from the purely verbal reflex act that recites a wild-card formula devoid of any concrete content to the one who pronounces it, to the intimate knowledge of an important aspect of the human condition, fruit (almost always) of a long fidelity to himself and to the capacity that is within himself (as in each being). to extract the nutritional juice from their own experiences.

The understanding to which Marcel L'egaut invites us is situated at an even higher level of understanding. It is rooted, certainly, in a knowledge of oneself (of one's greatness as well as one's limits), but to achieve something outside the reach of direct experience, or at least outside of "ordinary" experience, of himself and of others. (Which is also the only one I have known until last year.) For him it is about understanding the message of Jesus, based on what has come to us through the scarce and partial testimony of the apostles, and through confrontation with the doctrinal interpretations that the apostles themselves, and the Churches that claim their authority, taking it as an absolute and immutable foundation, gave them³⁵¹. It is therefore the religious reflection of a believer, who strives to reach a true (and therefore personal) understanding of what constitutes (or at least should constitute...) the very foundation of his religious faith as he received it, blindly, from his childhood: namely, the person and message of Jesus of Nazareth.

The dimension of the great spiritual advance achieved by L'egaut is inseparable from his quality as a "believer"; or at least, of his quality as a deeply "religious" man, in the following sense: a man with a continuous personal experience, which is renewed throughout his life, of the "action of God" in him. The understanding that L'egaut has achieved and that he strives to communicate, cannot be fully appreciated and grasped (at a level that is therefore more or less cerebral and purely verbal) except by someone who has reached 'himself in his

³⁵⁰In fact, a few days ago (November 6) I had the joy of meeting Marcel L'egaut at his house, "in the flesh"!

³⁵¹On L'egaut's religious itinerary, see the aforementioned note "Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20). I point out that this anodyne term "confronting oneself with the doctrinal interpretations of the apostles and the Churches..." conceals in the believer an act of courage and autonomy, which breaks with the ancient tradition, of an unconditional submission to the "interpretations" in question, presented from childhood not as such but as intangible truths of faith.

And it is not only in believers, but in every man, where the spirit finds itself imprisoned without realizing it by a few a priori, almost always tacit and internalized from childhood, and that (for the most part of the cases) remain valid and unnoticed until our last breath. The main "thresholds" of spiritual life consist precisely of the moments in which one of such a priori becomes evident and we overcome it. The "great destiny" is that of the man who crosses a threshold (even several...) that no one had crossed before, and that for that very reason opens the way for others, and in the long term the entire species, to cross it, at the same time.

life, at least a "religious dimension" in the full sense of the term³⁵². A year ago, I would not have been able to grasp and appreciate that achievement. Now I can. The encounter with L'égaut's thought has come to me just at the right time, giving me the "obvious" and profound answer, surely the already expected answer, to questions that did not exist for me before and that suddenly They attacked me with all their pressing burning³⁵³.

Once the religious dimension of the World becomes manifest, it is when the question of the role of religions in the lives of men, of the nature of their founders, and of the messages transmitted by these and other men that religious tradition agrees in considering "inspired by God." This question cannot be grasped in its own dimension, namely the spiritual and religious dimension, nor by atheists and the like, who see in religion nothing more than a sociological phenomenon. more or less aberrant logic (if not a hoax set up by the ruling classes to abuse the people...), nor by the "believer" who is content with blindly assenting to a religious doctrine (almost always the one in who has been educated) and to comply more or less automatically and more or less punctually with pious practices that it prescribes, granting (as tradition requires) a value that is in principle absolute, intangible, immutable to one or the other.

The first of these two attitudes, that of the atheist, can be considered as the immediate (and provisional...) result of a first collective step made by the human spirit (first in a hesitant and unsure way), in its effort to overcome what we could call "religious atavism", and the idolatrous collective attitudes that are one of its typical and tyrannical marks³⁵⁴. Already included in germ in the spirit of intellectual curiosity that characterizes the Renaissance, this pendulum movement of History began to gain strength two or three centuries ago, to reach its apogee in the middle of our century. For twenty years we have seen the beginning of a movement in the opposite direction, that of a "return" or, rather, that of a rehabilitation, of a rediscovery of the spiritual and religious dimension of the World and of life. human.

Contrary to the overused image of the "pendulum," this "return" (with quotes) is in no way destined to be limited to a simple return to archaic forms of thought and spirituality, even though it sometimes seems take that look. It is a new advance, or rather a rise³⁵⁵, but this time a rise in the opposite direction: the spiritual aspect of human life is once again the first, without the impulse of intellectual knowledge, nor the carnal impulse, nor the particular demands of each other (in no way foreign to spiritual demands, as one might believe³⁵⁶), be condemned or repressed.

³⁵²I remember that with that term, "religious dimension," I understand the presence of a certain immediate knowledge of God, through the experience (consciously lived as such) of God's action in us. It has nothing in common with adherence to a religious doctrine or with the exercise of pious practices.

³⁵³Compare with the section "The unthinkable convergence" (no. 37) in which I evoke some of those questions of a "pressing burning."

³⁵⁴Here I evoke a collective march of the human spirit, in which atheism has surely been a necessary stage, moreover of short duration: barely three centuries. Currently, mass atheism has reached a state of rigid sclerosis and mortal dryness, which presage its near end.

Of course, even today, in the individual development of a person, the abandonment of beliefs that were instilled in childhood in a dry and succinct way, without the slightest respect for sound reason, is equally a necessary stage in the process of spiritual maturation, although for a long time it seems to lead only to a "pure and simple" or disillusioned atheism. Sometimes it even happens (as was the case with my mother, who I talk about in the section "The lost reunions" no. 31) that it ends up making a complete turn in the helix of knowledge, returning to a religious view. of life, but with a new look, freed from doctrinal earmuffs.

³⁵⁵Here the appropriate image would be that of a pendulum, whose suspension point would be animated by an upward vertical movement while the wide oscillating movement of the pendulum arm continues, reaching the end and ponti moving slowly in the opposite direction...

³⁵⁶I have insisted elsewhere to what extent this decreed and established cut between the intellectual and spiritual planes, in atheists and in believers, and the attitudes that follow from it in both some and others, have been and They are still disastrous. These have mainly led to the dehumanization of science and, continuing it

It is in that particular moment of the adventure of our species where Marcel L'egaut's singular mission is located, it is there where it acquires all its meaning. It is also there where we see revealed with an unusual force the deep and mysterious bond of the spiritual adventure of the alone man, who assumes his essential solitude and humbly trusts, day by day, in his own inner resources to apprehend and understand the rhythmic movement of the World and of himself, with the collective adventure of our entire species. With his fidelity to the inner call, that man has sown, and the wind has carried away the seed. No one can say where it fell. However, the man, at the end of a long and hard day and as night approaches, is happy with his effort. When the Season that is announced arrives, know that Another will be in charge of gathering the harvest.

For L'egaut, most of his life has been oriented towards his meditation on the person and Mission of Jesus. The privileged interlocutor of the message that emerged from this meditation is the Christian believer. Although I am not a Christian, and nothing leads me to dedicate myself to a work of deepening the Scriptures, and especially the New Testament, no matter how little comparable it may be to that carried out by L'egaut throughout his life. That "other attitude" towards religious reality and religious "practice", which L'egaut has discovered (or invented, or created...) and which he has experienced in a life of faith renewed incessantly – this This new attitude does not seem to me to be dependent in any way, in its essential aspects, on the particular characteristics of the Christian religion. It seems to me that its potential fertility is virtually universal, capable of profoundly transforming man's relationship with religion.

I would not like to dedicate myself here to trying to unravel what those "essential aspects" of the believer's new approach to his religion, or of the religious man to religion, would be those that have universal value. I believe that this "universal" virtue surpasses the traditional frameworks of religious experience constituted by the various religions, that the nature of this approach is to clarify the inner march of every man who has become aware of the spiritual dimension of his existence and of his being, and who directs an open gaze on the World to discern in it the action of the same spiritual force that he feels acting in himself. For this scrutinizing man, that bold (and sacrilegious in the eyes of the majority...) achievement that even men who cultural³⁵⁷ or religious tradition believe in the obligation to present ourselves under the lines statics of an intangible "perfection" are beings of flesh and blood like you and me, who have their setbacks and their failures and their earmuffs and that even the great among the great are, they too , linked to a time and a place, and that it is therefore advisable not to abdicate one's own lights to blindly follow everything that everyone has said and done – that achievement will surely be called to play a leading role in their solitary ascension, en route to the Unknown.

(74) Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the "other

reality" (November 11–13)³⁵⁸ I do not claim that L'egaut is the first "spiritual" in the history of our species who has completely overcome the attitude atavistic law that prohibits a nuanced appreciation of the acts and words that an imperious cultural or religious tradition establishes as

closely, to the growing corruption in the scientific media that we can see today. See in this regard the section "On the soul of things and the soulless man" (no. 51), as well as the one that follows "The herd mentality – or the root of evil".

³⁵⁷This sacralization of "great men" is in no way exclusive to religious obscurantism, but rather the almost absolute rule in all, and one of the typical and most distressing signs of the "herd mentality." . That is an attitude instilled from early childhood, in the family and at school. I remember well that in class the only attitude tolerated towards the "authors in the program" that we brooded over (without conviction) and that we had to comment on, and the one that the students followed as something obvious, was the unconditional admiration, of which the teacher first gave us the somber and uninspiring example...

³⁵⁸Continuation of the previous note. But the main theme of this one, "The Advancement" (by Marcel L'egaut), from which I move away in the present reflection, will be taken up above all in the note (no. 75) that follows this one.

intangible models. I even know three other notable and singularly attractive men, also with missions closely linked to each other, who have each reached that rare inner autonomy, which also goes hand in hand with authentic experience. religious³⁵⁹ (75). These are the great American poet Walt Whitman (1819-1892), the Canadian doctor-psychiatrist and writer-philosopher Richard Maurice Bucke (1837-1902), and finally the British writer, poet and thinker Edward Carpenter. (1844-1929). The last two were friends and great admirers of Whitman, who was older. Whitman's poetry (76) had a profound and lasting influence on the spiritual evolution of both. In one as in the other, this culminates in an "enlightenment" – a totally unexpected, if not unthinkable, experience that seemed to have little to do with their temperaments, not given to "mystical" or "mystical" euphoria. sentimental, or with his ideological tendencies little inclined to religious things, as had previously been the case of Walt Whitman, that political journalist, motley serial writer and jack-of-all-trades before he became the great American epic poet, under the irresistible push of a similar experience. In each of these three men, this crucial experience profoundly transforms, in an instant, their relationship with the world, and is the origin and source of inspiration for an inner deepening that will continue throughout their lives. the years they had left.

Lively and much more detailed indications of the itineraries of these three men of unusual destiny will be found in Bucke's remarkable book "Cosmic Consciousness."

(The Cosmic Consciousness), appeared in 1901 shortly before his death, in a mini-edition of 500 copies³⁶⁰. That book is undoubtedly Bucke's masterpiece and his great contribution to the history of thought. A man of science before being a "religious" man³⁶¹, in that book he strives to locate a certain type of experience, or "enlightenment", that could be called "mystical", and the knowledge that it imparts. He gives this knowledge, which essentially escapes the too crude possibilities of expression in words, the name "cosmic consciousness," a state of consciousness that (according to him) surpasses ordinary human consciousness. as it is familiar to us in the present, as much as it surpasses animal consciousness. He sees this higher state of consciousness realized in its fullness in his two contemporaries Whitman and Carpenter, but also in a certain number of other historical cases from the Buddha and the Christ, through Muhammad, Dante, the mystics John of the Cross and Jakob Behmen, and some others (81). He strives to locate this kind of new "faculty", whose presence seems (according to him) to multiply in the course of millennia and centuries, in the light of what we know about the evolution of species in general³⁶², and the evolution of the human species in particular. A reflection

³⁵⁹For the meaning I give here to the expression "religious experience", see the previous note and especially a note at the foot of page 146 360That

edition was published in Innes and Sons (Philadelphia). The book was republished in 1923 by EP Dutton and Company. It seems to be quite well known to the educated English-speaking public, and there is also a German-language edition. On the contrary, there is no French language edition, what a shame! of that remarkable book, more relevant today than ever.

³⁶¹See a previous footnote for the meaning I give here to the word "religious." Surely Bucke would not have designated himself with that term, nor does he use the term "mystical" to designate the state of enlightenment that he discusses in his book and that he himself experienced. either. The term God seems equally absent from his personal vocabulary, and does not appear in the book except when Bucke quotes other authors verbatim. In his account of his enlightenment (as far as words allow – see Introduction, pages 9-10), he speaks of "Living Presence" and, later, of "love" as the "founding principle of the World." I think I understand that the reason for his reluctance to use consecrated terms such as "religious", "mystical", "God", is that in the enlightened media of his time those terms had lost any credibility, so frayed did they appear due to the use, often interested and abusive, that had been made of them for centuries. Furthermore, even today and more than ever, and not only in the "enlightened media" (quite the opposite!), these words have a tendency to provoke reactions of defense and rejection, as was the case in my case (at least as far as the first two terms are concerned) for most of my life.

³⁶²Bucke, who was a contemporary of Darwin (28 years older), was of course well informed of his ideas. They had had a great impact among the wise men of their time, also acting in the majority as an incentive to a materialist and purely mechanistic vision of the Universe. In Bucke it was the other way around – just like in my environment

deep and long-term study on this subject, and especially after 1894 (after Whitman's death), convinced him that those men who tried harder than better to census throughout history , they had to be seen as precursors, isolated even in the current state of the evolution of the species, heralds of that state of higher consciousness, cosmic consciousness, to which the human species is called in its entirety.

Bucke's journey is not that of a visionary or a prophet, and if he is rightly considered one or the other, it is surely to his regret. In that book he pretends to be a man of science who ventures a thesis, perhaps daring (and certainly not in accordance with the mechanistic and positivist spirit of his time), but which he tries to support step by step, methodically, with the detailed examination of all the cases that he has been able to gather from reliable sources of information, and with the great help of his vast erudition as a man passionate about reading everything that affects man. But beyond a methodically discursive development and an impressive scientific and humanistic erudition (of unusual dimensions in a practicing doctor, appreciated for his dedication to his patients), His book is animated by a powerful motivation, by a "big and strong idea", which inspires and nourishes a vision that far surpasses what mere reason, given to its modest lights, could have been able to do. conceive and deploy. Such a mother-idea is never the product of the intellect (which, on the contrary, is its instrument, more or less adequate to the task...). By its very nature it is the fruit of a creative intuition, not to say a "revelation", of an infinitely more subtle nature. In the case of Bucke, there is no doubt that this inspiration came to him (as he himself clearly says in the introduction to his book) in those moments in which he was given an experience of that state of spiritual vision, of inner illumination that revealed the "living Presence" and love that penetrates everything in the Cosmos... That illumination only lasted a few moments, but, writes ' el363

"its effects proved indelible; It was never possible for him to forget what he saw and knew at that moment; nor could he ever have doubted the truth of what was then presented to his spirit. There was no turning back, neither on that night nor at any other time, from that experience. Later he wrote a book³⁶⁴ in which he strove to express the teaching of enlightenment. Some of those who read it thought very highly of it, but (as could be expected for many reasons) it only received a very limited circulation."

This is not the place to make an analysis of that rich book. Book animated from beginning to end by a persuasive warmth that makes reading it a strangely attractive experience – as if we were page after page in the presence of the one who wrote them, man.

century later (see the section "The waterfall of wonders – or God for sound reason", no 30). It is doubtful that Bucke's ideas would crystallize as they did, and even that his book would be written, without Darwin's breakthrough that preceded it.

363Quote from the Introduction to Bucke's book, page 10.

364There is a reference to that book, cited in the copious bibliography located at the beginning of *Cosmic Consciousness*. It is "Man's moral nature", GP Putnam's Sons, New York 1879. I have tried without success to get my hands on that book, which after a century must be impossible to find. Same misfortune with the third Bucke book that I know of (cited in the same bibliography), "Walt Whitman", David McKay, Philadelphia 1883. I very much hope that these two books will not take long to be republished, even if only for readers. anglophones. The second, as its name indicates, is a biography of Whitman. Furthermore, it is the only biography written (and even published) during his lifetime, and what is more, written by a close friend of the poet, making constant use of the possibility he had of freely questioning him. Furthermore, part of that biography was written while Bucke was a guest of Whitman in Camden, in 1880. It is all the more remarkable that not only has it not been republished, but (according to me has seemed to understand) the numerous biographers of Whitman barely mention it for the sake of taking note and with the tip of their lips; surely so that it doesn't seem like they haven't heard of it, and with an air of condescension and almost haste - for fear of committing themselves to such dubious company! There must not be many who have taken the trouble to go read that biography in one of the rare libraries in the country where it can be found.

of a kind and generous temperament, passionate about the world of ideas in which he fully participates, and at the same time full of a lively sympathy for each of those men that he evokes one by one in the pages of his book, such as if I spoke of dear friends; the same sympathy, surely, that animated him in his relationship with patients and that made him a doctor "not like the others" – the one that allows him to go further of the raw facts and the symptomatology of each "case", to enter into full resonance with the rich human reality encountered in another.

I remember that this book arrived one day in the mail without warning, a gift from a donor-sender whose name did not evoke any memory in me. It must have been towards the end or at the end of my "Survive and Live" period³⁶⁵, in 1972 or 1973 – at the moment (if my memory does not deceive me) when, after years of intense militant activity, I began to feel within me the faint and discreetly insistent call of a need for silence³⁶⁶. I must have read it more or less in one sitting, because of how attractive it was to read, and also because it intrigued me, perhaps responding (the idea comes to me now) to some secret hope that it ignored itself... It is surely the first book (and it remained the only one even until last winter), whose main and openly declared purpose is to examine a set of facts and testimonies of lived experiences whose meaning, manifestly, is inseparable from the existence of a "spiritual reality (so to call it), a "living Presence" that permeates and animates everything in the Universe; "invisible" reality and Presence, but which manifest themselves to certain beings at certain exceptional moments.

That it was a true perception of a very present reality, and not a hallucination, an auto-suggestion effect without objective scope, I had no doubt about that. Above all, it is a matter of simple good psychological sense, in the face of concordant and totally independent testimonies of men visibly trustworthy, each of them of unusual maturity, and whose personality and destiny They were often of exceptional stature, and even historical scope. Surely also, even if only at a subconscious level, the memory of my father's very similar experience in prison must have been present and, through his person so intimately close to me to also get closer to that somewhat strange reality, to make me feel that it did not concern only such and such "great figures" more or less historical from more or less distant centuries. Hadn't he also broken into the life of a very close being³⁶⁷, a loved one?

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³⁶⁵I mention this period in passing in the section "The turning point – or the end of a slumber" (no. 33), and in much more detail in the first seven sections (no. 57–63) of the Chapter VI "The Journey to Memphis (2): sowing for a mission."

³⁶⁶See the section "The call of silence" (no. 62), in Chapter VI that I just cited.

³⁶⁷A few years ago I was aware of a similar case: an illumination (less dazzling and more extensive in time) occurred equally in prison and in solitary confinement, in a man who was also an atheist and imprisoned for religious activities. subversive policies. It is about Arthur Koestler, while he was condemned to death with the execution on hold, awaiting the outcome of that adventure in a Francoist prison. This "mystical" episode in Koestler's life seems little known. He silences him in the first story he published about his experience in prison – so that it would not seem (he says), with a kind of "religious conversion" (without a priest and without religion!), who rejected his political and philosophical convictions (he was a communist at the time). That does not prevent that this experience, totally unthinkable for him (before it happened) just as it was once for my father, was followed in him by an intense and fruitful inner work, which continued (I believe I understand), during all his life. He gives an account of that experience and its importance in his life, in his autobiographical book "Hieroglyphics", in the chapter "The Open Window". (The window that gives, precisely, to the "other reality"...)

³⁶⁸Between the years 1973 and 1977, three of my friends independently participated in a similar experience, all of short duration – a kind of very vivid extra-sensory perception of "another reality". I have no doubt that there could have been fabrication in any of the three – those things are noticeable! I believe that this type of experience (surely covering a wider range than what Bucke would call "cosmic") is not as rare as is generally supposed. But the effect of such vivid and fleeting revelations almost always remains limited, because there are very few who truly "take them seriously": those who not only do not dismiss it as a rather disturbing hallucination, or They are entranced as if by a charming adventure, but they know how to recognize a crucial "message" in it, and they dedicate themselves to probing and deepening the meaning of the message throughout their lives, as was the case of Koestler, or that of almost everyone. the ones Bucke tells us about. As far as I can judge, in

Many of Bucke's ideas and ways of seeing that emerge throughout those bubbling pages or that slip "between the lines" have seemed to me questionable or frankly outdated³⁶⁹.

But he could not doubt that the essence of his message was valid. It concerns, first of all, the existence of that "other reality", omnipresent and that silently and secretly acts behind the "facade" of things that our senses reveal to us; and the fact, furthermore, that certain beings, in certain moments of grace, have a direct and intense perception of that reality, and more or less deep, more or less vast and encompassing, more or less lasting too, from one case to another. I think that from the moment I became aware of the first chapters of that book, that became a fact for me – just as thirty years earlier, as a sixteen-year-old teenager, I had knowledge of the fact of the existence of a creative Intelligence acting in the Universe (83). A patent, irrefutable fact, although it was still somewhat distant, although it was not very clear to what extent it concerned me, personally³⁷⁰.

As for the second part of the message, it is the prediction (or prophetic vision perhaps, which is very careful to announce itself as such...) that this faculty of direct perception of the other reality, until now reserved for certain beings and certain moments of clarity that illuminate their entire existence and inspire their mission – that this even sporadic faculty was called to spread and multiply among men, to become at last (no one could tell after how many millennia of laborious human evolution...) in the common lot of all men and all the moments of their life - a faculty so common and so inalienable to the species as sight, hearing, smell or our faculties of ordinary understanding are today. By its very daring, and like everything that allows itself to overturn the

well-established ideas that form and thicken the air of the times, that "prediction" (or that prophetic vision, long and tenderly explained...) certainly could not and cannot fail to pass for fantasy, for extravagance to the eyes of all "reasonable" spirits³⁷¹. Similar to industrious ants toiling in their anthill at the foot of the mountain, and treating one of them with compassion who dared to speak of a mountain that supposedly supports and dominates them, and that no one of them he has never seen or perceived in any way.

To appreciate the vision that a man as inspired as Bucke outlines for us in broad strokes, embracing the destinies of the human species in becoming both in its past and in its future, one must know how to see oneself and human society with a look that surpasses the scale of one's own existence, and situates them in the vast creative movement of Evolution; with a look that sees the birth and development, growth, decline and disappearance of countless species

None of the three people to whom I have alluded (no more than my father in the past) had such work. Koestler also insists on the importance of work, so that the experience-revelation does not remain locked in the chest of memories as an unusual curiosity that fascinates or scares, while it is made to fertilize an existence. . To put it another way: the Act of God in man remains deprived of its fruit, as long as a fidelity in man does not respond to it and prolong it.

369I remember, for example, that it irritated me that Bucke took sides, undoubtedly more common in his time than today, that the "savages" were in a humanly inferior state compared to the so-called "civilized" man. Bucke identifies with the latter without the slightest sign of discomfort. Furthermore, there is no trace of such discomfort in Whitman, who was older. But he already points to his younger friend Carpenter, in the title of the book (published in 1889, twelve years before "Cosmic Consciousness") "Civilization: its cause and cure." and his cure), Swan Sonnenschein and Co, London. Book also impossible to find, as it should be, and surely very ahead of its time...

370That was, in short, the same perplexity as thirty years before, regarding God-the-Creator, of which I was not sure if it really concerned me! This time I also decided to turn the page – forget the good God, and the "other reality", and my perplexities...

371Compare a footnote on page 149 above, on the attitude toward Bucke of certain Whitman biographers. Surely they are those who have preferred to purely and simply ignore the "mystical" vein in Whitman's poetry, including the singular experience evoked in "Song of Myself" – which is undoubtedly! the most well-known and cited and least understood poem in all of American literature! The crucial role of that experience from which the "Leaves of Grass" sprang, a role both in Whitman's life and in his inspiration and in his poetic vocation and in his relationship with everything, must be However, it is evident to every attentive reader of Whitman, and is furthermore attested beyond all doubt by the testimony of those who knew him best.

of plants and animals, the smallest and the giants, succeeding one another like endless waves in the Ocean of Time. In that infinite movement that goes back to the beginning of time, and continues without rest since thousands of thousands of millennia before man sneaked onto the scene, each wave that rises and passes extends over millions and hundreds of years. millions of years, while the fleeting millennia unfold like seconds; like the beats of the pulse of the Worker, working in the Quarries of Life – of Life launched in an endless search for its ultimate Purposes. And on the thousand-fold smaller scale of the single human species, one of the last to appear and even more improbable than all those that preceded it, ages and eras and beliefs and empires follow one another. In turn, like so many other waves that are born from the Unknown, they rise and pass in a moment to sink again into Him, into the unknown Ocean, without end and without shores...

But the timid spirit of man, that restless animal, is nailed to its place (the tip of a pin...) and its time (a tiny fraction of a sigh...) like the dog. to his kennel, with the chain around his neck. That he has read stacks of books on history and archeology and psychology and the Origin of Species by a man called Darwin above the pile, that does not prevent him from being intimately persuaded that "my kennel is the World!", that said World has always been as it is now right under your nose, and that of course it could not help but remain that way forever. For that man, nothing that is outside the ridiculous circle that the short chain that holds him and binds him (and from which he would not separate himself at the price of his life...) parsimoniously allows him. – none of that exists or can exist. Everything is impossible for the man-with-the-chain and until his near death (the very summum of the impossible) – until the moment (and still...) when the "impossible" finally falls on him , a fait accompli of which I would not grasp the meaning or the mystery...

During my militant activity, in the still-close times of Surviving and Living, I had ample opportunity to become familiar, over days and months, with that blindness, before which the timid and staggering root Reasoning is decidedly weightless. To confirm the ineluctable failure, there, right before us (which, however, simple reason, when it is not tied down, makes us see clearly...); conceiving that human society can disappear (and man and the rest with it...), or only that it can change profoundly (on pain of man himself perishing without remedy...) – those are things that surpass visibly the capacities of understanding and imagination of even the best informed and wisest people, even those most practiced (one might say) in using one and the other. It is not that reason, or sometimes tremendous brain power, are lacking, nor is frequently the intuition that catches "on the fly" this and that in this case or that other. It's not the brilliant means that are missing – but there is that damned chain around the neck that ruins everything!

Nobody sees it, the chain, and the one we carry less than any other. The "great ones" of the spirit are not those who do not have a chain (there is no one in the world who does not have theirs...), but those who on certain occasions (it is not known why or why) what fidelity to their human vocation...) they let go of it – and gallop freely! Maurice Richard Bucke, that modest and kind man, was one of them. And Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter too. Each of those three men was one of those who dared to cast off when the time came - each one in his own style, freely exploring, with his eyes open, the spaces that await him, the same ones that the mission to explore and tell. (Or singing, if you are a musician or if you are a poet...) Make them known, however impossible it may be, to those who wisely remain tied to their kennels and that I'm sorry! They don't believe a word of what those extravagant comedians or shocking people tell or sing or demonstrate - those stray dogs...

When I think about it now, it seems to me an extraordinary coincidence, or rather an unprecedented luck, perhaps unique in the spiritual history of our species, that the lives and destinies of those three men of such stature, of such openness, of such human breadth each one, have not only crossed or brushed but largely rubbed shoulders, at the level that was essential in the

life of each one; that their missions have been mutually triggered, illuminated, supported throughout decades of a relationship of warm sympathy and mutual listening that was (as far as I know) unclouded until the death of Whitman the first (in 1892), and Bucke later (in 1902)³⁷². Furthermore, it is in Bucke's book, which devotes a substantial and fascinating chapter to each of his two friends, where I first saw the names of Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter, and I began to know them shortly. to be. And in the memory that I keep of that book, I remember that has been progressively erased over the thirteen or fourteen years that have passed since that first reading, are the singularly attractive figures of those two men, and also the of Bucke himself (but to a lesser extent, I admit, because in his modesty the author places himself far below his two friends...), they are above all those who have remained alive in my memory, as lively and kind incarnations of the strange and intriguing message that came to me.

To tell the truth, beyond the time that separated us, I felt fraternally close to each of those three men. And the same message, no matter how foreign to my mental universe it might seem due to its unusual aspects of esoteric spirituality, did not arouse less strong resonances in me. After all, Bucke's prophetic vision came to me almost as an answer, which would have been almost half a century ahead of my own questions about the great "Evolutionary Crisis"³⁷³ in which he saw us immersed without warning. remedy, and about the "Evolutionary Mutation" that we had to overcome in the record space of a generation or two, under penalty of disappearing?! A mutation of a cultural nature this time (as I then saw), and not biological as in the great evolutionary "Leaps" of the past...

Certainly, it is not a mutation that Bucke is talking about, but rather a long evolution, called to develop over millennia, if not even longer. But the two visions, far from contradicting each other, seem to complete and confirm each other. Nowadays I would even say that Bucke's could singularly illuminate what I had reached in previous years. In effect, it suggests that the mutation before us is not so much of a "cultural" nature (and therefore, subordinated however slightly to sociological mechanisms), as of a "spiritual" essence; more precisely, that it was, in some mysterious way, inseparable from the existence (and action?) of that "other reality" that Bucke's book strove precisely to evoke.

However, that "other reality" then remained too far from my mental universe, too far from what until then my immediate experience of things had revealed to me, for it to be integrated into my vision. of the World, and of the short-term evolution that is before us, so that it did not remain superficial, that it touched more deeply than a conviction or intellectual knowledge without more. And above all, Bucke's vision was deployed in the perspective of an Evolution that developed without major accident for an unlimited time. Therefore, I was totally out of touch with the emergency situation in which our species was now cornered. And the balance of my experience in the preceding years, which was to be confirmed in the following years (and even last year still), did not provide me with any reason to expect that the necessary and urgent Mutation would actually be done. On the contrary, in terms of simple common sense that draws the lesson from my past experiences, and from everything I knew about the History of men, that Mutation seemed like a thing until such an improbable, implausible, utopian point, which became properly impossible³⁷⁴ .

³⁷²I should certainly add to these three men a fourth, Horace Traubel, whom I mention in passing in the note "The ancestors of man – or on the way to the Kingdom" (no. 81). If I have not done so, it is only because (due to my limited reading) the person of Traubel is less familiar to me, and also less close, than those of Whitman, Bucke and Carpenter.

³⁷³See the note "The Great Evolutionary Crisis – or a turn in the helix" (no. 37).

³⁷⁴However, there was a notable experience, even very close, that did not go in that sense of the "impossibility" of a renewal, but rather that recently gave birth to great hope. See in this regard the section "Una charrúa

Finally it is in that impression, in that "open void", in that silent question that no longer awaits an answer, in that dead hope (but was it really as dead as it seemed?...) of the one who avoids pronouncing the name – that is where I finally remained at that moment, and in the following years until last year³⁷⁵. It didn't seem like Bucke's brotherly voice gave me an answer that could fill that void. It came to me like the distant and sweet song of a flute, in the midst of the smoke and flames of an immense fire. For it to be otherwise, it would undoubtedly have been necessary for him to communicate to me that same knowledge, the "cosmic" knowledge, that of the "other reality" of which he was the messenger. A knowledge that the written or spoken word is incapable of bringing to fruition. Only the Act of God acting in the human soul has that power...

That is surely why that book and its message tend to become a little obscured in the morass of half-forgetfulness. A "very interesting" book indeed, which had kept me in suspense for a few days (which had already vanished in the mists of the past...), which I had circulated among my friends and recommended. I walk it lively. But a book nevertheless that concerned (so it seemed to me) the concerns of a time in my life already past, and to which I did not foresee ever returning³⁷⁶.

(75) Crutch time and walking time (E. Carpenter and M. L'egaut) (November

13 and 17)³⁷⁷ The fact that the men we are going to consider, and probably others of those not I am aware, have achieved that "rare inner autonomy, together with an authentic religious experience", does not diminish in any way the scope of the advance achieved by Marcel L'egaut³⁷⁸ – the scope not only for him personally, but for religious life in general. What above all differentiates L'egaut's experience and mission from those of his great predecessors is that the experience (which I call "religious") of Whitman, Bucke and Carpenter is situated outside any framework of an established religion and the religious practices that it establishes³⁷⁹ – and for that very reason it escapes from the start the pressure of that leaden slab that weighs on the "faithful", the weight of centuries and millennia of an immutable tradition, accepted by all as an intangible, absolute authority.

It is true that Carpenter was a priest between the ages of 25 and 30. His father was also a priest, but he was an open man with liberal ideas, who "taught him to think for himself." Edward decided to be ordained with the idea (very close to that of L'egaut two or three generations after him) that he had to "change the Church from within." But once on site, he soon realized that "it would take a lot of time," probably more than he could live. Thus "a total break" with the environment and the religious institution finally seemed to him an "absolute necessity"³⁸⁰. Thus, in very similar circumstances, the fidelity of that

called Hope" (no. 59).

375See the section cited in the preceding footnote.

376See the continuation of the reflection in the note "Invisible seeds – or the Keys of the Kingdom" (no. 84).

377See the quote from the present note in the previous note, page 148. Essentially, the present note can be considered a continuation of the penultimate note "All men are fallible – or the advance" (no. 73).

378This is the progress that we have considered in the penultimate note, already cited in the preceding footnote.

379This is then a common point (among other previous ones) that now unites me with those three men. Such a religious (even "mystical") experience outside of any established religion, and which compromises all existence, seems to me to be something rare even now. The only other case that I remember, as I write these lines, is that of Arthur Koestler, mentioned in a footnote on page 150 of the previous note.

380The details provided here are taken from Bucke's book "Cosmic Consciousness" (which we have discussed in detail in the previous note), page 238. Virtually everything I know about Edward Carpenter comes from Chapter that Bucke devotes to him in his book (pages 237–259). It is the longest of the chapters, along with that of Walt Whitman, devoted by Bucke to the various cases of "cosmic consciousness" discovered by him. Most of the chapter devoted to Carpenter (the last of all the cases considered by Bucke as "major" or "principal") consists of extracts from letters or books by Carpenter. Among the numerous texts cited by

man to who he was in depth, to a mission that would only be revealed to him throughout his life, led him to leave the protective lap of the Church (without a doubt the first great break in his life , at the age of thirty), there where a Marcel L'egaut understood that he had to remain in the Church: "carry the Church", as he says – even if it is like a heavy Cross. While the central meditation in Carpenter's existence would deal with social questions and the fundamental questions that the society that includes and models him poses to the man of our time, that of L'egaut was going to take him towards the fundamentals of his Church and his religion.

L'egaut's choice to "remain faithful to the Church" clearly does not have the nature of a simple "tactical choice", nor even (as he himself has sometimes given the impression) that of a "moral imperative", which would have universal validity for all believing members of a Church that (as they live it) paralyzes and weighs them down. His choice, surely, comes from a deeper force than tactical opportunism or a "moral" imperative. In him, as in Carpenter when making the "choice" of an apparently opposite path that calls him with an equally imperious force, such choices that compromise all existence are followed spontaneously, without distortion and without violence, of the fidelity of man to himself and to his mission. Such a man is faithful in rejecting a weight that crushes him and is not "his," while another weight, his own, awaits him. Such another is by recognizing that same weight as "his", carrying it to the end and, in the process, transforming it – for himself and for everyone.

I believe that throughout his adult life, and in any case since his "leaving" the university environment towards a peasant life at the age of forty³⁸¹, L'egaut has wanted to be a "disciple of Jesus." . Having first set out along the path of other disciples of the same Master, over the years he was led to give that relationship of "disciple" a renewed meaning – a meaning that he had to discover and create during a lifetime. A beloved and certainly venerated teacher, Jesus is no longer the object of blind obedience, of unreserved submission, any more than the Church that arises from its Mission and claims its authority is; Church of which you feel like a responsible and deeply involved member. His reason, in full agreement with his faith, points to Jesus as one of those blessed beings among all³⁸² who, a man among men and sharing the risks and even the failures inherent to the condition of man , has become through his life, created day by day in fidelity to himself and to his Mission, a "Great among the great". The one who merges intimately with the will of God that acts in him and through him, to the point that one and the Other sometimes seem to be only one. More than a Teacher, that man is a source and sting for him, illuminating a path that often

Bucke throughout his book, Carpenter's are the ones that have hooked me most strongly – and this at a time (before 1974) when I was very far from any religious experience. That intense interest and that emotion, as if what I was reading revealed to me what I myself had already known long before, but had forgotten or did not want or dare to believe – those same movements, but even more As alive this time, they reappeared in my second reading of Bucke's book, last April. In Carpenter I see the most eloquent and most qualified spokesperson, along with Walt Whitman but in a very different register, to speak to modern man who is atheist, skeptical, uprooted, adrift, but in which he remains alive. a dark, invisible hope as well as a rigor that refuses to entertain illusions – to speak to that man of the "other reality" that is our common inheritance, that awaits each of us, in which he himself is It has already taken root so strongly and so simply.

³⁸¹Here again the parallelism between the lives of these two men is striking. After giving up his habit, Carpenter worked from the age of thirty to thirty-six in a university environment, beginning a deep reflection on social issues and on the very foundations of society. "He entered the state of cosmic consciousness" in 1881, at the age of thirty-seven. Immediately after his enlightenment, he renounced his social status and settled in the countryside, leading a laborious life with companions of modest condition, whose company from then on he found or more inspiring and more in harmony with what he himself was, than that of wise and well-placed people. His reflection on society (according to what Bucke tells us) led him towards a kind of advanced socialism, more or less anarchizing. I hope to soon put my hand on a book by Carpenter (it seems that some of his older books have been republished), to learn more about the life and thought of this exceptional man, one of the precursors, certainly, of the new Era before us.

³⁸²By speaking here of "one of those blessed beings among all", I present L'egaut's way of feeling in a somewhat tendentious way. Surely where I have put a plural he would have put a singular, refusing to consider that there could have been in the world a being of spiritual stature comparable to that of Jesus.

seems to sink and get lost in the night, and stimulating him without rest to clear it and to patiently, stubbornly continue the uncertain path, not imitating, but being inspired by the spirit of him who, two thousand years ago, preceded him.

The spirit of the Predecessor acts in the disciple who is inspired by him, by the very movement with which the disciple strives to reach an understanding of what was Jesus, the Unknown, the Enigmatic – distant in time, hidden by the Scriptures even more than they reveal it, and yet close as a great older Brother, loving, rigorous, patient and passionate brother; to probe, through the mists that surround him, even more dense and thickened by tradition and time, and in the light of the experience of his own life, what his path was; As he boarded, he recognized the obstacles on his route, and he recognized the signs, so humble and so imperceptible many times, that were to illuminate his steps and make him discover and open a path that no one before him had he had trodden, that neither he himself nor anyone else had ever dared to dream...

This is how for the disciple, the discovery of himself, of his own adventure and his own mission, and also of the weights that hinder his steps sometimes almost to the point of immobilizing him... – that deepening of himself progresses with that same movement that makes him penetrate into an understanding of the one who, faced with a task more “impossible” even than the his, and even lonelier than him, he went ahead.

Living that “other” approach to his religion, and witnessing that experience and its fruits, such has been the mission of Marcel L'egaut. I don't know any predecessors of his, in that way of living his religion as such a “disciple” relationship with the man who founded it. This approach aims in some way to be “common”, it is that of a “believer”, who places himself within the framework of an established religion and professes a privileged and unique veneration for his Founder.. But at the same time it separates itself in a decisive and profound way from traditional religious attitudes, due to the rigorous absence of any tendency towards idolatry. The veneration professed to a man, recognized as such and not as a “God made man”, is “religious” due to the acute perception (sometimes reaching adoration...) of the Action. on of God in that man; but she is religious without being blind, without abdicating in any way the full use of reason and her own “faculties” – just as that same man gave an example of this. If he was great, he did not deny any of his faculties of knowledge and judgment in the face of an all-powerful tradition. He trusted them just as he trusted the One who had given them to him to use them fully, freely – at his discretion, and at his own risk! And like few beings before or after him, he was faithful (and even in his death fully accepted...) to what they taught him, and to the path that they helped him to apprehend and unravel. .

It is the veneration of a man chosen as a living example, not as a model to imitate or as an object of worship. He knows how to distinguish in it the part of the limitations inherent to the human condition, from that of his own creativity that transcends the limits set by a time and a place, carried and nourished by a total fidelity to his deep being and the Mission that he creates and follows at the same time; And finally, in such close interaction with this human creativity that man is not able to clearly distinguish them, the disciple recognizes the Act of God in that man, close and loved by God among all. Letting such knowledge of another mature within oneself, in which the most vivid light constantly touches and embraces the penumbra and the thick shadow that surround, hide and nourish the deep mystery of the other – that is also a job. creative, a work in which the whole man is committed, and to which God himself is surely no stranger. With that work, at the rhythm of that knowledge of one greater than him, the being itself matures, becomes

know and grow...

Here is at least what I thought I felt in L'egaut's approach to the spiritual life, and how his mission appears to me. However, that cannot be my approach, since my path, which goes outside the framework of an established religion, has been very different. I have never felt like a disciple, I have never been a “believer.” Even today and less than ever, I do not “believe” in God. One day I knew that there was a Creator. That had nothing to do with a belief. For a year now I have known (because He has been kind enough to let me know) that the same “God” lives and acts in me, just as

who lives and acts in every being – a God who has not stopped creating in every place in the Universe and at every moment since (at least!) the creation of the World; a God who knows how to laugh and who knows how to cry, who loves everything he has created, who knows and shares all joy and all suffering, all greatness and all ruin, without ever being disturbed and without ceasing to take pity. God is very close.

Even when, too busy with my tasks (“at your Service”, of course!), He seems to have moved away, I know that He is very present, and that it is I, not He, who is move away I know all this, it is a knowledge that I cannot really say how it came to me. It is not a “belief” in something that one day someone (even if that someone is none other than myself) would have told me and assured me.

If someone has told me, it is God Himself, and I “believe” Him or rather, I have faith in what He says – just as I have faith in my ability ^{me} to distinguish His voice from every other voice. Voices are often louder, that's a fact, and easier to hear, but not necessarily reliable!

The fact is that I have the undeniable feeling (which may seem blasphemous, or foolish!) to know God, however unknowable, much better and more intimately than any other being in the world – although He be a mystery infinitely vaster than any being of flesh ever created; and that He is infinitely closer to me than any other being I have ever known, father or mother or wife or lover. With more intimacy and perfection than they were and than they could have been, He is my Father and He is my Mother, and He is the Lover and the Lover – and furthermore, He or She is a child with his small, light hand in mine, who walks by my side, and I as strong as if I were the father! But even, as often happens, when He or She seems to hide and I seem to be alone between these old arched walls, silly old bird who talks to his cats when not to himself – even then it is His company that pleases me above all, that no one else does, not even by far! could ever match.

It is a situation that I would never have dreamed of before, I am almost an atheist! And in these conditions, seek the meditation of another, even if it is that of Jesus (who, they say, is there just for that...), and his good offices close to Him or That which is a thousand times closer to me than him, truly that would be looking for a fifth wheel for a splendid chariot that has never rolled so well!

All this does not prevent L'egaut's approach to religious life and mine from having very strong points of contact, a surprising kinship. Surely that is why my encounter with his thought has been so exceptionally fruitful for me – in a sense, perhaps, that had in no way been foreseen or desired by him³⁸³! But, ignoring this impact on my own person, I believe that his mission is intended primarily to enlighten men who, like himself, have been educated in the practice of a religion.

Enlighten them, and inspire them to transform their relationship with “their” religion through a spiritual creation incessantly taken up, in the open way, discovered by him. A path then that, integrating the exercise of healthy reason in the life of faith, can lead them out of the dead end of a religious practice solidified in forms that are already hollow, blindly submissive to religious authority (zealous guarantor of forms), torn from the earth and the true sources of spiritual life.

I do not doubt that, through the great Mutation, such a relationship of inner autonomy and creative freedom of the “believers” with their religions and with their respective Churches, will end up becoming general. Being an optimist, there is no doubt that there are still centuries to go – in the blink of an eye for the Worker! But whether centuries or millennia are missing, this is where, I am convinced, the path opened by the progress achieved by L'egaut must lead.

³⁸³It is to be feared that I will never find out, since it is not clear that L'egaut (who is 87 years old and has no shortage of work) will ever find out, even if only the (numerous) passages from the Key of Dreams in which his name appears, or that have been written in response to reading his books. There is a delicate and joking irony of fate in the fact that the only man I know who, without necessarily always taking my view of things as his own, is sufficiently “connected” to be able to feel and appreciate the substance of almost all the issues that I touch on in my book, and also the one that I had most in mind at the time of writing it, is also the one that is so doubtful that I will ever be available to know it...

Once we reach that collective stage that we see still pointing very far on the horizon, the religious-institutions are undoubtedly called to disappear. Their joint Mission, just as it was entrusted to them by the great "Enlighteners" of the past, and which they carried through many errors, complacencies and betrayals (before they are washed under the great Waters of the Downpour?...) – that Mission will then be accomplished: the to accompany man, from his infantile state of gregarious dependence and spiritual ignorance, to his adult state: that of a fully autonomous, freely assumed creative existence.

I had asked myself why, so stubbornly, apparently contrary to that sound reason that he did not want to abdicate, a Marcel L'egaut persists in remaining faithful to a decrepit and sclerotic Church, carrying himself for her with a weight so crushing and (it seemed to me at first) so sterile. The answer that now comes to me is this: it is to make possible and hasten the arrival of the distant time in which the Churches, those crutches of the lame man, can finally be thrown away and disappear; when man, emerging from his state of infantile paralysis, no longer relying on anyone, has finally learned to walk!

(76) Walt Whitman – or a poet's wedding

(November 13, 15, 16 and 18)384 When talking here about the poetry of Walt Whitman, it is first of all about the poet's masterpiece, "Leaves of Grass"385, and more precisely from the first draft of that work. It is also the original edition, with a circulation of a thousand copies at the expense of the author-publisher in 1855 (it barely sold three hundred). A kind of poetic and epic torrent, in "verse" such as had never been seen ("free verses" as they say now, and they really were "free"!), a torrent spilling into a hundred of pages with twelve "poems" without a title386, without the name of the author or the editor on the cover or elsewhere; Instead of a name, a daguerreotype of a standing man, wearing a worker's shirt with the collar open, one hand on his waist and the other in his pants pocket, very relaxed and at the same time with a thoughtful air under a dark hat. wide brim...

It was written on the crest of the wave that followed the "enlightenment" (77), the first of all, which must have taken place in the month of June of the previous year. That experience, still so close, is what

384See the quote from this note in the penultimate note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the prophet of the other reality", page 148.

385Original title "Leaves of Grass". This selection of poems was enriched, and for that very reason it was modified, throughout Whitman's life, in nine successive editions and until the year before his death, in 1891. The number of poems went from 12 in 1855 to 383 in the "Deathbed edition" of 1891.

The original edition, unknown to the public for more than a century (except to Whitman scholars), was finally reissued in 1959 by Malcom Cowley (Viking Press, later Penguin Books).), and then it has had 28 successive editions, the last one to date, in the "Penguin Classics" (which I just got), is from this same year 1987. Whitman's text is preceded by an excellent editor's introduction of about thirty pages. Of course, there is no French-language edition of that original edition of the "Leaves." And what is most regrettable and almost incredible, the name "Walt Whitman" does not appear in the catalogs of French bookstores in the year of grace of 1987! Since I didn't believe it, my bookseller ended up discovering that there was a French translation of selected texts by Whitman, under the title "Poems and Prose", translations by Fabulet, Gide, Laforgue, Valéry Larbaud and Schlumberger, published by Gallimard in 1918, reissued in 1960 and out of print since a date I do not know. Oh century of the bomb and Walt Disney...

386In later editions Whitman ended up giving titles to these poems. The first and the longest by far, taking up only half of the pamphlet, is "Song of Myself", the "Canto de M'ýísmo" (or "I sing to myself", according to the first verse of the poem). That is the heart of the compilation, in which the message received by Whitman a short time before explodes in its first freshness and in all its inspired passion. It is surely his masterpiece among all - but more than the work of the person Walt Whitman, a wealthy journalist more or less in a state of chronic unemployment, it is the Invisible Guest who has chosen his voice to speak to us. From a mediocre writer, lost in the anonymous mass, here is that same Whitman becomes a great poet overnight and he knows it (although he is still the only one to know it). Almost until his death thirty-seven years later, he would write prose and poetry full of sensitivity, verb, depth, and courage. But the breath that passes through that first song of a great poet is unique in all his work. And also unique, surely, in everything that man has memory of what poets have dared to feel and say about man and God...

It gives to that formless and (in the eyes of the rules of art) insane torrent that freshness and that power that no "art" could ever invent. And that same source is what gives it its extraordinary impact on certain readers, for whom the encounter with "the Leaves" has been one of their great moments, a moment that marks a turning point in their existence.

But for the message to transmit all the force that belongs to it, we must first overcome the shock of an expression that seems to defy all form and, even worse, that seems to delight in putting black on white, in transfiguring into "poems." "ia", the things that everyone feels are ordinary, banal, trivial, if not directly obscene, repulsive, filthy...

Overcoming that, now, the herd-reflex, is not something everyone can do. But to read Whitman and read him on the tuning fork that is his own, isn't it necessary to be a little "of the same family"? Have pores similar to yours to receive simple and true things, common like the leaves of grass or grass, delicate, mysterious, ephemeral, and indefatigable like them – those things that form the dense, pomegranate flesh of a Loving universe? Knowing how to welcome his caress – or his blow – like the poet?

Or rather what is needed is to have preserved something of the child's innocence, or to have rediscovered it; May the epidermis delicately open again, as with a thousand small hands that joyfully welcome the breezes and effluvia that pass by, the caresses of the Beloved...

When Whitman writes his "Leaves," carried by a wave such as he had never known in his life, certainly, and such as he will never know again, he must believe that all his people, the people of the great and young Am Erica, who was still looking for herself, vibrated with him, Whitman, his newborn bard and his poet, although apart from him no one knew it; that this people of generous blood, a new amalgam of all the races of the old world, was only waiting for him to reveal itself, just as the poet feels through what he knows he is: a god who knows himself to be God, among gods who ignore each other!

Those are in any case its dispositions, those of a visionary exultation tailored to a great Nation and the entire Universe, which explode like a fiery hymn, dazzling through the nine pages of the Introduction. to the work that has just been born – introduction in prose, but carried on the wings of a giant! After a dazzling apology for the mission of the poet (and above all, of the "greatest of poets", who remains unnamed...) in the vast concert of the Nation, he ends with these words. Lines of a virgin faith even of all doubt:

"The individual is as great as a nation, when he has the qualities that make the nation great. The soul of the greatest and richest and proudest of nations will do well half the way to meet that of their poets. The signs are clear. There is no mistake to fear. If one is true the other is true.

The proof of the poet is that his country absorbs him with as much affection as he has absorbed it."³⁸⁷

Furthermore, he spared no effort, once the pamphlet appeared, in giving some energetic pushes to stimulate the encounter between America and its poet³⁸⁸. Nothing to do, and the blow must have been rather harsh: apart from an emotional letter from Ralph Waldo Emerson³⁸⁹, it was above all,

³⁸⁷I am the one who translates, from Cowley's edition of the "Leaves" (see the penultimate footnote.

³⁸⁸Whitman, who was a journalist, created his own publicity, writing himself some anonymous and dithyrambic (and surely sincere!) reviews of those "Leaves of Grass", and of the magnificent man, man of the people like you and me and who laughed at all "literature", who had written and composed it with his hands, etc. It was published as "filler," welcomed by his colleagues, in various newspapers. Whitman must have been very far from thinking at that moment that, less than a hundred years later, there would be biographers who would closely snoop on his smallest deeds and gestures (like a legion). of professional detectives...), and that they were not going to overlook those little tricks! Just as he did not think that these extravagant praises would contrast strangely with the general tone of the reception that was reserved for him (the welcome-run!), and would make him ask questions...

³⁸⁹Emerson seems to have been at that time the writer and philosopher best regarded by the American intelligentsia,

and to the extent that the press wanted to take note of the micro-event, a flood of sarcastic or indignant, even insulting, comments. It is not strange that the unfortunate Introduction was abandoned sine die from the next edition, the following year³⁹⁰. Except for error, it was not exhumed in any other of the numerous editions of the "Leaves" for more than a hundred years³⁹¹.

For Whitman it must have been a rather painful memory, how wrong he had been, and with what great certainty! in his predictions of a kind of love wedding between the American People (in anticipation of all of Humanity) and "the greatest of poets."

With that he had provided good whips to hit him. There was no shortage of blows.

Even today, despite the passage of more than a century, one finds among literary critics condescending comments about Whitman's "narrow nationalism" and "megalomania" (80).

Throughout their stay, they did not stop predicting that the so-called "poet" Whitman, who only God knew how he continued to attract even a certain audience, would soon sink forever into the trash bins. of the oblivion he deserved. It does not seem that at any time Whitman was discouraged by such sarcasm. Through the worries of an endemic and tenacious semi-misery, with few friends, and later also a long and painful illness, stuck to his wheelchair, he never had (according to everything What I know is) the slightest doubt about the unique scope of its mission, nor about its permanence. He certainly had the good sense to no longer trumpet such things, not even to his closest friends. But they knew well what their feeling was on the matter. And the fact is that almost a century after his death, his poetry and his message, and his very person in his mystery that remains unfathomable, are more current than ever. Over time, everyone clearly sees his stature, more undoubtedly than in life, in that rare were those who had the inner autonomy to be able to appreciate it.

It is true that even today Whitman is not the "people's poet", present in every home in the country, loved as the singer of the "common" people and things, of the "ordinary" people. It is certainly true to consider him (who would have thought!) as "the greatest poet" that America has ever produced. The books that are dedicated to him, examining his work or his life (which remains enigmatic), are already countless. Once this has been confirmed, it must be said, however, that even today those who, beyond always conventional and ultimately ridiculous "literary" criteria, draw on it are rare, those who have found themselves through his

with a large audience among the general public. His letter to Whitman (July 21, 1855) is undoubtedly Emerson's most widely read writing today. And perhaps his act of spontaneity and courage, of fraternal and generous welcome to an illustrious stranger whom he calls his "benefactor", is also the most notable and which honors him most in its brilliant and long existence (1803–1882).

Whitman arranged (and without asking the author's permission) for the letter to be published by the New York Tribune and (according to Cowley) "astonished and horrified the little "republic of letters." American. No one agreed with Emerson apart from a handful of extreme transcendentalists, such as Thoreau and Alcott."

It is interesting to note that Thoreau, like Emerson himself, is placed by Bucke among the cases of men who, however slightly, have "entered the Cosmic Consciousness." The credit thus given to Emerson and Thoreau may not be unrelated to the warm support they gave to Whitman. For my part, Thoreau forms, with Whitman and Melville, the "great Trinity" of American Letters in the last century.

With that letter in his pocket even before the volumes of the "Leaves" were finished binding, Whitman must have believed that everything was achieved. On the other hand, Cowley estimates (without reason according to me, since he forgets the good Lord...) that without Emerson, he says, "Whitman, who was almost universally condemned at least for the next ten years , would never be more than a shout in the middle of a crowd."

³⁹⁰This 1856 edition presents a text quadrupled compared to the original edition. It is still "artisanal" and at Whitman's expense. The first edition of the "Leaves" commissioned from professional editors is the third, which did not appear until 1860. The editors, Thayer and Eldridge, great admirers of Whitman (you had to be one to take that risk!) , they went bankrupt, what a shame! the following year – and they remained faithful friends of the poet all their lives.

In the 1856 edition, expurgated from the Introduction that had failed, appears on the contrary (always without the author's authorization) the famous letter from Emerson, in addition to a response from Whitman giving him a "dear Master". (He who had been called "my benefactor" could not do less!) Relations between the two having cooled, that advertising was also eliminated in the 1860 edition.

³⁹¹The exhumation was carried out in 1959 by the care of Malcom Cowley, in the aforementioned edition.

great “Song of Myself” – just as when writing that song of his soul the poet wanted them to meet, and he knew, deeply, that they would meet. The barriers that oppose each one of us may be as powerful today as ever. Walt Whitman the God-loving, inspired wanderer “walking amazed at my own lightness and glee...” – walking lightly, carried by such indescribable happiness that he himself is still amazed and marveled – while he had detached himself forever of immemorial pesos, it was difficult for him, with the joviality of his love that overflowed in song, to realize the power that those pesos held in others. In those to whom it was given in that Song, those to whom it loved by making them part of its extraordinary, its prodigious secret...

I think it has always been this way, without exception, in everyone who has suddenly found themselves with new knowledge, knowledge that they knew was priceless, made to be shared with everyone. In that state of exultant lightness, in that ardor of sharing, who of those chosen ones does not immediately forget the colossal inertia that weighs on the world of men, just as it weighs on the soul of each one – of each one of those brothers to whom, more than ever, he feels linked by mysterious and essential ties, outside of time?

This forgetfulness, which at a superficial glance may seem comical or even ridiculous, is nevertheless the forgetfulness of what the new look shows us as an “accessory”: that matter that weighs on the spirit with inexorable force. of a fatality, to lead him imperiously and incessantly to the tenacious bargain in which he remains immersed up to his neck. The essential thing is not in that weight, it is not in the matter (which sometimes seems to fill the World to the point of suffocating it...), it is not in what imprisons, that intimidates, that calms, that retains, nor in what at all times seems to separate the one who fears from the one who knows – but rather it is in what animates and gives meaning to matter, what has no measure or weight, in what liberates when his time comes; in what is common between him who knows and those who one day will know, and also between beings given over to carnal death and God, who contains them and embraces them and intertwines.

Forgetting the accessory is also forgetting time. It is seeing as fulfilled what must be fulfilled in a hundred years, or in a thousand or in a hundred thousand – no one knows when, perhaps not even God Himself, before the fruit is ripe to fall.

Such confusion between “now” and “one day, God knows when,” of course presents inconveniences, regrettable for the interested party and even (depending on his audience) for many others as well. Thus Jesus when announcing, with all the authority of one who knows, that the Hour was approaching - and behold, almost two thousand years have already passed, and Christianity that had waited so long for it, that Hour, has decidedly stopped believing in it and now less than ever, when you are more than ripe and about to fall³⁹²! And Whitman, with his almost official announcement of his marriage to America, and his remarriage to Humanity, surely seemed foolish at a time when it was visibly not going that way!

However, it does not seem that this has calmed him down as much as one might think. He contented himself with repackaging his announcement, premature and decidedly unsustainable given the circumstances. It seems to me that deep down he knew very well that he had not been as wrong as it might seem. That was nothing like a balloon that had suddenly deflated, under the attack of some angry feathers. No, Walt had a guarantor, and although no one may have seen that guarantor, he knew him intimately. He had forgotten the incidental, all right, that he avenged himself in his own way (without Whitman ever thinking of lamenting or complaining about anyone). Already in the years (if not in the weeks) that followed the reckless announcement, he must have realized that this “wedding”, which he had felt and felt in such a way that he could never deny its evidence – that this wedding would not be for tomorrow, not even for this ride on the big Ferris wheel. So it's better not to insist!

But if unfortunately he had forgotten what was surely obvious to the most

³⁹²Compare the note “Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast” (no. 20) especially pages 36–37, and the note “When they have understood the lesson – or the Great Joke of God ” (no. 27).

obtuse, on the other hand he saw what no one (that is to say) saw: what counts. What truly counts for those who know. What remains. The essential. And that essential thing, he knew well that even when he was sick (if that were to happen), or long after the worms had eaten and digested that body, that wonder that had sung with amazement (and singing at the same time "his soul", the Beloved...) – that, in ten years as in ten thousand, I would remember.

And that the wedding for love would take place!

(77) Walt Whitman (2) – or Eros and the Mystical Union

(November 19 and 20)393 Whitman himself never (to my knowledge) used the term "enlightenment" nor no other similar one, to refer to that experience or to others of the same nature that he had later. To tell the truth, it seems that he never "referred" to her and that even with those close to him, he refrained from talking about her. Without a doubt he judged that what he should say about her was said in his "Song of Myself", and more particularly, on the third or fourth page, in the twenty verses that constitute the fifth movement of the I sing, beginning with: "I believe in you my soul..." – I believe in you, my soul...

These verses (more precisely, four of them), evoke in carnal terms a love scene, between the poet (whose name will only appear once and much later in the entire poem) and "his soul." I understand well that it was the place, let's say, to launch into explanations to try to distinguish between the carnal symbol and the spiritual reality that it expresses, and also, between these two different planes of reality, to say where exactly the "real experience", which restored the memory.

Furthermore, I am convinced that he would have been unable to do it even on his own. That this experience was either "carnal" or "erotic", and more precisely even "orgasmic", but transfigured in a way totally inexpressible in words – elevated to the spiritual plane with such radiant intensity, dazzling (without being blinding), "solar", as only carnal experience and human love with all its sweetness and power can evoke and make one confusedly glimpse, without ever reaching it even remotely. Just like the light of a candle at night, or even a beautiful camp fire, they evoke the notion of "light" embodied in its fullness by the sun, without ever reaching anywhere near its dazzling clarity, nor the indescribable quality of daylight. Whitman is like a man who had contemplated with his eyes of flesh the light of day in the full sun, and who spoke of it to those who have never in their lives seen any other light than candles or torches or bonfires at night, when not only (and it is frequent) pocket flashlights or car headlights piercing the mists with their sharp and crude beams of cold and diffuse light.

I think I have understood that what the poet calls "my soul" is not what I would call that, but "the invisible Guest"394; What is God and his action in him, Walt Whitman395. If you give that

393See the forwarding sign to this note in the previous note, "Walt Whitman (1) – or wedding of a poet", page 158.

394For the Guest and the other characters that act in the psyche, especially the soul, see the note "The small family and its Guest" (no. 1).

395"I think I understand" is a euphemism – I have no doubt that this is so. Furthermore, Bucke has also understood it this way, as is evident from his comments in "Cosmic Consciousness". But in this "case" as in many others in which he cites texts by men who have "entered Cosmic Consciousness" (according to his expression), the meaning of Bucke's comments is obscured by his purpose. It is a deliberate and systematic decision not to use the familiar term "God," which he replaces with the word "Cosmic Consciousness."

(Thus merging into the same term an "internal" state of consciousness of a being, and a somewhat "external" reality that transcends it, and that is "the same" for all beings.) In my second reading of Bucke's book, in April of this year, I did not know how to grasp the meaning of that personalization and that strange divinization that sometimes makes that famous "Cosmic Consciousness", which has made it its mission to make known, and which always writes with two capital letters. In short, and perhaps without him being very clear, said mission consisted neither more nor less of reintroducing incognito among his peers, and under a new name with air, the most faithful ya! serious and perhaps more acceptable, to the "good God" of the good old days who had gone out of fashion and who, discredited by his undesirable followers, had become unbearable!

name, "my soul", it is surely because at the moment of that experience and in the following weeks, when he wrote that "Song of Myself" (which therefore also means: "Song of God").), is so close to Him, the Lover (probably even closer than I have ever felt to myself...), that he feels it as a part intimate of himself, as the part of spiritual essence par excellence, what is best in him. As for the other of the lovers, the one with whom the poet identifies above all and who he will later call "Walt Whitman"396, he is in no way his "ego", his "I" (which in those moments it is absent or at least totally "out of play"), but rather what I would call "its soul"397. The act of love that is fulfilled here is the act of union of the soul with God.

In other words: God has chosen to reveal himself and unite with the soul (incarnated at that time in the person of a "Walter Whitman"), through an Act of "illumination" taking as "form" and means of expression of carnal love, the carnal union of lovers. Furthermore, I have the clear impression that Whitman is far from being the first being in the history of our species to have been favored with a revelation from God that takes that particular, "erotic" form – although perhaps it is the first and perhaps the only one in which that revelation, that carnal intimacy with the Beloved, has reached the complete union of the soul with the Beloved. In any case, it seems that Whitman was the first to have dared to say it; to say it, in short, with clear words, barely filtered by the chiaroscuro of poetic language; also the first, perhaps, who had the mission of saying it – or if not the first, at least, who was faithful to that mission398 .

(78) Two Prometheans for a Mission – or dogs, cats and men (November 19 and 20)399

Freud's mission comes to mind, deep down very close and equally heavy to carry. Surprisingly, Freud was born in 1856, the year following the first edition of Whitman's Leaves of Grass, who (born 1819) was thirty-seven years older. I doubt that these two men, opposite to each other in so many ways, have even heard of each other. And yet I feel their destinies strangely close and supportive. It seems to me that their missions are perfectly complementary. The "yin", "feminine" role corresponds without contest to Whitman, the eldest (as the yin should be), the "yang" or "masculine" role to Freud400. It seems to me that one mission and another are like

396In fact the official name is Walter Whitman, that is the one that appears in the mandatory legal declaration included in the original edition of the "Leaves". The change of the name Walter to "Walt" clearly has a symbolic value, that of a change of personality (which was certainly much more radical than the surreptitious omission of a syllable could suggest ...).

397Confronted here with the expression of the experience and sensitivity of another, I am led again to this mystery, so often bordered on the pages of the Key of Dreams: the human soul, which I clearly feel that I am different from the Guest, might I not, however, be in some mysterious way, indistinguishable and identical to Him? In this disturbing question I think I see a faint light shining, which I may try to discern elsewhere, if it still persists...

398See the continuation of this reflection in the following note, which is its immediate continuation on the same day. I have separated them into two different notes to highlight, with the different titles, the two topics, both different and important, that I deal with successively.

399Continuation of the previous note. See the preceding footnote.

400Lately I have read biographical texts of both Whitman and Freud, and now I realize that in both of them the "feminine" lines were very marked (as is also the case in my case) – perhaps even one more in Whitman than in Freud. Under the pressure of the surrounding culture and its values (as was also the case in my case), both of them "compensated" strongly, showing characters in which the marked "masculine" character traits are the star. Thus Whitman, when he introduces himself, towards the middle of the "Song of Myself" (lines 499-501), as

"Walt Whitman, an American, one of the tough ones, a cosmos, disorderly carnal and sensual... eating drinking copulating, not a sentimental... nor one who puts himself above men or women or apart from them... "not more modest than immodest." (The... are from Whitman.)

The fact is that there was nothing "hard" about him, and it is enough to read his poems or prose to know it, without having to read his biography. I think that in the following years, and especially with his experience of the Civil War, that somewhat "macho" pose (but never with any nuance of brutality, or condescension towards women) came away from him.

the two faces, apparently opposite and yet inseparable, intimately intertwined, of a "common mission", of superhuman dimensions: that of removing and dissipating the immemorial tabu that separates man from Eros.

Whitman's part of that Promethean enterprise was to rehabilitate Eros as a force of divine essence, and carnal experience as one of the fingers of flesh destined to awaken rich spiritual resonances in the soul; as one of the keys capable of opening the soul to spiritual reality until making it welcome the God-Bride or the God-Husband and unite with 79). In his view of the World, Whitman places himself from the beginning in Him or with Her (the spiritual perspective, in which pure term, and not as "psychic mechanisms" appear as phenomena of inertia, totally accessory from a perspective in the long truly dynamic and creative processes. They move beings, societies and entire humanity in circles that incessantly close on themselves and incessantly make us travel the same path! In As for the drive of Eros, which at the same time inserts itself into these mechanisms and often forces them without contemplation, by itself it is not of creative essence on the spiritual plane⁴⁰¹, but it carries within it a call to sublimate in spiritual creative force. And the carnal experience that seeks, that world of senses of inexhaustible richness of which human carnal love is like the most delicate and most intense quintessence, surrounds and is married to the most invisible reality. deep, like a sweet and soft skin surrounds the body of the Beloved, calling to her lover.

Freud's part, on the contrary, was to give Eros a charter of citizenship as an "object" of rigorous rational investigation and reflection, following the prestigious models of the natural sciences; of a pure intellectual investigation that does not allow us to retreat from any aspect of the drive, no matter how "banal" or "anodyne", "trivial" and even "scabrous" or "filthy" depending on what it may be. the feelings commonly received and universally, totally shared by everyone (at least it seemed that way...). Along this path and with deliberate purpose, Freud attempts to reduce the elusive Eros, and even the entire psyche, to a set of mechanisms capable of being observed, described, analyzed, classified, and to a large extent (it is hoped) "understood" and even predicted, in accordance with the mechanistic conceptions that animated the avant-garde scholars of their time. The things that a Whitman would leave (and should leave) in the limbo of the "unsaid" and the poetic unspeakable, Freud would painstakingly and ruthlessly strive to illuminate them with the most as alive as it can be - even so alive, and above all so raw, that what the poet (or I who am not a poet) perceives as essential, as the essence of the drive, is very often destroyed or expelled or driven away by that brutal beam. (But that's another story^{402...})

'he without truly leaving traces.

On the contrary, Freud seems to have been more successful in his efforts to model himself according to the "superyang" values in force. Until recently, based on the little I knew or had read about him, I saw him as very, very yang: doctrinaire, with his categorical statements (in which he rarely admitted a small ~no room for exceptions...), often authoritarian attitudes (but not exempt from benevolence, even kindness, and where the desire to dominate is never indicated...). It is also a fact that in his family he was very Patriarch, as was the custom of his time. However, all of this is part of the superficial "structure", of the "I", and does not affect the depth. What is certain is that he would not have been able to probe the psyche as he did, as no one before him knew or dreamed of doing, if he had not had to the highest degree at least this "feminine" quality par excellence. : the ability to listen.

401On the creative character of Eros and its limits, see the two consecutive notes "Eros – or the power" and "the Sense – or the Eye" (no. 39, 40).

402I will have to return in more detail to that "other story": to certain limitations inherent to the "psychoanalytic attitude" as it is generally practiced. (An attitude that Jung, if he had been faithful to the historical mission that awaited him, would undoubtedly have overcome, but which he followed blindly as blindly as everyone else.) In all of them it is evident that the role of psychoanalytic "jargon", based on names in Latin and Greek, is to eliminate in the observer of Eros (promoted to "psychoanalyst") all traces of erotic movement, to make him a pure Brain , and from Eros (and even from the patient who entrusts himself to his hands) an object – the object of an objective, impassive, sovereign science. But what is believed to be grasped and what is spoken about in this way is as little "Eros", as the corpse of a man that is dissected in the amphitheater is that man – the living man that he was.

That does not prevent it from being absolutely necessary to go through there: a big sweep of the broom and a big breath of air, to chase away (even if at first only among the most awake) the old ghosts and those smells of shame, disgust, remorse and fear.

A thorough cleaning, yes, there where pressure cooking was done in an ultra-closed and compressed vessel, for at least ten millennia if not a hundred or a thousand. A decisive advance in our long history. Certainly an advance of a very different style, but no less decisive than that achieved by Whitman, almost half a century earlier. But perhaps both are more like the first two gaps that begin an even broader advance, which has been laboriously developing for more than a century.

I had thought of calling it the "liberation of Eros", that capital advance, but that is not exactly what it is. It is not about "unchaining" Eros, of encouraging (let's say) the friendly and sometimes annoying dogs and cats in us to impose their law on the Master of the house, get on the table and take the bread from the table, hand or mouth. It is not about freeing Eros, fiery dogs and lascivious cats, so that they can roam freely, but rather about freeing the soul. Free the soul from fear.

And the root of the soul's fear is its fear of Eros. Freeing it from fear is neither more nor less than freeing it from the fear of Eros.

When the Master of the house stops being afraid of his caged and wild dogs and cats that howl and growl and meow and snort in obedience, he will no longer think about putting chains or chains on them. in leaving them to rot in huts and cages. When dogs and cats stop being mistreated, they will not think about letting off steam, God knows how, giving you impossible concerts, climbing on lamps and tables (at least as long as they are not encouraged). As for the way in which they play and copulate with each other and with the neighbors (and whether it takes advantage of them!), 'that is their issue. And from the good Lord who, a long time ago, took the trouble to teach them how they should do it!

(79) Ramakrishna – or the wedding of the Mother with Eros (November

20)403 I imply here, in the light of my own experience, that the erotic experience can be a path to God, and even be the form chosen by Him for a "Union" mysticism" of the soul with Him, will sound like a sacrilege to Christian ears, for whom "Eros" or "The flesh" still retain their smells of sulfur and hell. And without a doubt it must be recognized that the famous "pleasures" of the flesh more often lead to hell (a most terrestrial and transitory hell, fortunately!) than to God. But that Eros can lead to God, and even that the Union can take erotic form, has long been recognized in Hinduism, although the Masters only speak of it (and for good reasons) with reservation and discretion. Sri R`amakrishna alludes to this several times⁴⁰⁴, implying that it is a very slippery path (qualified by him as the "heroic path") to the divine Mother, and that those who reach the end are rare.

However, the gift of sympathy, if it restores the patient's human quality and makes communication possible on a human level, is not created by an intelligence of the nature of Eros. Nor that indispensable corrective to psychoanalytic practice: the attentive and scrutinizing look at oneself (the "self-analysis" as Freud called it), which plays a crucial role in the development of one's thinking. Freud and his knowledge of the psyche. It is the guarantor of a probity and the path of a depth that were the greatness of Freud (and to which Jung turned his back). But if it allows us to see the gears of a machine in action, it alone is not enough to make us feel the breath that animates the psychic machine, which reaches us from very far away, and which escapes all "mechanics". What the poet in us knows, and that will always escape the "wise man"...

⁴⁰³See the reference to this note in the previous note "Two Prometheans for a Mission – or dogs, cats and men", page 164.

⁴⁰⁴My reading of R`amakrishna, like almost all of my readings of the "spiritual greats" or mystics, is very recent. I have never read as much in my life as I did after March of this year! Readings in the wake of my "mystical" experience, above all with the desire to compare his teaching with the experience of other "spirituals" and what they got out of it. My source for R`amakrishna is the well-known compilation of his teachings, in the form of aphorisms, collected in the last years of his life by the disciples who lived with him.

The French version, with the title "L'enseignement de R`amakrishna", edited by Jean Herbert, appeared in Albin Michel (1972).

He himself had an attitude of visceral rejection and antagonism towards sex, which he strives to communicate to his followers. An attitude all the stronger, surely, as one notices in him an ardent, emotional nature, which would "leave" at the first opportunity if he were not vigilant. And well, he "went away," on the other hand, but in ecstasy, sometimes at the sight of the first newcomer, in whom he recognized "the divine Mother." The erotic attraction and the erotic energy it released was instantly transformed into a higher order energy, triggering the perception of the Mother and ecstasy.

Furthermore R[ा]makrishna said that every woman embodied the divine Mother – and for me that is not a figure of speech, nor "superstition". This is how I myself have felt about "the Woman" all my life. (At least until last year.) But for R[ा]makrishna, once a woman (including his legitimate wife) was perceived as "Mother," the erotic drive toward her was left behind. this instantly deactivated, by the immediate entry into action of the incest tabu (more powerful in him than in anyone); or more exactly, the drive was not deactivated but diverted elsewhere, beyond it, towards the extra-carnal Mother who contains and penetrates and receives all things.

It does not seem that Whitman perceived God, and the omnipresence of God in things, through the archetype of the Mother, as was the case with Ramakrishna (or mine until very recently). In any case, the "heroic path" that Ramakrishna spoke of is evidently not the one Whitman followed, nor mine. Well, R[ा]makrishna was talking about men who set out with the very clear idea of "seeking God" and who to this end chose this path or another that seemed favorable to them. (Believing they already knew in advance what they were looking for in the end, surely the majority of them, among those who believe they have achieved it, found neither more nor less than a product of their imagination, stimulated by their readings.) But Whitman never had the idea of "seeking God" or anything like that. If he was really looking for something (as I suppose), he must have placed himself at a level inaccessible to the avid gaze of the "I", entirely hidden from consciousness. It was God who took the initiative to go find him, Whitman, and He did it in the way that seemed best to Him. I suppose that Whitman, already from the years preceding his enlightenment, internally assented to the drive of Eros, to the particular (and irreplaceable, he must have felt) opening that it gave him over the World and the others. Otherwise, he would not have been able to receive the experience as he did, he would have panicked (as others, surely, did...). But above all, if God made himself known to him in that way, it was (I am convinced) because of the mission that he charged him with.

If I express myself so categorically about Whitman, it is because I have the feeling that my path is very similar to his in certain aspects. Like him, God "came to find me" while I was far from thinking about him, and He also made himself known to me first by touching the erotic chords of my being, taking on the face of the Blessed Beloved. or that of the Lover. To tell the truth, eight years ago I felt the call to bring to others a message about Eros, about the Mother and about the Child in man⁴⁰⁵. Later I understood that there was no

The convergence of my own experience with much of what I was able to learn from Ramakrishna's came as a surprise. Until now, only in it have I been able to read what I knew from my dream experience: that the "divine Mother" (which is Ramakrishna's preferred name for God) can appear to the worshiper under the face of the Mother, or the Father, or the Lover, or the Lover, and even under that of his own child; In fact, She (or He) can take any form of human, animal and even objects (supposedly "inanimate") to manifest herself to us!

The main difference I see between my experience of God and that of R[ा]makrishna is that his is very little "intellectual", thought participates in it as little as is possible or thinkable. It is situated above all on the extreme diapason of mystical ecstasy, to the point that Ramakrishna seems to have difficulty conceiving that a living relationship with the "divine Mother" can take place and develop in such an extreme diapason. It is much more moderate, "low-key". It is not surprising that with the regime under which he lived, he did not grow old (and that was not his intention): he died in 1886, at the age of fifty.

⁴⁰⁵This is the episode of the writing of the "Praise of Incest" (my apologies for the somewhat lurid title!), which is discussed in Cosechas y Siembras on two occasions, in passing: in the penultimate paragraph of the section "The

The time had come to give a message, which I still needed to learn and mature. Currently the message has been renewed from top to bottom, but above all: I am no longer my own messenger, but that of Another. Just like Whitman, although he does not say a word (and it was certainly not the time then), he was the messenger of that Other. Or the messenger of that "other reality", which he already knew first-hand, and about which he could speak with all the inner authority, all the intimate security of the one who knows.

In my first reading of "Leaves of Grass", ten years ago, although the core of the message still eluded me because I had not lived an experience similar to yours, I already felt close to him, because of that "erotic" resonance in the perception of the things he felt in him. And also for the audacity he had in letting her vibrate freely in the way he spoke about things. (An audacity of very different scope, and very different "value", in those times than now!) I saw there as an affinity of temperaments without further ado, at a time when the thought of a mission The fact that he was before me was very far away, and that I was also far from perceiving Whitman's mission.

That feeling of "kinship" has been singularly confirmed with the experience (which I would call "mystical") of last winter, and, at the same time, with the progressive revelation of my own mission. . With the reflection of these last few days, which confronts me with previous impressions of my readings of Bucke and Whitman, resumed last spring, I see forming an embryonic understanding of the missions of both. (Hoping also to come to a better understanding of the message and mission of Edward Carpenter.) It is clear that my mission extends in some way that of Bucke, the prophet of the advent of a "cosmic consciousness." " common to all men. And also, perhaps more immediately and more essential, that of Whitman: reconciling man with Eros, which deep down frightens him with its misunderstood power, all the less controllable as it frightens him...

And reconcile with Death. (As Whitman, who "knew," also strove to do.) It is the same fear, deep down, that separates man from the drive for life that exists in him, and from his own death. To reconcile is to love. To love Eros, the drive of life and knowledge that exists in us, and to love Death: the eternal Lover of Eros, eternally embraced by him, and at the same time the Mother who eternally gives birth to him...

(80) Walt Whitman (3) – or prediction and vision

(November 19)406 These critics-biographers of Whitman do not fully realize, I believe, that attitudes that seem retrograde In the much changed contemporary context, they were generously progressive and even avant-garde in their time, more than a century ago. The experience of the American Civil War, which left a deep and indelible mark on Whitman, greatly matured the flaming nationalism of his early youth407 .

Placing when necessary certain passages of that poetic manifesto408 in their context

Gur'u-no-Gur'u – or the three-legged horse" (CyS I, 45) and in the note (no 43) that refers to 'him, and in the note "The Act" (CyS III, 113). It was during this reflection, carried out from January to July 1979, that I launched for the first time in my life into what I could call a systematic "philosophical reflection." He focused first on the play of the original "feminine" and "masculine" cosmic forces, which he then saw embodied in the archetypes of "the Mother" and "Eros." This reflection is taken up and developed a little, in a more modest and down-to-earth perspective, in the third part of Cosechas y Siembras, "The Key of Yin and Yang" (late 1984), and in the appendix "the Doors on the Universe" (March-April 1986).

406See the forwarding sign to this note in the note "Walt Whitman (1) – or the wedding of a poet" (no. 76), page 160.

407It is hardly necessary, I hope, to emphasize that this expense-paid nationalism in Whitman never takes on bellicose or arrogant accents towards other nations. In general, throughout his life after the mystical revelation of June 1954, he had towards all men, as towards every living being without exception, a benevolence that (as far as I know)) never failed.

408This is the long Introduction-manifesto that opens the original edition of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass", which has just been considered in the note (cited in the penultimate footnote) than this complete note.

historical, I feel through those inspired pages a depth and a visionary breath worthy of Whitman's "Song of Myself." Great and generous vision, linking the future of a great nation that has just been born and that seeks its identity and its path, to its capacity to produce great poets and to enter with them into a relationship of mutual listening and of creative dialogue.

A vision such as no one before him could have conceived in all his audacity, nor would he have undoubtedly dared to say.

It is something very different from a simple prediction. Their role is very different and has a very different scope. That it is not realized within such deadlines (in which perhaps the same person who conceived the vision believed...), and even that it is never realized, that does not take away anything from its greatness, nor from the secret fertility that belongs to him. The poet, in one of those blessed moments, those moments of greatness that few beings have the privilege of knowing in their brief existence, sees a Mission open to a people and a nation that have just emerged on the stage of the World: a Mission worthy of the poet, and worthy of that people that he loves and has known how to sense what is best. What he himself, having seen, had to do, he has done fully: tell his vision, and be faithful to the Mission he interviewed. No one can do more: to others to be faithful to the best of themselves, and therefore to their mission, to their particular one, and also, intimately linked to it (and invisible to all except one), which is common to them as children of the same people, as citizens of the same nation.

The poet, perhaps before the hour is ripe, has shown everyone (at least those who care to listen and see) a possible way. A hidden path in the diffuse limbos of things yet to be born, things that await the hands of men with great hearts to welcome them and bring them to the light of day and make them be and grow. and becoming. If the great majority even today has not heard the call, that does not mean that the vision was less true and less fruitful, nor does the possible unborn call with less force with that voice that is silent, and yet it has not gone out and still challenges us today.

(81) The ancestors of man – or en route to the Kingdom!

(November 13 and 16)409 Bucke first reviews fourteen cases of "cosmic consciousness" that he considers "principal" or "major." those in which access to that state of higher consciousness seems indubitable and particularly marked, and in which it is, furthermore, attested by a notable work in the history of the human spirit. In addition to the eight cases that I have just mentioned, the other six are Saint Paul, Plotinus, Bartolome de las Casas, Francis Bacon (whom Bucke considers to be the true author of works generally attributed to Shakespeare), William Blake, Honoré and by Balzac. In the next chapter, which reviews the fourteen major cases, he examines another thirty-six that he describes as "additional – some minor, imperfect or doubtful." Among them, the best known names are those of three Jewish prophets Moses, Isaiah, Gideon, along with Lao-Tzu, Socrates, Roger Bacon, Pascal, Spinoza, Swedenborg , Pushkin, Emerson, Tennyson, Henry David Thoreau, Sri Ramakrishna. Among these "additional" cases are about twenty American contemporaries of Bucke⁴¹⁰, the best known being the aforementioned Emerson and Thoreau, but the majority (no doubt at his request) only appear for their

409See the forwarding sign to this note in the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the other reality" (no. 74), page 148.

410This circumstance, and in general the "chronological distribution" of the 50 cases noted by Bucke in more than three thousand years of human evolution, lead him to conclude that (in accordance with the main thesis from his book) the appearance of cases of "cosmic consciousness" in humanity is in a state of progressive increase, as it should be according to the evolutionary model for the acquisition of a new quality by a species . There may be an increase, but Bucke's little list seems a very weak argument, and it is doubtful that such a thing could ever be established with such a rudimentary statistical method. It seems impossible to decide whether there have not been thousands, and even millions of cases of "cosmic consciousness" throughout the ages, which will forever escape the crude memory of History, and whose probabilistic distribution in time! will remain forever unknown! Like any great vision, Bucke's escapes any argument that would later try to "demonstrate" it or only make it plausible, although this may play a useful psychological role to deepen that vision or to communicate it to him. to the others.

initials, and some are of humble extraction and condition. Most of them have left no visible traces in the history of their time, and they were surely far from such an ambition! His spiritual radiation around him was no less undeniable and visibly exceptional, attest to the testimonies that Bucke cites, sometimes his own.

For my part, in the almost sixty years that I have been traveling around the world I have never met, until now, more than a single person of comparable irradiation⁴¹¹ (without having been favored, therefore I know, with a cosmic or other "enlightenment.") The despiritualization of the current era seems to me, by contrast, all the more shocking.

According to their own testimony, the spiritual evolution of several of the men Bucke tells us about was strongly marked by reading Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

In addition to the case of Edward Carpenter (which Bucke surely rightly counts among the "major cases" of cosmic consciousness), and that of Bucke himself⁴¹², I will point out here that of Horace Traubel. Bucke knew him well personally, and was part, like Bucke, of the poet's small circle of close friends. 39 years younger than Whitman (born 1858), Traubel was very close to him, especially in his later years, and collected from him, during friendly, faithfully recorded conversations of *fa ad'ia*, numerous memories and comments of all kinds. These Traubel notes were published in fits and starts between 1906 and 1964, in five volumes distributed among three different editors and currently impossible to find all five – while there are many biographies and "studies" on Whitman written by authors who They had not been born when he died, and they have only known him through archives! Decidedly, even today and almost a hundred years after Whitman's death, there is still something wrong in the relationship of the "public" (even if only in literary and editorial media) with a man and a poet who in his time was above all vilified (for how advanced he was then as he is now), and who nevertheless has long been agreed (much to our regret) to consider as the greatest American poet.

Returning to what Bucke designates as "cosmic consciousness", it would be necessary to distinguish between two quite different things. On the one hand there is the state of enlightenment itself, which (in Bucke's terms) marks "the entry into cosmic consciousness." Almost always it does not last more than a few moments. (The longest known case would be that of Pascal, in which it lasted for two hours.) On the other hand, there is the knowledge imparted by that illumination.

Almost impossible to translate into words, that knowledge is vividly present in the days and weeks that follow enlightenment. But although it must necessarily be dampened, it is no less a permanent knowledge, intimately merging from then on and forever with the being. That state of consciousness, characterized by the presence, more or less alive and active depending on the moment, of first-hand knowledge, the result of an immediate experience of indescribable vividness, seems to me to be a state of particular maturity., which is certainly above that which is commonly found even in the so-called "enlightened" or "spiritual" media.

I suppose that this state of maturity, characterized by the intimate knowledge of certain essential aspects of spiritual reality, can be achieved by means other than the "illuminative" or, more restrictively, by an experience that responds to the objective criteria that Bucke has tried to unravel, giving it the name "cosmic illumination" (82). Bucke himself does not seem to express himself clearly on the matter⁴¹³. I'm also not sure that in his employment

411I think of Marcel L'egaut, as the reader will no doubt have guessed.

412Of course Bucke is not included among the fifty cases of "cosmic consciousness" that he has collected. But he tells us his illuminating experience, as well as his unusual life, in pages that are too short, what a shame! (pages 7–1) from the Introduction to his book. I also refer to the nice preface by George Moreby Acklom (dated 1946), in which he gives other colorful details about Bucke's life and personality, unfortunately without telling us where he gets them from. Perhaps from Bucke's book "Man's moral nature" already cited elsewhere? (See a footnote on page 149 in note 74. 413 (November

21) Leafing through Bucke's book, I have just fallen upon the following passage (page 344) :

of the term "cosmic consciousness" clearly distinguishes between two very different states: the "illuminative" state of immediate vision, in the strongest sense of the term, and that of a state of maturity. permanent, also with a "vision", lasting and inalienable this time but in return diffuse and infinitely less alive.

In Bucke's evolutionary perspective (which I unreservedly endorse!), it is undoubtedly to be expected that the human species will first access (over centuries, or rather millennia) the state of maturity "cosmic", currently realized only in some rare "precursors" – the true "ancestors of man"! That at that time the more or less long-lasting passing states of enlightenment become relatively common, to the point that the majority of men know one or several during their existence. May this same faculty of "illuminative vision," previously sporadic, spread progressively in the lives of men, and after a time, perhaps even much longer, finally end up becoming in a permanent faculty common to all, just as our ordinary sensory or mental faculties are today.

That would be, in all the fullness of the term and encompassing all of humanity (and not just a few rare "elect"), the advent of the "Kingdom of God" on earth – the "Paradise." lost" to the end found, but renewed, transfigured by that full knowledge "of good and evil" and of the essence of things that was, it is said, denied to us at the beginning at the Dawn of time...

Certainly, the great Mutation that is before us is not going to lead directly to the promised Kingdom. Rather, it would be like the unlocking of a door that kept us prisoners, and that opens to an immense, wild and unknown territory. Through it we have to make our way, to reach infinitely far beyond the distant horizon glimpsed between the mists, which ceaselessly retreats before us as we advance towards it. Adventure journey for which neither man nor God has the map or the itinerary. It is the same traveler who, day after day, creates the trip and the itinerary, hand in hand with the country that surrounds him and becomes close to him, while the objective seems forgotten, lost in the distance. ..

However, without wanting to be a prophet, I would dare to say what is the first step we must take. It is to understand that it is more urgent to learn to live in peace with oneself and with one's brother, than to acquire or possess goods (material or other), to "make a position", or to probe the structure of the nebulae. or electrons.

(82) "Cosmic knowledge" and conditioning (November 16)414 The cases of enlightenment that Bucke studies under the name "cosmic" seem to be, more or less, those that in the tradition Vedic, Christian or Muslim mysticism has been described as corresponding to the highest stages of the "mystical experience", of the "experience of God". The division that Bucke operates between the numerous known cases of enlightened ones, including in his "cosmic brotherhood" more or less "official" mystics such as Jakob Behmen and Juan Yepes (Saint John of the Cross), and omitting others like Master Eckehart or Saint Teresa of Avila, it is not always very convincing, not even for an ignorant person like me. Perhaps it is due more, at times, to the chance of Bucke's personal readings (who was not a historian specialized in the long history of the "mystical phenomenon"), than to objective criteria of discrimination. . In any case, the type of "phenomenon" he studies visibly escapes, despite his valiant efforts, any attempt at "scientific" classification in the ordinary sense of the term. Bucke was also the first to be aware of the "fuzziness" that, by its very nature,

"We must remember that the illumination that arrives progressively can be as complete as the instantaneous one. Why there are such differences in the modalities of awakening from one case to another cannot currently be explained."

Furthermore, I doubt that there is an "explanation", in the sense in which Bucke, son of an era imbued with a positivist spirit, understood it. Rather I would say that the Spirit of God blows where He wants and how He wants...

414See the forwarding sign to this note in the previous note, page 169.

nature, it must be a notion like that of "cosmic consciousness" or "cosmic illumination" that it tries to unravel. This in effect embraces a continuous spectrum of experiences and psychic states, which extends over a virtually unlimited field upwards and downwards until it touches the confines of the ordinary state of consciousness of men who only have an intellectual openness. and an unusual moral sense.

Even among the fourteen cases of "cosmic consciousness" that Bucke highlights as "major,"⁴¹⁵ some have not seemed convincing to me. Above all, some behaviors and words of these men seem contrary to "cosmic knowledge" as Bucke describes it (at least what is expressible in clear words, and which seems to be "the same" as a state of enlightenment. on to another). I think especially of the knowledge (which is very familiar, having come to me through a process of progressive maturation), that the hidden harmony of the World and its incessant evolution is of such a nature that in the long term, everything and Every event infallibly ends by concurring in its own way to the ultimate good and happiness of each one and all. This knowledge is brutally and irreducibly contradicted by the belief in the eternal torments of hell, a belief that Jesus shared (and if he did not have cosmic consciousness, it would not have much value). sense!), just like Saint Paul and surely the vast majority if not all of the "enlightened ones" that Bucke points out and who were members of some Christian Church. I have the impression that Bucke tended to minimize or forget, sometimes even to evade a little if the demonstration required it, the fact that even the most total illumination, once has ceased, it does not, however, eliminate (at least not totally) the ear muffs of cultural conditioning. This would tend to more or less cover authentic spiritual knowledge, which would be more or less mitigated or neutralized by the current ideas of the cultural environment.

Bucke himself, like men like Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, and perhaps also Horace Traubel, did not properly speaking have religious presuppositions (except in a negative way at most!). It seems to me that the other cultural assumptions have been relatively benign, or their assent and fidelity to the teachings of enlightenment have been firmer and more effective than in others, and supported by in-depth work. on more consistent.

In any case, it seemed to me that "cosmic knowledge" has remained present in them in a purer form, less sifted by cultural "grids," than in many other "cosmic men."

(83) The Creator and the Presence – or the double face (November

14)⁴¹⁶ For that episode of my adolescence, I refer to the section "The waterfall of wonders – or God for good reason" (not 30). Neither at that moment, nor ever after, did I hesitate to grant to that sovereign Intelligence that works in the Universe the consecrated name of "God", despite the atheistic convictions in which I was educated and of which I then became convinced. I separated without feelings of regret or joy – as if I had rectified a mistake in passing without major consequences...

It occurs to me that the idea of "another reality" that came to me through Bucke's slow and warm voice in my mature age (around 1973), as irrefutable as that of God-the-Creator that I had accepted (without stopping too much) in it) in my youth almost thirty years before (in 1944), is in some way complementary to this. On the one hand there is the great creative Intelligence, Architect of the Universe and active driving force throughout the Evolution of life on earth; and on the other hand there is the intimate and discreet Presence, acting in our own being in certain exceptional moments. (Or maybe at all times, but then I had not yet experienced it, or had not yet known how to recognize it...) I do not remember that something has "made me tilt"

415For these cases, see the beginning of the previous note, which this note comments on.

416See the forwarding sign to this note in the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the prophet of the other reality" (no. 74), page 151.

when reading Bucke's book. But at least on a subconscious level that knowledge already acquired, that of the Architect of the Universe, surely must have been present and contributed to making Bucke's message less strange to me, and even almost familiar and perhaps expected.

Of course, logically it is not obvious that the two "Beings" that I had encountered with an interval of thirty years, on the path of ideas – recognized – true if not on that of tangible realities, are really the same. I don't remember Bucke mentioning either the question or the answer. But I suppose that was obvious to him, so much so that he merged with the knowledge imparted by enlightenment, that it did not occur to him to say it in all its letters⁴¹⁷. And for me when reading that book, even without illumination, it had to be the same: for me it had to be clear, at the level of the unexpressed, that those two Beings, the transpersonal and the staff, they were one; and for that very reason also, that the "living Presence" that Bucke spoke of, perceived in such a different way from one being to another (at least by those who had the privilege of really perceiving It...), was not However, more than one and the same Presence in both, it was one and the same Being that manifested itself in both.

And after all, in the end it is nothing other than the essential content of my statement "God is the Dreamer". The "Presence of God" in me, or the "Word" of God, was at first experienced as that of the Dreamer. It is true that for almost ten years I did not realize that said Dreamer, who I believed was personal to me, was none other than God in person, but yes! That was certainly not something I had taken for granted or even guessed – but it was revealed to me; It is true that not with something as extraordinary as an "enlightenment" (I have not yet had the right to that favor!), but through the very "ordinary" way of sleep. And, as generally happens in dreams, with half-words – I am free to interpret them in my own way or do with them whatever I want! (But to tell the truth, when God speaks to us, through sleep or illumination or in any other way, it is always with half words, always "in a low voice" until we have amplified it with our welcome. And The meaning that we give to the Word we heard, and the adventure that it proposes to us, are always at our own risk...)

As for L'egaut (one of my good geniuses), I would almost assume that he does not believe (oh supreme heresy!) that the "God" of which he has experience, and of which he speaks so much in book after book, has had a hand in creating the World (assuming that World has been created...); nor that it has the power to perform the smallest of "miracles", that is, to suspend even if only for a moment (perhaps in order to impress us?) the inexorable reign of natural laws, which teaches us nan (in such a peremptory manner) the no less natural sciences. In any case, in L'egaut's books that I have read, when he cannot avoid touching on this punctilious topic and does not mutter embarrassing excuses from the authors of sacred texts, he is careful to maintain a prudent silence.

(84) Invisible seeds – or the keys to the Kingdom

(November 21)⁴¹⁸ However, now I have no doubt that that "off-program" reading of Bucke's book that had fallen upon me by chance, and that I was more or less going to forget until last April (so for a good dozen years), however it left a seed in me. One of the signs in this sense is that today it has been eleven days since a

⁴¹⁷After reflection, I am now less sure. As I point out below, for Marcel L'egaut it is not at all "obvious", and rather one would get the impression that he does not believe it (perhaps in reaction to his upbringing). "decent Catholic"), and that he only refrains from saying it so as not to cause more of a stir than is absolutely necessary, given that it is not essential for the life of faith. As for Bucke, who in parts I to III of his book speaks at length about Evolution, it is at least notable that he does so in a strictly positivist spirit, without ever implying that Evolution could be something other than the game of chance and purely mechanical forces, or that he, Bucke, could perhaps have a personal idea in his head about it, although he deemed it appropriate not to detail it.

Situation almost copied from that of L'egaut, one addressing an imaginary "cultured Catholic" interlocutor, the other to the "enlightened atheist" of the age of enlightenment...

⁴¹⁸Continuation of the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the prophet of the other reality" (no. 74).

one thing and another I have dedicated about forty pages to Bucke, his book and everything that surrounds it. (Irresistibly chaining notes to notes to account for unexpected entrances on stage, after Bucke himself, Whitman, Carpenter, L'egaut, Freud, R^amakrishna... – a whole ballet of "mutants!" ! and there is no way to stop...) And another such sign is that in the month of April, when I had just emerged from those intense months that I had spent listening to messages in high doses and ultra-dense that God-the-Dreamer sent me, my first reading apart from the Bible, and more or less parallel to it, was "Cosmic Consciousness", providentially found among my old books.

I devoured it from A to Z in two or three days. This time, it evoked a very different resonance in me! What I appreciated most was finding so many first-hand testimonies gathered there from men who, like me, had encountered God (or the "other reality," or any other name given to it). ...), and whose life, like mine right now, had been transformed from beginning to end. With these provisions, the particular purpose of the book, namely Bucke's great evolutionary vision, seemed secondary to me, so obvious did it seem to me! However, if in recent days I have been led to talk about it in some detail, it is above all, I think, because I do not write only for myself. Bucke's prophetic vision, although it is part of a very long-term vision, is no less inseparable from the one I now announce and which concerns first and foremost the immediate future: the Mutation that is before us, that gigantic evolutionary Advancement under the push of God. The one that will open the paths, still dark and that we must clear, that lead to that Kingdom promised and expected for so long, and glimpsed with a different perspective by the visionary gaze of Bucke...

But returning to my first reading of your book, at the beginning of the 70s, which put me in contact (although at first it was only at the level of mere thought) with "another reality", a spiritual reality, must have contributed in part to the inner work that was carried out in me in the three or four years after April 1974. I am thinking, of course, of my contacts with the Buddhist monks of the Nihonzan Myohoji group, adepts by Fujii Guruji⁴¹⁹. Today is the first time, surely, that I think about their relationship. Apparently, there was nothing in common between these monks animated by a real but often very crude faith compared to the knowledge of a Maurice Bucke, a faith inextricably linked to the bargain of credulity or ignorance, superstition, and an unconditional submission to the spiritual and moral authority of the one they had chosen as their Teacher. And yet, beyond those certainly important differences, I am now sensitive to a spiritual kinship between those monks who lived a life of religious faith, and the spirit that emanated from the inspired and unpretentious book of Bucke. In him as in them, there was the same attention, the same respect for that invisible reality that, in the modern world, is almost universally ignored or despised, and that throughout my life I myself had a tendency to forget, if not to ignore completely.

At a more down-to-earth level, until last spring the only visible effect of my reading of Bucke a fortnight earlier was a whirlwind trip to the United States in 1977 . Killing time in the hallways of the New York airport waiting for the plane that was to take me back to Paris, I came across Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" at the bookstand (but 'y!) – just the book that Bucke raved about. Also, a stroke of crazy luck, it was Cowley's beautiful reissue of the original 1856 edition, the really good one! This is how I got to know Whitman's poetry, and also, incidentally, the best thing he did.

I am rather reluctant to read poetry (at least that written by others), but it did not disappoint me – no more, I could say, than I was "disappointed" in reading it. Bucke. I was impressed by the power of the inspiration and the daring in the expression, and at times a little

419On these monks and Fujii Guruji, see sections no. 70 et seq., and notes no. 60 – 66 and 71.

420It had been five years since I had taken professional trips as a mathematician (conferences, etc.). I made the trip to see my last child, Jean (who was four years old at the time) and his mother in New Jersey. The visit was not a success: it was the last time I saw them...

breathless because of the cyclopean descriptive accumulations that unfold in marathon phrases on several consecutive pages. At the same time I was also surprised by a feeling of "kinship" in a certain "erotic" quality of the perception of things by Whitman, and by myself⁴²¹.

Furthermore, it was just at the time when (in 1978) I discovered that quality in my relationship with mathematics (to begin with)⁴²². I cannot say with certainty which of the two discoveries preceded the other. After all (the thought comes to me now) the relationship between the two events suggests that Whitman's reading (which must have taken place the previous year, in the days or weeks following my trip to the United States) must have stimulated this awareness. (Until then it had been evicted in favor of the current consensus that separates, as if by the cut of a sword, the plane of intellectual creation from that of carnal clumsiness.) What is certain is that he never thought and in making that relationship until today. If there was an influence, as it now seems to me to be very likely, it was totally unconscious.

On the contrary, on a conscious level, reading Whitman did not leave any more visible effects than those of Bucke. That does not prevent that after my "mystical" experience last winter, Whitman ex officio was part, with Bucke himself and Edward Carpenter, of the "men of knowledge" that I suddenly had a burning desire to read or reread, that I was burning with desire to know more about them. Even now, after having set up a suitable small library in a few months, and having already devoured around thirty volumes (while working tirelessly on the Key of Dreams), I still have the very clear feeling that one of the essential keys to understanding the spiritual history of humanity, and the designs of God that surely appear there in a discreet and delicate filigree (like the delicate and imperceptible blood vessels that irrigate and vivify the tissues of a living organism...) – that such a key is found in a nuanced understanding of the lives and missions of those among us in which His action is manifested with more power. For this reason, in my readings, I have been interested first in the direct testimony of these men (when they have left it), in the testimony of those who have known them, and in the facts and exploits of their lives to the extent that that the memory has been preserved in one form or another⁴²³.

421 I have already alluded to this feeling of kinship in the note for the eve "Rāmakrishna – or the wedding of the Mother with Eros" (no. 79).

422 (November 22) This discovery was made on the occasion of the writing of a kind of preamble, or declaration of intentions "As a Program", to an "Introduction to Research Course". on", on the geometry of the icosahedron. I speak in passing in Cosechas y Siembras, in the note "The Beautiful Unknown" (CyS III, or 120), from which I will quote here:

"After having written that text, which came to me in the most spontaneous way in the world, I was surprised by the abundance of images that arose from one another, loaded with erroneous connotations. ethics. I was well aware that this was neither by chance nor the result of a simple deliberate literary purpose – that it was an unmistakable sign of a deep kinship between the two passions that had dominated my adult life..."

On the other hand, a few months later, as a natural extension of that discovery, the great erotic-cosmogenic-philosophical reflection on the original "feminine" cosmic forces (embodied) began. for me by "The Mother" and "masculine" (incarnated by Eros), and about the eternal betrothal of Eros with the Mother – a reflection that took the form of a "poetic song" called "In Praise of Incest." (See a footnote on page 166 in the "Rāmakrishna" note cited in the preceding footnote.) Now that I evoke that relationship, suddenly the association comes to me with that other "song" that I had read, a little hastily, the previous year – the "Song of Myself" by Whitman. I think I can say without risk of being wrong that when writing the Praise, Whitman's thought never surfaced in my mind – if there was a triggering impact on a conscious level due to the word of a predecessor, it was due to the Tao Te Ching of Lao Tzu. (I talk about it in the first footnote of the note "The messenger" in Cosechas y Siembras, CyS III, 114'.) But now that chain of associations fully convinces me that from the reading m Having more or less forgotten Whitman's "Song of Myself," there was an underground work that continued in me. That work made me aware of the omnipresence of the Eros drive first in my own mathematical work, then in creative human work in general, and finally in the creative processes that act in the Cosmos. It finally culminates in the "erotic" cosmic vision that is the object of the "Song of the Mother and of Eros" aka "The Praise of Incest."

423 Compare yourself with the three "sources" for a vision, which I propose in the reflection of July 15, in the

(85) The Mutants (1): the ballet of the mutants. Hahnemann and Riemann (November 22 and 23)

Almost two months ago, when writing the note of September 27 "The saint and his weaknesses – or the paradox of the mutant" (no. 71), I put a return sign in the place (page 140) where for the first time he evoked those famous "mutants". I planned to devote a footnote to them the next day, in order to name at least some of them, so as not to be too vague. And here I have been putting it off for two months almost from day to day, that little note that has long since become a plenary note, in which I wanted to finally put black on white my little provisional list of mutants, with some comments. It must be said that on September 27, I had been suffering from a damned lumbago for three days, which was getting worse, so much so that from that morning I had to stop all sitting work – impossible to continue writing! It lasted a whole month. I took advantage of it to read everything I could from the stack of books that I had promised myself to read "soon" 424. I finally resumed writing the Key of Dreams on October 26, with the note "Fujii Guruji (2) – or the gift" (no. 61) 425, which is an immediate continuation of "Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential" (no. 60), kept in suspense throughout that month. I was thinking of going back to the "mutants" the next morning, but no! With that note I found myself involved in a gear of notes that pushed each other, each new note giving birth to a progeny of other notes... The logical diagram to situate myself in the interweaving of those notes that continues They modified and grew visibly, like a kind of sponge mushroom with multifiliform excrescences proliferating on a rainy day!

There were eighteen of those notes, I just counted them, that kept me in suspense for more than a month, until yesterday – phew! I hope that the convergence of the process is finally assured, and that with this note (dedicated to the "mutants") and perhaps another one, I will have put an end to that lush vegetation of about 27 or 28 notes hanging (via a nondescript forwarding sign to a note no. 60) from the seemingly harmless section "Giving Buddha pleasure" (no. 71) of the main text. This is dated September 22 and 23, therefore exactly two months ago. I am looking forward to resuming (in two or three days?) the thread of that almost sunk "main" reflection, the one that refers to my modest person; pick it up where I left it in suspense at that moment, a matter (I thought) of adding just a few small footnotes...

Already in the days that followed the first mention of the "mutants" (in the note on Guruji cited at the beginning, of September 27), thoughts began to focus on the new topic that appeared the return of reflection. Right off the bat I barely had in mind as "mutants" the same Guruji I had just talked about, L'egaut (whom

section "The vision" (especially page ??, 2nd).

424All these readings were, of course, directly linked to the reflection I was doing, and they were all immediately useful when I returned to writing the Key of Dreams, at the end of October. I read or reread a good part of the two books by Fujii Guruji cited in note 61 of October 26, and the biography of Krishnamurti by Mary Lutyens (which we will discuss below), continued reading the "Teachings of R`amakrishna" (book cited in note 79), Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and a biography of Whitman by Paul Zweig ("The making of a Poet"). Anyway, I read some short "classic" texts by Freud (for the first time since I "meditated") and biographical texts about him, which, by making me know the man better, confirmed me in the high opinion I had of him. Now I really want to read his masterpieces, and at least some of his voluminous correspondence.

425Perhaps the reader will be surprised that note 61 (of October 26) was written a month later than note 71 (of September 27), and equally (I would add I) more than a month later than notes 63 , 64, 66 which were written (in that chronological order) before the latter, between September 25 and 27. These four notes 63, 64, 66, 71 arose from footnotes of the same note 60 ("Fujii Guruji (1) – or the gift of presence"), of which the aforementioned note 61 ("Fujii Guruji (2) – or the gift") is an immediate continuation; but the writing of this was delayed a month due to the lumbago incident. This time it seemed good to me to give precedence to the "logical" order over the chronological order, not separating note 60 from its immediate continuation 61, with a succession of four notes that refer to this ^{n –} last Roughly speaking, the chronological order of the notes (starting with note 60) is the order of their numbering, except that the package of the five notes 60, 63, 64, 66, 71 is placed in front of the remaining notes from 61 to 87.

reflection forwarded directly⁴²⁶), and Freud. But throughout the days others have continued to join them, one by one, under my inquisitive gaze: was this one who arrived a real good mutant? It was about not letting myself be "coaxed"!

When there were five or six, with Gandhi, Ramakrishna, Whitman, Carpenter..., I had to make a first list black on white, and incidentally in chronological order. That or never was the time to learn the dates of birth and death of all those old acquaintances, looking if necessary in a mini-Larousse recently purchased (and rarely consulted – at least a purchase that paid for itself!). Over the next few weeks, going back in time to the beginning of the last century, there ended up being a magnificent list of sixteen mutants. And after resuming the writing of the Key of Dreams, exactly on November 5, a seventeenth was still added, which I would never have thought of⁴²⁷: Solvic, the only one whose name or year of birth I do not know. On the contrary, it was that of his death, amidst the roar of the platoon's shots that put an end to his young days...

The great surprise, in that “vegetation” of notes born from each other to infinity during these last four weeks, was the unexpected entry on the scene, one after another, of a good number of those mutants that I had at my disposal. I was going to give the reader a simple list, parsimoniously commented. There they are, bursting almost into flesh and blood, doing a little dance alone or in company, as if mysteriously pushed to the pages of the Key of Dreams by the no less mysterious and unpredictable “internal logic of reflection”. Successively, after Fujii Guruji the “saint-with-weaknesses” who opens the dance of the mutants (notes 60 to 66 and note 71), Gandhi who enters through his rank of mahatma (notes 67–70); the non-soldier of unknown Solvic (note 70); L'egaut the “terrible disciple” (notes 72, 73, 75); the inseparable trio (at least in my spirit) Walt Whitman, RM Bucke, Edward Carpenter (notes 74, 83), with Whitman also reappearing in five successive notes (notes 76–80) as the exuberant es poso of America, of Humanity and of the good God, alias “the divine Mother” (notes 76, 77, 79), and as the senior of the two Prometheans of modern times (note 78), and Carpenter returning as “anarcho mystic” or as a “mystical anarcho” in a couple with L'egaut our great Christian atheist (or Catholic atheist to choose – note 75); then Freud with a cigar in his mouth as the second Prometheus, a bit “macho” this one, compared to the more feminine grace of Whitman (note 78); and finally R`amakrishna the “emistic baby” attached to one breast of the divine Mother (with the other being held, and well held, as a baby – Whitman – note 79). Thus without any calculation or deliberate purpose (I swear!), there go no less than nine of those famous “mutants” taken from the hat of the Conjurer, alias the great Maya, to give them to get to know the reader while reminding the author (if it was still necessary).

In addition, there is a tenth mutant who has appeared once or twice in passing, due to the role he has played in Bucke's thinking (that psychiatrist and savant who has become almost a “mystic”, much to his chagrin... .): is Charles Darwin, a self-taught naturalist who, after a trip around the world that became historic, gave a lot of talk in the temples of Science, and bothered many people in the temples of the good Lord.

And there is also an eleventh of whom I have already spoken on more than one occasion in the pages of this book: Krishnamurti. He has been spoken of in various footnotes, and three consecutive notes are dedicated to him, or rather to his “black beasts” (notes 53–55)⁴²⁸. TO

⁴²⁶Here I think above all of the return, in note no. 71 dedicated to Guruji (“The saint and his weaknesses – or the paradox of the mutant”), to note no. 73 (“All men are fallible – or the advance”), which refers above all to the “advance” achieved by L'egaut.

⁴²⁷See the note “The execution of soldier Solvic – or the crime of the just” (no. 70). I must admit that it was progressively, against inveterate reflexes, that I realized that Solvic was as “mutant”, and in an equally essential way, as any of the sixteen famous and wise gentlemen that I already had. on my list – at the risk of making him feel very uncomfortable in such distinguished company, and of being treated (but it wouldn't be the first time) as a storyteller...

⁴²⁸See also a note at the foot of page 34 (in the note “Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast”,

To tell the truth, I have included him on my list against strong reluctance. And having read last month, during the lumbago break, Mary Lutyens's two-volume biography of Krishnamurti⁴²⁹ has only confirmed these reluctances. I plan to return to this in more detail in the following note⁴³⁰. The fact is that there is no doubt that, if only because of his psychic structure, Krishnamurti is no longer a mutant, but is sorry! (and that is why he is distinguished in my eyes from everyone else) a "mutant that has ended badly."

Overabundantly gifted by nature and destiny, the only thing he would have lacked was fidelity to a mission that he never bothered to discover and create over the years and throughout his life. He was content to resume on his own and as it was, barely "retouched" in form, the shoddy "mission" received in his youth from the hands of his theosophical tutors – on a golden plate, and in a golden cage in which (once his tutors and patrons left) he ended up feeling very comfortable...

To finish the presentations, I have to name the other six "mutants" that I have thought about, and about which I have not yet had the chance to talk. Here they are in chronological order, with a few words for each one to place them.

Christian Friedrich Samuel Hahnemann (1755–1843), German doctor, creator of homeopathy. Having not yet had the opportunity to lay my hand on a biography of him, I know practically nothing about him. If I have included it, however, among the "mutants", it is out of "confidence", based on the little I know about homeopathy, and which already has something to marvel at. This new medicine that he discovered and developed, and that at the same time seems to contain in germ a new science of vast dimensions⁴³¹, resolutely goes against the great currents of thought that dominated his time just as they still dominate, in a way almost total, ours, and especially medicine and natural sciences such as chemistry and physics. It operates with active principles so subtle, manifestly extra-material⁴³², that its therapeutics (whose successes, astonishing for certain conditions in which traditional medicine is powerless, have been evident for more than a century and a half) is like a permanent challenge to the established ideas (and above all intangible!) that have founded chemistry, physics, biology, and physiology for two centuries; a challenge that even today "Science" prefers to arrogantly ignore, instead of confronting it (at the risk of having to rethink itself from top to bottom...).

How could a man put his finger on something as "unthinkable" as

ⁿ or 20), as well as a later note (dated in the month of May) that must appear in Chapter IX, "Role of Guru and destiny of a hero", in which I have been taken to confront the "role" of Krishnamurti (degenerating more and more into a kind of "spiritual" comedy, which now seems clearer to me than ever), and the "destiny" of Freud (whose greatness also seems to me 'en, clearer than ever...).

429Appeared in the Arista publishing house in French translation, "The years of awakening" and "The years of fulfillment." I bought the first volume (the only one that had appeared at the time) in 1977 at the same (decidedly well-stocked) kiosk at the New York airport where I bought Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" at the same time. and a whole stack of other good books.

430In order not to lengthen this set of tentacular notes even further, I have finally decided to refrain from including the note on Krishnamurti, in which I had also thought of commenting on the interesting biography that I just cited.

I hope to return to it elsewhere (perhaps in volume 3 in preparation of Harvests and Sowings).

431I already made a discreet allusion to this in the section "The Vision" (no. 41), in a note at the foot of the page ??.

432I remember that the principle of homeopathy is to treat a condition by administering to the patient substances that, in usual ("allopathic") doses, cause that condition or some of its symptoms, but administering it in highly diluted (or "homeopathic") form. Hahnemann's first extraordinary discovery is that the greater the dilution, that is, the substance is administered in weaker doses, the stronger its action (therapeutic or other, depending on the case) on the organism. The second extraordinary thing is that homeopathy sometimes operates in such weak doses (from 25 CH ie a dilution of 10^y25) that it is practically certain that the doses administered do not contain a single molecule of the active substance! From 35 CH, it can even be stated that it is practically certain that no patient to whom such a dose has been administered since the time of Hahnemann has ever received a single molecule of the active substance. It must therefore be admitted that this does not act through a "material" means, but through an immaterial "essence" or "soul", all the more active as it is "purified" of all traces of material dross! !

homeopathy (unthinkable at least while it did not yet exist!) and how it has been able to develop it, would be a total and disturbing mystery to me, if I did not know that the good Lord often puts His It starts to make us "see" and act with surprising certainty, where the human eye itself is hopelessly blind...

Bernhard Riemann (1826–1866), German mathematician, theoretical physicist and "philosopher of nature" at times⁴³³, and also, in strictly private matters, thinker-philosopher-metaphysics of astonishing penetration and originality. Everything I know about Riemann, apart from his mathematical ideas (which for more than a century the mathematician has used without thinking about it), I have found in his "Complete Works" in German⁴³⁴, which occupy a modest volume (as modest was the man who is its author...). However, it contains, among other things, a surprising number of ideas among the most fundamental in the mathematics of our time. Riemann died early of tuberculosis, at the age of 39, at a time, it seems, when he was preparing to devote himself to a far-reaching reflection on the foundations of physics and (even further) about the methods and ideas at the base of the natural sciences. If he had been allowed to live longer, no one can say where that reflection would have taken him.

The editor of the volume, Heinrich Weber, a contemporary (and student?) of Riemann, added some very interesting biographical information. There I learned, with some surprise in my first reading a long time ago, that Riemann was a deeply religious man. The philosophical pages that have come down to us make it felt, at the same time that they show a depth and an independence of vision that far exceed the type of attitudes and ideas that have at all times entered into the minds of men. thinkers, when they are practicing members of an established religion⁴³⁵. His particular genius, both in mathematics and in whatever else to which his spirit turned, consisted in an astonishing sense for neural or fundamental questions and for the structures they suggest, and in a freedom that seemed total to me

⁴³³Riemann was the first to hypothesize a wave propagation, with a finite speed equal to that of light, electromagnetism, and proposed a common propagation equation (cf. "Gesammelte mathematische Werke", p. 288–293 – the work is from 1858). I comment on a penetrating observation by Riemann on an eventual discrete structure of physical space (far ahead of his time and even on the current state of mentality in theoretical physics) in a long footnote. 'agina in Harvests and Sowing, in "Walk through a Work", section 20 ('Look at the neighbors across the street'). I also point out a work by Riemann on the mechanics of the ear (loc. cit. p. 338–350), published shortly before his death, and which seems to have been for him above all the occasion to specifically illustrate some methodological considerations on the study of sense organs in physiology.

As for Riemann's general ideas on psychology, metaphysics, the "theory of knowledge", and "natural philosophy", unfortunately they were never the object of a systematic reflection intended to be published, but were noted on scattered sheets, gathered after his death in about thirty pages (loc. cit. p. 509–538). I consider them perhaps the most notable (and certainly the least read by far) of the volume of his Works, rich in fundamental contributions to the art of the mathematician. Above all, it is these pages, and certain philosophical observations made in passing in his mathematical works, that make me consider Riemann as one of our "mutants."

⁴³⁴"Bernhard Riemann's collected mathematical works and scientific legacy", edited by Heinrich Weber with the collaboration of Richard Dedekind, Dover Publications Inc, New York. The first edition of the data from 1892, a second edition published in 1902 with additional edits by M. Noether and W. Wirtinger, included in later editions.

⁴³⁵In the metaphysical and philosophical fragments left by Riemann, no Christian or other religious references are found, and the word "God" is not pronounced. On the other hand, Riemann proposes the existence of an immaterial "soul", seat of knowledge or "thought" that is enriched and that has no material support. He sees it not only in man and in all living beings, but also in a vast plurality of other cosmic entities, one of the most important for us being the planet Earth. These conceptions were partly inspired by those of the German philosophers Herbart and Fechner.

I recognize that I am still far from having done the deep reading that those fascinating pages of Riemann deserve, having until now led my own reflection along quite different paths and undoubtedly more urgent in the context current. However, I hope to find the opportunity to return to them with all the attention they demand.

(and that surely very few men have achieved in the course of our history) regarding well-established ideas, including especially those that prevail and are fashionable at the time in which he lived. To a degree rarely achieved it represents for me a spirit freed from the atavisms of the flock.

One of the signs of that freedom is that far from remaining confined within the narrow limits of rational reason (in which he nevertheless stood out as few men of his century have stood out), he clearly perceived its limits. Also the religious feeling, that of feeling one lives under the attentive and loving gaze of God, has preserved him from the traps of vanity into which so many spirits fall and often remain trapped (as in a golden cage...). powerful. Thus he kept alive a delicate intuition that allowed him to apprehend a "subtle" or "spiritual" reality beyond the material reality that devices measure and that reason analyzes, reality more essential than this, but without either of the two ever contradicting the other. The thinker and the religious man were not at war, they formed a single being in love with full knowledge and truth.

It is not because of his cerebral power, not because of his depth as a mathematician or as a savant, but because of that freedom, and because of that exceptional openness to the two different planes of reality, that I see in Riemann (just as in Hahnemann) a true "mutant". In him, a deep and fruitful "scientific spirit" is united and perfectly completed, passionate about the great problems that Nature poses to us (problems that he felt and unraveled as a pioneer), with an infallible instinct), and a vivid intuition of the hidden reality that acts behind the "phenomenon", the only one that gives it its meaning.

(86) Mutants (2): spiritual science (R. Steiner, T. de Chardin) (November 24 and

25)436 I continue with my list of mutants, but allowing myself to change the chronological order a little logical, in favor of affinities between the missions.

Rudolf Steiner (1861–1925), German philosopher and pedagogue, encyclopedic and visionary spirit at the same time. It was proposed to promote a "spiritual science" (Geisteswissenschaft) that would encompass all the traditional sciences but with a renewed spirit, giving first place to spiritual reality or, more accurately, extrasensory reality, which should illuminate and guide them.

A former theosophist, he left the Theosophical Society (whose messianic mania must undoubtedly have upset him) to found his "Anthroposophical Society", taking with him the majority of theosophists. Germans. He seems to have had extraordinary gifts of clairvoyance, and in any case he had prodigious creativity. Nowadays, he is known above all for the pedagogical method that bears his name (practiced by the "Rudolf Steiner schools" which, according to the echoes that reach me, are neither better nor worse than the no less famous "Krishnamurti schools"437), and as creator of the so-called "biodynamic" method in agriculture, which is distinguished from traditional methods by a very advanced art of fertilizing, and by the attention given to planetary influences and not just lunar ones⁴³⁸.

436 Continued from the previous note.

437The Steiner method stimulates the child's creativity, and especially artistic creativity, and gives a central place to bodily expression, for which Steiner proposes original ways that he calls "Eurythmy." . Following the attitudes still prevalent in his time (and in spiritual circles worse than in others), he tends to ignore sex, and even more so sexuality in children. I don't know if he had heard of the ideas and works of Freud, who was five years older than him – if so, I assume they must have made him very uncomfortable. Aside from those earmuffs that he shared with all his contemporaries, his ideas on education were visibly far ahead of their time, and are essentially still valid today. That said, a good method is still far from making a good school – there is still a lack of good teachers!

438There are farmers and gardeners in France, and especially in Germany, who cultivate according to biodynamic principles. I know that they obtain notable results in terms of the quality of the soil and the health and robustness of the cultivated plants.

I must admit that I have only read a single, modest volume from Steiner's pen, an introduction to anthroposophy,⁴³⁹ and that the reading left me perplexed, not to say disenchanted. It seemed to me that Steiner blindly accepted all the cultural assumptions of his time and his environment, and more particularly those conveyed by official science⁴⁴⁰ whose spirit and achievements seem to be part of the intangible values for him – remaining very below, in this aspect, the depth and innocence of the gaze of a Riemann or a Nietzsche. It seems to me that Steiner's purpose is reduced to completing the traditional sciences by taking into consideration an extrasensory reality, without however thinking that this could profoundly change what he accepted as an immutable datum.

In his book he develops a very detailed description of the different species of "souls" that man possesses (I seem to remember that there were seven different ones, animals and vegetables were less endowed, and minerals were even less endowed). less...), from the beyond to etc, with a naturalistic precision.

This "theory", peppered with commonplaces in the media of "spirituality", did not seem convincing to me at all – to the point that I immediately asked myself if Steiner was not a vulgar braggart! The only support for his theory (since he did not propose any other) is the personal authority of Steiner, invoking a direct vision that he would have of those things and that, he says, can be developed in the course of a life with him with that reality, as 'he himself has done⁴⁴¹. He does not face the thorny question raised by the disturbing fact that other descriptions of extrasensory reality, given by other men who appeal to a capacity for clairvoyance, or conveyed by other religions, are totally different from his own (just as they are between them)⁴⁴².

However, it seems to me that it is difficult to doubt Steiner's depth, much less his seriousness and good faith, in view of the immense work he has left behind, often difficult to read as it seems, and that for the most part still remains unexplored. Without a doubt, this work raises many more questions than those it answers, or those it takes the trouble to pose with a little care, or even to evoke! Including above all questions about Steiner himself and about the nature of his gifts, which I still have a hard time placing, I admit. In any case, more than any other name on my list (with the exception perhaps, at most, of Krishnamurti), it seems to me that Steiner has, to a decidedly impressive degree, a "profile of "mutant"!"

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881–1955), Jesuit priest, French paleontologist and philosopher.
Here again I must acknowledge my great lack of culture: I only know his life and work almost through hearsay (and only for the past one or two years), and from having recently looked at one or two of his books⁴⁴³ (which I promise to "read as soon as I have a moment"!). L'egaut mentions him as one of the few Christians who have exerted a healthy influence on him, at the time of the "Tala group" when he was normal⁴⁴⁴ – Teilhard encouraged him not to sacrifice intellectual integrity in life

⁴³⁹Book in the German language, of which I have unfortunately forgotten the title. That reading takes place in December 1976, two months after discovering meditation and at the moment when the first wave of meditation in my life was coming to an end.

⁴⁴⁰Thus, among the psychic faculties, Steiner gives absolute primacy to thought, as something that was obvious. Furthermore, he is like this in everything he writes, without ever bothering to look at where those ideas come from, which are all presented as absolute and intangible truths. I have not found in him the slightest movement towards an attitude of self-knowledge, and it seems to me that this is his main limitation.

⁴⁴¹Of course, contact is implied under the enlightened direction of those who have already acquired such a capacity for vision. Now, Steiner's was influenced by the "theosophical" current of his time. The question of the "objective" value of such learning, and of the part that autosuggestion mechanisms are called upon to play, is never raised: often we simply "see" what we are told to "see." ...

⁴⁴²Here we touch on the delicate question where there is one, never seriously examined as far as I know, of the relative "validity" of the various religions and beliefs, which nevertheless seem to contradict each other in a sometimes irreducible way., and that sometimes they also fight an all-out war among themselves.

⁴⁴³These are the "Divine Means" (original edition of 1957, in Seuil), and the "Human Phenomena" (same editor).
⁴⁴⁴"Normalien" = student at the Ecole Normale Supérieure on Ulm Street, in Paris. The "Tala" group was a

of faith, insisting that on the contrary it must be an essential ingredient. It was a wake-up call that must have shocked young L'égaut all the more since it is more than rare in ecclesiastical circles. If I understand correctly, Teilhard tried all his life to follow the same excellent precept, swearing at all times, both to himself and to his readers, that in doing so he did not deviate even a hair from the teachings of the saint. Roman Catholic Church. I do not know if he managed to convince himself, but surely not the Authority of said Church, which did not burn him in the public square (those times have passed), but with today's modest means he has done what he has done. possible to make him miserable, and also to prevent the publication of his heretical writings. For a long time these only circulated "under the cloak" and with the air of conspirators in the most reckless circles of the flock of faithful. It has taken a "Patronage Committee" with the highest people, chaired by a Royal Highness, for "Rome" to give in and give the green light, after the death of the culprit, so that his greatest crime "The Divine Medium" is finally delivered to the public, almost thirty years after it was committed in the greatest of secrets.

It seems to me that Teilhard is notable for the fact that he has been both a true sage, recognized and appreciated as such by his colleagues, and a mystic. This brings him closer to RM Bucke, who did not have a reputation as a scholar comparable to that of Teilhard (that is a pure detail of the current point of view), but who on the contrary had the great advantage of not being tied at every step by scruples of orthodoxy and discipline, in the face of a Church and a religious Order with a dark past. Another common point in the mission of these two men is that their philosophical and religious reflection, nourished at the same time by their mystical experience and by the scientific thought of their time, has mainly focused on about the perspectives of the evolution of the human species, from its origins lost in the mists of time to its ultimate destinations that also seem infinitely distant. Both are situated in a spiritual perspective, the only one that gives the human adventure the dimension that is its own. And except for the language, the vision that the two men have arrived at seems to be the same vision – that of a slow ascension of man towards his true nature, of divine essence. I suppose that Teilhard never heard the name RM Bucke (44 years older), who in fact was neither a "name" in paleontology or any other similar science (Bucke was a psychiatrist), nor a "Christian thinker" or recognized religious, not to mention that he never had international notoriety for any reason. The convergence between the thought of these two men is all the more remarkable.

Speaking of convergence, this reminds me that without having scientific training, but on the contrary with a priest's background (short-lived, it is true) like Teilhard, Edward Carpenter arrived at a vision of the divine destinies of man very close to those of Bucke (seven years older) and Teilhard (thirty-seven years younger), based on a deep reflection on social issues and human society. But visibly the visionary force that has moved these three men is not intellectual in nature, it does not spring from an intellectual discipline. In each of these men, it springs from a mystical experience, playing the role of an "initial revelation" that comes to fertilize a long fidelity, and will make it mature into a vast common vision about the last destinies of our species.

I admit that when reading "The Divine Medium," which Teilhard considers to be the central work that illuminates the rest, I have been bothered by the numerous signs of a "well-thinking mentality," from which he apparently did not fully detach himself. life. His eloquent affirmations of Catholic orthodoxy are one aspect among others. In this aspect I see it on the same plane

biblical reflection group formed (in semi-clandestinity, given the ambient anticlericalism) by Catholic normaliens, at the initiative of Monsieur Portal, Lazarist priest (of the Congregation of the Mission, founded in 1625 by Saint Vincent de Paul). This man, whom L'égaut considered his "spiritual Master" even after his death (he died in 1926, when L'égaut was twenty-six years old), exerted a determining influence on the emergence of the religious mission of L'égaut. For a biography of Monsieur Portal, see the book by R'egis Ladous "Monsieur Portal and his people" (Cerf), which Marcel L'égaut has strongly recommended to me.

"is a cultured bourgeois" than Rudolf Steiner (twenty years older). Like him, Teilhard accepts without reservation the consecrated values of his time – including that of all times, that of the sacrosanct war... He is content to put above all that a mystical-religious vision (certainly less hokus-pokus than Steiner's and therefore less debatable), which is supposed to transfigure them "into Christ." In my humble opinion, a "transfiguration" in which two of the transfigured are reunited on the verge of disemboweling each other with bayonet blows in a trench, and finding that the most normal and Christianly divine thing in the world. world (under the appropriate name of "The Divine Medium of danger"⁴⁴⁵) – I recognize that that sounds false to me; although this transfiguration is expressed throughout books with sublime prose enamelled with great words, and long Latin quotations when French is not enough (since we are among "good people" who have spoken Latin since birth. ...⁴⁴⁶).

In my opinion, Teilhard's life has lacked the "moment of rupture", the heroic moment like the one that occurred in Carpenter's when he left not only the habit of priest (in 1874, at thirty years), but a social class and the interests and the world of attitudes and ideas that it embodies (in 1881, after his enlightenment). Or like the very similar break made by Marcel L'egaut in 1940 when he left the comfortable tranquility of university status - a break that was undoubtedly the first great step, the most "heartbreaking" step, towards the mission that had to discover and create, and towards the breakthrough that had waited almost two thousand years for a courageous Christian to make...

But perhaps I speak lightly, knowing almost nothing about Teilhard's life, having been very far away all my life, I want any point of view of the type of environment that was his. Too far away, surely, to be able to appreciate the path he had to travel, and the "ruptures" perhaps that fidelity to his mission must have required of him; or at least the sacrifices (of the "career", of the immediate prestige before his colleagues and the public, etc.) that must have been imposed on him. Perhaps also the intellectual and spiritual autonomy that he achieved with respect to his Church and his Order, however timorous it may have seemed to me at times, was a necessary stage, an indispensable "step" for the L'egaut's religious thought could become aware of its strength and its true nature and reach its full height, without being hindered by any obedience to his Church and yet without (and this was essential) leaving or rejecting it (87). In one or two centuries, perhaps Teilhard's historical mission will be seen like this, as preparing that of L'egaut, even more so than because of the vast fresco (with scientific guarantee 'ýfica) of human evolution

⁴⁴⁵"The Divine Means of Danger" is the attractive title that accompanies a glittering photo of Teilhard in uniform, with his chest covered with decorations. Below the photo, a text from the pen of Teilhard, dated 1916 in Douamont (the same place where in 1932 a glorious ossuary containing the mortal remains of another 300,000 brave and young soldiers was built):

"...If I am not to return from up there, I would like my body to remain mixed with the clay of the forts like cement thrown by God between the stones of the new city." (Loc. cit. p. 73)

This at least has style – to make us long for war, so beautiful and so sublime that we could eat it every day! With the good God himself, as he should (and patriotic like no other), coming to enhance the machada in Person. As for the "cement" made from the bodies of mercifully massacred heroes (and there is a lot of it), it is a brilliant discovery that should be patented in the "new city."

Speaking of pious massacres – it struck me that when Teilhard speaks of "Evil", it is (certainly in an admirable style) with the vague and ultimately very reassuring eloquence that has been part of preaching for two thousand years. Christian: that famous "Evil" that the Christian must endure with patience, finding in it the way to Christ etc etc – it is understood (without it having to be said) that this "Evil" is always others, always They are the villains who are there, in short, to test us, the good Christians (or us the brave patriots of the good side of the Rhine...).

To the point that we could ask ourselves (if Teilhard's beautiful face were not there in his old age, in a certain photo I have seen...) if that "mystical vein" of Teilhard is something more than an exaltation. More or less sentimental religious tradition, accompanied by a noble style and the wise shadow of sin'anthrope!

446Do I need to specify that there is no trace of a translation of the Latin passages? That will teach clumsy people like me not to stick their noses in distinguished books where they don't care...

that Teilhard outlined in an “eschatological” perspective – a vision that he had in Bucke and Carpenter, more intrepid precursors and no less inspired by the Spirit (and for that reason no less “qualified”).) that he.

(87) Teilhard and L'egaut – or the problematic Parousia (November

25)447 According to the testimony of L'egaut himself, he was stimulated by Teilhard's attitude of intellectual probity. On the contrary, I do not believe that a direct influence of Teilhard's thought on his can be detected. Thus, when reading it, one gets the impression that L'egaut never thought about Evolution. It is something surprising in a man who is at the same time deeply religious, and is penetrated by the scientific spirit of our time; a man, furthermore, who must have read at least a good part of Teilhard's writings, even if it was only in the heroic era in which they were still circulating, like spiritual dynamite, “under the mantle” (or the cassock).

Deliberate purpose of going your own way, of not following a “path” under the traction of a prestigious major? If he had known himself better, he would surely have known that he had enough weight not to fear anyone's pull...

In many respects, the philosophical attitudes of these two men differ considerably, reflecting fundamentally different choices – and it is the choice of L'egaut the layman that seems to me the more difficult of the two (in against appearances). For Teilhard, leaving aside certain mysterious and disturbing blots of Creation (“Evil”, death...) to which he humbly submits, the World is inexpressibly well made – and for him it is a theme inexhaustible admiration and adoration. On the contrary, one has the impression that for L'egaut the World is inexplicably poorly made, and the presence of man only makes things worse. Whether he likes it or not, the believer (and even the non-believer) must take sides, and (if he is faithful himself) face it without fainting, and in communion (conscious or unconscious) with the invisible action of God. in him, to the impossible task of overcoming the congenital and invincible inertia of things, both in the World and in himself. It is by a continuous act of faith “despite the evidence” that the crazy hope (perpetually disappointed and eternally reborn) of a slow and painful victory of the creative forces endures; victory incessantly questioned, torn inch by inch in the direction of a long and painful ascension, both from the believer himself throughout his ephemeral journey, and from the entire species. And it is that unthinkable and fragile victory of the improbable over the almost certain, achieved throughout lives and millennia by force of faith and fidelity, supported incessantly by the mysterious Action of God in the souls of the people. that (perhaps without realizing it) act and create in symbiosis with Him – it is that “miracle” of a World made to worsen and that, despite everything and in a mysterious and elusive way, nevertheless rises – For L'egaut, as he himself matures, this is the reason for an incessantly renewed admiration that, at times, borders on adoration. Thus, with that very long-term “optimism” (or rather, with that intimate and indestructible security) is how L'egaut's vision finally joins that of Teilhard, just as it is also It unites (I believe) that of all the visionaries who have looked far ahead, towards the ultimate goals of man's long journey in search of Man.

But neither Teilhard nor even L'egaut (nineteen years younger), even after Hiroshima, have seen the pressing failure we now face, not in terms of thousands of millennia but in less. of how long a man's life lasts, and that forces the hand of God, so to speak, to intervene in extremis in a draconian way to save from shipwreck our fragile spaceship, our Mother Earth, carrier of Life and Promise. And such blindness in these visionary men, with their penetrating gaze, is astonishing. Perhaps it is due, paradoxically (and not without a secret irony of things), precisely to that Promise, to that everlasting “Parusia” supposedly “awaited” by Christians for two thousand years⁴⁴⁸ : that same one about the

447See the forwarding sign to this note a few lines above, in the note “The mutants (2): spiritual science (R. Steiner, T. de Chardin)”.

448The word “Parusia” is, in the Christian religious vocabulary, the consecrated term for the glorious return

that the same Teilhard de Chardin, to beautifully conclude his "Divine Means" ("The Divine Means of Waiting", this time...), expresses himself in sublime terms as it should be for the true Christian the object of a hope. imperishable Clearly I was far from thinking that this imperishability (a little dead around the edges) was not for one or two thousand years from now, that the long-awaited Hour is before our noses! But if he had spoken in more calm terms, it would have been talking about the rope in the house of the hanged man, or the blade in the house of the guillotined. Well, on this topic of the Parousia (among others) there is in the soul of said good Christian a surreptitious rupture - who - would never - say - his - name, between the "official" attitude of "waiting" oh cu so faithful (who comes to revive the eloquence of a Teilhard) and the voice of common sense mocked for too long that revolts and tells him (without him daring to admit it) that on that occasion (once does not make custom) the good Jesus had unfortunately made a mistake (chis...), and that in any case, even if he were infallible (something that faith would not know how to doubt), of course there is absolutely nothing that "wait" in particular (if it is not death itself, which cannot take long...). Speak to that Christian, not in the sublime and distant terms of a sermon but in a more concrete and close way, about something that more or less resembles that famous and problematic Parousia – and you can be sure that, deeply annoyed, from that moment on he will avoid you as an annoying "enlightened". (A word that, as we all know, in good Christian language means: madman who must be locked up.)

Worse for them – they will open their eyes when the Hour comes! When you fall asleep, and even more so between two chairs, the "official" and the "unofficial", the solemn and the shameful, the papal throne and the rickety chair – it is at your own risk!

L'egaut himself should have told him very clearly, at least in private, that at least Jesus got the date wrong. But clear or dark and wrong or not, it seems that he agreed with everyone: there would be no Parousia! (At least not before a few million years.) We're just waiting for someone to say out loud what everyone is thinking quietly, quietly...

It is rare for people to change their minds at that age (God forbid...). Unless, of course, you are forced to, when the Event actually arrives. And who knows if L'egaut, who seems to stay in shape, will not be there to see it with his own eyes.

(88) The mutants (3): a wind of justice and freedom (PA Kropotkin, AS Neill) (November 26–

28)449 I continue with my review of the "mutants." There are only two that we have not encountered before in the pages of the Key of Dreams, and which I will briefly present.

Piotr Aleks'eivitch Kropotkin (1842–1921), Russian revolutionary, one of the leading theorists of anarchism, and also one of the most attractive figures in the history of the anarchist movement. From the high Russian nobility, educated in the home of a family imbued with aristocratic arrogance and capricious arbitrary cruelty towards his servants at the total mercy of his masters, who deeply marked his childhood, stirring up movements of passionate solidarity in him. with the mistreated and humiliated servants, and then with the poor in general.

On the other hand, his powerful and daring spirit attracted him to the sciences. Geography was his first great, fully conscious passion, born not in the classrooms but "on the ground" when, at only 21 years old, he was given a delicate and uncertain mission to supply some colonies of former forced men who had settled in remote regions of eastern Siberia.

During his travels and subsequent missions, an overview of the formation of the Asian relief was born and developed there. A vision that powerfully called him to consecrate all

of Christ. Jesus had announced that it would take place in the lifetime of many of those he addressed. For a reflection on the meaning of the "date error" (at the very least) in the prophecy of Jesus, see the note "When you have understood the lesson – or the Great Joke of God " (no. 27).

449Continuation of the penultimate note "The Mutants (2): Spiritual Science (R. Steiner, T. de Chardin)", no. 86.

your energy, perhaps an entire life, to develop it in all its amplitude and with all the necessary care. At the same time, these trips put him in contact with the simple people who lived in the regions he explored, with their rough existence but also with their innate creativity and nobility. He ended up understanding that his life belonged to those men, poor, often exploited and mistreated and without defense against their oppressors – to those men of flesh and blood, not to a science, certainly fascinating, but which in the state The current state of things would only benefit the privileged few, men like himself who, by birth, had the possibility of freely following the inclinations of their intelligence, eager to know and create. He left a life as a wise man and a pioneer that attracted him powerfully, to dedicate his life to the poor and to the fight to eliminate the social inequity that he saw reigning everywhere.

In his long and fruitful life, that was among all the “moment of rupture”, the heroic moment, the painful and creative moment. A moment that, thanks to the fidelity of a lifetime, was to become that of a true second birth – the birth of Pierre Kropotkin, freed from his title of “prince” and any other he might have; of Kropotkin as we know him for his great mission, from that moment on.

He wrote a beautiful autobiography, “Autour d'une vie”⁴⁵⁰, which I read a long time ago, when I was young. I remember that he caught my attention above all (although I have forgotten almost everything) because of his deep-rooted benevolence towards all men. Modest and good, he never expresses himself with rage, anger or bitterness, not even in a biting way, about anyone. He loved to speak well of others, when he could do so without breaking the truth. When he could not say anything good about someone, he preferred to remain silent rather than speak unfavorably⁴⁵¹. Contrary to the idea that is usually had of the “revolutionary” and, even worse, of the “anarchist”, Kropotkin seems to me to be one of the people who, spontaneously and because of his very kind nature, distanced himself the most from of all violence. Because of this infinitely rare quality, I feel he is close to Whitman (twenty-three years older)⁴⁵² and Gandhi (twenty-seven years younger), men whose name he probably never even heard, since his mission His own path took him to very different paths⁴⁵³. The only one on my “mutant list” that I normally would have been able to and should have had contact with is Edward Carpenter, only two years younger than him. I don't know if they met. A point in common between both is their attraction to people of humble status, whose society they liked more than that of people of higher class. But it is possible that Carpenter's “religious” openness, and even more so his exceptional inner freedom, had disconcerted and alienated Kropotkin due to his rigorous atheism.

In the history of the anarchist movement or the revolutionary movement in the last century (I know very little about both, it must be specified), the figure of Kropotkin is the one that is most familiar to me. Surely among them there will be other men of comparable stature and also attractive in their own way, who could rightly be considered as “mutants” just like him – as beings who have achieved, in one way or another , spiritual maturity and autonomy

⁴⁵⁰Original text in Russian. A French translation appeared in the Stock publishing house, unfortunately out of print and impossible to find in bookstores. (N. del T.: Original text in English, and translated into Spanish under the title “Memories of a revolutionary.”

⁴⁵¹By highlighting this notable trait in Kropotkin, I in no way intend to propose it as a rule of conduct, which I would also be the last to follow! But the fact is that 999 times out of 1000, when you say unfavorable things about another, it is an entirely sterile activity. I myself am still not totally cured of that kind of waste of energy. (Although almost...)

⁴⁵²I am referring to Whitman after 1854, ie after the turn that took place in his life with his “enlightenment.” Before, aggressive and even insulting tones were not uncommon in his incisive pen as an all-terrain journalist.

⁴⁵³Kropotkin died in 1921, before the Satyagraha movement in India reached its full extent, in the struggle for independence. That movement would not have failed to impress him. Furthermore, there is a point that brings these two men together on my list of “mutants”: both of them found themselves in opposition to the established powers, and that is why they were in prison several times, sometimes for a period of time. dragged on. The only one “on the list” who was also in prison (as far as I know) is Fujii Guruji (only for a few days) and also, of course, Solvic.

interior far ahead of our Era of the Flock. I think, for example, of Elys'ee Reclus, a friend of Kropotkin and twelve years older than him. Like him, he was a great geographer passionate about his science.

But on the contrary, he chose to continue his scientific work, with the intellectual satisfactions, the material security and also the social status and audience that it gave him, and his revolutionary commitment to a reflection on the bases of society and on the prospects of an emancipatory world revolution⁴⁵⁴. It was surely a judicious choice in accordance with his being and his mission, different from those of Kropotkin although closely linked. But in my eyes the act of rupture in Kropotkin's life, with which he separated himself without turning back not only from innumerable privileges (to tell the truth hated by him) linked to a status of prince , but above all from a great and noble passion that until then had dominated his life, to follow the inner call of a mission that was waiting for him to be created and be – that painful act gives his spiritual adventure a greatness that few existences have achieved.

Perhaps Kropotkin's mission was more a search for justice than a mission of liberation. If it claimed to be liberating, it was above all in view of the "liberation" of the classes oppressed by economic exploitation, ideological domination and the contempt they suffered at the hands of the wealthy classes. I believe that he did not feel the need and urgency for an inner liberation of the individual, whose psychic structure is molded by the surrounding society and insidiously impregnated by its values, its attitudes, its taboos. These permeate, and to a large extent determine, both the mentality and psyche of the "masters" and that of the "slaves."

(And when you look closer, you see that the supposed "masters" are actually ridiculous and childish "slaves" ...) Yes, the soul and thought of the "revolutionary" himself (of he who wants to change society in his image, or in the image of his ideas and his desires...), as well as that of the thinkers, philosophers, artists and scholars who contribute to creating cultural values for centuries, It is as sculpted by them as anyone's.

When I read Kropotkin's account of his own life a long time ago, I was shocked that he did not talk about everything that has to do with sex or the relationship between the sexes, almost as if the "little difference", so to speak, did not exist⁴⁵⁵. In retrospect, I cannot help but note this evidence, that for him this was a taboo subject. At least for that reason, and undoubtedly also in many other ways but of less crucial scope, this great man and great revolutionary, servant of a mission that he rightly saw as "liberating", surely had He still had a long way to go for his own inner liberation. The freedom that I saw and of which I wanted to be a worker and apostle, was only like a half, cut off (as by the edge of a sword) of a full freedom – which is not only typical of a social "class", but of man, anyone who

⁴⁵⁴I recommend the beautiful biography "Elis'ee Reclus, ou la passion du monde", by H'el'ene Sarrazin, in Editions de la D 'ecouverte. Text of great sensitivity, illustrated with notable family photos. There is a chapter on Kropotkin in which, in a few warm pages, the essential thing is said, I believe. I read it recently to refresh my weak memory of Kropotkin's life.

⁴⁵⁵Funny detail, Kropotkin's wife appears in a sentence in the middle of the book, without us finding out before that he had a companion (I don't know if they were "formally" married), and without us ever knowing (if I don't fall into slander) who he was or even perhaps his name.

Since I am in the "failures" chapter, I add that this man who did not recognize borders, nevertheless had a small anti-German and anti-Prussian tendency, discreet perhaps, but already I had been intrigued when reading his biography. Bitter memories perhaps at the hands of a German governess (he was orphaned from a mother from a very young age), or other similar memories? Clearly, although he would not have phrased it that way (at least not while he was in his prime), he found the Germans (or "Prussians", as he identified them) unfriendly. In 1914, he succumbed to the general fever, applauding the fight of "civilization" against "Germanic barbarism." This caused desolation and embarrassment to his anarchist comrades, who blamed it on his age. He was 72 years old and, as far as I know, he was not senile. His last book, "Ethics", was written in his last years. (NB died in 1921, without having renounced his warlike statements.)

Even Freud, an independent spirit if ever there was one, succumbed to war fever in the first months of the war, in 1914 – on the side, this time, of Austria, embarked in the war alongside the "barbarians." Germans.

He quickly recovered from his temporary aberration, and never fell again, during his life, in favor of some or others. He is one of the few who have learned the lesson of a war.

be your class.

From this perspective, it seems to me that in some way Kropotkin's mission is "complementary" to that of Whitman, or to that of Freud, who, like Kropotkin, had the soul of a wise man. One acts towards a liberation from a "social oppression" within a society, the other towards a liberation from a more hidden type of "social oppression", namely repression, on psychic, which operates inside the human soul (and which Freud was undoubtedly the first man to see clearly in all its unimaginable dimension). Kropotkin suffered inner repression in himself, without seeing it in himself or in others; On the other hand, Whitman and Freud, certainly without ignoring the reality of social injustice and its innumerable faces, were not sensitized to this aspect, which was certainly less brutal in their environment than in the one that surrounded Kropotkin's youth. For each life its desire is enough...

In this same sense, it seems to me that Edward Carpenter's mission is a kind of synthesis in his person, in his life and in his written work, of those two kinds of liberating mission, which may seem foreign to one another. Yeah. They really are inextricably linked. Social justice and the inner liberation of all men are two "causes", or two "points" on the horizon of human development, inseparable from one another, like the peel and flesh of the same fruit, called to mature for centuries before being picked and eaten.

That dimension absent from Kropotkin's mission, the liberation from the fear of sex, is on the contrary at the very heart of that of AS Neill, of whom I am going to talk.

Alexander Sutherland Neill (1883–1973), British educator. Like everyone else, I read his book "Libres enfants de Summerhill", which impressed me a lot. I must have been about twenty years old at the time⁴⁵⁶, and my relationship with sex was not without its problems, to say the least. Neill's book didn't magically make them disappear (that would be too easy!), but it must have been among the seeds that ripened in me over the next twenty or thirty years, towards a relaxed relationship, a relationship of full acceptance of the sex drive⁴⁵⁷, without excluding the components that we have all been led to repress or to pretend that we ignore as (ahem, ahem) let's say "unorthodox." I believe that in this I am only one example among thousands of others, and that Neill's writings have had and will continue to have for a long time to come an important impact in opening mentalities to another approach to sex, and also to another way of conceiving education.

I don't know if there is a biography of Neill. In any case, I have not been able to find one, and I know nothing about his life or person apart from what his book suggests. But his work, by itself, testifies to an exceptional personality, far ahead of his time. It is not only the work of thought that, as such, could be separated from the true personality and life of its author. Surely that work is above all that famous Summerhill school, the school "where the children are happy" (oh abomination of desolation...!) that his books tell us about. That is a creation that has nothing cerebral, but is rooted in the daily reality of a living, intensely demanding and creative contact with school children. They are your true and main interlocutors or, rather, your collaborators in a "work" that does not-say-its-name, carried out jointly every day and taken up again every day.

The great guiding idea in Neill's educational work, clearly, is that of freedom. Others before him had understood and written that freedom is the first condition of human development, and that therefore it should be at the basis of all education that seeks to develop the

⁴⁵⁶There is a memory error – I see that the first edition (in English) of Neill's book is from 1960, when I was already 32 years old. I began to read the book shortly after (it was talked about a lot at that time), in the original English edition.

⁴⁵⁷This evolution, which I believe begins in 1958 after the death of my mother, essentially culminates around 1976, the year in which meditation enters my life. I'll come back to it later.

creative faculties of the child. Tolstoy was one of them,⁴⁵⁸ and there were many others in the anarchist ranks, among them Bakunin, Kropotkin, Reclus, Louise Michel. It was also something that was taken for granted for a Gandhi (influenced by Tolstoy) or for a Rudolf Steiner. Although the same words often serve to designate very different things, and the ideas that everyone has of that famous "freedom" vary enormously from one person to another⁴⁵⁹. But I believe that Neill was the first man in our long history who had the audacity and innocence to see that the key to man's freedom is in "sexual freedom." Furthermore, he had the courage not only to say it in a thousand very plain and unerudite ways, but above all to apply it and verify it in the delicate practice of education.

This is not the place to dispel the numerous misunderstandings that the term "sexual freedom" cannot fail to arouse, even more so than the more anodyne word "freedom". Neill himself has done so at length in his books, not with theoretical discourses but with innumerable examples drawn from a forty-year experience of freedom in school, justifying his initial intuition: "freedom in school" (and with much more reason, anywhere else...), that works!"

If he has been able to make that long, fully conclusive demonstration, creating a kind of enclave of freedom surrounded by a society totally refractory (at the very least) to that spirit of freedom, it is because, in addition to a rare courage to maintain faith in his basic intuitions and swimming alone against the powerful current of all humanity since the dawn of time, he was undoubtedly a born educator. Or is it not rather fidelity to his mission that brings forth in him, over the years and according to needs, those exceptional gifts that (at least in those who are even with 'the heart') do they hail him as a "genius" and a "born educator"?

Surely his mission would not have seen the light, at least not with all the unthinkable daring that it had, if it had not been preceded and prepared by that of Freud (seventeen years older than him). I see Neill's mission as a vigorous offspring of Freud's on two different levels. On the one hand, thanks to the "Freudian revolution" in the attitude of the spirit towards sex, this had ceased to be (at least for a certain avant-garde thought) a taboo subject, a topic not only "unspeakable", but even "unthinkable". Finally that lock had broken!

And nothing more was needed, certainly, for the spirit of simplicity that calls bread, bread, and wine, wine to emerge in Neill, equally with children and adults, and the same if it is about things commonly seen as shocking and yet the most common in the world, such as (for example) masturbation⁴⁶⁰. Summerhill, above all, is that spirit, and nothing else. But also on the other hand, the understanding of the psychic mechanism that Freud proposes has turned out to be a precious aid, perhaps indispensable for Neill to be able to successfully complete his work at Summerhill. Surely he needed the same kind of vigilant insight

⁴⁵⁸I am told that before Tolstoy, and among the first to recognize the crucial role of freedom, were Fourier (1752–1837) and Godwin (1756–1836).

⁴⁵⁹Divergences appear when it comes to the delicate question of the minimum "discipline" that must be ensured. For example: Should the principle of punishments imposed by the Master be accepted or not?

⁴⁶⁰Many readers must have been quite "surprised" like me, and even disconcerted, by the simplicity with which Neill speaks of "masturbation" (using this term, so loaded with weight), with the ease with which he speaks. 'fa of a table or a chair. To a father who was going to see if Summerhill was suitable for his son and who expressed concern about him learning to masturbate, Neill asked: "Why are you worried about that?" The father: "That would hurt him..." Neill: "That hasn't hurt you or me, has it?!"

I don't like to use the word "masturbation", loaded with pejorative or vulgar connotations, just as I wouldn't use the word "fuck" for "making love", "pedophile" for homosexual, or (in another context) "boche" for German. The bad thing is that in this case there is no other word, except "onanism" which is not much better, or "auto eroticism" which has the disadvantage of being vague and falsely erudite. Sometimes language is a relentless mold to force people to think and feel a certain way. French is worse than many other languages, like German, which is made to be able to form new words (like in this case "Selbstbefriedigung"). Neill takes the bull by the horns using a term "loaded" almost with the "freshness" of that which speaks of time. In this case it is clearly what had to be done. But how many generations or centuries must pass before the dark clouds surrounding certain words are dissipated forever by a wind of freedom?!

of Freud, so as not to fall into the trap of the thousand and one unforeseeable situations, which would knock down one's soul, which he would have to face day after day in his contact with often difficult children. easy, even resentful in their own way, and who would not stop trying, in a thousand ways, to "win his hand"!

But all the "technique" that a great pioneer like Freud can put at the disposal (let's say) of an educator would be of little help, if it is not at the same time an instrument of creative intelligence (as was the from Freud himself), to face day after day situations that are always new, always unforeseen, and always bearers of new teachings that disrupt the ideas of the day before. Therefore, starting from Freud's fundamental work, and in its own domain that is education, Neill's undoubtedly goes considerably further than Freud would have dared to dream, not even perhaps. wanted to accept. I do not know if they met or corresponded, nor if Freud had any knowledge other than of Neill's work⁴⁶¹. But I imagine that the Summerhill school would have at least made him uncomfortable, all the more so since Neill had clearly been inspired by him, Freud. Surely that is in the nature of things. Freud was the first to realize that his own ideas at the age of forty would have deeply shocked him if he had known them when he was twenty or thirty⁴⁶².

Much more so, all those men I have cited, who had advanced ideas about education and some (such as Tolstoy, Gandhi, Louise Michel) put them into practice, undoubtedly They would be horrified by Summerhill, including our beloved "mutants" Kropotkin, Steiner, Gandhi! As for Teilhard de Chardin (almost the same age as Neill: only two years older), he would surely have seen in Neill the Evil One incarnate (and in the process, perhaps, the much praised Parousia it would have seemed very close...). In my entire list of mutants, Whitman and Carpenter alone am I sure Summerhill would have made them scream for joy! And then L'egaut, if he has heard about it, at least he must not have been scandalized...

It is possible that if Neill were here reading this run-through presentation of his mutant work, it would seem to him that I had inappropriately highlighted the "sexual liberation" side. In his book (which I recently obtained and which I have just reviewed with great pleasure) he does not insist much on that aspect of freedom in Summerhill. As he himself emphasizes, once sex is not under pressure, it stops being invasive. Freedom is expressed in a hundred and thousand different and very simple ways, and all of them should be taken for granted, but men, alas! they don't know, or that they no longer know. Summerhill School teaches them, or reminds them, to children. Or what is the same: it teaches them to live without fear. That is what counts, while the everlasting "programs", that is, the ones that well-educated adults decide that they have to be crammed into the heads of children to make adults like them (another alas!), that has no meaning. no importance.

This is what Neill never tires of repeating to his readers, who are precisely adults and as such much tougher than children (since their skulls have had time to be injured by everything they do). they have been stuffed despite themselves). And Neill's books are a bit like freedom school books for adults. But I like to say more that they are the seeds thrown into the wind, and that they fall where the wind takes them...

No, I am not going to paint here with pastel colors the school of happy children, an emulation of the

⁴⁶¹I have not found Neill's name in the copious index of names of friends, patients and acquaintances cited in Freud's "biography in pictures" ("Sigmund Freud, Sein Leben in Bildern und Texten") edited by his young son Ernst Freud and his wife Lucie Freud. (In German, Suhrkamp Verlag.) A fascinating and emotional book, and the first biography of Freud I have read, last month.

I remember that the Summerhill school was founded in 1921, and that in 1923 Freud's first operation for cancer of the palate took place, a disease that caused him to suffer a lot in the sixteen years of his life. that he had left, greatly reducing his energy and availability. It is therefore very possible that he was never aware of the Summerhill experience.

⁴⁶²I believe that similar observations could be made in every intensely creative life on a spiritual level. When learning new things about ourselves, about the World or about God, our familiar ideas are disrupted. In my case it has lasted eighteen years!

T'elem Abbey⁴⁶³ with the memorable motto "Fay ce que voudras!" The true portrait, life-size and with lights and shadows, must be found in Neill's book. Read it, if you haven't already, and I guarantee that you won't be bored for a moment, from start to finish – and it's worth all the psychology and education books in the world. Alert, direct style, with concrete examples, always direct to the point, never prim, dense without being heavy, full of healthy science without a single erudite word and not a single extra word. Without intending to do a review, a unique book just like Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" (published in 1900), but in a totally different register. One of the great books of our time. Above all, a book (and perhaps this is its most surprising feature) is good to put in any hand. A book that illuminates (to the extent of each one), without scholarly or edifying speeches.

A book in which the intelligence does not speak of a brain, but of a heart.

(89) Neill and the beyond the Wall – or the thought, and the being (December 2

and 3)⁴⁶⁴ The last three days I have not worked on the Key of Dreams, at least not directly. Leaving aside various tasks that I put off day after day (correspondence, work in the garden, cleaning the stove pipes, since winter is approaching...), I have dedicated my time to rereading from the beginning finally Neill's book "Libres enfants de Summerhill"⁴⁶⁵.

I have rarely spent my time, and especially my reading time, better! With even more clarity than when writing the previous note, I realize that this book is one of the few key books, perhaps the first of all, to prepare mentalities for the Age of Awakening; and also a book, surely, that could serve as inspiration to men "afterwards". That "new man" that is to be born, and that for one or two centuries has been darkly making its way in some of us, it is in the pages of that book where I see him emerge with more clarity, free of everything ideological or messianic halo. The new man, simple as "good morning", familiar as if we had always known him, as if we ourselves had always been him. That's the same Neill, the unflappable dad-director-who-doesn't-direct, with the naïve joke so apt that we sometimes wonder when he finds a moment to be truly "serious," that's his wife discreetly present in those pages (we will not know her name...), those are the anonymous and committed collaborators, working with tireless patience for a salary of nothing, if not to see that this work does not It is done in vain, and they are the same children from Summerhill, of course, learning freedom in fits and starts. At least those who have already taken their first steps, who have gotten rid of the secret hatred or the secret contempt for themselves, and the latent fear that is their inseparable companion. Those who have already agreed to a joyful acceptance of themselves, in an environment in which they feel accepted without conditions, just as they are.

Kids, men, women who are "in their own skin." Mixed with them are the newcomers, better or worse integrated into an environment like the one they had never known and never dreamed of before. A disconcerting atmosphere due to its very simplicity: an air of freedom! They are like a cripple⁴⁶⁶ who had only lived with cripples and suddenly found himself transplanted into a world of children, men and women who walk, like!

463N. T.: Name of a fictitious abbey in the book Gargantua and Pantagruel by François Rabelais. His only rule was "fay ce que vouldras", do what you want.

464Continuation of the previous note "The Mutants (3): a wind of justice and freedom (PA Kropotkin and AS Neill)".

465French translation in the Editions de la D'ecouverte. Unfortunately the translation is strewn with nonsense, due to a "phonetic" translation of English that, alas, does not always work! The most frequent nonsense is the following: when you see the words "supprimer" or "suppression", replace it with "r'epimer" or "r'eppression" (from the English "to suppress", "suppression"). When you see "conqu'erir", replace it with "surmonter" or "depasser" (8 from the English "to conquer"). When you see "evidence", almost always (the context will tell) you would have to put "preuve" or "fait probant" or "signe probant" (from the English "evidence"). It is truly a shame to ruin such a magnificent text like this!

466N. T.: "cul-de-jatte", literally "bowl-ass", cripple without legs.

If it were the most natural thing in the world! And they have to discover that they also have legs to walk, yes! although a deeply anchored tenacious fear wants to prevent them from admitting it. The fact is that they never used their legs and so it is not surprising that they have atrophied a little. There is a whole learning process to restore their natural mobility, to those legs that have been useless and inert for so long, and for that cripple to start walking like the others. That is above all the job of Neill and the other adults: to teach those who had forgotten it almost from the cradle that they have legs to walk, to help them (as if nothing had happened) to get rid of that fear, that tension, on that paralyzes. But often, just seeing that others walk and run with ease, that is enough for them to gradually let go, over a few weeks or months, of old fears and old tensions.

A path towards self-acceptance and inner autonomy, that is above all what the children have to travel at Summerhill, each one at their own pace. And surely each of the adults also has to follow a similar path, and under much more difficult conditions, at an age in which the personality is already fully formed and structured, and in a medium like any other, which opposes with all its weight.

Neill, the first, had to go through a tremendous turn and make a long journey to reach Summerhill, at the age of thirty-eight. Throughout the story, with his comments about this or that, we learn that he was raised, in a devilishly Calvinist family, in the fear of God-the-justiciar and the hell that awaited him, if he did not behave well. When he was a young teacher, he did not refrain from hitting children like everyone else, a way to let off steam.

(as always when someone who is weaker is hit). That must have been a very funny discovery for him, that that was the reason why he hit and not to "educate" the children. Perhaps that was the "tremendous turning point" that I just evoked. How was this extraordinary inner transformation carried out in him, from a village teacher normally self-conscious, if not more retrograde and vicious than the others, into the Neill that we know in the pages of your book? (A Neill that would be absolutely impossible to invent!) At the end of the book I discovered the announcement of three other French translations of his books, these posthumous, among them "Diary of a Rural Teacher" (Payot 1978). It can't be anything more than an autobiography, and I was already celebrating reading it. But bad luck, it's sold out! (I'll have to try to order the English edition in England...)

Besides, Neill is very far from putting on the pose of the totally liberated man and all that. (I have come to understand that this is a bad sign.) Nor of the brilliant, or infallible man. With those poses, it is certain that he would not have been the right man to do Summerhill. Furthermore, he does not miss the opportunity to point out the various false ideas that he has had to get rid of, and also his "tactical" errors with this child and that other. (I have the impression that such cases must have been rare, and that it never took him long to see his mistake and rectify the shot...) Neill is also the first to note that a man (like The same one, who has not been educated in freedom, always keeps somewhere more or less hidden reflections of being "self-conscious".

That does not prevent him, in his relationship with children, from feeling at all times where the shoe hurts and how to gently untie (and almost always with a wisp of malicious humor with an air of playful or absent seriousness) knots. sometimes very tight. In that it is amazing. It would be said that by an always renewed miracle, in all "sensitive" situations, the ego-screen vanishes without leaving a trace, giving rise to an immediate and acute perception of what is happening and, simultaneously, and without any intervention of conscious thought and even the slightest reflection, the precise act occurs: the one who crashes where the crash is required to communicate a message, or the one who "passes" smoothly without precipitate nothing or cloud anything, when the situation still needs to mature. One feels in him a perfect flexibility, an extraordinary lightness, in his relationship with an everyday life that is for him, the one who is awake, like an incessant creative provocation.

This rare presence, which in Neill has become an inseparable, everyday, "ordinary" part of his very nature, is clearly the work of love. What has transformed the life of

That man, what transforms so many beings with mere daily contact with him, is a certain quality of "love," one might say, permanently present in him. Not the love that attaches itself to such a being or such others and expects such compensations, nor the sentimental love that retouches and carves and strives to color the gray pink; not even the love-feeling with all its load of emotions and all the inertia that is inseparable from it. A love that is neither attachment nor idealization nor feeling, a love that is immediate action. Like the action of the sun, which illuminates the poor and the rich alike, the "bad" and the "good," and also the beasts, the insects, and even the grasses and moss in the cracks of the rocks. . Surely it is a love like the one that emanates from beings like the Buddha or Jesus, and that acts on everyone around them if they do not close themselves to it. And to tell the truth, that book by Neill so stuck to the ground, so far from any lyrical flight, so naked of all poetic flourishes and all literary effort – that book is a love song no less inspired and no less profound. than the famous Song of Songs of Solomon. But (in my humble opinion) a thousand times more appropriate to our time and a thousand times more urgent than all the Psalms of David and Solomon combined!

That Neill's action has been so exceptionally fertile even in his days is undoubtedly also due to the fact that his privileged field of action was among children, less seasoned than adults and less inclined than these, in the long run, to cling to a state of most tiring inner tension. Pedagogical failures were rare. But Neill's presence had to act on the adults at the school, causing the unusual qualities of patience, serenity and dedication required for Summerhill to emerge and develop in them. Otherwise, one wonders how he would have been able to find the personnel he needed, surely impossible to find as is.

This extreme loving acuity that constantly, in the absence of any screen of preconceived ideas, captures the essential in a situation or in a being, and that is one with the precise action that touches where it should touch - that It is without a doubt the most extraordinary and rarest quality that I find in Neill, and the one that distinguishes him (it seems to me) from the rest of my "mutants"⁴⁶⁷. More than any of them, perhaps he is already "on the other side", he already belongs to the Age of Awakening, to that era before us that is also that of freedom. (Or at least, at the beginning, that of learning freedom...)

Freud, Neill's immediate precursor, opened a great breach in the thick and compact wall of an ancestral fear, of a millennia-old fear. But he himself stayed on this side of the wall, without passing through that open gap. Perhaps he himself did not clearly see the true nature and true dimension of the hole he had just made. For him it was a gap open to thought. And he knew better than anyone that thought is not the man, to what extent it is far from being the whole man. In any case, in him, as in anyone, the divorce between thought and "the rest" was patent. The thought had passed through a certain gap, of course, but "the rest" prudently stayed on this side of the Wall of Tab'u. In his daily life as a father to his family, as a colleague to his colleagues, as a doctor to his patients, and later as a leader or as a "master of thought" of a kind of new scientific humanism. that he had to rethink from top to bottom everything that concerns the human psyche, whether close or distant – in all of this, I get the impression, Freud remained "the old man": the man molded by a culture and by a medium, and who conforms scrupulously, if not blindly, to the models that these have deeply imprinted on his psyche.

Yes, even in the face of that famous "libido" that he had magnified under a name of his own, in the face of that sex drive that had not waited for him to exist, and to exist I don't know. only in his patients, in his "cases", but in himself – once he left the consulting room and put away his self-analysis notebooks, I am convinced that in front of her he was still the

⁴⁶⁷However, you may have to except Edward Carpenter. But at the moment I'm not documented enough about it to get an idea about it.

old468 that society wanted and wants us to be: full of a half-haughty and half-crisp distrust, at the bottom of which lies a fear of that confusing, shapeless thing lurking in the depths, of something that, no matter what we do, , escapes the clear and well-laid avenues of thought. Something deep down unknown, elusive, angel and beast at the same time, terrible, frightening for its very attraction and for that power that we feel in it and that, if we are not careful, in an instant sweeps away everything... .

However, surely somewhere he knew that this great breach that he had opened was not limited, properly, to the upper layer reserved solely for thought, to "the noble activity of man" (such and how he saw her). It must have felt like it reached the ground and penetrated deeply into the foundations. Who wouldn't have felt vertigo in his place! And how strange is it that he has taken good care (probably in all sincerity) to show off in striking colors his fidelity to the repressive values embodied by society. As if to say: "I "give up"! You know, I am nothing more than a modest wise man who does his job as a wise man. It's just a question of thought, I assure you, selfless research, honor of the human spirit and all that, not counting the progress in medicine that I almost forgot... .

And if we psychoanalysts speak with such erudite and odorless words about certain things (ahem, ahem) that morality probably rightly disapproves, I swear to you that it is not to cast the slightest doubt on the foundations of said morality and the repressions (excuse the erudite word...) that it causes (and with what implacable effectiveness - the neuroses are witness!), to throw them overboard and sink them - quite the contrary!

Yes, for each life its desire is enough. And if there is any doubt, it was necessary, in order to "sneak" the Freudian revolution through the door labeled "Human Sciences", for good or bad reasons, for its architect to present the reassuring "profile" of a wise man with temples. gray hair, irreproachable father of a family, etc., "like everyone else."

Whitman's case was precisely the opposite: in a prodigious pirouette (so prodigious that he could hardly believe his eyes!) he found himself taken a thousand years beyond the famous Wall; and without letting himself be carried away by the panic of the enormous gap with the men of his time, he stayed there, much further away. But the thought, 'that did not follow'. Or if it followed him, it was only a modest part of the thought: the one that allowed itself to be carried there on the light wings of poetic expression!

(Although it was with a language profoundly renewed by the needs of the cause.) In these times, it seems that erudite jargon filters better, and in any case it inspires more confidence, it seems "more serious" and restless! less than poetry! It is evident that until now Freud's impact on our culture469 has been incomparably more powerful than that of Whitman, and even that of Whitman, Carpenter and Neill combined.

And this is easy to understand. The level at which Freud places himself, that of mere thought (and even if he dared to peer into the unfathomable abysses of the psyche!), is a level that always remains peripheral. One can be (let's say) an illustrious psychoanalyst, in the wake of the great Predecessor, and still remain "the old man," as reassuring as the first.

468That something was seriously wrong in Freud's relationship with the erotic drive, that was very clear to me from the first time I read something of his. (It was in his masterpiece, "The Interpretation of Dreams" (Die Traumdeutung), at the beginning of the 70s.) I express myself in passing in this sense in the note "The role of the dream – a tribute to Sigmund Freud" (no. 6), on page 13.

469Here I use "culture" in a conventional sense, more or less coinciding with: written and taught culture. There must be tens of thousands of books that deal with Freud or psychoanalysis, or with ideas that are now part of the air of the times, introduced by him or in the wake of the progress he made. On the other hand, we must realize that until now this "impact" remains confined almost exclusively to the level of ideas, it constitutes a "cultural veneer", without impact on people's behavior among themselves or with themselves. The truly "effective" ideas, those that almost completely determine each person's behavior, are not the conscious and sometimes "erudite" ideas transmitted by "the Culture," but rather those that are located in the subconscious and unconscious layers of the Psyche. These ideas have been practically untouched by the Freudian revolution. Surely much less, statistically speaking, than they have been affected by the invasion of the "Walt Disney style", and this even among the "cultured" social classes.

patient who comes to cure his neurosis with him at a thousand francs a session. On the contrary, to welcome and digest the message of a Whitman, a Carpenter, or a Neill, at the level that these men place themselves and which is that of their message, that is changing. It's letting him be the old man even if he doesn't. It is renewing the skin, it is following them beyond the Wall.

If these men change us, it is not because of what they think (although their thinking is intensely creative), but because of what they are. And "what they are" is not on this side of the great Wall, it is not in the pen of the flock, except perhaps for some little pieces that have remained trapped.

They are already there, on the high seas, far beyond the Wall!

(90) Neill and original sin – or myth as a message (December 4 and

5)470 Chance does things well, which has led, in the penultimate note, to present Kropotkin and Neill together, who At first glance they don't seem to have much to do with each other.

In the note in question I had already observed that Kropotkin's mission can be seen in a certain way as "complementary" to that of men like Whitman or Freud, and therefore to that of Neill (since this It is a vigorous and daring offspring of Freud's mission⁴⁷¹).

There are also many common points between these two men and their missions, in the sense of that complementarity. In both we see a vigorous criticism of society as it exists, and as it has existed more or less forever. But of course their optics are very different. Kropotkin is dedicated to the iniquities of the exploitation of the disinherited classes by the wealthy classes, and sanctioned by the laws and structures of society. Neill perceives violence within the family itself, in the relationship between spouses and that of parents.

with their children, and even in the relationship that each one has with themselves. This is perverted by an insidious self-hatred, installed since childhood by the repressions suffered at the hands of the adult environment. Neill is one of the few who has seen clearly that he who does not love himself is incapable of loving another, and he transmits his hatred and that inability to his offspring. Neill sees the great evil of society in this inability to love, transmitted from generation to generation through the repression exerted on the child since childhood. And among the innumerable forms that repression takes, that of sex is the neurological repression if there is one.

If Neill occasionally criticizes the laws (submitting to them by force and reluctantly...), it is not so much because they sanction social injustices (the main reason why Kropotkin and the anarchists more or less reject en bloc all existing laws), but because they are guarantors of repression and, more particularly, of the almost unlimited repressive right of parents.

For me it is very clear that, of these two men, Neill is the one who has known how to touch with his finger the very root of the evil that man and human society suffers, since (it seems to be) the night of the times. It is that low esteem, even that hatred or contempt for oneself that, as compensation and relief, maintains in man conscious and unconscious impulses of violence towards his fellow men⁴⁷², and the uncontrollable desire to place himself above others. thus, even if it is humiliating them, tormenting them or destroying them in their bodies or in their spirits.

470Continuation of the previous note "Neill and the beyond the Wall – or thought, and being".

471It is common to describe Neill as a "psychoanalyst", to pigeonhole him in a ready-made box. It is clear that he has been inspired by Freud and that he has taken some key ideas about the psyche from him, just as it is clear that he has gone his own way, looking at things with his own eyes – even there where they do not seem to fit the Freudian vision.

In "Libres enfants de Summerhill", Neill names Freud laconically in three different places. The first time is already in the first lines of the introduction, to designate him (with reason) as the true creator of psychology. It is worth quoting these first words of his book, which I cannot help but fully subscribe to:

In terms of psychology, we have not made much progress. The guiding forces of the human psyche, for the most part, are still a mystery.

Since Freud's genius gave it life, psychology has come a long way; but it remains a new science that only slowly discovers the contours of the unknown continent. It is likely that in fifty years they will laugh at our current ignorance."

472These "impulses of violence" are not directed only towards "their fellow human beings", but towards all of nature, which today is about to break under their weight.

No revolution, no matter how generous (an extraordinary thing) the inspiration of its main instigators and artisans may be, will eliminate those deep germs of violence, inequalities and iniquities that devastate society! a damn incurable and hereditary disease!

By disrupting the power relations within society, and its structures and institutions, they will not, however, touch the deep roots of evil, secretly present and active in the souls of the "revolutionaries" and the "exploited" just as in that of the "exploiters" or the "reactionaries".

Regarding the different depth of vision of these two men, it must be remembered that Neill is forty-one years younger than Kropotkin. Curious coincidence, the same year that Kropotkin died at the age of 79, in 1921, Neill (who was then 38) opened the Summerhill school. One feels like saying that in the forty years that separate Neill from Kropotkin, our species has learned something, and even something of the greatest importance...

Another common point is the aversion of these two men for "religion." This must be understood above all: by the practice of institutionalized religion that they themselves were able to see more or less closely, and by the ideology and current attitudes that it promotes. In these upright, thoughtful and radically good men, this almost visceral opposition is certainly most founded. Kropotkin emphasizes that religions and churches, since the dawn of time, have always been on the side of the rich and powerful, who have sanctioned all injustices, all iniquities and all violence, or who have piously closed their eyes about them. Neill, from his personal experience both in his own childhood and in his educational work with children, confirms that the more religion there is in the family, the more repression there is and the more hatred stored and repressed in the being. Clearly, that is a dispassionate observation made by a shrewd and penetrating observer who has long since surpassed the days when he had personal scores to settle with religion. Without having many illusions about the effects of religious education, I have been very shocked by this very blunt assessment of forty years of experience by an exceptionally insightful and profound educator: Neill has not known a single case, He says, that religious education has had an effect other than increasing the weight of the child's repressions and self-loathing. Nor has there been any child at Summerhill who has retained religious inclinations, although there was by no means an anti-religious atmosphere there (no more than there was, say, an anti-religious atmosphere). ski, anti-cinema or anti-war...).

Since the Summerhill children came from every country in the world, that is truly an overwhelming verdict on the true role of religious education in today's world, where such education has even survived the great debacle of religions. The despiritualization of the modern world, surely, is as strong and even (according to Neill) stronger within families that have remained "faithful" to a religious tradition than anywhere else.

Neill more or less summarizes his impressions as an educator, in the chapter on religion, saying that "the child does not need God." I would add that the child has all the less need because, to the extent that the surrounding world does not alienate him from himself, he is spontaneously close to God. He has no need to be told about God or to "believe in God" around him. He needs love, and love in the true sense of the term does not imprison, but rather liberates: the child fully loved, in a way not falsified by the ego, is a child whose needs for freedom and autonomy are respected. And a place where love is lived and where freedom is respected, is also a place of great spirituality. Although the existence of God is denied in it, it is a place blessed by God, a place where He knows He is loved and in which He is pleased. There are few places more "religious", places more "religious" to God and more intimately united to His designs, than the school animated by the awakened and loving presence of Neill and his devoted collaborators.

Neill's aversion to religion is also much more nuanced than Kropotkin's.

For him, religion is nothing more than a vast hoax set up by priests eager for privileges, in collusion with the no less eager nobles, in order to abuse the people. I believe that in our days there must be rare, among people with a certain degree of culture, anarchists and even Marxists, who still maintain such a simplistic vision, which is manifestly unsustainable in view of the that is known from the history of religions. Neill, for his part, refrains from expressing an opinion regarding the existence of God, or even from mentioning the issue. It seems to me that I understand that he does not take a position on this issue, and in any case that he considers this issue to be totally incidental to his mission. He also refrains from speaking out against "religion" or "religions" in an absolute way. His findings concern only what he has been able to see personally as the effects of religion, as it is now practiced and inculcated, on the psyche of children and adults – and alas! They are not bright. But he comes to dream of a "religion" of the future that would no longer be an instrument of repression and instigator of hatred for himself and others, of a "new religion" that will be He was resolutely pro-life, who would encourage true love in all its forms; a religion that would expand and liberate man, instead of mutilating him:

"One day, young people will no longer accept the religion and ancient myths of today⁴⁷³.

When the new religion arrives, it will refute the idea that man is born in sin.

Praise God by making men happy.

The new religion would reject the antithesis of body and spirit, as well as the guilt of the flesh. You will know that a Sunday morning spent bathing is more sacred than a Sunday morning spent singing songs⁴⁷⁴ – as if God needed songs! A new religion will find God in the meadows and not in the heavens...

... Religion proliferates because man does not want to, cannot face his unconscious. Religion turns the unconscious into the devil and orders men to flee from its temptations. But make the unconscious conscious and religion will no longer be useful⁴⁷⁵...

...The new religion will be founded on the knowledge and acceptance of oneself, since a condition for loving others is truly loving oneself.

It will be very different from education under the stigma of original sin, which can only generate hatred of oneself and, therefore, hatred of others. "He who loves big and small things best prays best⁴⁷⁶." This is how Coleridge, the poet, expresses the new religion. In that religion, man's best prayer would be to love all things great and small – in himself."

Clearly Neill was free of that "stigma" that is education under the sign of the

473Neill here uses the terms "religion" and "myth" in the proper and narrow sense of the term, since in his childhood he was deeply marked by a castrating religious education. But even outside of any religion that is recognized as such, in our days there is a "religion" that has taken over all men without exception, or almost lacks it, with its own myths. no less disastrous than the old ones, which he has adapted or eliminated. It is the "scientist" or "technical" religion, with its central myth of "Progress", and all the attached myths. This religion, without waiting for the young to reject it, will soon be swept away without remission.

474"Singing songs" evokes gloomy childhood memories in Neill, to the point that it would not even occur to him that one can sing songs with as much joy as that of a child bathing! What a beautiful summer morning!

475When Neill speaks here of the "unconscious," he clearly thinks of the subconscious, that is, of the layers of the psyche close to the surfaces – the only ones that could "become conscious." In this paragraph, when Neill speaks of "religion," he is of course speaking of "old-style" religion, whose traditional role, according to him, was to provide man with a way to evacuate his unconscious, or to program in the 'behavioral models in the face of the "heterodox" requests of the unconscious, discrediting them as raised by the "devil." Clearly the "new religion" he dreams of is not affected by these observations.

476N. del T.: Versos del gran poema The Rime of the Ancient Marinere de Samuel Taylor Coleridge,
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small.

"original sin"⁴⁷⁷. No doubt that is why his relationship with the religion that had stigmatized him in his youth was also liberated: he is able to see it as it is, and to conceive how another religion could be. 'on, the "new religion". Kropotkin did not free himself from the "stigma of original sin", which permeated him, despite himself, throughout his entire earthly journey (even if he believed himself to be totally free of all religious conditioning or not...). Surely that is why he was incapable of having a free and nuanced attitude towards religion, that is, seeing it as it is, without "pushing" the complex reality towards white or black.

That "new religion" that Neill dreams of without much belief, I have no doubt that it will be a reality much sooner than he would have expected. But it will not be, I believe, a single and universal religion, as he seems to have assumed. Rather, each of the current religions will be profoundly renewed, and will come closer to that truly "religious" spirit that Neill evokes. And yet it would not have to abandon the immemorial myths that underpin it (and that Neill describes as "outdated"). Speaking only of the famous "myth" of original sin, which for two thousand years has played such a disastrous role in the spirit of Christians, for my part I admit that it intrigues me a lot. It would give a lot to one day understand exactly what it means, in concrete terms, about the spiritual history of the species, or of human society at its origins. Well, I have no doubt that this myth is not of divine inspiration, that it is not a gift from God – it is up to us to understand or interpret it, as best we know how!

In any case, what is certain is that such a myth can be preserved and transmitted and respected, that one day it can even be deeply "understood" and all the more loved, without it serving as a cornerstone to an anti-life conception of existence, nor as an alibi for an education perverted by a neurotic hatred of "sin." Myth is to our species what an enigmatic and penetrating dream would be to one of us – it is up to him to guard it carefully and take advantage of it! Thus the myth is part of the common spiritual heritage, like a message that God addresses to us, so that we can decipher it. The "reading" that we have done for three thousand years is surely not the good one, or at least, it is no longer the good one. It no longer corresponds to our current state of evolution. But the message remains, in all its depth and mystery.

It is up to us to decipher the message better than our ancestors. They limited themselves, alas! to repeat to each other... It is up to us to discover a meaning that, far from being a weight that does not push us back towards a past in which we remain half trapped, makes our march more joyful, freer and more light.

(91) Direct democracy from Makarenko to Neill – or: awakening the man in the citizen (December 4 and 5)⁴⁷⁸

I return to the parallelism between Kropotkin and Neill, which has turned out to be a very comfortable common thread. Previously I have pointed out the complementarity of their missions, both seen as a liberation of man. I have pointed out the radical criticism of today's society (that of Neill touching the very root of evil), and an aversion to religion as we see it practiced and inculcated everywhere (without however with a more nuanced vision of the "religious fact" in Neill). There is also a fourth point of contact that I would like to talk about.

Reading the first chapter of the book on Summerhill, especially dedicated to the Summerhill school itself, its spirit and its day-to-day functioning, it is striking to what extent the spirit and organization are, in many respects, those generally advocated by anarchists, of whom Kropotkin was one of the main theorists. However

477Of course, Neill knows better than anyone that this "stigma of original sin" is not exclusive to religious education (like the one he himself received). In a more or less brutal form, today it continues to permeate the mentality of everyone, even in the families that are furthest from any religion, the most "progressive" and the most enlightened. Thus, this "new religion" (or this new attitude towards all things "great and small") that Neill dreams of is an urgent need for all men, and not only for men. who have been exposed to the influence of traditional religions and their prim and sterilizing moralism.

478Continuation of the previous note "Neill and original sin – or myth as a message".

Today, given that the word "anarchy" is hopelessly clouded, in common language, with connotations of "chaos," "disaster," "comprehensive maladroitness," go-go partying, homemade bombs (and I don't follow)479, many anarchos take refuge in the expression "libertarian" instead of "anarchist".

The choice of this word indicates well that "freedom" is, traditionally, the first value for anarchists as well as for Neill. But you have to know what is meant by that.

This varies enormously from one to another, even among anarchos or "libertarians", precisely according to the degree of maturity or "freedom" achieved by each one. But the sense in which Neill himself understands that term, and which he tirelessly explains and explains throughout the entire book, is in harmony with that given by many of my most enlightened anarcho friends. ; people, moreover, who know how to appreciate the value of the unusual "revolutionary" potential of the Summerhill experience480. For my part, as I reflect on these last few days, I tend more and more to see in Neill the most authentic "revolutionary" of our century!

Without a doubt the most striking specific aspect that makes Summerhill (with some reservations) a kind of "anarchist" or "libertarian" micro-society, is that it is a self-managed school; It is governed by all members of the school together, both children and adults.

At least for all matters internal to the school481, the de facto authority does not belong to Neill, the official headmaster (as opposed to the outside), or to anyone else, but to the plenary assembly of the school.

This meets once a week, on Saturday, to regulate current issues, and also when a member of the assembly requests it) to discuss and eventually modify the internal laws of the school. In this assembly, even the youngest children (six years old) have one vote each, as does Neill himself, or the other adult members of the staff, or the older students, who have each one a vote. And it is not an equality-trinket. The details that Neill provides in his book, full of numerous examples that are sometimes very striking, show that this equality of right of decision, in the most insignificant things as well as in the most important, is the most ace real. It is not at all exceptional that the motions presented by Neill are rejected (sometimes unanimously except for one vote!), and it is even the case that the assembly makes decisions at the opposite extreme, sometimes reckless and even (very exceptionally) downright delusional. (without ever seeming alarmed by Neill...). It is true that among the customs of the school is to institute a "government", formed above all (it seems to me) by "vigilantes" chosen to ensure the maintenance of a minimum of discipline, judged by all to be necessary for the common good. a. But this "government" is renewed every week with a new election – as much as saying that it only has the name of the government!

What is notable here is that the collective authority, embodied by the assembly, is accepted without problems by all children without exception. This acceptance includes sanctions482 for transgressions of the laws established by the assembly. These sanctions (if they are not in some "scale" already established) are discussed and decided by the assembly in the presence of the transgressor, who of course can defend himself, as well as protest in the case (surprisingly rare) of

479The etymology of the word "anarchy" means "without government", which means a situation that all the conditions received lead us to consider as inadmissible and horrible, and to equate to the blackest "chaos", etc. .

480Among these friends is Claude Chevalley, of whom I had the opportunity to speak several times in Cosechas y Siembras. Surely Kropotkin himself would have applauded many aspects of Summerhill, but other aspects and especially the carefree atmosphere regarding sex would undoubtedly have deeply bothered him (not to say: horrified him!).

481Summerhill school was a boarding school, the students only returned home on holidays. Matters excluded from the jurisdiction of the school assembly included all financial matters (student stay fees, staff salaries, etc.), the hiring and eventual dismissal of staff, and menus. us.

There doesn't seem to have been any protest about this from any student at any point (as I presume Neill would have mentioned it).

482I suppose that the English term used by Neill is "penalty" and not "punishment", which would be better translated as "sanction" and not "punishment" (as the aforementioned French translation does), given that this last word has a moralizing and blaming connotation, totally foreign to the spirit of Summerhill.

who considers the sanction excessive (in which case their assessment is generally taken into account). The important thing here is that the sanctions are devoid of any coercive or moralizing connotation and therefore blaming. They would be presented more as a simple transaction, and not as a "punishment". They also do not create rejections (even if they are hidden or unconscious), nor do they create repressed feelings. This is because the spirit that reigns in the community is not coercive, it does not try to fit anyone into any mold. He simply strives to ensure the well-being of each and every one, accepting each one as they are, with the full weight of their aggressiveness, open or repressed. But nevertheless, the community does not accept all their acts and behaviors, when these affect the well-being of others.

This total acceptance by the child of a collective authority in which he himself fully participates is corroborated by the experience of the Soviet educator Anton Semonovich Makarenko⁴⁸³. However, this is situated in the most different material and psychological conditions that can be imagined. It began during the Russian revolution, undoubtedly some years before the Summerhill experience⁴⁸⁴. Because of the war and civil war in Russia after the 1917 revolution, many children found themselves separated from their families, whose adult members had been killed or scattered. Abandoned by everyone, they roamed the country in savage bands that lived by plunder, when they did not die of hunger or cold. They did not hesitate to kill or steal for a piece of bread or a pair of shoes, when the opportunity arose. Some "asocial" then, to a degree that is no longer found in these times, in our dolled-up societies. There were tens of thousands wandering the roads, and they had become a real public scourge. The authorities had a problem. Simply machine-gunning them could, after all, have a bad effect (these were not yet Stalin's times). And to put them in prison with nothing to do, there was not even anything to give them eat, nor what to warm them with in winter.

Makarenko took care of a group of those desperate kids, with the blessing of the party and ridiculous subsidies, let him make do as best he can! This was not Summerhill, nothing about rich children or well-off people in a society bursting with abundance. No maids here, paid to make the beds for the masters and ladies, nor anyone to pay the large bills that had to cover personnel expenses, the abundant food (partly wasted), the accommodation, the fuel oil, not to mention the damage caused by the boys who did not care much about the material (since the adults paid...) and who, when they were new arrivals, did not hesitate to take revenge well.... .

No, it wasn't Summerhill. If they wanted to eat, when everyone in the country was starving (and many were actually dying), it was clear that they would have to work and get tired! If they wanted to stay warm when it was twenty or thirty below zero, they had to look for firewood wherever there was, and if they found it, they had to cut it however they could. And the same with regards to cooking and the rest. They had been provided with some dilapidated premises, with perhaps a couple of pieces of furniture and some kitchen utensils and some tools. If they wanted to settle in with more comfort, perhaps with beds, tables and benches so as not to eat and sleep on the floor, they had to move and make them themselves. Makarenko himself was not particularly a carpenter or a bricklayer or a cook or anything like that. The poor man was nothing more than a "pedagogue." But when circumstances demand it, we become skillful and imaginative. The fact is that it started like that, "suddenly", with nothing at all in our hands and a gang of kids of all ages (I seem to remember), all a bit criminal, all with their fingernails. nas out. Kids who

⁴⁸³By an extraordinary coincidence the three initials of Makarenko, ASM, are almost identical to those of Neill, ASN, except that the M is replaced by the N, which is the next letter. A little joke from the good Lord?

⁴⁸⁴Verified in an encyclopedia, Makarenko's experience begins with the "colony" or "agricultural cooperative" called "Maximo Gorky", in 1920, just a year before Summerhill. Is the "little joke" still going on? (See previous footnote). I note Makarenko's dates: 1888–1939. He died at the age of 51 from a heart attack (it seems), after having survived the great Stalinist purges safe and sound.

Among us they would be considered "irrecoverable" without remedy, and they would spend their days in prisons and reformatories.

However, Makarenko, throwing all his pedagogical science overboard, managed to make of that virulent mass of exacerbated wills, each one against all in the fight for their survival, a closely united group of socially responsible beings, who reached They would all be good Soviet citizens! In any case, not murderers, scammers or murderers. People with a good job and accustomed to behaving as they should. It's not bad at all, given the starting point.

To achieve this, Makarenko had to go through a hard path, and so did he. I still remember a little about the book in which he talks about it, I must have been very young when I read it. His first experiences, with young savages who made fun of him when he tried to appeal to his reason, good sense, honor and all that. Glad they didn't charge him! A fascinating book, but I have forgotten the title⁴⁸⁵. Through I don't know what twists and turns, he nevertheless manages to find "the fold" where he can hook them, where he can create a group and a collective spirit. It must be said that just as Neill must have had, or acquired after his first humiliating failures, an unusual "charisma" to feel what has to be done at any given moment, in front of a young or a gang of young people, when things were going bad. That, of course, is not replaced by any "trick," any "idea," no matter how great it may be. And yet he had a guiding idea, which (I think) changed everything – which made the group, where there was only the will to live naked, violent, fiercely isolated. It was not, as in Neill's case, the idea of "freedom" – the times and places were decidedly not propitious. But nevertheless a close idea: self-management.

The sovereign assembly made up of everyone, deciding on everything that concerns the group, and in which each one has a voice equal to that of any other, including the director himself!

It wasn't a "camelo", just like in Summerhill, and that's probably why it worked really well. Some helpless kids, outside of society, from night to day find themselves full members of a strongly structured group, with potential strength and prestige due to that same cohesion, and they have a voice in the chapter just like the director, to decide day by day the organization of the group and the guidelines⁴⁸⁶. A prodigious change of situation, incredible when you think about it! Galvanize energies that until then were directed towards the only goal, oh how ridiculous now, of a problematic and miserable individual survival; survival for a day, a week, maybe a month, and then the flood! But the group, to which the child or adolescent⁴⁸⁷ now identifies body and soul, as something bigger and more important than him, has a weight and a stability like he had never known, and in which he now fully participates.

Here the spirit is at the antipodes of Summerhill. There is, certainly, as an important common point if there is one, the sovereign collective authority, embodied by the plenary assembly formed by all, with equal voice for all. But Makarenko relies on the esprit de corps among the members of the group, to unite the group and, therefore, structure its members in the image of the group. Without a doubt it could not be otherwise, since it was about reintegrating into human society beings that had been violently torn from it,

⁴⁸⁵I should have read it in the German language. It may be the "Pedagogical Poem", which in any case is the only book by Makarenko translated into French, it seems, in which he recounts the birth of the "Maximo Gorky" colony.

⁴⁸⁶Perhaps I am going too far here, by no longer remembering exactly what the powers of the assembly were, in the "direct democracy" regime of the "Maximo Gorky" colony. I seem to remember that they were considerable, which did not cease to worry the communist bureaucracy. In 1927 Makarenko resigned from the leadership of "Maxim Gorky" to obtain the leadership of the "well-known" colony FE Dzerjinsky – that is, he chose the path of Soviet conformism , the path of honors. He became (a bit like Maxim Gorky himself) one of the established celebrities of the regime, and (like Gorky) he managed not to be disturbed during the purges. In 1939 he joined the party, but that did not bring him any luck because he died the same year of an unfortunate (or providential?) heart attack.

⁴⁸⁷I couldn't say if Maxim Gorky had children of all ages, or just teenagers. (My encyclopedia doesn't say a word about that, or about many other things...)

and in which the social sense had been dissolved more or less completely. Without taking into account the tacit restriction represented by the ideology and bureaucratic spirit of the political power prevailing in the surrounding society. He would not have tolerated a wind of freedom even remotely resembling the one that permeated Summerhill (completely foreign, moreover, to everything that Makarenko intended).

Neill faced a task that was somewhat the opposite of Makarenko's: children whose psyche was crushed by the values of the surrounding society and whom he tried to remove from that castrating pressure, to "individualize" them. sum, and not (as in the case of Makarenko) of "socializing." And that "good citizen" (Soviet or other, it doesn't matter) that came from Makarenko's hands, and of which he was so proud (and rightly so, seeing where he started from)), as a kind of "finished product" and impeccable, Neill's lucid and benevolent eye recognized him as a sick being beneath his gallant appearance – the being sick with the "herd disease."

Where Makarenko's work ended, Neill's began. In the docile and disciplined citizen, constantly swallowing and regurgitating (just like Makarenko himself) the official platitudes, now it is a matter of awakening the man.

(92) Neill and the Message – or the miracle of freedom

(December 6 and 7)488 Yesterday and the day before yesterday in the previous note, I began to talk about the evident affinities between Neill's educational work and the ideas "anarchists" or "libertarians". Afterwards, the reflection turned to Makarenko, regarding "direct democracy" in groups of children and adults, such as the "Maximo Gorky" agricultural cooperative or the school of Summerhill.

Clearly Neill is no more interested in political ideologies than in religious doctrines. What is certain is that he was not inspired by one or the other, but on the contrary, he was careful to distance himself. What for him was the essence of his work and which he was, I believe, the first to see with such acuity, he must have well known that he would not find it in any doctrine or ideology, nor in any a book. Except, at most, for some scattered indications in Freud, that great pioneer of knowledge of the psyche. But apart from Freud⁴⁸⁹, it is from himself, and from the living, daily contact with children, that he had to get what he was looking for – what was sought through him. And in him you can see a healthy distrust of theories, and even ideas, which he is willing to throw away as soon as they are contradicted by the facts.

I am not talking here about something like "freedom." For Neill that is not simply an "idea." Just like "the sun", "the earth", "water", "fire" are not more or less cerebral "ideas", creations of the human spirit, but primordial realities of life. Each being has a direct experience of them, and even a deep knowledge that undoubtedly precedes any direct experience of the personal psyche⁴⁹⁰. For someone like Neill, "freedom" is also part of those things. It is a reality, this time of a spiritual nature, of which Neill had an immediate perception, not at all intellectual, probably clearer and finer than any human being had before him. That is why, above all, I see him as one of the beings at the forefront of our species; as one of those in which knowledge

⁴⁸⁸Continuation of the previous note "Direct democracy from Makarenko to Neill – or: awakening man in the citizen".

⁴⁸⁹In his book "The Free Children of Summerhill," Neill evokes several times the work of the British educator Homer Lane, whose work deeply impressed him. Surely it contributed no less to bringing to fruition his mission, which was embodied in the Summerhill experience, than Freud's fundamentally theoretical work. Homer Lane ran a re-education center for young offenders, The Little Commonwealth, at the turn of the century. He died in 1925, four years after Summerhill School began. More can be learned about him in Neill's autobiography, where two revealing pages are dedicated to him in the section "Delinquency" (pp. 356 et seq. of the aforementioned edition, in Editions de la Découverte).

⁴⁹⁰It can be assumed, and for my part I am completely convinced, that the innate knowledge (unconscious, of course) that we bring with us at birth, comes from the accumulated experience of all our previous existences. I suppose that in the deep layers of the Unconscious, that experience is present in its entirety. It can manifest itself mainly through sleep, and in hypnotic states.

spirituality of the entire species deepens, refines, renews itself, even if at first it is only in the psyche of a handful of men who have known better than to welcome and make its message their own.

Or put another way: it is because of this new, deeper and more agile perception of "freedom" that Neill must be seen as a true "mutant" among us, as a precursor and a tacit herald of the new species that one gropes for in waking life. It is because of this new gaze, this gaze less hindered than before by the opaque veils of the past, that it is part, in the same capacity as the "cosmic enlightened ones" of RM Bucke, of the true "ancestors of man!"⁴⁹¹

But let's return to "anarchy", that projection of the thirst for freedom in man, born from passionate and dedicated lives like those of a Kropotkin. In my second reading of "The Free Children of Summerhill", these last few days, I was once again struck by Neill's insistence in distancing oneself from that regrettable "anarchy". He, who strives not to have "black beasts", here is one, however! At least ten times throughout the book, if not twenty or thirty, he exhorts us above all not to confuse "freedom" and "anarchy"⁴⁹², which have nothing to do with each other, that freedom does not consist at all in behaving like savages or idiots, throwing away every trace of common sense, etc.

When all this is taken literally, it is always beyond doubt that Neill uses the word "anarchy" in the ordinary sense of "chaos", "pasotismo" etc⁴⁹³. But I have the clear impression that at the same time there is in him, as in many others, a certain vagueness around him, a vagueness that also includes (without ever saying it clearly) this implied: "anarchism." ya, well yes, that shit of chaotic state so preached by those excited anarchists! It is very clear that Neill, who is an intelligent and honest guy, never had in his hands a book on anarchism, written by a serious anarchist⁴⁹⁴ – surely he did not lack other occupations that must have seemed more urgent to him . His never-elucidated relationship with the cloud of meanings "anarchy" or "anarchism" seems identical to that of the first newcomer, for whom every thought and every aspiration that departs a little of the established paths (and even worse if it seems to question your privileges or your peace of mind!) can be nothing more than delirium and weakness.

If Neill, he, also places such insistence on anathematizing the horrible word "anarchy", it is easy to guess the reason. After all, at least from the beginning of Summerhill in 1921, he himself found himself all his life in the very uncomfortable position of "white wolf" in a society of "gray wolves." But here he discovers that even before he enters the scene, there was already another white wolf, so to speak established and (as it should be) universally hated, and that to tell the truth (and that it's a serious predicament), he resembles him, Neill, and not a little.

How can one be surprised then that to the "good-furred" wolves that look askance at him, he is quick to shout out loud: "but no, let's see, I'm not the white wolf, it's the other one who is." horrible – I'm almost as gray as you!"

Apart from obvious affinities, there are also aspects of Summerhill that seem to be among the most contestable in an "anarchist" perspective, or simply in any somewhat global perspective of society, in a spirit of justice. Furthermore, there is no desire in Neill to discreetly conceal these shadows in his story, without however feeling obliged to do so.

491See in this regard the note "The ancestors of man – or on the way to the Kingdom!" (no. 81).

492There is even a book by Neill whose French title is "La Liberté, pas l'Anarchie!" In the English title "Liberty, not License", the word "anarchy" does not appear. But nevertheless it seems to me that the French title translates Neill's provisions very well.

493On the "clouds of meaning" about the word "anarchy", see my comments in the previous note, page 198

494Among

these books, I especially point out those by Kropotkin, such as "Mutual Support", "Ethics", "Words of a Rebel", "The Conquest of Bread". Reading one of these books would surely have clarified Neill's more than vague ideas about anarchism, but I doubt that it would have clarified his own work in the slightest.

to insist a lot. At times he lets a certain discomfort emerge, and he mutters some vague excuses in passing, without stopping. For example, his school could only admit children of rich or well-off parents, willing to pay a rather large bill. Or also that at school all the work was done by paid staff (thanks to said large receipts...). The boys, who sometimes remained at Summerhill until the age of seventeen, did not lift the tip of a finger outside of their schoolwork (that is, the ones they were interested in doing), and their games. . Under those conditions I would have sworn that I was going to make some spoiled and impossible children, and some totally lazy ones above the usual, but not at all! Amazing, it's true. An important reason, surely among others, that made it not take those paths, was that the internal staff were not treated at all as servants, no more than the teachers or Neill himself. Like the latter, the cleaning ladies were part of the school assembly, and they had complete freedom to put in their place a newcomer who had wanted to vent with them. Those are things, of course, that change a situation from beginning to end.

Certainly nothing prevented a child who felt motivated to do so from participating in cleaning work or in the kitchen. However, it seems that in Summerhill's forty years, that never happened. After all, there was a staff expressly for that, and also, surely, in the school there was a spirit and a tradition that did not encourage it. From this observation, Neill believes he can draw this general conclusion, that it should be part of the right to "freedom" of children and adolescents not to do any work that they do not feel like doing, and from there (by a tacit and hasty deduction), also the right to be served by adults from morning to night, as was the case in Summerhill, where everything was served to them well roasted Visibly Neill does not have much desire to face this evidence, that such a Jauja life, even assuming that it were very good and convenient for the child, is only possible for a small minority of the privileged within the of a society of abundance, and that those who "benefit" from it do so at the expense of poor children – those, for example, whose parents spend the day making their beds and serving them. I handed over the table to those gentlemen and those damsels.

No doubt Neill was well aware of all this and at times it bothered him. But I think he knew instinctively, equally, that with respect to what his mission was, to what he really had to contribute, these were secondary issues. It is really a secondary issue, in fact, that the Summerhill school is not generalizable "as is", on the scale of a country, let's say, and even on a planetary scale. Neill's mission is not a patented "model-school" model, which he would propose to everyone to follow. Neill's mission is "a wind of freedom." It is a certain new understanding of freedom, of its nature, of its role in the psyche, of its obstacles, and of that crucial fact, that "freedom" and "creativity" are two aspects of the same thing. And that all human beings, without any exception, are made to take part in that thing, and that above all it is in childhood and from birth when it is essential that this potentiality of being can be fully deployed, freely. This is the new understanding that Neill brings. He who has made that understanding his own, 'that is already a new man.' He has no need to know in detail how Summerhill worked, or even, at the limit, to have heard of a school with that name. Assuming that he himself felt motivated to make a school, he would make his school with that spirit of freedom. For this reason it would not be a copy of this or that, but it would be a creation. He would make fire with all the wood, taking full advantage of the conditions as he found them, to create for certain children a place of freedom, a place of growth and expansion. And if he is faithful to that spirit of freedom that already lives in him, what he does will be beneficial not only for those few children, but for the whole world. Those children, who do not hate themselves, will never despise or violate anyone.

When they become adults, each at their own level and place, they will be a new seed released into the world, destined to grow and multiply.

That's how Neill himself did it, and that's how Makarenko did it for a few blessed years (before he turned around and became a big deal...). Assuming that Neill had been confronted with the extreme circumstances that Makarenko had to face, I do not doubt for a moment that he would not have done much worse than Makarenko with those "settlers" of Maxim Gorky. Given the incomparably more repressive surrounding society, it is very likely that he would not have been able to go as far as he did in Summerhill on the path to freedom, and furthermore he would not have taken long to end his days in a Stalinist camp. But surely it is not the material difficulties that would have prevented the creation of a collective of children, adolescents and some adults (even if he was the only "personnel"), to carry out the learning of freedom by creating an atmosphere among them. 'sphere of love and mutual respect.

Surely Neill's ideas about the child's psyche would have been very different, at least on certain points that are not the essential aspects. For example, I would not have believed I could verify an incoercible aversion of the child or adolescent towards all work necessary (or simply useful) for their existence and that of the community. No more, let's say (in order not to go looking for exceptional times), that little African girls feel unfortunate for having, already at the age of five or six, to take care of their older brothers. as little ones who have two or three, or help mom collect firewood or make food, and in doing so they learn day by day their future role as mother of the family. Quite the opposite! As long as they remain proportionate to the strength and means of each person, it is not the obligations imposed by material needs that are an obstacle to human freedom. By themselves, they would rather be a stimulus to the creativity that exists in everyone, both in the child and in the adult. The only suffocating and sterilizing obligations are those that come from the discretion of men, imposing on other men, especially children, ways of seeing, doing, feeling, behaving, under pain of being rejected. Repression never comes from things, but always from men; of those who have themselves been repressed, and who have not known how to free themselves from the repressions suffered in their childhood.

I am convinced that in more difficult material conditions, and even very difficult ones like those that Makarenko and his young "settlers" had to face, conditions (let's say) in which the community must assume more or less all their material needs without external subsidy, the children would be "happier", their lives would acquire a dimension that was missing in the closed and soft glass of Summerhill. I even have the impression that when I was a child, and at least from the age of eleven, a life of many years in which the only extracurricular occupations that my environment would have proposed to me were all of the type "leisure": reading, playing, making small models of airplanes and ships, etc. such a life would have seemed rather dull to me! Making scale models, and especially in the long run, is an act—ersatz⁴⁹⁵ instead of doing things for real. But doing real things is a job (even if that job can be, at the same time, an exciting game...). Building houses that we will live in, or furniture that we will use every day, growing vegetables or raising animals that we will eat, cooking for ourselves or for a group of people we love, all of this is only annoying if someone makes it our duty. (even if it is jovially and in the name of beautiful pedagogical principles). And respect for food and for common or personal material, respect that was lacking in Summerhill⁴⁹⁶ where

495N. T.: substitution. (In German in the original French).

496Here we must leave aside the case of children deeply emotionally disturbed by the lack of true love, when in the past all the adults around them gave much more importance to objects and their economic value than to they. For such a child transplanted into a loving environment like Summerhill, a "costly release" may be a vital necessity to regain trust. These are situations that an educator like Neill, or like Homer Lane from whom he was inspired, knows how to feel. Neill relates the case of a young delinquent who expressed to Homer Lane (perhaps as a challenge) his desire to break some cups and plates on a table in front of him. Homer handed him a poker, encouraging him to go straight – which he did. It was the first time in his life that he could see that more importance was given to him than to objects. It was a shock that cured him of his hatred. The next day he went to see Homer to agree with him (who did not ask for anything) how to reimburse the damage

everything was paid for by the parents who were there for that and had credit, they would fall off their weight there where food is limited and where each one has put more or less of their own to carry or win it, or to prepare and serve it; there where the material is recognized as necessary for everyone's life and cannot be replaced by gogo; where the furniture has been made with their hands according to their own ideas and tastes; where broken glass has to be replaced out of a modest amount of money that has cost them to save, etc. As Makarenko very rightly says, external circumstances themselves are the best of "pedagogues." (And not only for children!) That said, it all depends on the spirit with which men, and in this case such men in charge of a group of children, face those "external circumstances.

Frequently, these are simply endured, and taken as a framework and, if necessary, as a justification for current repressive attitudes. But those same circumstances, taken with dispositions of freedom, are so many provocations to provoke creative responses.

They push us, almost in spite of ourselves, to broaden or deepen our experience of things in an unexpected way, to enrich ourselves with knowledge, knowledge or know-how that will be more authentically "ours", m It is as intimately a part of ourselves as any knowledge learned in books or on school desks.

Neill insists a lot on the difference between the mentality of the child and that of the adult. Surely he is right, especially, to insist on the necessary and irreplaceable role of play in the life of the child. In our fiercely studious societies, play is often eliminated from the time the child reaches school age. This is a brutal cut, a mutilation, by which the child is torn from a vital activity for the psyche, to be immersed in an irreducibly anti-play environment⁴⁹⁷. This cut, and the opposition between "play" and "work" that it witnesses, are among the great calamities of our civilization⁴⁹⁸. It is one of the eloquent signs of the impotence that this cultivates in each one. In a truly unfolded existence, there is no such cut. Just as a child plays with everything serious is the intensity that an adult puts into the work he loves, so that adult immerses himself in that loved work with the availability of his entire being and with all the freshness of the child. not absorbed in his game⁴⁹⁹. In the child is the adult, and in the adult is the child. Instituting a cut between "play" and "work", that is cutting the child from the adult world, and is cutting the adult from the child in it. It is locking the child in a childish ghetto, it is cutting off the adult from his creative sources. It is to deprive work of what constitutes its soul, to reduce it to a purely utilitarian "investment" in view of "production", to a battlefield in a competition where "the best" is supposed to win. .

In our consumer society, play is torn from human labor and strangled. What remains, a bloodless corpse, is recovered, dissected, repainted and presented as a gift to the deserving, under the attractive name "leisure." For the impotent man, castrated from his power to play, "leisure" will henceforth be the patented, luxurious, organized Ersatz, tinsel of

It must have been about 500 or 1000 francs of "damages", and with that a boy really transformed, cured. What rich parents would not have regretted those thousand francs, while they would not hesitate to spend millions forcing their boy to undergo psychoanalysis for years, without even believing in its effectiveness!

⁴⁹⁷In this "anti-game" environment, there may well be "games" organized by adults for children. That doesn't change anything!

⁴⁹⁸We must recognize that this calamity is nothing special about "our" civilization. It seems to have accompanied all the so-called "advanced" civilizations to this day. This will not fail to be considered a test by all those who feel part of ours, according to the well-known argument: "Gentleman, it has always been like this, therefore it will always be like this! ". However, I say, that will change much more quickly than anyone would have ever dared to dream...

⁴⁹⁹The difference between the child and the adult is not essential, but rather one of "dose", a quantitative difference. In relation to our activities, the main difference is in greater continuity in the adult, capable of dedicating themselves to the same activity for an indefinite amount of time. This is linked to the fact that the adult mentality takes into account the future, which the child mentality ignores. Normally, the transition from child to adult should be done progressively, at each individual's pace. The very way in which school is conceived in our "studious" society breaks this necessary continuity. In this respect, even a school like Summerhill seems to me to be something of a lesser evil.

what once was a child's game...

Sometimes I have the impression that in his eagerness to defend the child's "right to play," Neill also remained a little prisoner of that tacit idea of a cut between play and job. Wanting to safeguard the child's play, one would say that for the same reason one feels obliged to preserve the child from work at all costs! There is an irreducible distrust, not to say a visceral aversion, against the mere idea that an innocent child or adolescent could be exposed to real "work" (except at most school work). that is, an activity that may have any practical utility for itself or for the community or for one of its members, whether immediate or distant⁵⁰⁰. Perhaps your personal experience of work as a child and as an adolescent has been experienced as a pure obligation, imposed by adults without any care or understanding of your true needs and your own desires.

And I suspect that the anti-work atmosphere that has reigned at Summerhill from beginning to end reflects above all that side that he personally took, probably reinforced by very similar dispositions in most if not all of the children he They landed at Summerhill. In fact, they all came from well-off backgrounds, where it is usual to consider all kinds of manual work (except for Ingres violins⁵⁰¹ labeled as "leisure"!) as a burden, which adults willingly unload on the backs of children or servants.

The most notable thing here is that it does not seem that this anti-work environment, a "negative" copy of the current mentality in the environment, has had regrettable consequences on the former students of Summerhill. The transition from the country of Jauja Summerhill, towards a regular professional job according to their tastes and their aptitudes that allows them to assume their material burdens, was done (it seems to be) without any problem in all cases.

Yes, it is truly amazing! I think I see there what could well be called the "miracle of freedom." To be clear: as I just realized "in the documents" a moment ago, it is not a question, even in a "free" school like Summerhill, that all the more or less inhibiting conditioning coming from the surrounding society, act Whether "positively" or "negatively" (going against current attitudes), they are eliminated even if only in the psyche of the director-founder. And yet (therein lies the "miracle"!), it seems that in a true atmosphere of freedom such as that which reigned at Summerhill (and it was undoubtedly the first school of that type that has ever existed... .), unconscious adjustments occur in the child's psyche, which despite everything allow the child to develop "normally", without these earmuffs, which are very secondary, causing damage or lasting blockages.

There is one thing that strikes me now in this reflection. I was preparing to formulate certain criticisms against Summerhill that I thought were weighty, and here, by an unforeseeable twist, what is essential in Neill's work is reinforced! All the criticisms that I have to formulate can be summarized by saying that this work bears, like its creator, the imprint of a time, a place, a medium – the man and the work are, undoubtedly, "conditioned." " in some ways or another. It would be good for me to get used to the evidence that in no way is this a regrettable special "erasing" by Neill or by anyone, but rather that such limitations are inherent to every man and every human work. The "miracle" here is that everything would lead one to believe, in the delicate context of education, that such or such attitudes (which

500I think, for example, of the following passage from Neill's book, which gives food for thought (as does his entire book, on the other hand!):

"One day I read that in America a school had been built by the students themselves. Before I believed that that was the ideal. But it's not like that. If some children build their school, we can be sure that behind them there is some gentleman full of benevolent and jovial authority who provides them with vigorous encouragement. Unless there is such authority, children will never build schools."

(Quote from the "Work" section, page 91 in the aforementioned French edition.)

501N. del T.: The French language has made the passion that the famous portraitist Jean-Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780-1867) had for the violin, when he put down his brushes, the archetype of the hobby.

(I would be tempted to call them gross "errors") they should have a deplorable effect on the results of educational work, and yet there is nothing of the sort! The essential thing, what Neill intended, is in no way affected.

The lesson that we can draw, and which is undoubtedly the soul of Neill's message, is that in the education of the child, and for the flourishing of the creative faculties in the child as in the adult, freedom comes first. In view of this requirement, the rest is accessory. Once it is satisfied, all the knots inherited from the past stop strangling, and each one ends up being untied in its own time; in a year or a hundred or a thousand, in the end it matters little, once the essential is respected.

This message only acquires its full meaning through a new and profound understanding of what "freedom" really is. An understanding that Neill was the first, perhaps, to have with such acuity, and to present to us in terms so concrete, so simple, and with such force in its unpretentious simplicity. The forms that total respect, primordial for that freedom, will take will vary infinitely depending on the circumstances, from one place to another, from one era to another, from one person to another. But freedom is always "the same" freedom. And Neill's message, and that of a Walt Whitman or an Edward Carpenter, different in their language, in their accent, in their light, are ultimately one and the same message.

It is also the message of another innovator, of another "revolutionary", of the man with a deep look, solitary and without fear named Jesus. (Before he was called "the Christ" and was made a god, to better convey his message...) It is a message matured after a dream of almost two millennia, and that we now rediscover under a way that responds to the needs of our time: without parables this time, in clear words! It is also the one taken up from its source, carried and deepened throughout a lifetime, by a Marcel L'egaut even with another light.

It is the same message of freedom.

That message is for all places and all times. It acts everywhere where it is deeply welcomed, whatever the medium, whatever the person. Isn't the knowledge it provides that "water that quenches thirst forever"? Truly, he who has drunk of the water of freedom, has drunk of a knowledge that does not pass away, even if his body is mortal. And the message that that water brings us is everlasting.

(93) Education without suggestion? – or education and knowledge of oneself

(December 8 – 10)502 There are already five notes, and twelve days in a row, that I dedicate almost entirely to Neill's work, as I know it through from his book "Free Children of Summerhill". Only throughout this work does the exceptional scope of that work begin to appear to me in full light, and its role as ferment to prepare the mutation of the spirits that he himself claimed, and whose urgency he felt Better than anyone, he discerned its essence and measured its entire depth. Its message, direct to the very root of the evil that man suffers, is also served by an always "everyday" language, of extreme simplicity, attached to the concrete in each line.

Even more than the broad movements of a poetic language of a Walt Whitman, more than the naturally abstract, even erudite or technical language of Sigmund Freud, Neill's is made to be understood. for everyone, as is. It is enough to welcome with an open spirit and heart the rich experience presented in those natural pages, and let your own experience as a child, as a teenager or as a parent resonate.

I have thought back to my first reading of that book, in the early sixties.

Three children had already been born⁵⁰³ of the five of whom he was going to be the father. The reading, I said, had "impressed" me. But to tell the truth, its effects on my behaviors and attitudes as a parent seem to me to have been null. Most of the errors against which

⁵⁰²Continuation of the previous note "Neill and the Message – or the miracle of freedom".

⁵⁰³My firstborn was then a dozen years old, the other two (a daughter and a son) were not yet supposed to go to school.

Neill warns parents (and surely when reading it I totally agreed with him), I have done them, and I still haven't finished reaping their fruits – and so have my children. I read that book with my head more than with my heart, straight through, like a "talking about" book, while my main dedication was elsewhere, in mathematics. It would not have occurred to me that day after day I was repeating the same mistakes with serious consequences, convinced of my good dispositions towards my children, and of my unwavering security in the conviction of being a progressive person. Only when meditation entered my life, in October 1976, did I begin to realize the situation. At that time I had not lived with my children for years. But for the things that are at the heart of our learning about life, it is never too late to see them clearly. Whatever the moment (and, I am convinced, even at the moment of death), it is an immense blessing to discover in a sudden light the errors we have carried throughout our lives...

Perhaps something would have helped, in that first reading, if Neill had spoken in more detail about the psychology of the couple? He limits himself to making some passing comments here and there, about the relationship between the parents and its repercussions on the child. Some pertinent comments, but they remain at the level of generalities and, except perhaps once or twice, did not apply to me⁵⁰⁴. It is likely that he could not say more, because from what is clear in his book, I seemed to understand that his marriage is one of the few that does not have major problems.

Furthermore, in these notes I have no intention of "taking a tour" of Neill's capital book – it would take a book like his, if not several! I would simply like to clarify, first of all for my own benefit, what in my reading of these last few days "squeaked" a little in passing, or that remained somewhat confused in my spirit. There is still one point that I would like to examine.

Here is what Neill writes in the first pages of his book, about the spirit with which 'He and his wife created Summerhill:

"So, my wife and I decided to have a school in which we would give the students freedom of expression. For that we would have to renounce all discipline, all direction, all suggestion, all preconceived morality, all religious instruction whatsoever. Some would say that we were very brave, but in truth we did not need courage. What we needed, we had: an absolute belief that the child is not bad, but good. After almost forty years that belief has not changed, it has become a profession of faith."

I believe that the child is naturally sagacious and realistic and that, left free from any adult suggestion, he can develop as much as his natural abilities allow him to do..." (I am the one who emphasizes.)

It is fair to say that what began as an "experience" became a demonstration, of astonishing evidentiary force, of the validity of Neill and his wife's initial intuitions. However, the point that poses a problem for me is when Neill returns with such insistence on the importance, for the child to develop freely, that the adults who surround him and, first of all (it is assumed) those in charge of his education (both parents and eventual professional "educators", teachers, school directors, etc.), refrain from "influencing" the child in any way, in matters (let's say) of moral ideas, religious, political, etc. Furthermore, the book opens with a quote from Khalil Gibran's beautiful text about children, which begins with "Your children are not your children," and which later reads:

⁵⁰⁴Neill speaks above all of parents whose sexuality is stuck and where frustration at that level engenders a latent hatred between spouses, even from parents towards their children. That was not the situation in my marriage at all.

"You can give them your love but not your thoughts, for they
have their own thoughts...
You can strive to be like them, but do not try to make them like you.
For life does not turn back, nor does it dwell on yesterday..."

However, we can ask ourselves to what extent it is realistic to propose that parents refrain from all "suggestions" to their children, from any kind of conscious influence on their ways of seeing, feeling, behaving, etc. After all (and Neill knows this better than anyone!), children absorb the atmosphere around them just as much as they absorb breast milk. Whether you like it or not, the ideas that are part of that atmosphere will be absorbed by the child, for the better and for the worse.

worse.

Perhaps Neill simply wants to recommend an attitude of extreme respect for the child's freedom and his or her own means; to refrain from all speech to convince him of this or that, or to subject him to conventional obligations (such as saying good morning or thank you, going to church or school, etc., without him being willing to do so), even if They were only consciously formulated "suggestions" that could interfere with your own nature and with a personal work you are doing. But the child, and even more so if his relationship with the environment is relaxed and trusting, will not stop moving forward by asking a thousand questions about existence, including (and without worrying about Neill's exclusive!) questions that must be called "moral", "religious", "political". And he has the legitimate expectation of obtaining answers, which it would be manifestly absurd to deny him. Systematically mitigating these responses with a cautious "in my opinion..." does not change much⁵⁰⁵, and furthermore it would not be natural when people are told things of which we are intimately convinced, sometimes to the point of point that to doubt them would be like denying oneself, and trying to doubt them would seem like an idiotic comedy. Sooner or later the child will end up learning that people's ways of seeing vary from one to another, and that those of their parents, and later those of their teachers, are not necessarily the best (no more so than yours!). The parents' attitude can accelerate and facilitate this important discovery in a child's life, and thereby give a new foundation to the trust that the child gives them.

The attitude Neill intends, I suppose, is one of flexibility and modesty, as opposed to peremptory authority; an attitude that constantly implies that we do not believe we have absolute and definitive knowledge, and that therefore encourages the child to form his or her own ideas about things. And in addition and above all, it is important to respect these ideas as their ideas, on an equal basis with ours, and this even in those cases in which, in terms of our ideas and mental habits, they seem aberrant⁵⁰⁶. Surely with such an attitude is how we can favor the creative process of the progressive formation, always in movement, of a vision of things in the child that is truly his, that is his own creation. So it doesn't matter whether it seems "fair" to us or not. In any case, to the extent that the child lives in such a climate of freedom, his vision of the world will be in continuous evolution, without ever being fixed by effect.

505It goes without saying that when you don't know the answer to a question, you shouldn't hesitate to say so. Very often parents say "it's still very difficult for me to explain it to you", when it comes to things that they themselves have not yet understood. For my part, I do not remember ever having been reluctant to admit any ignorance. Such reticence is always, I believe, a sign of a lack of self-confidence, of an underestimation of oneself, which one tries to compensate for with fictitious "knowledge."

506This is something that I understood very late, after 1976, when I no longer lived with my children. I would not have dreamed of consciously wanting to impose my ways of seeing and my tastes, and with that feeling I was convinced that I gave them total freedom. However, my intimate conviction that my ways of seeing and my tastes (at least where I had them well established) were the good ones, had the same effect as the desire to impose them, and was It corresponded, certainly, with a really present egotic desire to see them shared. Without counting the prohibitions (for example, no comics or military toys in the house), which I later understood were not only useless, but harmful, which have inhibited the development of children towards a inner autonomy, and they have contributed despite their relationship with me. That would have been clear to me if I had read Neill's book with open dispositions, with the heart and not just with the head.

of obedience, or of rejection, towards an authority (even if benevolent) that was imposed on him.

Such an attitude of flexibility towards others, and especially towards one's own children, is more than rare. In all men without exception there is, I believe, the desire to see their own ways of seeing and feeling shared by others, and this is even more so if they are close people, and especially when they are our own children. In the latter case, this desire is gladly adorned with the favored colors of paternal "duty," to "educate," to "form" one's child, etc. But whether you are a child or not, you are generally convinced that this desire to share opinions, feelings, convictions, etc. with another it is of a highly altruistic nature, which is for their own good and out of selfless love for the "truth" that they want to take away their devastating errors. The reality is that this desire is almost always exclusively selfish in nature. Whether it is the desire to magnify the ego (since he who convinces, "conquers" and annexes...), or an expression of the need for approval, for confirmation of oneself. Almost always, it is simply the desire to "be right," either to dominate, or to feel accepted and appreciated, or both at the same time.

Reading Neill, one gets the clear impression that at least in his relationship with children, he is totally free of that egotic desire, which is perfectly free in that relationship. There is no doubt that it is above all that rare maturity, that spiritual finesse, that makes him such an exceptional educator and therapist. For my part, I humbly admit that I have not yet reached that enviable state, although in recent years I have made some progress in this regard. And I doubt that there are many parents and educators who teach better. However, that does not mean that they are necessarily bad parents and bad educators. But they will be, even animated by the "best intentions in the world," if they do not realize that desire they have and its true nature, and if they are not attentive to what is happening within them in their relationship. with the child⁵⁰⁷.

Only when it is not recognized for what it is does that desire spread and become invasive to the point of sterilizing the relationship with the child⁵⁰⁸.

Education that is not accompanied by an attitude of self-knowledge, and that for that reason is not an education and learning of oneself, can only perpetuate old errors and old repressions. That was my case, before my life was finally transformed by the action of such attention to myself⁵⁰⁹.

(94) Neill and the bomber – or happiness-to-go and the other dimension (December 8–10)⁵¹⁰

But above all I would like to return to the "screech" that already manifested itself in my first reading from the book about Summerhill. First of all, I point out that when Neill evokes here and there the main aberrations of human society (which he recognizes as consequences of the repressions suffered by all of us during childhood)⁵¹¹, he never fails to include

⁵⁰⁷In general, whether it is a relationship with one's child or with another, it is much more important to be attentive to what happens in oneself than to what happens in the other. Furthermore, very often (and almost always when it comes to a somewhat conflictive relationship), we are unable to appreciate what is happening in the other, due to lack of attention to ourselves, and especially to the action. of egotic forces that push us to conceal or deform certain perceptions, to accommodate our impressions to preconceived ideas about the other, expectations, etc.

⁵⁰⁸Neill is clearly one of the few men who have fully understood the importance of one's own knowledge in one's life and in one's relationships with others, and therefore in education. And you certainly know how rare an attitude of self-knowledge is, certainly including parents and educators. In the absence of such an attitude, on my first reading of his book Neill's pertinent recommendations completely went over my head. In this regard, it is shocking that Neill has not made detailed comments, drawing parents' attention (let's say) to the powerful egotic forces that tend to prevent them from following his recommendations, even if they believe they are "totally agree" with him.

It is probably due to the fact that he had more dealings with children than with parents, and that he knew children better than adults.

⁵⁰⁹See the following note (started and finished on the same day) for an immediate continuation of this reflection.

⁵¹⁰Continuation of the previous note "Education without suggestion? – or education and knowledge of oneself", from the same days.

⁵¹¹The first example is already found on page 2 of Neill's preface.

wars in a good place. It has clearly surpassed the immemorial well-thinking patriotic attitudes, sanctioned by customs and abundant peremptory laws, such as that it is the duty of every citizen to blindly leave for the collective bone-breakers materially organized by their respective governments, to the sound of drums and with the blessing of their holy Churches to go "die piously for the country" (and go to settle accounts with those of the country opposite...)⁵¹².

On the other hand, in two places (loc. cit. pages 121 and 437) it is mentioned that Summerhill students have become career soldiers. One became a bomber pilot in the Royal Air Force. The first of the two passages cited is part of a "Her Majesty's Inspectors' Inquiry Report" (i.e. an official British Government inquiry report) into Summerhill School, a report dated June from 1949 and included in Neill's book.

In that report, the students who became career soldiers were mentioned as one of the school's strengths, a sign of its seriousness when it comes to the social success of former students. In four pages of succinct comments on the report, Neill says nothing on that point. The second passage quoted is an answer by Neill to the question: "Do some Summerhill pupils enter the army when they are older?" Answer:

"To date only one has done it – he joined the RAF. Perhaps the army is something too prosaic [?] to interest free children. Combat, after all, is destruction. The children of Summerhill would fight for their country just like everyone else, but they would probably want to know why they fight.

Our former students have fought during the Second World War and several have died in it."

In this response, Neill shows a fairly clear reservation regarding the army and war in general; but at the same time the care not to clash, to not provide his eventual detractors with a rod to hit him, this time for a job of undermining patriotic morality (work from which, I believe, he has always prudently abstained). Hence a visibly pregnant response, "neither meat nor fish"⁵¹³. Rightly or wrongly, and since Neill only addresses this issue in this one passage, I have the impression that it really did not pose a problem for him.

That he considered that his role as an educator was to create for the children entrusted to his care an environment and a climate where they could develop freely, so that they would become adults with self-esteem capable of choosing a job according to their inclinations and aptitudes and in the one they would feel happy. That they chose socially disastrous jobs, which (let's say, and in this particular case) could lead one of them to drop an atomic bomb, annihilating a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants (or even if it was only a conventional bomb that did not kill "more than" ten or a hundred), it does not seem to really concern you or pose a problem⁵¹⁴.

512On this topic, which is as relevant today as it was three thousand years ago, and even more acute now than ever in terms of the mere physical survival of the species, I have already expressed myself many times and in a more expressive manner. It is detailed in the notes "Fujii Guruji – or the sense of the essential", "The Mahatma in uniform – or tribute to the unknown non-soldier" and in the notes that follow it, "The execution of soldier Solvic – or the crime of the just", "The saint and his weaknesses – or the paradox of the mutant", "Human formation" – and "Final solution"! (notes no. 60, 67–72).

513Also here (as I have already pointed out in other texts by Ghandi and L'egaut on the same subject), it seems to me that the clumsiness in the form translates the haste (this time probably conscious or semi-conscious) of which expresses. The desire to delay the matter is seen above all in the phrase "The children of Summerhill would fight for their country just like the rest" (above all, do not think that Summerhill is anti-patriotic). otic!), "but they would probably like to know why they fight" (small concession to the ego: if they fight, at least it is freely!). That phrase is a nice joke, Neill knows like everyone else that when the order to mobilize is given it is not the time on either side to ask "why are we fighting" (with delegations of former students of Summerhill to ask detailed explanations from the respective governments...) – but to obey without question and to obey the orders, whatever they may be, under penalty of... (And Solvic could, for me As dead as he is, refresh our memory...)

514Of course it is possible that I am wrong, and that Neill, out of prudence, did not want to hint that this posed a problem for him, much less say clearly how and why. But then why include that

It is a fact that Neill, no more than any other educator or any parent, cannot replace one of his former students, in elections that imply only his direct responsibility, that compromise his life. But isn't it part of an education in the full sense of the term to illuminate the choices that the child will have to make as an adult? One almost gets the impression that for Neill, and no doubt for this former student, being an RAF pilot is as good a choice in itself as being a shopkeeper, engineer, teacher, doctor, craftsman, writer, worker, gardener... Why not also, sometimes, police confidant, executor of justice, prison guard or director, or (in other times and other places) executioner in charge of extracting confessions from suspects or prisoners⁵¹⁵?

It would seem that Neill, in reaction to the usual moralizing attitudes and discourses, often hypocritical and always sterile, acted as if "moral questions," or rather, a certain spiritual reality, did not exist. . That bomber pilot was probably perfectly "happy" in his job as well as in his family life, which (according to Neill's explicit creed) would be the end of existence. Neill could rightly congratulate himself on Summerhill's success.

(It is true that for some reason that remains obscure, it does not reach there...) But it all depends on what is understood by "happiness." It is a notion hardly less blurred and less ambiguous than "freedom." There are such different levels of "happiness"! I know three men who experienced total, profound happiness, unique in their lives, while they were in prison, in a miserable and even desperate situation. Conversely, "happiness" at a certain level of the psyche can be the sign and cover for misery at a deeper and more hidden level. Neill knows this well, when a rejected, unfortunate boy seeks his "pleasure" or "happiness" by tormenting peers weaker than him. And Neill also knows well that in such cases, if Neill, or better yet the community itself, intervenes to make the torturer understand that his behavior is not admissible, since it invades the right to happiness of others. Well, that is for the "good", or if you want for the "happiness", not only of the mistreated little companions, but also of the person concerned himself. And this time it is a "good", a true, more authentic, more real "happiness".

But what is true at the level of the restricted community of Summerhill in which everyone knows each other, is no less true for the larger community made up of all of humanity. It is only more difficult to understand, because we do not know all men personally. It is very possible that (say) those of us who have to kill, or mutilate, or leave orphaned by one day dropping a bomb on an unknown city, we will not even get to know them by name.

If it is something a little more difficult to understand and to make understood, that does not prevent it from being learned and should be learned, otherwise the man will disappear without remedy. And who will teach it if not the parent or the educator who himself has deeply understood it? An education that does not remain halfway, once the needs are satisfied

passage, which would be the only one in your book in which you would not play "fair game" with the reader? Simply to release ballast in the face of official public opinion? But if he has walked a tightrope for forty years without his school being closed due to public scandal, would it be because he did not include that ambiguous passage that he was going to have serious problems?

As I suggest later (see two paragraphs below), and as Neill's entire book suggests, it seems to me that there really is a deliberate intention to ignore all dimensions "moral" or "spiritual" in the psyche, of seeing in it only the (inextricably entangled) play of forces of Eros and the ego (which, like Freud, seems to put a little in the same bag), which I would have decided to sanctify – always declare them "good" as long as they are not repressed! (A bit like I myself had long sanctified Eros, but at least separating it from the ego...) However, God knows, and so does Neill, that the army and war, even if At times they allow some to go wild and have a great time in the way we know, they are very far from being "freedom"...

515These examples may be forced, since in these cases the interested party is in contact with those who pay the expenses of his activities, if only because he has them before him in the flesh. I doubt a Summerhill alumnus would be heading towards such jobs. But why not secret agent?

primaries of affectivity and ego, shouldn't it promote, arouse attitudes, let's call them "human" or "responsible", attitudes "of respect", not only in front of a restricted circle of people who we know by name ('that is certainly the principle!'), or in front of people who speak the same language, or have skin of the same color, or are part of the same national or international cultural or professional milieu, but in front of All the men? Even in front of all living beings, and the earth that sustains us and the waters that feed us all? Shouldn't it encourage and stimulate in children and adolescents, as they grow, a responsible attitude that makes them measure the meaning and consequences of their actions not only in the immediate or optical sense? of their personal satisfaction, but also in the long term and for everyone?

Shouldn't it favor the emergence of inner autonomy not only on the emotional level, but also on the level of intelligence and the spiritual level; an autonomy so strong that it can go against the current of the most aberrant consensus (such as the one that hampers social prestige and a kind of heroic aura in a career as a bomber pilot)?

The question of the army and of war, and of the participation that each one is willing to grant to these immemorial and bleeding institutions, imposed by customs and laws, is one among numerous questions that late and early each one will consider during his existence, and of which a response in a purely egocentric and utilitarian perspective in the short term is totally, irreducibly inadequate – it is, properly speaking, suicidal.

Such an activity, profession or career may be prestigious, stimulate all kinds of abilities, barbaric atmosphere, high emoluments... – but that is not all, and that is not the essential thing.

So I speak here of innumerable issues that involve a "moral" or (as I prefer to call them, given the abuse of the term) "spiritual" dimension. Refraining at any price from talking about these issues with a child or an adolescent, under the pretext of not "influencing" them, of "respecting their freedom", of not being "moralistic", it seems to me that it is hardly better than the attitude infinitely most common form of more or less authoritarian indoctrination. It is all the more inadequate, all the more "deficient," the more the child grows up, and the more likely he is to encounter questions and ask them, unless he remains locked in a kind of "childhood ghetto." totally artificial⁵¹⁶.

I see two aspects of this educational lack of children, consequences of such an attitude of excessive "discretion", equivalent to a kind of deliberate absenteeism in the face of everything that goes beyond immediate emotional needs. First and foremost, by refraining from addressing the type of issues mentioned above, we cannot help but give the impression (probably well founded) that they are not given importance, or rather (and that is even more serious) that no importance is given to aspects that are anything other than a simple matter of taste or personal convenience. Or, no doubt more accurately, the child could not even have such an "impression", since he would be totally unaware, and perhaps throughout his life, that there is "something else" apart from that point. from a personal and immediate view of taste and convenience; that these questions, and life and human existence in general, have even another dimension. Now, whether you like it or not, whether you know it or not (or forget...), this other dimension is the most essential not only in this or that limited issue such as that of the army. and war, but it is also the true dimension, the essential dimension of human existence. At the same time it contains and transcends affectivity and intelligence. It is because we have always ignored or despised this dimension that humanity is now in the midst of a self-destructive race.

Surely as a reaction against a sterile moralizing discourse that has deeply marked his own childhood, Neill tries to ignore that other dimension, professing in passing, here and there, a philosophy of existence "hedonistic" in appearance. The end of each person's existence would be "happiness"; giving the impression, furthermore, of limiting the meaning of that "happiness"

⁵¹⁶The Summerhill school itself, and in line with Neill's intentions, gives a bit of the impression of a certain "children's ghetto", since the child, once cured (and no matter how "sick" he was)), is overprotected, carefully kept apart from the problems and evils that agitate the world.

precisely to the satisfaction of emotional needs and egotic drives. However, its own existence strongly contradicts such a vision. If Neill dedicated himself body and soul to a great and dangerous mission, giving and honing the best of himself day after day, he was in no way in search of a maximum of "happiness" for himself, not even (I have not the slightest doubt about that) for him and a handful of privileged children, in a kind of "we of Summerhill" collective egoism. In the way he conducts his own existence, in his fidelity to himself and his mission, the spiritual dimension comes first. Only because of it, its mission is not reduced to a "trip" of the ego, and is authentic and fruitful. (And of course Neill knows this deep down, although he carefully refrains from saying it, perhaps not even to himself.) Furthermore, hedonistic language joins the spiritual vision, once it is clearly seen that "happiness", in the full and profound sense of "true good", of incorruptible good, cannot be separated from "happiness". " of all men whatever they may be, present or future – which coincides with the "good", with the "happiness" of the entire Universe.

The second deficiency is that by refraining from talking to the child about issues of important options in human existence, which will not fail to present themselves sooner or later in one form or another, the child is abandoned to outside influences. This can only be understood as a tacit approval of all current attitudes, leaving aside only those that directly contradict the behavior of the educator with the child, or of other people around him. In no way do I underestimate the importance of this last reservation: the heart of education is the way of being of the "educator", it is the "example" that he gives day after day, whether he wants it or not. No. But according to me, it is a very bad "example" to be disinterested, or to pretend to be disinterested, in the crucial questions of human existence, with the sole exception of questions about the relationship with the immediate environment.

Of course, the relationship of the parents with the child is very different from that of the professional educator, and from that of Neill with the children of the community he founded. This last relationship has the advantage of being exempt (at least partially) from the very particular weights that almost always weigh on the parent-child relationship. In return, it seems to me that it always has a relatively artificial character, as opposed to the interfamilial relationship. I am convinced that basic common sense would have prevented Neill from following his own recommendations in his relationship with his daughter, which he did not deprive himself of, as she has grown up and (I imagine) has been raising pertinent questions, to speak with her without reluctance about everything that concerns morality, politics, religion, near or far, and this with all the more naturalness since she has already How long ago he and his wife had explained to him where children come from and how they are made.

On the contrary, in his relationship with the Summerhill students, one gets the impression that he has kept his word. He even specifies that he makes sure that teachers "do not try to influence the children with their political ideas" (anarchists perhaps, who knows?). That cannot mean anything other than asking teachers to refrain from talking about politics. (Well, how can you speak without at the same time expressing your own opinion?!) In that, alas! Summerhill Free School resembles the more reactionary schools of the good old days. Above all it is astonishing that the "free children of Summerhill" have not twisted the arm of their teachers and Neill himself, by raising the taboo questions themselves, whether they like it or not! Will the famous "freedom" so highly praised make adolescents apathetic and stupid?

It must be taken into account that the environment from which these kids came, and perhaps also the time (before May 68!), were not very awake, to say the least. I return to the impression that appeared in passing in the penultimate note: the atmosphere in Summerhill was incomparably safe, I agree, but in return it did not seem to be very stimulating. Reading Neill's account, it seems that in forty years of Summerhill, not only has no great common project germinated on which they would have converged, for a few weeks, a few months or a year or two, inventiveness, the pleasure of creating with the hands, and the will to express

although they were only ten or twenty of the older boys. (And what extraordinary, unsuspected strength such a convergence would have given them!) But it seems that in school there was never, between children and adults, a single great debate about the great problems of our time (and God and Neill know that they are not lacking (and that they are pressing!)), or of all times: war and peace, birth control and abortion, laws and the prison system, social injustice and its causes, to What schools are for, what "education" is... Apart from the courses, given with a very conventional spirit (and above all, no politics, of course! eh!), and the games-just-games⁵¹⁷ whose charm would end up dulling over the years, as the child grows – there is nothing! 518

(95) Summerhill – or the sauna, and the open

sea... (December 9 and 11)⁵¹⁹ The image of Summerhill that is gradually being drawn is a kind of "sauna" for children, very protected (both in front of the outside society and in front of disturbing families), a place above all where the emotional needs of the child find satisfaction in an admirable, astonishing way. A true lifesaver especially for "problem children", where almost all of them are cured of their hatred of themselves and others, of the entrenched fears that paralyze them. Except for a few cases of failure, the children of Summerhill will have self-confidence throughout their lives, they will have a fulfilling sexual and family life, they will be able to find a job they like and they will have success in it, appreciated by their co-workers and their employers. All of this, of course, is immense, and even more so in the case of children who entered Summerhill more or less traumatized and neurotic, one a kleptomaniac, another a destroyer, and another a sadist. etc⁵²⁰. Even in less critical cases, curing a child of his or her "complexes," whether overt or hidden, is not a first-come, first-served thing, far from it. Surely every time is like a miracle. The "miracle of freedom", the miracle of love in freedom.

But what about once the child is cured? Once cured of the heavy emotional shortcomings, and of the "lack of freedom", of that lack among the shortcomings? One might think that now or never the creativity of the being, which had been more or less blocked by "its problems", must find adequate nourishment around it to fully unfold itself for years!

Both for the body and the hands, as well as for the intelligence and the "soul" (that is, on the spiritual plane) – each thing in its time. But that, suddenly, is the almost complete lack. Above all, no "work" ("joyfully suggested by a benevolent authority") – wouldn't that be "suggesting" children to like what they (apparently) don't like?! Above all, no "politics", wouldn't that be "influencing" those poor things?! And also mutis on religious questions, which do nothing but divide and disturb spirits! Above all, no biased proposals about prisons, hospitals, schools in general, education, churches and the good God(s), the army and war – right? Would that be indoctrinating them?

⁵¹⁷There were workshops in Summerhill, but the utensils had an annoying tendency to be dilapidated, which seems to me to be a bad sign about the relationship of the children with their work, sorry, with their play, in these workshops. However, there was a true collective creative activity, with theatrical performances every week, whose scripts were written by students or school staff. The "there is nothing" on a line below is therefore exaggerated, but barely. The theater also remained (it seems to me) locked in Summerhill.

⁵¹⁸See the continuation in the following note.

⁵¹⁹Continuation of the previous note "Neill and the bomber – or happiness-a-gog'o and the other dimension".

⁵²⁰It was especially at the beginning that Neill had many temperamental children at Summerhill – desperate families sent him impossible children who had themselves expelled from everywhere. Often, when the boy was cured of his traumas, he was taken away to be put in a "real school," where he would at least be forced to learn something! It is understandable that later Neill and his wife were happy to receive, above all, children from "free" families, according to Summerhill's ideas, golden boys who did not pose any problems. But it must be said that these were the ones who had the least need to go to Summerhill: they were perfectly capable, with the help of their family environment, of resisting an ordinary "school" (just as I myself have resisted without being injured). Neill's job became less stressful, but also, surely, less irreplaceable, and less intensely creative.

There is an open void before the child who is preparing to be an adult. A void rich in innumerable issues inextricably intertwined... And that void, for nothing in the world would Neill make a suggestion on how to approach it, nor would he allow himself to give a first clarification (his clarification 'on, necessarily)! No, let the kid find a life! Tommy will know what dad, mom, his uncles, his aunts think (when they think something), what Mickey Mouse and Tarzan and the Pieds Nickels⁵²¹ and other celebrities think. of his readings. Through those voices, "the Society" would be in charge, Summerhill or not, of making known its way of seeing, stealthy, peremptory, imperious. The only one Tommy won't see open his mouth on these delicate issues is Super-Dad Neill, who immediately washes his hands and declares: I've already done my homework – the rest is none of my business! !

Worse still, he secretly whispers to dad and mom, and to the uncles and aunts to be very careful to close it like him, under penalty of usurping the child's freedom. If they listened to him (which is unlikely, it is true) they would not be in the running, to stimulate Tommy in his task, any more than "Mickey, Tarzan and Co." alias "the Society"; and also, strictly speaking, the authoritative voices (rarely dissonant) of the famous people who have written scholarly works on the issues excluded in Summerhill, in case by chance this or that Tommy falls upon one of those books and also have the fantasy (who knows why!) of leafing through it or even reading it. After all, nothing prevents a free boy of Summerhill from reading even the books of a certain Neill, including "The Free Boys of Summerhill." Assuming that you are on top of the pile, and that your exciting models of bombers, torpedo boats or the atomic submarine "Le Terrible" leave you a day of free time...

In a previous note⁵²², I said that Neill picked up the students where Makarenko left them. Makarenko was the champion of impeccable cleanliness in the psyche: nothing superfluous, everything shiny and nickel-plated, except (ahem, ahem) the dust and everything else that we have quickly put under the old sofa. , that's why it's there. Neill, for his part, gently lifts the sofa (not at all impressed by the indignant and shrill screams), and pulls out from under it incredible things that were quietly rotting, protected by deodorants from the "Anton Semionovitch⁵²³". That is to say: it takes away Tommy's complexes. In three days or three months or three years, in the end it doesn't matter because you have patience and make time. Here is our magnificent Tommy! who sets out to be a good lover, a good dancer, a good companion, a good husband, a good father and more, and even a good citizen (less is not enough). A boy who wouldn't hurt a fly, at least not a fly in front of his eyes, because he doesn't hate anyone.

This is a work with the signature of Neill, a good work yes, dude!

Having said this, it must be added that it is very possible that, leaving aside perhaps the hateful slogans against the Jews, the "Moors" or the "faggots", all those "official commonplaces" pleasing to an Anton Semionovitch (and that a Neill would rather hear with a sorrowful air), our good Tommy makes them his own blindly and without malice. All the delusional and suicidal values of our society will also be yours, if only because, like everyone else, it doesn't even occur to you that there could be other ways of seeing and feeling than everyone else's. . (Except perhaps that there is nothing wrong with touching your tail, or with explaining to someone who doesn't lift an inch off the ground how they came into the world). If the chance of his tastes and his encounters incite him to do so, he would be just as good a bomber pilot (and, next time, he would conscientiously do the "cleaning" work that is ordered...), as a financial advisor to such a billionaire who will devastate an ancient jungle in the Amazon to make some shares rise on the stock market, or an expert in this and that to exploit

521N. T.: Literally "Nickel Feet", a French expression that means "those who do not give a damn about the water". They are the characters of some French comics that have been published in albums since 1929. They would be a bit like the French analogue of our Mortadelo and Filem'on.

522See the note "Direct democracy from Makarenko to Neill – or: awakening the man in the citizen" (no. 91).

523N. T.: Makarenko's full name is Anton Semionovitch Makarenko.

to death such an underdeveloped country, or the right arm of the boss in such a flourishing company that manufactures defoliants for the army, or that underpays its workers. The idea that this is not right will not even occur to you. Surely not, in any case, when perhaps he goes to see good old Neill, who will be very happy to see him so well placed, or when he reads one of his very interesting books on education.

In short, Neill also stays halfway. He goes a long way further than Makarenko⁵²⁴, of course. Not only does he make "good citizens," but "good citizens, good lovers without evil for four bitches." At that point, it is prohibited (and discourages anyone) from encouraging the child, the adolescent, the young adult to go or even look further. Or at least, to show him that despite all the behaviors universally practiced and encouraged around him, there is a "beyond" – that there is something else, which deserves his full attention.

Furthermore, I doubt that a parent or an educator can do more, nor above all that they should strive to do more, than teach that "beyond" immediate personal satisfaction or at terminus; that "other thing", that "spiritual dimension" of things and existence, that illumination that reveals an order between often contradictory desires and needs, and that reveals deeper and more profound desires and needs. essentials that remained ignored, covered by those who usually make themselves heard out loud⁵²⁵. The child will take into account or not the signs that surround him (if there are any), pointing towards that beyond, making that other dimension emerge, pointing out that illumination. which the mere play of forces of Eros and the ego cannot produce, cannot supply. It is only his turn, as he grows and becomes an adult, to make choices that compromise his life, to live his life. It will be up to him alone to decide, day by day and throughout a lifetime, whether (as the entire world endlessly encourages him) he will remain outside of that "other thing" that at most we will have. could have given him a glimpse, or if he would abandon the protective enclosure of the majority to risk the solitary path that no one can trace for him. If so, day by day and throughout a lifetime he will have to invent that path that from then on will be his path, and not that of a flock. Neither he nor anyone (not even perhaps God himself) can say where it will take him; If their horizons will remain further here than ours, or from what we have tried more poorly than to make them see, or if, on the contrary, they will extend further than anything we could imagine. , "not even in our dreams."

What his path will be and even if he will have a path that is authentically his, necessarily escapes the parent and the educator⁵²⁶. We can only give him a viaticum when he leaves, more or less life-giving, more or less heavy to carry, to which is added, and perhaps more essential, what he has at birth⁵²⁷ . It is not the viaticum or the starting point that create the trip, but rather it is the desires, the dreams, the visions of the traveler, and his long fidelity to what, deep down,

524See the reference in the previous footnote.

525These are, of course, needs and desires that come from the erotic drive or the ego, and almost always the two are inextricably mixed.

526However, there is faith on the part of the parent or educator in the child. It tells him that the child has everything it takes to grow in spirit, that whatever paths they take him on, those means will remain intact and that they are made to unfold and will give fruit sooner or later. This faith is one of the faces of love for the child, and the child notices it well, although it is never expressed in clear words. This faith in him is something invaluable.

Depriving him of it is a very heavy handicap for the child, and it should be very rare (if it ever happens) for him to completely overcome it during a single existence.

527On this topic, we almost always think about heredity, chromosomes, etc. I am thinking rather of the maturity that the child has at birth, coming from the experience acquired in previous existences, and stored in the Unconscious from birth. I do not have well-established ideas about the relationship between both contributions.

I would tend to believe that to a large extent, the contribution that is classified as hereditary (and whose material support is found above all, if not exclusively, in the chromosomes) is determined by karma, that is, by the previous stocks. From this perspective, chromosomes would therefore be, above all, "instruments of karma", therefore material instruments of a spiritual reality. But even if this were the case, I do not believe for a moment that the state of spiritual maturity of a being is determined chromosomally. This would mean in effect that it could be totally "described" in a convenient alphabet, that the spiritual could be totally described with intellectual operations (and even by simple assemblages of signs), which is not at all the case.

and in a low voice, he instructs him and calls him.

We cannot do more, but we must not do less either. What in existence we see or glimpse as most precious, most essential, is important, it is crucial for our mission, that we strive, with words or in any other way, to communicate it in whatever way, or at least to make it apparent, to those who we have to "educate". Perhaps he to whom we have endeavored to transmit as an inheritance a certain spirit or a certain vision, will think little of it; whether you have chosen what is easy, whether you have accessed a higher plane, or for any other reason. The important thing is that, without imposing it and without even waiting for the gift to be accepted, we show our child what we see as best, what for us is the salt and value of our own existence.

(96) Edward Carpenter (1) – or the child's gaze (December 14 and

25)528 Several days ago I received a small package of books, which I had ordered from London. Among others, there is Darwin's Origin of Species (impossible to find in French today!), a brief study of Darwin by Wilma George, and above all two books by Carpenter: "Towards Democracy" ("Towards Democracy"529), and a volume of selected works ("Selected Writings vol. 1: Sex"), both volumes in the same collection "Gay Modern Classics". The first of them is Carpenter's first great work. In his written work as a whole it plays a role similar to that of "Leaves of Grass" in Whitman's. Carpenter considered his later books as "marches" that would lead toward an understanding of his spiritual vision of the terrestrial world, outlined in broad strokes in that long poem of more than four hundred pages. Taking the author at face value, instead of starting there, I have begun to read first the volume of selected works, subtitled "Sex."

It has a long introduction by Noël Greig, written with warmth and intelligence. In it he gives a first impression of the ardent life and the amazing and vast work of Carpenter, but also, and in this true to the spirit of Carpenter himself, he does not hesitate to involve his own person in that study 530 and activist in the "Gay Liberation Movement" (So lively Movement. The same "Uranian"

528This note was intended as a continuation of the previous note "Summerhill – or the sauna, and the open sea". I was thinking of placing again the progress achieved by Neill, but my reflection took another direction, leading me to talk about the mission of Edward Carpenter. It seems to me that this mission is close to that of Neill, that each one completes the other in important aspects of sexuality. I will return to this in a later note (no. 101), which would therefore be the planned "continuation" of the previous note on Neill.
The first time it is about Carpenter is in the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the other reality" (no. 74), and in the following note.

529That title today makes a strange impression, given how much the term has been used, in less than a century of parliamentary regimes called "democratic." In the last century, that term clearly still had a strong resonance in progressive or political avant-garde circles. In Carpenter's pen, that word does not refer to a form of government or a model of society, but to an eternal psychic and spiritual reality, which he also sometimes expresses with the term "Equality." Behind the disparity of fortunes, of gifts, of different states of maturity (carnal, intellectual, spiritual) of human beings, the poet discerns an essential, indestructible "equality", called to manifest itself in the glory of a common a divine destiny. For Carpenter, as also for Whitman and Bucke, and after him for Steiner, for Teilhard de Chardin, for Nichidatsu Fujii, for L'égaut, the "Kingdom of God" is not from another world, but of this world here, must be realized on earth. And for Carpenter it is realized when that essential "equality" is felt and recognized by everyone, when that knowledge penetrates and transforms the relationships of each man with other men, when it intimately permeates customs, laws, and institutions. That is true "democracy". And all of Carpenter's written work, as well as his personal life, can be seen as a groping prospect to fully discover and make felt that essential equality of beings, and to find paths towards a society of tomorrow (or the day after tomorrow...) rooted in that crucial reality, and in the common knowledge of that reality.

530The term "Uranian" is often used by Carpenter as a synonym for "homosexual," as the latter has the serious drawback of often being loaded with pejorative connotations. The term is due to the Austrian writer KH Ulrichs, a contemporary of Carpenter, who was among the first, in modern times, "to recognize the existence of what could be called an intermediate sex, and to give at least a possible explanation." (In "The Intermediate Sex", loc. cit. p. 191). Etymologically the term "Uranian"

liberation of homosexual men, in England), was astonished to discover in 1977 the existence of an Edward Carpenter, a distant precursor of that Movement – a man who had the almost incredible audacity, in full era of fierce Victorian puritanism, not only of writing in a direct, simple, slow, profound way on the taboo subject of “sex”, including the then hot topic⁵³¹ of “Uranian” or “homosexual” love, both female and male. , but also to openly “celebrate” such love in one's life (then universally reputed to be “shameful”, and harshly repressed by the law). After various less flagrant episodes, at the age of 47 (in 1891) he went to live “as a couple” with a working class boy, Georges Merril, cultivating three hectares of land with him in a farm at Millthorpe⁵³², in the Derbyshire valley. His first essays on the subject of sex appear in 1894, by the workers' editions The Labor Press in Manchester⁵³³. They served as starting material for a book, “Love's Coming of Age”⁵³⁴, for which he had signed a contract with the publisher Fisher Unwin, to appear in 1895. But that year Oscar's arrest took place. Wilde under accusation of homosexuality. Panic spread among the well-established publishers: especially “no sex” in the books! Unwin renounced his contract, even withdrawing “Towards Democracy” from circulation, whose author became part of the unmentionables. As a last resort, the unpublishable book was also published by that same Labor Press.

Some notable “Worker Editions”, which are not only interested (as would surely be the case in our days) in salary increases and the defense of the standard of living, but also in burning issues and considered scabrous, not to say “unmentionable,” about the relationship between people and between the sexes... It was not until seven years later that a “true” editor, Swan Sonnenschein, was found willing to run the risk. risk of publishing a book on a topic as scandalous as love and sex. Over the next twenty years, until 1923, Carpenter expanded that book, particularly with chapters on the topic, clearly crucial in his eyes, of the “third sex.”

Among Carpenter's numerous books on the most diverse aspects of human existence, there is a second that is particularly devoted to the crucial topic of sexuality, and more precisely to that of the “third sex.” (Or better, as he calls it, the “intermediate sex”), establishing a kind of bridge to unite and reconcile the two “official” male and female sexes, increasingly distant, increasingly more alienated from each other...)

That book appeared in 1914, twenty years after Carpenter's first essays on sex, edited by George Allen, under the title “Intermediate Types among primitive Folk”⁵³⁵. Apparently it is the first systematic ethnological study on the topic of homosexuality and on its social role in “the primitives” and in ancient civilizations, either in religious institutions⁵³⁶,

It means “heavenly,” and translates Ulrichs's deliberate purpose (taking up a way of seeing from Socrates, which Carpenter avoids taking up on his own) to consider homosexual love as the most perfect form of human love.

⁵³¹As will be recalled below, in 1895 the famous trial of Oscar Wilde took place, which marked the climax of sexual repression in England during the last century.

⁵³²Carpenter had acquired that farm in 1883, with money from his father's inheritance, and remained on it until 1898, therefore from the age of 39 to 54. Its enlightenment took place in 1881. In 1883 the first edition of “Towards Democracy” also appeared.

The Edward Carpenter – George Merril “couple” turned out to be remarkably stable: it only ended with George's death in 1928, when Edward was an old man of 84 years. His relative (?) and namesake Edward Frederick Carpenter wrote that after George's death, Edward was nothing more than “a shadow of himself.” He died the following year, in 1929.

⁵³³Se trata de tres ensayos “Sex-love and its place in free Society”, “Woman and her place in free Society”, y “Marriage in free Society”.

⁵³⁴Textual translation: “Love coming of age.” It could be done like “When will the Love adulthood?”

⁵³⁵“The intermediate types among primitive peoples”, where “intermediate types” is here a euphemism for the “third sex”.

⁵³⁶This aspect is the object of the first four chapters of the book (out of eight in total), which had first

either in the tradition of warriors (such as that of the Dorian Greeks, or the “samurai” in Japan).

Carpenter was vitally interested in the topic of the “third sex” (also in both women and men), since he was part of that category of beings. He had the deep conviction that these predispositions, namely a sensitivity that was more feminine than masculine and a sexual drive for that matter, were innate in him⁵³⁷. Be that as it may, no more than in the sexual drive in its “ordinary” mode of expression, mutually attracting woman and man, did he see anything shameful, vicious, degrading or degrading. “against nature” in homosexual love, both on an emotional level and on a carnal level. He didn't even consider denying a strength that he felt was vital to his being. It was nothing less than the way of expression on the carnal plane of his capacity to love, that capacity that for him is the very meaning of human life. To deny that drive, that force that is in him, would be to deny himself, to live in a state of permanent war with what was best in him.

In his autobiography “My days and dreams”⁵³⁸, he tells us that during his childhood and adolescence, not a single adult had ever told him a word about sex. At that time it was a strictly taboo subject, at least in the bourgeois and puritan environment in which he was educated. He was (I seem to understand) a child who was not at all sexually precocious. He collected the “usual information”, in the ambiguous environment of rigor, with his colleagues, etc.

“I made my own idea, without being influenced by any person or book.

I suppose that's why I've never felt anything disgusting or shameful about sexual acts in and of themselves. Always, when I reflected on these things they seemed natural to me – like digestion or any other function – and I remember wondering with amazement why people took so many detours to talk about it – why They told lies or stifled laughter with a handkerchief in their mouths.

It was not until I was twenty-five years old, when I read Whitman (and to my great joy), that I found a text that treated sex in a spirit consistent with my own feelings.”⁵³⁹

appeared in the American Journal of Religious Philosophy (July 1911) under the title “On the connection between homosexuality and divination.”

⁵³⁷That conviction was probably erroneous, given that Carpenter was an only child surrounded by a troop of older sisters, educated therefore in an environment of strong female predominance, conducive to the formation of homosexual tendencies in a young boy. The idea comes to me that this circumstance, apparently fortuitous, could well be of a providential nature, willed by God in view of the particular mission entrusted to Carpenter. That circumstance was the cause, in the first thirty years of his life, of suffering that is difficult to imagine for anyone who has not gone through a similar situation, in acute emotional and sentimental misery. He felt fundamentally different from everyone, in a mysterious, inexplicable way, like an unspoken curse that inexorably weighed on him. More than once he felt on the verge of sinking under the weight, of being torn apart by the unbearable tension in which he lived without being able to open himself to any soul. Thus she suffered in her soul and in her flesh what is experienced (mostly in a less conscious way, no doubt) by an “immense number of modern women, particularly in the wealthy classes,” who languish in a life more or less fictitious, “while the sources of affection dry up and the needs of the flesh are crucified”; and “Uranians” of both sexes also experience, in a repressive society that denies them the right to exist, unless they deny themselves throughout their lives. Thanks to his own sufferings, he accessed a compression of all those whose affectivity and instinctual needs are systematically and relentlessly repressed by the environment, and by the entire surrounding society. That is why he became a spokesman and ardent and inspired defender of the right to existence of a class of men and women that comprises hundreds of millions of human beings throughout the earth; and also the emancipation of women in general, not only on an economic and social level, but also and above all on an emotional and sexual level.

⁵³⁸This autobiography appeared in 1916 (George Allen and Unwin). It has not been reissued and until now I have not been able to obtain a copy. I only know of a few pages of extracts (judiciously chosen) reproduced in the aforementioned volume of selected works. In that book appears for the first time, in England, a public testimony (and it would be the only one for a long time, according to Noël Greig's commentary) in which someone explicitly gives an account of his homosexuality. Carpenter was then 72 years old, which assured him (according to Greig) “relative protection.” But on the other hand, it was well known that she had been living with her lover George Merrill for twenty-five years, and I suppose that she ran serious criminal risks by including such clear testimony in her autobiography.

⁵³⁹Extracto de “My days and dreams”, en “Selected Writings” (loc. cit.) p'agina 84. Aprovecho la ocasi'on

There is something to marvel at that extraordinary lucidity of a child, alone and strange in the middle of a delirious world, and at the fidelity of a man who, in total moral solitude until the age of twenty-five, remained faithful throughout his life to that lucidity, to that childish gaze. It is in that simplicity, in that authenticity, and not in extraordinary gifts, that the robust and healthy grain from which a great destiny will germinate is recognized. As long as there are such beings that are born and live among us, even if they are obscure and ignored by everyone, there is hope for that strange species that is man! There is something to fill the heart with gratitude and exultation, thinking of Him who works through these beings, and of His slow and mysterious designs...

Carpenter's life and written work cover a range of human experiences of an extent that few men in our history, perhaps none, have covered, with that authenticity, with that depth, with that total spontaneity that springs from the same depth of being. It was as a "mystic", more precisely as a "cosmic enlightened one", that I saw his name mentioned for the first time, in Bucke's book⁵⁴⁰. And I am also amazed, equally, that with the relatively little that Bucke must have known about him⁵⁴¹, he was able to recognize in him, as in Whitman, one of the greats among the greats, one of those who have to play a crucial role in the evolution of our species. He knew how to feel that the work of both had the qualities that give immortality, that each one provided nourishment that no other work provided, and that man needed to grow towards his destiny as a man. However, until Bucke's death in 1902, Carpenter was virtually unknown in America, and Whitman was considered a marginal poet, generally maligned in the distinguished milieus that are supposed to embody "the Culture."

(97) Edward Carpenter (2) – or burial and metamorphosis of a living

person (December 26 and 27)⁵⁴² Between December 15 and 24, ten days have passed without him working

to point out that Whitman was also of a "Uranian" temperament – in his entire life not a single female adventure is known of. This particularity is evident in numerous poems by Whitman, which celebrate "the dear love of comrades." It is precisely those poems, according to what Carpenter himself tells us, that have touched him most strongly, and for the first time have taken him out of that almost unbearable feeling of isolation.

But Whitman apparently never let on, either in public writings or orally with his friends, or in personal notes other than in a deliberately cryptic manner, the "brutal fact" that he was "Uranian." On the contrary, as compensation he tended rather to camp with a very virile character, as in the "Song of Myself", and to bring out imaginary "romances" with unknown women, who had never been existed or (according to their detective biographers) that they were actually men. I have no doubt that faced with himself, Whitman accepted the sex drive as it was, he knew it was good, healthy, and irreplaceable in his life. But, unlike Carpenter (whom he was twenty-five years older), that was "his secret," which he let us guess through some of his poems, but without ever saying it openly. He constantly had a tormented sentimental life, perhaps without ever finding expression or exuberance on a carnal level.

That was undoubtedly the essential contradiction in his life, which he did not manage to resolve, but only, in the end, to accept without regret or a trace of bitterness. For this reason, his message and his life found themselves limited, as if by a limit, as by a wall that he did not know how to cross. And above all it is there that Carpenter, drawing inspiration and courage from the work of the person of his great predecessor, knew how to go further than him, and bring to complete maturity a mission that he took up and completed .

540Of course it is the book "Cosmic Consciousness", which has been discussed in detail in the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the other reality" (no. 74).

541The Carpenter works cited by Bucke go only up to 1894, and do not include Carpenter's first essays on the subject of sex, which appeared that year. I do not know if Bucke suspected that Whitman (for whom he had boundless admiration, and whom he equated with Jesus of Nazareth...) and Carpenter were "Uranians." I have the impression that not, and that Bucke was not totally exempt from all precautions against homosexual love. Yes, it rules out as a "trivial" assumption that the sonnets generally attributed to Shakespeare could have been addressed (as is generally thought) to a man (who would have been his lover). On the contrary, it gives them a symbolic content, the recipient being the "Cosmic Consciousness" (that is, in the language of the good old days, none other than God!).

542Continuation of the previous note, "Edward Carpenter (1) – or the child's gaze".

writing the Key of Dreams. Day after day I have had various mini-impairments, which left me little time available. Instead of clinging at all costs, this time I preferred to relax, spending the remaining time quietly reading the books I just received, which have come just in time to clarify a little more about some of my thoughts. "mutants". Thus, I have devoured a small, abundantly illustrated biography of Rudolf Steiner, in German (by Johannes Hemleben), and another of Samuel Hahnemann in English (by Trevor M.

Cook). Both intelligently written stories about those rich and fascinating lives. I am beginning to have a somewhat less vague idea of these two remarkable and singularly attractive men.

I confess weakness above all for Hahnemann, and I have to restrain myself from launching instantly, even hot, into a biographical sketch of that profound, warm, intrepid⁵⁴³ man!

But instead of setting off on another digression, it would be more reasonable to return to Carpenter.

I have finished reading the only available volume of his "Selected Works"⁵⁴⁴, on the subject of sex. It has been a real delight! Meanwhile I have also received from "my" bookseller in London (how nice!) a small pamphlet of about twenty pages, by an alleged relative and in any case namesake of Edward Carpenter (listed in the catalog under the name of Edward-Frederick Carpenter), title: "Edward Carpenter 1844–1929, Democratic Author and Poet, a restatement and reappraisal, by Edward Carpenter"⁵⁴⁵. I read it as if it were a long letter, just taken out of the envelope. It is the text of a lecture given in October 1970, about the person and work of Carpenter. A detail revealing of a certain spirit, the author refrains from introducing himself, and especially from clarifying this homonymy, which must not have failed to shock his audience. He is clearly a distinguished and highly cultured gentleman, speaking before a suitable audience. With a solid culture (but without boasting about it), thoroughly knowledgeable about "his subject", and on the other hand imbued with the ideas and values of a medium, it would not even occur to him that these might be They are destined to evolve, and that may not be sufficient to grasp the nature and scope of a work that is being prepared to "reformulate." Written with a certain sympathy, and even with intelligence, it only lacks understanding. He tries to describe as best he can a mental and emotional world, even a spiritual one, to which he is totally alien, without even realizing it.

Thus his "appreciation" is strangely out of date – like a very cultured and very well-informed deaf person who thought of talking to us about music...

However, even though I feel at home in that universe, that reading has contributed to

543Refer to note 85 for some indications on homeopathy, which Hahnemann began to develop at the end of the penultimate century and which even today, after two centuries, remains a cutting-edge medicine far ahead of today's "official" medicine. It is very clear that if Hahnemann were alive today, he would fight it as energetically as he fought that of his time, who was the first to denounce the enormous negligence, brutality and lack of compassion. The picture has hardly changed, if it is not because the enormities that were common in its time have been replaced by others that will be as incredible a hundred years from now, as it is difficult for us to imagine those that in At their time they were considered the ABCs of medical art! I would add, however, that in addition to being the father of homeopathy – the art of medication without harmful side effects – Hahnemann was the lone apostle, jeered by the medical profession. , of most of the healthy ideas that modern medicine has since achieved: the importance for health of a balanced diet, of regular exercise, of fresh air; the extreme importance of hygiene in the exercise of the medical profession, and especially in the face of infectious diseases. He was the first, thirty years before Pasteur, to have the intuition and to affirm that contagion is carried out through microscopic beings (to which he refrained from giving a name, like the currently consecrated name of "microbes" or "bacteria"). Furthermore, unlike the medicine of his time and that of today (more fragmented than ever), he insisted on the need for the doctor to treat "not an illness, but a sick person"; that is, to take into account, for the diagnosis and even more so for the treatment, all the known particularities of the patient, including his psychological temperament. We are far from push-button medicine: such illness, such weight – such dose of antibiotics: awarded, next!

544As I point out later, three volumes are announced, the other two on the themes "Society" and "Spirit."

545"Edward Carpenter 1844–1929, democratic author and poet, a reformulation and reappraisal, by Ed ward Carpenter." Published by Dr. William's Trust, 14 Gordon Square, London WC 1H OAG, in the "Friend's of Dr. William's Library" collection. Nowhere in the booklet is an explanation of that strange joke of a posthumous speech about Edward Carpenter – by Edward Carpenter! Let he who can understand...

that I feel even more comfortable, embellishing, with a multitude of details (judiciously chosen on my faith) what I already knew about the life and person of Edward Carpenter. Just one example, already in the first lines: when he turned seventy in 1914 (three weeks after the First World War broke out), he received a collective congratulation, at the initiative of Henry Salt, signed by many "distinguished men" (returning to Edward-Frederick's expression), among whom he cites Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russel, Kropotkin, EM Forster, Galsworthy. This shows me that Kropotkin knew who Carpenter was, and the reverse is also true⁵⁴⁶. That was also a sign, among many more personal and eloquent signs, of Carpenter's unusual projection – a projection that emanated from his warm, vibrant personality and from which his vast Written work is like a sifted reflection.

I especially appreciated an excerpt from a talk given by Carpenter in January 1886 before the "Fellowship of the New Life," in which (his namesake tells us) "he explained "He talked at length about how he had deliberately simplified his way of life, which had brought him a lot of happiness." (NB. His "enlightenment" and "return to earth" took place in 1881, a few years earlier.) is this (in loc. cit. p. 21):

"When my worn coat comes into loving intimacy with my body, when it has dressed me on Sundays and then during the week, and has been washed in the fields by the rain and the winds – then, ever faithful, it does not abandon me but which, torn into strips and tatters, is placed on the floor as a cushion under my feet in front of the fireplace. Then, completely worn out, he goes to the doghouse to keep him warm, and so after many years returning to the earth with the garbage, he returns to me in the form of potatoes for my dinner. ; or like grass eaten by sheep, it reappears on their backs as material for new clothing. This way he is a friend forever, grateful that you don't despise him and throw him away as soon as he goes out of style. And seeing that we have been faithful to each other, my shelter and I, during the "round" of a lifetime, I do not see why we will not renew our intimacy in other metamorphoses, or why we will completely lose contact with each other through countless eons..."

I do not claim that this short passage summarizes Carpenter's political thinking, but in his smiling and affectionate humor, it seems to me to be something of a symbol. Surely figures and structures, nor committees and speeches, were ever his infallible guide through the hubbub of the World, but rather a kind of elemental spiritual instinct, similar to that of a newborn who, in the absence (one might believe) of all previous experience and in any case of calculation, knows how to find his mother's breast and knows well what it is for. May the figures, later, manage to faithfully serve that instinct! But like a trickster, "Culture" tends to

546I had already asked myself the question, during the reflection on the Key of Dreams, whether these two men, both "anarchist thinkers", had met. In any case, Carpenter mentions Kropotkin in his autobiography "My days and dreams" (now out of print), in a passage cited in the "Selected Works" cited, in the long introduction by Noël Greg (loc. cit . page 53). In this passage, Carpenter congratulates himself that none of the great figureheads of the nascent labor movement (among whom he especially cites Kropotkin) have

"managed to capture the social movement during those years and mold it according to his own desires. Because once some clique puts it in their pockets, that movement will melt away and degrade into something meaningless. But, as I have just tried to show, the true movement of that period had too much grandeur for such a destiny..."

It was a period of immense hopes, hopes that Carpenter, like Kropotkin and countless other militants of the labor cause, shared. The "greatness" of which he speaks is that, certainly, of which his long poem "Towards Democracy" was intended to be a messenger. But after the war of 14-18, and the post-war years, he must have become disenchanted. Or better yet, without losing hope in a vision that was too imperious, too deeply rooted in the depths of his being to be expelled, he understood that this would not be before a long time, a very long time; that he had been wrong in his predictions by at least a century...

make us reject the breast in the name of numbers. With the melody of: if everyone were sentimental like that dreamer of another era, the textile workers would go unemployed, ergo: long live fashion and waste! But for my modest part, having read the "Saga of Edward's Coat" a hundred years after it was sung without ambiguity before said "Companions of the New Life" (a name, like the one I will say 'ia, which tells me something...547), I confess that I recognized myself in her instantly – a real crush if it weren't already a done thing! And although he is a mathematician, I know positively that it is Carpenter who is right, and not the figures or "Progress" or "Culture" or any other name given to the sophistry of a delusional world. .

Perhaps Carpenter is the first man in the world (especially with Whitman, and with more clarity, with more force even than him), who has not only felt darkly, but who has also had the audacity and faith to say publicly in a thousand ways, with clear words and also with his own life, that "the personal is the political"; that any "politics" that does not take as its starting point and as its end what is most intimately, most delicately personal in man, is an aberration, it is a hammer manufactured to crush us inexorably. That is an aspect of Carpenter's person and thought that Noel Greig, in the introduction to the volume of "Selected Works", appropriately puts forward, to situate them in our time. For this reason, among other aspects, Carpenter is undoubtedly the most authentic precursor of "May '68", and of the cultural revolution movement that followed it a little everywhere in the West. "Precursor" if you will, but with a maturity, a depth and a fidelity, that we would have searched in vain, I believe, among the countless protagonists of that great and brief adventure. And that adventure was in no way "marginal" as one might think, in no way was it an aberrant epiphenomenon (which we are quick to forget...), but rather a misunderstood and powerful groundswell, and the first and astonishing announcement of a Mutation of very different breadth and depth⁵⁴⁸. This "precursor" Carpenter was rather an "advancer" of that movement, which, a century after him, has reproduced on a collective level (in a more numerous way, if not more "larger" or deeper...) the "personal cultural revolution" that he himself went through in the 1870s, then triggered by his first encounter with Whitman's poetry. And today, like a hundred years ago, Carpenter is still far ahead of our time as well as his time, far beyond that "Wall"⁵⁴⁹ that the modern world would have to overcome. , whether you want it or not! and that the wave that emerged in May '68 has been unable to submerge.

More than any other of those "men of tomorrow" that I have been trying to get to know for three months – even more than a Whitman or an AS Neill, Carpenter is, in my eyes, the one who embodies more completely, more completely, certainly in his work⁵⁵⁰ but first of all in his person and in his very life, the free citizen of the World of tomorrow. Participating fully in the world of men into which he had been born, in his struggles, in his sufferings; and at the same time tied, and educated and nourished by the affections of the heart and those of the flesh, he knew how to realize in his person and in his vision of things the freedom and freshness of the child's gaze, at the same time the breadth and depth of the fully grown visionary. That is why I see in him, more than in any other man I have ever known, a predestined messenger of that World of tomorrow, about to be painfully born on the rotting corpse of the old.

⁵⁴⁷"Things like that" have been widely discussed throughout chapter VI of the main text (*Sowings for a Mission*), and more particularly in the section "The new man – or the surface and the depth" (no. 61), and also in "Knight of the new life" (no. 63).

⁵⁴⁸See, in the chapter cited in the previous footnote, the sections "A charrúa called Esperanza" and "El Pueblo y la Tempestad" (nos. 59, 60), and also the notes no 18 and 44.

⁵⁴⁹For this image of the "Wall", see the note "Neill and the beyond the Wall – or thought, and being" (no. 89), especially pages 192 – 194.

⁵⁵⁰To tell the truth, to comment on that work, I only have two volumes out of twenty. But these, and the numerous quotations from other works found in Bucke's book "Cosmic Consciousness" and in the already cited long introduction by Noel Greig to the "Selected Works", allow me, I think, to make myself already a well-founded idea about the spirit and scope of all his work.

However, I have not found anyone in France who has heard the name Edward Carpenter, except by hearing it from me. And my readings over the last two weeks show me that also in England and the United States, that name is much less known than I thought. Already in the post-war years (14-18), in the last ten years of his life, and leaving aside his numerous friends in all social classes, his name had a tendency to slip into oblivion. This did not affect Carpenter much, seeing that at least some of the ideas that he had previously been more or less the only one to decent within himself, and to make known and defend, were progressively entering the spirits and little by little they began to form part of the air of the times, even if their name did not accompany them.

After his death in 1929, during the next forty or forty-five years, there were four or five occasions when some of his friends, as if driven by a feeling of austere duty, felt obliged to remember him before the a large public that, clearly, was only listening with a distracted ear to those well-intentioned funeral eulogies from people who were also beginning to get old, speaking to him (almost as if apologizing...) of one of their own who had died, alas! and so gentle, that everyone wanted to forget. Ours are trips to the moon, HiFi, computers! Our organized trips, supersonic planes, the neutron bomb, and the car that is changed every three years! Our paid holidays, forty hours, glittering unions like the Bank of England, and "workers" deputies competing in standing and eloquence with those of the bosses! Let the dead, or the dying who are there for that purpose, bury their dead...

The Restatement and Reappraisal of Edward Carpenter by (another!) Edward Carpenter was probably the last effort of that genre. The sympathy of the distinguished author of the funeral homily for his formerly illustrious namesake does not prevent him, however, with all the objectivity that is appropriate, from sanctioning without reply an omission that, in 1970, seemed almost total: "I think it has to be admitted, reading Carpenter today, that it seems almost evident that he could never have a permanent place in English literature" (loc. cit. page 12). And to continue giving the "obvious" literary reasons⁵⁵¹.

Nothing in the booklet would suggest that the author has felt at least the effluvia of a new wind that began to blow two and a half years ago, and that at that moment should begin to be felt. on the other side of the English Channel. The fact is that less than ten years after that peremptory verdict, condemning a certain Carpenter to the vain curiosity of the learned specialists in the literary England of the last century, that same Carpenter was again in the news. This time what they recognized in him were not militants of a cause

551If I abstract from the usual begging of questions to demonstrate "what needs to be shown," the reasons given are reduced to this: that "despite my devotion to my namesake, I have found the reading of "Towards Democracy" very laborious" – and unfavorably compared that work with Whitman's "Leaves of Grass", of which it would be "in certain aspects an imitation" (I am the one who emphasizes). Even rejecting that term "imitation" as decidedly inappropriate, I must admit that these criticisms are not without some reason. I too have suffered in my recent efforts to read "towards Democracy" (and God knows I was not lacking in good will!), and I have been set on edge by that persistent impression of finding there, multiplied by ten, certain typical stylistic procedures and certain excesses of Whitman's "Song of Myself" – and especially those that test the reader's endurance! Perhaps it is also true that while Whitman gives the impression of being a born poet (although that poet was not born until 1855, when Whitman was thirty-six years old...), Carpenter He is only a poet at certain times – and perhaps not at all the times when he wrote his 400-page poem! But if there is a strong influence of Whitman in the form, and an evident kinship in the messages of both, it is evident to me that Carpenter is not a man who "imitates" anyone. He is the bearer of a unique mission, which extends that of Whitman and is based on it, true, but which goes much further, as it cannot be otherwise in an authentic relationship of spiritual affiliation.
That said, I admit that except for one or two poetic passages, I am much more attracted to Carpenter's prose than his poetry. But that is something subjective. As Edward-Frederick himself remembers, there have been numerous readers of "Towards Democracy" on whom that work (according to his own testimony) has had a deep and lasting impact; no less alive and fruitful (I seem to understand) than the reading of "Leaves of Grass" has had on some readers of Whitman (including Carpenter himself).

workers or defenders of any social reform, or conscientious objectors, or more or less vegetarian neo-rurals, nor the seekers of some new Middle-Eastern-Middle-West mysticism.

But they were (joy, joy!) women and men of the "Women's Lib" and the "gay Movement" – the guards of the sexual liberation movements and more particularly, of the "Uranians". "Men and women alike. A few years later (in 1984 and 1985 – better late than never!), the "Gay Modern Classics" was the publishing house specializing in the "Gay Movement" and questions about homosexuality. , which takes the initiative and risks a reissue of the masterpiece "Towards Democracy" (the previous edition dated back to 1949 and had long been out of print), and a relatively ambitious project of "Works chosen" in three volumes: "Sex", "Society", "Spirit".

It is true that only the first of the three volumes has seen the light of day. My bookseller in London assures me that the other two will never be published. And I suppose you will be well informed – in the short term! The ebbs and flows of the tastes of an audience large enough for an edition to be profitable, who can predict them? We have to think that Gay Modern Classics have not done a good deal with Carpenter, and have preferred to cancel the continuation of the project. It must be said that in these

80s, the breath of a certain May of '68, that "breath that comes from outside", has had time to fade. What remains is decidedly deeper than the conscious memories that have faded, to the point of seeming so unreal that we hesitate to believe them! Deeper and also more delicate, surely, than what makes books of reasonable circulation sell, and allows a publishing house to survive. And yet, I, who am not an expert in bookstores or publishing houses, nor, in fact, a prophet, have no doubt that the dozen or twenty books written by said Carpenter (books of which until now I have not even obtained a complete list...552), not counting his articles, essays, talks, letters and all kinds of writings that come to hand, will one day, not so far away, be exhumed as priceless treasures and be published, translated, meditated...; not in the euphoria of a fashionable fashion, but for generations and generations; not to tickle an erudite and boring curiosity, but to nourish and inspire sons and grandchildren, daughters and granddaughters, after having nourished and inspired parents and grandparents.

(98) From Whitman-the-father to Carpenter-the-son – or the epic and the Trash Can of

Progress (December 28 and 29)553 I wonder why, while Walt Whit's audience man has not stopped growing during the almost one hundred years that have passed since his death, people have been quick to forget Edward Carpenter already in the years following his death in 1929. His name became known a new and ephemeral popularity in the 70s, in the wake of the "Counter-culture" movement and the "Gay Movement" in England. My perplexity in this regard comes from the fact that it is clear to me that the missions of both men are intimately supportive, and that Carpenter's stature as a man, as a writer, as a thinker and also as a "man of studies" , does not yield anything to Whitman's. It must be added that, by the very fact that Carpenter's mission is grafted onto Whitman's and extends it, it goes considerably further. I see it as the true fulfillment of Whitman's mission, whose generous and powerful impulse somehow remained unfinished, unsatisfied, both in his personal life and in his vision of the current world and in the written work he reflects it.

552While in England only the two Carpenter books cited in Gay Modern Classics are available today, there are several more or less marginal publishing houses in the United States that offer (for use primarily of libraries and bibliophiles) quite expensive facsimile reissues of Carpenter's works, and also a general bibliography of those works. I have not yet been able to contact them, and get everything that is available.

Unfortunately, it does not seem that the autobiography "My days and dreams" is part of it. Right now that is the Carpenter book that would interest me more than any other.

553Continuation of the previous note "Edward Carpenter (2) – or burial and metamorphosis of a living person."

On an emotional and carnal level, it seems that Whitman's entire life, or little less, was marked by the misery of a deep need that remained unsatisfied forever and ever. (As was also the case with Carpenter, perhaps in a more cruel, even more painful way, before that knot ended up being untied, when he was barely in his thirties and his work was a whole before him...) Thus, the image of himself that Whitman liked to show, in his work and before his friends, that of a vigorously virile and fully developed sensuality, strangely explodes facing the humble reality of his life. I would not say that it was a bluff (as some of his biographers imply), that this image was completely invented.

To be able to show it with such power, with such a conviction foreign to any feint, it is necessary that some part of him really be very alive, surely vibrating with the desire for what he would have wanted to be, for what he could have been if he had that potentiality of his being rich and multiform would have been allowed to develop. But it is no less true that 'that is not Walt Whitman, that in the intimacy of his real life, he was not "a tough guy, a cosmos⁵⁵⁴..." and all that. Like Edward after him, he was a tender man, passionate about love and friendship, who an implacable spirit of the times enclosed in an emotional solitude that no devoted friendship on the part of his young admirers and disciples disciples, I believe, he could never fill. His real life was that of a man who suffers and who does not find in him that last courage not to hide his suffering like a stigma, to show it in the eyes of an indifferent, sarcastic, mocking world... .

Certainly, no one could blame Walt Whitman for lacking courage in his work! He had been virtually alone, booed by almost the entire high society, for swimming against the all-powerful current of literary conventions and, above all, of everything that passes for decorous and modest. Such courage is the sign where there is one of a great soul, worthy of a great destiny. That said, it is also necessary to recognize that the profession of faith so dear to Whitman, that her poetry was the same, that she and the man were but one – that this proud affirmation was not more than half true. It was surely part of the veils of fiction with which he protected himself, sometimes with a bravado, from the gaze of a timid and evil world.

Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that Carpenter's unique greatness, from which springs the exceptional quality of vision and truth of all his work, is having found that "last courage" not to protect himself. At the end of the first and most painful stages of his path, he freed himself from the veils that we all wear, for better and worse, standing between the gaze of others and ourselves, and even between our gaze and our deep being.

At a certain point in his journey⁵⁵⁵, he had the courage to "live naked." It was then,

554N. T.: Perhaps it is an allusion to a poem by Walt Whitman called Kosmos,

Who includes diversity and is Nature,
Who is the amplitude of the earth, and the coarseness and sexuality of the earth, and the great charity of the earth and the equilibrium also,

Who has not look'd forth from the windows the eyes for nothing, or whose brain held audience with messengers for nothing,

Who contains believers and disbelievers, who is the most majestic lover,

Who holds duly his or her triune proportion of realism, spiritualism, and of the æsthetic or intellectual,

Who having consider'd the body finds all its organs and parts good,

Who, out of the theory of the earth and of his or her body understands by subtle analogies all other theories,

The theory of a city, a poem, and of the large politics of these States;

Who believes not only in our globe with its sun and moon, but in other globes with their suns and moons,

Who, constructing the house of himself or herself, not for a day but for all time, sees races, eras, dates, generations, The past, the future, dwelling there, like space, inseparable together.

555With the little that I now know about Carpenter's life, I would not know how to place that "point" in time, for example with respect to the capital turning point in his life that was his enlightenment, with the appearance of that Carpenter himself

surely, when his work became the faithful reflection of his own person, filtered only by the most basic prudence in expression. (Prudence then imposed by the particularly repressive context of time and place). His work and his person were one in such a spontaneous and obvious way that it never occurred to him to say it. It was obvious, to him and to all those he wrote for – all those he loved!

Would you say that because of that quality of exceptional truth, because of that nakedness, Carpenter is "greater" than his predecessor? I would save a lot! But it is true that he reached a more advanced maturity, and a vision of the world and of himself, if not broader, at least clearer and more penetrating. What in Whitman often remained at the level of a so to speak crude feeling, barely purified by a poetic expression also rough as a raw bark, is felt by Carpenter in an unambiguous way. less alive or less profound, but it has also been subjected by him to a work of thought. Loving work, patient, meticulous as appropriate and (it seems to me) always, so to speak, rigorous. It is the type of work that rarely lends itself to poetic expression, and for which prose writing is the irreplaceable and predestined medium.

But in addition and above all, there are crucial aspects of the modern world that were not perceived by Whitman or his contemporaries, or perceived at most in an epidermal, hasty and blurred way. He took part with unreserved fervor in what could be called "the epic of modern civilization," of which his beloved United States of America was in his eyes the most appropriate standard bearer, young and dynamic. (He'd be red-eyed if he came back and saw the novice exploits of yesteryear so full of promise!) That powerful dynamism enchanted him, yes it fascinated him, like brute force with that he would have liked to identify himself, to be similar (since in his life always and everywhere that strength was appreciated, accepted, admired...). Trained like everyone in that mirage of an epic, he never saw or suspected, I believe⁵⁵⁶ to what extent that force and that impulse are nothing more than the prestigious "beam", with heroic airs, of a certain esp ýritu whose "sentence" is of lesser importance: a brutality without mercy, avid and unconscious of itself, pusillanimous, never trembling before the great realities and the great mysteries of life. In compensation for this fear of life and of themselves, and as an escape from their harshly compressed aggressiveness, here are men launched into a blind flight forward, conquering by the illusion of dominating, destroying without look for the illusion of acting; a race without end if it is not, at most, their own destruction in the smoking rubble of that civilization of which they are the slaves, dragging the entire planet with them.

That reality, Whitman never saw you see it. He never (as far as I know) wanted to shake off the intoxication of the intoxicating Epic of Civilization, of which one day the singer felt authorized.

He commented from afar and above, with generosity of spirit but without getting involved with the guts, certain symptoms (like the everlasting "Black Problem") of a deep, apparently incurable evil, from which he always kept himself safe. much to confirm: the "evil of civilization". The infantile disease of our species⁵⁵⁷! When the blight of the "black problem"

sometimes called by the name "cosmic consciousness" (taking it from Bucke). Surely Whitman's reading of poetry, which he encountered when he was twenty-five years old (in 1868 or 1869), must have played an important role in his discovery of other men who shared his temperament. Uranian", and allowed him to find little by little an unexpected emotional and carnal development, after a long journey through the desert. That previous evolution must have reached its full potential when he was already in his thirties, and preceded (if I'm not mistaken) his enlightenment, which It took place in 1881, when he was thirty-seven years old. This, surely, must have at least contributed to giving him an intimate security to simply affirm himself as he was, to "live naked" (as I write in the main text). Carpenter's "greater" work begins immediately after that crucial moment, with the writing, in the wake of that experience, of the centerpiece of that work, "Toward Democracy."

⁵⁵⁶As Carpenter traveled to America twice to meet Whitman, not counting the correspondence between the two, it is assumed that he would not stop talking to him about what he saw so clearly and he did not see. It would be particularly instructive to have Carpenter's testimony about those meetings, and more particularly about the exchange that could not be missing between them on the "problem of civilization."

⁵⁵⁷See the note "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" (no. 43).

burst for the first time, with the war of secession in the sixties, that war marked him by opening his great heart to the suffering and death of his known and unknown brothers, both from the States of the North like those of the South, but nevertheless he could not open his eyes to the reality of that disease.

But once again: each life's desire is enough. No, no one can say that Walt Whitman, that tireless warrior, lacked the courage to swim against the current throughout his life. And if his brotherly voice had not crossed the Ocean and had not reached the young Edward Carpenter to teach him that he was not (as it seemed to him) totally alone in the world, God knows if that helpless man would never have found faith and the unthinkable daring to find himself, and in doing so, to discover day after day and create his mission.

Between Whitman and Carpenter, over the last few weeks I have discovered the strength and extraordinary fruitfulness of a relationship of "spiritual filiation" such as there have not been many in our history⁵⁵⁸. And that is why the current clichés that show us an Edward Carpenter "sitting at the feet"⁵⁵⁹ of the "Master" Walt Whitman. But if Whitman was, not a "teacher" but a predecessor of Carpenter, and even a "spiritual father,"⁵⁶⁰ that does not make Carpenter any less great. And if, with the fraternal (or paternal, who cares!) help of the elder, Carpenter went considerably further than him, he was able to bring the mission to a maturity that seems perfect to me. unfinished nature of his great predecessor, that does not, however, make him greater than him. The "greatness" of a human existence is not measured by the point of arrival. It is in the path traveled, and in the faith and fidelity that have been necessary to travel it, against innumerable and stubborn resistances; both those that come from the world, and those, even more insidious and difficult to frustrate, that live in ourselves and that echo the mocking and flattering voice of the world.

It seems to me that these crumbs of reflection shed some light on the question I posed at the beginning, when I confronted the growing literary prestige that for a hundred years has surrounded the name of Whitman, with the oblivion that surrounds that of Carpenter. I see the neurological reason for this difference in fortunes precisely in what makes Carpenter the "predestined interlocutor" of the modern world; confronted as he is (much to his regret, and without yet deciding to surrender to the evidence...) with the imminent, pressing need for his own mutation. Whitman was first vilified and banned for having dared to reveal ways of feeling and seeing that in his time seemed unacceptable and sacrilegious. The essential novelty of his message, perhaps, was the glorification of Eros, and at the same time that of "ordinary" things and people, as our senses reveal them to us, also ordinary, but transfigured under his poet's gaze for the spiritual reality that intimately permeates them and that speaks to him through them. That message, as lurid and scandalous as it seemed before, nevertheless did not truly put people or society in doubt. We are all gods who ignore each other – why not? And the society made up of all those gods that have yet to be discovered, progresses with lively steps (Progress does not stop!) towards that knowledge of the divine in it and in all things, including the least.

⁵⁵⁸See, however, for an example of comparable magnitude (Nichiren –Fujii), the note "Filiation and growth of a mission" (no. 64).

⁵⁵⁹This expression is actually used in the booklet on Edward Carpenter (by – Edward Carpenter), which we have discussed in the previous note. This pearl appears on the second page of the text, along with the mention of his trip to India "to seek the light with a Hindu guru"; In short, sharing his time, one might believe, between the "feet" of his American guru and his Hindu guru! He pointed out that his first visit to Whitman was in 1883, the year in which the first edition of "Towards Democracy" appeared. His trip to India took place seven years later, in 1890, and is the subject of his book "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta" (which I still haven't managed to get my hands on).

⁵⁶⁰I take the term "spiritual father" in the strong sense in which it is used by Marcel L'egaut, who I must have understood, contrary to my well-established ideas, that the relationship of spiritual filiation can really exist. in that sense. I talk about this for the first time, in The Key of Dreams, in the note "Marcel L'egaut – or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20).

nameable – even better! At a verbal, or “cultural” level (in the common, superficial sense of the term), that message could very well be quietly “integrated” (or “recovered,” as it was rightly said in the times of the Counter-culture...) and it was; Just as in our days yoga, Zen, transcendental meditation “and all that” are swallowed up and integrated, without anything changing. We connect a new spiritualist discourse, or we sit cross-legged and breathe like this or like that thinking “Om” – and that's it! Certainly, reciting Walt Whitman (perhaps seasoned with a touch of DH Lawrence) among refined people and in good company, is still far from his true message – but that, that is another story! !

But (back to Carpenter) take that story from his coat instead. His moving elegy for an old coat that, after a lifetime of reciprocal and seamless fidelity, ends up in a pile of garbage and gently returns as wool on the backs of his sheep.

It's charming if you like, but also, you have to admit, it gives you chills! And all the more so since the protagonist of that country idyll is considered (one could hardly believe) one of the first militants of the labor movement! Such nonsense (one would say with reason) could perhaps have happened in the last century, when workers worked twelve hours a day without a bathroom or TV or Social Security, and they consoled themselves, there what to assume, as they could. But the triumphant march of History does not stop! Wars serve a purpose, because already in the wake of the penultimate “last” war, another wind began to blow in the working world, at a good time! Because the bosses have the pleasure of changing their clothes every year if they like, why wouldn't the workers, who are very comparable, change their coat when it starts to wear out at the armholes and even? If the standard of living rises, when will they stop liking it?! Homemade garbage ends up winning the same way – the idyllic pile of garbage, it is good for the rich who can afford a second residence in the countryside. Not to mention that for the industry to rotate and pay to enter, consumption must go at a good pace, we must be logical. For every new coat worth two hundred of the ala and that is thrown away without a second thought, there are two hundred of the ala (less the profits of the boss, and of the intermediaries) that go into the pay of the worker comrade in the textile. This is worker solidarity well understood. And here is at the same time the ABC of political economy at the height of the century of abundance and the

They were things that the friends of that dreamer Carpenter, when they timidly tried to remind him before an educated and bored public, certainly could not help but feel. To them, he was the charming boy and all that, all right, gentle and brave and everything else and not at all brutish, but (you have to admit things as they are) he had been surpassed by his time, or at least , for the time that followed. Marxists, who don't beat around the bush, would say that it is good (and not just their coat and their sheep and their wool) for the famous “Trash Bin of History”. However, curious and conscious like no one else, Edward, the no less famous “Capital” of Marx (which very few of our well-known Marxists have taken the trouble to read...) had been well acquainted with. That is to say, no one escapes the dialectical destiny that was theirs, when they try to cross themselves in the wheels of the goddess History, alias Progress.

As for Trash Can, that provocative and ridiculous girl, it can well be said that she is prospering and that things have never gone so well for her. If the robot-computer is rightly seen as a business card symbol of the modern world, in this second half of our century, the Trash Can is another of its symbols, perhaps less presentable but more as eloquent, more everyday and, to say the least, more welcoming if not to say, devouring! After “the beam”-electronic prestige, here is “the sending”-more familiar residue, of a “spirit” or an “epic” (ahem, ahem) of distant origins... There they happily throw away, in the Waste Bin of Progress, of course the beloved old coats and also the semi-old ones and the new ones out of fashion, and incidentally the wool from Edward's sheep (advantageously replaced by synthetics), and fashion after fashion and the new and the old and the slops in the attic, the rickety sofas, radios, cars, sinks, refrigerators,

561N. T.: Acronym for Habitation 'a Loyer Mod'ere, affordable apartment properties in France, which enjoy partial public financing.

furniture and clothes and jars of jam from the little old lady who has just died whose heirs don't know what to do (or who leaves no heirs...); and the memories that we no longer want and the old men and women that we have seen too much (and who insist on not dying), and the undesirable foreigners that must be returned to their home, and the stolen worker and the busted cats and the crushed dogs and waves of machine-gunned indigenous people – and entire tribes and towns with their huts and all their utensils, their beliefs, their gods, their ancient customs, crushed in a moment by the steamroller of Progress: the corpses in the Trash Can and their tamtams, their totems. their talismans and their gods to the museums and in our learned grimoires and in the inexhaustible memory of our unparalleled supercomputers...

Whitman has well seen waste and remains, of that mad race towards the omnivorous Trash Bin that devours things and people and souls, until it devours itself and what remains in it (if anything remains) in the moment of the Fall of the Tel'on. He has seen signs, but he has not dared to recognize them. But Carpenter, 'he has not seen waste and remains. Well, he has seen her completely and has recognized her, although he has politely refrained from naming her, the Trash Can, the Voracious. (At a time when no one, as far as I know, saw anything. And still today, almost a hundred years later, those who finally see it, even though it is about swallow everything, they do not fill the streets...). He has recognized the Devourer, however without properly measuring how far her appetite would go. With the great carnage of 14-18 at the end of his life, he could not have had, of that appetite, more than a small idea, but enough to move him: it was (he writes, again alone while the The whole world seemed seized by a sudden attack of war fever...) "like a wave of tears welling up in my being"⁵⁶². Did you suspect then that it would continue like this for three quarters of a century, and that it would not stop until the final plunge, when the same earth, gutted and saturated with poison, had become a single giant Trash Can and desolate?

What is certain is that the time had not yet come for a voice like his to be heard, or even to be taken note of. The most burning thing he had to say, the most vital, the most urgent, was too simple, too childish, too clear and no one wanted to listen to him. Not even, I suppose, those faithful friends who for a moment revived his memory as best they could, like cleaning the dust from a cherished and old photo, faded by time. They, like the others, were sucked in, as in the whirling whirl of a whirlwind too big for anyone to see, in the voracious belly of the devouring wastebasket.

Even when I write these lines, the time has not come. But there is little left. Maybe it will mature in eight or ten years, or in twelve or thirteen – when the bin is full or a little short, and finally it bursts, only God knows when and how. The Tempest will come, and the Downpour – a frantic Tumult, and the Silence.

And it will only be in that silence where a great voice is heard.

(99) Emergence of the ABC of sex – or learning that the earth is round...

(December 31, 1987 and January 1, 1980)⁵⁶³ Born in 1844, Carpenter is twelve years older than Freud, and forty years older than AS Neill (more or less years). I would like to examine how Carpenter's thinking on the subject of sex approaches (or rather, prefigures) in many ways those of Freud and Neill, and how it separates from them and completes them.

Freud's starting point, which largely dictates his attitude vis-à-vis the question of sex, is in the perplexities of a psychiatrist disarmed by his "cases," and in the curiosity of a spirit eager for knowledge, attracted by the scientific approach of

⁵⁶²Quote from a letter by Carpenter, collected in the booklet by Edward Frederick Carpenter on page 10 (in the paragraph following the passage about the guru, see the penultimate footnote of p 'agina).

⁵⁶³Continuation of the previous note "From Whitman-the-father to Carpenter-the-son – or the epic and the Trash Can of Progress".

things, according to the spirit of their time. The determining perspective in Neill is that of an educator, challenged by the mystery of the "blocked" child, just as Freud was by that of the patient (in which a similar "blockage" is manifested by "symptoms"). ", described as "neurotic"). As for Carpenter, without a doubt what nourishes his knowledge of the omnipresent, powerful and hundred-sided reality of sex, is not a professional experience nor a spiritual curiosity, but his own experience, emotional, carnal, spiritual – what constitutes the most intimate substance of his own life. Added to this is that his capacities for intuition and sympathy allow him to glimpse the experiences of numerous beings with whom he felt close or with whom he rubbed shoulders, throughout his life from the beginning. childhood. Thus, while Freud and Neill start from the "objective" data, in principle foreign, which is "the patient" or "the student" (and the separation between the deep personal experience and the visions of the spirit remain practically intact in Freud throughout his life), Carpenter's starting point (if one can speak of a "starting") is the "subjective" par excellence: raw experience in all its immediacy, often deeply disconcerting and sometimes heartbreaking. This immediate, "raw" subjective knowledge is decanted, refined, and acquires a universal and therefore "objective" quality, through the work of spiritual maturation of the being, through inner deepening. That objectivity, rooted as it is in the terrain of the most intimate experience, the most subjective if there is one and nourished by it, then acquires a quality of living flexibility, of truth, of immediate effectiveness, which always They are missing from conventional objectivity, no matter how solidly and rigorously constructed it is based only on "facts" foreign to our deep being, with the mortar provided by our rational thought and the impulse of spontaneous curiosity, even passionate.

Be that as it may, given the starting points and the very different itineraries of these three men, the convergence of the vision of sex that they arrived at, in many essential points, is most notable. Leaving aside this convergence as a whole, it can be said that each of these three men, in the particular perspective that he made his own, went considerably further and deeper than the other two: Freud in the detection of the drive for sex through neuroses, dreams and even in the most anodyne psychic mechanisms of daily life; Neill in educational practices and in the "feeling" about the core of the knots in children, knotted by family and school repression, and about the way, in each special case, to gently untie them; and Carpenter in his understanding of the very nature of the force of Eros in the life of man, about its role in human development at the individual level and at the level of the species, both at the biological and emotional, cultural and in short, spiritual. Carpenter and Neill both arrived at a more daring, more critical and more penetrating vision than Freud's, about society and its repressive, not to say "castrating" role, vis-à-vis the deep creative forces that exist in the individual. On the other hand, Carpenter is distinguished from Freud and Neill above all by a vision that is both clear and penetrating about the relationship of sexuality with the spiritual dimension of the human adventure (a more profound dimension). or less ignored, to tell the truth, by Freud as well as by Neill). Even today I see, in the media that is considered to be enlightened and up-to-date, that there are very few people who have reached even a cursory understanding of this spiritual dimension of sexuality in human life, and especially, in the personal responsibility that we have at all times for the way in which we respond to the requests of the sexual force that is in us. And I don't know anyone who has expressed himself on the matter as clearly, simply and penetratingly as Carpenter.

"Sex comes first, and hands, eyes, mouth, brain follow; From the middle of the belly and thighs springs the knowledge of self, of religion and of immortality."⁵⁶⁴

These are some lines from "Towards Democracy" (loc. cit. page 25), which No"el Greig puts as an exergue at the beginning of Carpenter's Selected Works, dedicated to the theme of sex.

564N. del T.: Traducci'on de "Sex still goes first, and hands eyes mouth brain follow; from the midst of belly and thighs radiate the knowledge of self, religion, and immortality."

In those three compact lines the quintessence of a, so to speak, "visceral" knowledge of the role and place of sex is suggested, knowledge that can then be developed at length in many volumes. Those lines were undoubtedly written in 1881 or 82, shortly after the enlightenment that took place in 1881; and the volumes, by no means useless, that develop them, were written by Carpenter himself with all the care required⁵⁶⁵ starting in 1894, twelve or thirteen years later⁵⁶⁶. Some notable chronological correspondences: 1883, publication of "Towards Democracy" – and birth of AA Neill; 1886, first semi-clandestine publication, by the working-class publishing house "Labour Press" of Manchester, of Carpenter's first book on sex, "Love's Coming of Age"⁵⁶⁷ – and Freud's first public lecture on psychic origin and sexual of hysteria, forming a tumult in the auditorium! That was the beginning of Freud's long journey through the desert. Discovery of the "Oedipus complex" in October of the following year. The first masterpiece of psychoanalysis, "The Interpretation of Dreams" (Die Traumdeutung) appears in 1900. In 1902, publication of "Love's Coming of Age" by an accredited publisher.

Definitely, something emerges in those last two decades of the last century, despite the weight of centuries and millennia that weighs on the taboo subject of sex! Freud, creating from nothing (and without realizing it) the first foundations of a psychological science and unraveling some of the most crucial ideas in the understanding of ourselves and the sex drive in us, it had no precursor properly speaking. On the contrary, Carpenter relied heavily on the existence of Whitman (twenty-five years older than him) and on the written work that bears witness to it. Furthermore, Walt Whitman, who I see as the great precursor of this new air (even if Freud apparently never knew of its existence...), died in 1892, a few years before the first great works of prose appeared. who develop what could be called a modern vision of sexuality, and also almost forty years after the first dazzling manifestation of the emergence of such a vision, with the publication artisan of his "Hojas de Hierba", in 1855.

Against all the overwhelming historical "odds", that fragile vision that emerges, reached by a handful of more or less marginal (or marginalized) beings spread throughout the world, was however, called to unfold and progressively gain ground, despite prodigious psychic resistance, throughout the following century, in that twentieth century that is ours. It is true that even today this new vision, which has found its way into thousands of books in all languages, and even into our daily language⁵⁶⁸, remains very epidermal. It is still nothing more than a "cultural veneer", limited to a small fraction of educated humanity, and even there, with very rare exceptions, it remains in a state of "cultural baggage". more or less inert, it does not have the quality of personal knowledge of the nature of things and of its own being. But with the optimism of one who believes in the unthinkable advent of a next Age of Freedom (which would follow the present "Age of the Flock"), it is

⁵⁶⁵And also written with a certain prudence in expression, essential at that time due to the intensification of repression in England at the end of the last century.

⁵⁶⁶It must be said that a good part of the very long 400-page poem (or rather, of the collection of poems) "Towards Democracy" revolves around the topic of sex. But the effect of a message in poetic form, or in the form of a "calm" reflection in prose, is not at all the same. Wherever poetry touches, it undoubtedly touches incomparably louder and deeper, and that is what has happened with "Toward Democracy" as well as with Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." But if you play louder, you play much more selectively. That is one of the reasons, surely, why Freud's impact on modern civilization seems incomparably stronger than Whitman's. I'm not sure that will continue to be the case in the next century. It is even possible that Carpenter, who is practically forgotten today, will have an audience as large, even larger, as Freud's in the coming centuries.

⁵⁶⁷Regarding that book, see the note "Edward Carpenter (1) – or the child's gaze" (no. 96), especially page 219]

⁵⁶⁸I am thinking especially of the expressions "having complexes", "repressing" (a feeling, an impulse, etc.), "unconscious acts".

It can be hoped that the next century will also be the one in which that innovative vision, becoming more refined and deepened, will begin to be truly assimilated; and not only by certain educated layers of society, but by the entire species, as authentic knowledge that little by little becomes "evident" and familiar, but much more crucial in the daily life of each one. , like the fact (previously also unthinkable) that the earth is not flat like a plate (something that was nevertheless well known and accepted by everyone...) but that it is round and filled and closed delicately on itself like a plump tomato...

(100) The ABC of sex (in five couplets) (January

2–4)569 In the reflection of yesterday and the day before yesterday I alluded to a "modern vision of sex" (or sexuality, or of Eros, or the erotic drive, or any other name given to it...), which (he said) began to be unraveled in an explicit and clear way towards the end from the last century; a view as crucial to our understanding of ourselves and to our spiritual life as the fact that the earth is round is in geography. As the main architects of the emergence of that vision, I see Edward Carpenter, Sigmund Freud and Alexander Sutherland Neill, and as a direct precursor (although ignored, it seems, by Freud and even by Neill)

Walt Whitman. But I still need to give a description of that vision, and I have not even arrived yet, as was my initial purpose in the previous note, to say in broad strokes Carpenter's thoughts on the topic of sex, and how it compares to those of Freud and Neill. Furthermore, I am beginning to realize that if I want to accomplish, even with a little care, one or the other of these two tasks, and even with both at the same time, I will easily have three or four additional notes, and a full week of work if not two. I hesitate to launch, because I have already spent more than two hundred pages dedicated to my digression-cascade on the anodyne topic of "mutants", started more than three months ago⁵⁷⁰! It is time to think about converging this endless digression towards a next end, and to surrender to the evidence that if I want to finish a book called The Key to Dreams one day, I cannot think of deal a little with all the issues, no matter how important they may be, that I touch on in passing. Not to mention that in the part of the book already written, many times I have been led to talk about the Eros drive from the most diverse perspectives. This will serve as an excuse for me not to include here a mini-compendium on that vast topic, nor on Carpenter's thinking on this issue.

Thought of great richness, always relevant, and that would provide a perfect guiding thread to "explain" the main questions that the reality of sex and drive poses to us; and, incidentally, to also unravel what that "modern vision" that I have brought to light could be, and that some may even want to question its existence. That will be part of a future work!

However, in order not to just "cut the bullet" without further ado, I am going to give at least a kind of laconic "enumeration" of certain points of Carpenter's thought, which seem particularly important to me. To do so, I will rely almost exclusively on his 1896 book, "Love's Coming of Age"⁵⁷¹. Furthermore, it seems to me that this book is one of the great works of our time.

A) Sex is everywhere

The importance of sex is strongly emphasized by Carpenter, as we have already seen in the reflection in the previous note. Along with the need for food, it is the most imperative and most basic of human needs. It is even felt even more strongly in our societies of abundance, where the need for food generally does not pose a problem,

569Continuation of the previous note, "Emergence of the ABC of sex – or learning that the earth is round."

570With the seemingly anodyne note "Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential" (no. 60), dated September 23.

571My references to that book refer to the aforementioned edition "Selected Writings" in the "Gay Modern Classics".

while the inhibitions that oppose the satisfaction of needs linked to sex remain extremely powerful today, although they tend to be more hidden.

Just as Freud would do later, Carpenter in no way limits the needs and manifestations of "sex" to the mere "genital" aspect. All of man's emotional needs are deeply rooted in sexuality, and their innumerable manifestations in bodily contact, even removed from any "sexual" thought in the ordinary sense, often represent a need even more essential than "the sexual act" for the adult. As Freud would develop much later from a different perspective, Carpenter clearly realizes that sexual energy is intended primarily to be "sublimated" into more refined forms of energy, which They fuel our psychic activities and our creativity at different levels. First of all on an emotional level: that of human love in the ordinary sense, of loving fidelity, of spontaneous sympathy, of human solidarity... That is the most essential level for the young person, even throughout the whole life. life for most beings, including Carpenter himself. There is also the level of artistic or intellectual creation, in which loving dedication is displaced from its original object (the mother, or any other being felt to be intimately close and desirable). a material or substance that we try to know intimately, and to express strongly in its own reality. In short, Carpenter knows well that the spiritual energy that acts in spiritual creation is also sublimated sexual energy.

I have the impression that Carpenter does not clearly distinguish between the "sexual" (or the "erotic") and the "spiritual", or also between "Eros" and "God". The same thing happened to me until very recently, barely a year ago. Certain dreams between November 1986 and February 1987 finally dispelled that confusion⁵⁷². In some, the difference is described as that of water or alcohol in a liquid state ("the water of Eros") and the vapors they give off, highly active as long as they are not allowed to disperse and care is taken to keep them at high pressure. 'on: the "holy spirit" is the ultimate and highly compressed sublimated form of erotic energy.

That transformation, I seem to understand, is never a result solely of our efforts or our supposed merits. It is only achieved under the action of Grace, of the Act of God in us.

B) Problems of sex: living sex requires discernment!

The sex drive, in all its infinitely varied range of carnal, emotional, artistic, and spiritual manifestations, is "good" by essence. However, that does not mean, any more than for any other drive of desire and action in us, that it is wise to blindly follow all its requests, not even (sometimes) the most imperative ones. To a large extent, the spiritual dimension of human existence consists of developing a subtle discernment to judge the opportunity, in each special case, to follow or not the requests of the drive, and, where appropriate, to channel it through v suitable days. Carpenter insists above all on two aspects of this "problematic", of this question of free choice that (whether we realize it or not) we face at every step.

1) Unlike the satisfaction of food needs, the satisfaction of sex needs (at least at a primary level) involves another person in a crucial way. Their needs, at the level of sex as at any other level, are as legitimate as ours and demand the same respect. A relationship or an act in which another person is used as a simple instrument for our personal gratification, without their own needs and true desires being respected, is degrading and deeply harmful to both. The satisfaction of a carnal desire directed towards another is no more beneficial to us than if it is also beneficial to him.

⁵⁷²I try to make the need to distinguish these two different planes felt, in the section "The Sense – or the Eye" (no. 40).

For this, it is necessary not only that the chosen partner consents, but also that our own desire is welcomed in him with a similar desire that responds to him.

2) Even in the case of a perfect carnal coupling between two (or more) partners, it is not wise, at least in the long term, to give free rein to desire, to give in to all its commands. That would cause a disproportionate dispersion of sexual energy, which is also to say vital energy without more, and would end up emptying the erotic experience itself. Desire becomes dull by being stuffed with concessions. Their satisfaction becomes more and more a pure automatism, repetition, routine...

Furthermore, the sexual energy expended (perhaps inconsiderately) at one level, for example in sexual play and intercourse, is no longer available to be sublimated to higher levels, and especially that of affectivity. In a lasting relationship, however, the emotional quality of sympathy, understanding, and mutual fidelity is essential. In the spiritual order of things, the carnal bond that serves as "mortar" (often very powerful), must be a means for the flourishing of that emotional relationship, instead of it being thoughtlessly sacrificed⁵⁷³.

Thus, in its relationship with the sex drive and despite the inhibitions that come from repression, the being is continually placed in situations in which it is led to exercise moderation. In the being fully developed in its drive, such moderation, however painful it may sometimes be, in no way means that the beauty of the desire to which we refuse (or to which circumstances refuse) satisfaction, is never denied. Quite the opposite! It is in that same moderation, even in renunciation, where that beauty is sometimes perceived with the most poignant intensity⁵⁷⁴. In that moderation and in that sharp perception, there is creation, and there is an act of love, of an essence higher than all satisfaction.

3) In the delicate task of regulating our relationship with the sex drive in us,

573This expression "it must be a means" does not present itself to me, now, in the form of an "obligation" or a "commandment", which would be given to us by God, by our conscience, or by any other metaphysical, psychic or sociological entity. Each one has total freedom not to take the carnal as a "means" for the emotional plane, but to "sacrifice" this to that – just as we also have total freedom to ignore any other law or relationship ("Gesetzm"assigkeit") that governs spiritual reality. But we do it at our own risk, reaping in the form of suffering and discomfort, in this life and (if necessary) in subsequent lives, what we sow through ignorance or negligence. These sufferings come to us not as a "penalty" or as a "punishment" (according to the simplistic religious clichés, almost universally received), but rather they come from the same immutable need that chains causes and effects. This law of causality, or karma, also acts for our good: since the "karma" that we reap through our actions is the same that makes us learn, if not in this life (if we are too stubborn), then less after the lives that are needed (like a bad student who repeats a grade...), those laws (Gesetzm"assigkeit) that we have violated; just like the little child who learns the laws of gravity by falling and getting up as many times as necessary. The ultimate miracle of Providence is that instead of wandering to infinity in an infinite succession of existences as sterile as each other, in the endless wheel of stubborn ignorance, our path promises to converge – we are sure, in the long term, to end up learning each of the lessons they teach us...

574Here is how Carpenter expresses himself on the matter (loc. cit. page 98):

"It is this conflict, or at least the distinction between sexual instincts and those that are more of a purely moral or social order in man, which interests us here. It is clear, I think, that if we want to treat sex in a rational way, that is to say that it is neither superstitious on the one hand, or unrestrained on the other, we have to admit that both satisfaction and non-satisfaction of loving passion are desirable and beautiful. Both have their own results, and man is called to collect the fruits that belong to one experience and the other. Could we not say that there is a kind of Transmutation of essences that can continually be done and is done in the human context? The Pleasure of Love and Love – Aphrodite Pandemos and Aphrodite Ouranios – are subtly interchangeable. The carnal loving instinct and the most subtle human longing that aspires to union at the level of souls may really and essentially be one and the same thing, with different manifestations..." (The translation it's mine.)

There are numerous equally delicate and penetrating passages in Carpenter's book. This says to what extent I can only present in an imperfect, truncated, crude way Carpenter's thoughts on sex, in the few pages that I devote to him here. You have to read his book itself, which no review could replace...

Carpenter insists above all on the need to know how to exercise, when necessary, judicious moderation. In doing so, however, it is understood that the legitimacy and beauty of the drive and the desires that manifest it have already been fully felt and assumed. However, this is almost always precisely where the shoe pinches. Perhaps Carpenter did not realize to what extent he himself is, in this respect, a very rare exception. For my part, until five or six years ago I had a tendency to underestimate, in my behavior, the responsibility that falls on us to exercise moderation, to remain masters of our lives instead of following more or less blindly to the drive – whether at the primary level of the carnal drive, or that of intellectual creation (and above all, mathematical creation)⁵⁷⁵. On the contrary, I clearly saw how important it is that the sex drive, propelling through our being the vital creative energy in its raw form, be accepted fully, joyfully, with gratitude, as something infinitely precious in us. And even today I am very clear that the primary deficiency, in almost all of them, in no way is the inability (due to ignorance, or by deliberate choice) to exercise moderation vis-à-vis the commands of the impulse, but rather that of fully accepting the impulse⁵⁷⁶ (without always having to follow it).

It is powerfully hindered by reflexes of shame vis-à-vis the body and its functions, deeply implanted in us from the earliest childhood. Its presence acts as a permanent mutilation of the being, more or less complete, in our capacity to love and create with our body, our heart, our intelligence, to give ourselves with our entire being.

And if, before engaging in an act that totally involves us (whether for a night or a day, or for a lifetime...), moderation is acceptable to be sure of giving judiciously, instead in the act of love itself (whether to "make love" or to "do mates",...), it is decidedly unnecessary: the one who led must now withdraw in silence, to make room for He or She who loves and believes in us, and who in that has nothing to learn from us...

Carpenter makes a pertinent critique, as valid today as it was a hundred years ago, of the countless ways in which society imprints on the individual a deeply distorted relationship with sex. As far as I know, he was the first to make such a detailed, profound, wide-ranging criticism, while before him people crashed, or limited themselves to carrying out occasional skirmishes. But you can't be everywhere at once! While he is in charge of society and speculates about what should be changed, his eyes are fixed on it, more than on the psyche and the effects of the repression suffered and internalized. This acts like an insidious poison, infiltrating everywhere into the living substance of the psyche, paralyzing the entire life there more or less completely. I have not found in Carpenter a vision of the conflict in the psyche of man, and of the roots of the conflict that tangle deeply throughout the entire terrain of the Unconscious. Perhaps above all he lacked a clear vision of the very existence of an Unconscious, of which no one before Freud, it seems, had any suspicion (as extraordinary as that may seem now). It is in that almost total ignorance of the immense hidden universe of the Unconscious, and of the roots of the conflict that take root deeply in it (while the gaze only notices the superficial inflorescences...) – it is there where I see the great gap in Carpenter's vision of man and himself⁵⁷⁷. (It has to be said that

575 Linked, no doubt, to the confusion that existed in my spirit between Eros and God, and also to the fact that I did not clearly understand that there is in me an instance of "spiritual" essence (which I now designate with the name "soul" or "spirit", see on this matter the note "The little family and its Guest", no 1), different from both Eros and the ego, to the that it is appropriate to assume with discernment the direction of the "family business" that is the psyche. These things were not fully understood except thanks to certain dreams that expressly taught me them last winter 1986/87.

576Perhaps Neill was the first to fully understand this, and he had the extraordinary audacity to apply it in his educational work. I will return in the next note to the complementary relationship between Neill's and Carpenter's thoughts on the role of sex in education.

577It is evident that Freud and Neill, each in his own direction, had a vision of the conflict in the human psyche incomparably more penetrating than that of Carpenter, whose gaze seems to become strangely superficial, when it stops at one or another of the manifestations of division in man. By

Even today, in that respect he has numerous company!) And it was in this direction, above all, that Freud went considerably further than Carpenter and anyone else before him. . This is where Freud's contribution was most crucial, and will forever remain irreplaceable.

C) Role of sex: "making love" is a creation

For those who, like Carpenter, have seen that the energy that springs from sex is none other than the vital energy that exists in us (which we mysteriously "pump" during sleep), it is clear that The function of sex cannot be reduced to that of reproduction and perpetuation of the species. However, that is what the "great religions", animated more or less strongly by an anti-sex and anti-pleasure spirit, tend to imply. The pure and simple counterpart of such an attitude, seeing in the impulse for sex nothing more nor less than an impulse to seek pleasure, is hardly less harmful and (it seems to me) even more aberrant⁵⁷⁸. As in any creative act, the pleasure that accompanies it is not the end or reason for the act, but always "comes in addition" – and is only fully experienced as long as it is not sought. The search for pleasure for its own sake, turned into an obsession or cultivated and magnified as an "art", kills true pleasure⁵⁷⁹, and leaves us with a corpse that ends up poisoning the being instead. of

For example, his observations about the couple, be it the orthodox man-woman couple or the "Uranian" couple, leave aside the issue (very serious!) of the division in the couple, a reflection of the division in each of the two spouses. Would the conflict be absent in the couple he formed, for almost forty years, with George Merrill? I could hardly believe it! The paragraph of just a page and a half that devotes itself to the topic of frustrating jealousy seemed the same to me, due to being vague (at least in my opinion), or limiting itself to social or historical considerations. The worst thing is when there is a confusion between the movements that come from the loving impulse, and the violent impulses that come from the ego, interfering with this to adapt to certain cultural clichés of which (to my immense surprise !) Carpenter himself has not completely detached himself. Thus, when he writes (loc. cit. page 159):

"I think that every woman, in her heart of hearts, wants to be raped; but of course, by the right man. That is [consensual rape??] the compliment [!] that is received with the greatest gratitude, since it is the most sincere; and that is the most difficult compliment to give – for only the most delicate instinct can decide when it is appropriate; and when unfortunately it is inappropriate, the case is ipso facto lost."

In the following paragraph, he refers to the love game as "fictitious battles of sex", and sees in the act of the jilted lover who kills the woman he no longer hopes to possess, in order to obtain her at least in that way, a manifestation of the same passion of sex, and not (as is really the case) a degradation of the passion by the impulses of violence and possession of the ego, eager to assert itself at any price . These are the only passages, in everything I have read by Carpenter, in which I see him as a prisoner of certain clichés, which are moreover today as invasive in everyone's love life, if not more so. that in his time. It is the insidious amalgamation of love-violence, which, in an often tacit form, acts like a tenacious and corrosive poison in almost all pairs of spouses or lovers, and denatures (except in rare cases) very exceptions) the deep meaning of the loving experience and the act in which it culminates.

578However, this is, as incredible as it may seem, Freud's attitude towards the love impulse, which he treats (in the image of the current mentality about the relationship between people, in "good society") as a species! of systematic search for the maximum "benefit" (in the form of "enjoyment" or "gratification")! That is where I see what I would call "the fundamental aberration", in Freud's vision of the psyche and Eros – a profound ignorance of the very nature of impulse. Unlike the one I have exposed in Carpenter (in the footnote above), which (as far as I have been able to realize) remains located in two consecutive paragraphs of his book on sex, that Freud's aberration seems to me almost omnipresent throughout his work – like a false accompaniment that, with disconcerting tenacity, clings at all costs to the masterful counterpoints of a fair and secure intuition...

579In no way do I want to cast an anathema on the search for pleasure in the game of love. Nothing more natural than a common search for pleasure, especially when it begins and seeks intimacy, as long as it is occasional (a question in short of the erotic adjustment of the lovers to each other...) and does not become invasive. Carpenter expresses himself on the matter (loc. cit. page 102) in depth:

"The pleasures of sex are like an archetype of all pleasure. The dissatisfaction that sometimes follows is the same that follows every pleasure that is sought, that does not come without being called. Dissatisfaction does not derive from the nature of pleasure itself, but from the nature of such a pursuit. Going after external things, the "I" (which in reality has everything and needs nothing) deceives itself,

feed them.

Carpenter is the only one, I think, in whom I have found, in addition to a spontaneous understanding of the nature of creativity in general, the knowledge that the carnal act, lived in its fullness, is an authentic entic creation. This act can be seen as the creative act among all, the archetypal Act. Even when there is no biological conception of a new being, there is nevertheless a "work" created, like a new child that emerges from an embrace; a work also invisible, even immaterial and yet irrefutable, which is mysteriously carried out by the reborn soul of the lovers...580

D) Role of the "Uranian" in society: we are all "homos" who ignore each other!

As I have already stressed previously⁵⁸¹, 'this is a question that especially touches Carpenter's heart, because of the sufferings he had to endure due to the fact that 'he himself was of "Uranian temperament" (u "homosexual"). He defined the Uranian as "a female soul in a male body, or vice versa," and is inclined to think that this "temperament" is congenital. In this definition, however, it also implies that the Uranian is only sexually attracted to people of the same sex. I believe that when the term is taken in this restrictive sense, the concordant observations of numerous psychoanalysts show that this temperament is not innate as Carpenter thought, but that causes are always found in the conditions that surrounded early childhood. It seems very likely to me that this extreme form of uranism will disappear, or at least will be very rare, when humanity has overcome the state of its present "childhood illness"⁵⁸².

On the contrary, Carpenter had the profound intuition of this crucial fact, that in every person, woman or man, psychic qualities, both "masculine" and "feminine", are intimately linked, even if only in a latent state. as "feminine"; that in addition, the active presence (and not just latent) of both, in the same person, is required to make him or her a being.

He leaves his true home, splits in two and accepts a gap or a tear in his own being. That is, surely, what is meant by sin – the separation or division in two of one's own being – and all the suffering that accompanies it. That consists only of seeking external things and pleasures; not (I will say it a thousand times) in those things or external pleasures for themselves. They are all very beautiful and gentle in their own right; Their place is to surround the throne and pay homage – crowds in row after row – if we want to accept them. But to go out of ourselves to run after them, to allow ourselves to be divided and torn in two by their attraction, that is a reversal of the order that reigns in the heavens."

580Carpenter writes about it (loc. cit. page 164):

"Regeneration is the key to the meaning of carnal love – first of all, being reborn in the other or by the other; and only second to being reborn through the conception of a son."

(It is difficult to reconcile this profound perception of the meaning of the love act with the clichés, however from the same pen, indicated in a footnote on the previous page!) And also (page 107):

I think... that the sperm pass through the tissues and affect the woman's body as a whole, just as the man absorbs tiny cells from the woman; and that in a general way, even in the absence of what is called the Sexual Act, there is an exchange of vital and subtle elements - so that it could be said that there is a kind of engendering that takes place in each of the two partners, by that influence or conjunction, no less real than that most special generation that ensures the propagation of the species."

See also, in Cosechas y Siembras, the note "The Act" (ReS III, no 113), where I also evoke the somewhat "complementary" aspect of that "birth" that takes place in the act of love: 'This is first a death, before being a birth. Therefore, the act is a profound parable of the cycle of life and death, the birth that follows death (and not the other way around as we tend to think): eternal life is born from the vast Lap of its Mother, Death...'

581In the note "Edward Carpenter (1) – or the child's gaze" (no. 96), especially page 220.

582For this "childhood illness", see the note "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" (no. 43).

fully balanced, fully creative. To put it another way: we are all, by nature, Uranians who ignore each other (when they really ignore each other...), or more precisely: repressed Uranians! And that is precisely where our creative power lies...

The presence of repressed homosexual impulses in numerous beings considered "normal" (and even in all beings?) was observed much later by Freud, and after him by numerous psychoanalysts. I do not know if Freud saw that psychic "bisexuality" is an essential condition of psychic balance and creativity, and to what extent a too successful repression of feminine traits in a man, or the masculine traits in a woman, has disastrous consequences at all levels of existence, and especially that of creativity in general; that all creation in the full sense of the term brings into play both the man and the woman in us. What is certain is that in our days there are still few beings who have understood it⁵⁸³, and also few beings in whom either the masculine side or the feminine side is not systematically repressed.

Also in this question, particularly hidden, delicate, crucial, it seems to me that Carpenter is one of the great precursors in our knowledge of the "ABC of sex."

However, I have the impression that he did not reach the end of that crucial intuition, and that he did not realize to what extent the sexual repression, which weighs on man to make him reject woman that is in him, and on the woman to make her reject the man that is in her, an extraordinary distortion of the original nature of each one operates, while each one tries more or less to fit into a factual mold⁵⁸⁴. From this point of view and idealizing a little⁵⁸⁵, the Uranian that Carpenter wants would be more or less the woman or man who, in one way or another, would have known how to escape such mutilation, the one who would have He knew how to remain faithful to both the feminine and masculine traits, qualities and psychic forces in his being. At least that is the case, surely, for the "best" of them⁵⁸⁶. Among these, there are surely

583When I discovered that fact in myself, at the age of forty-eight (in 1976), I was not aware that I had ever heard of it – or in such a vague and academic, it didn't matter! I talk about that discovery in Cosechas y Siembras in the note "Acceptance (the awakening of the yin (2))" (ReS III, no 110).

584This observation about Carpenter's vision must be added to the one made above (in B) 30 , cf. page 237), about the superficial character, the blur, of the approach to conflict in Carpenter's thought. There is no room to be amazed, or to be rigorous with him: I doubt that before Freud, at the end of the last century, anyone had a less "superficial" vision of the conflict in the human psyche than Carpenter.

585In reality, in the Uranians in the sense in which Carpenter understands it, there is a rejection (necessarily unconscious) of the "orthodox" component of the sexual drive (the virile drive in the man, the feminine drive in the woman). In some, this rejection goes much further: this is the case of "effeminate" men, of "manly" women. This does not prevent that in those "better" among the Uranians, which we are going to consider, and ignoring the blockage of sexual attraction towards the opposite sex, there is undoubtedly (as Carpenter affirms) an exceptional harmony psychic yin-yang, and for that very reason, creativity in the full sense of the term is also exceptional. In it this balance is evident, and (as I write a few lines below) a sign of a rare "human achievement"!

586Carpenter admits, visibly upset, that there are also Uranians who are not part of the said "better", even implying that some would not have the excuse of a congenital temperamental disposition of which they are in no way responsible, but that their particular inclination comes from a depraved sexual curiosity, which the law and the brave citizen would rightly repudiate. In some passages of his book, it is noticeable how the immense weight of the practically unanimous social opprobrium regarding homosexuality weighs on him, and that he is as if cornered, under that formidable push, and "let go." ballast here and there, doing his best to concede that public sentiment is not false all along the line, lest he pass himself off as a totally delusional nutcase. In these passages, it is not very clear which part of Carpenter's case is tactical prudence, and which part is his true feelings – and it is likely that he himself would not have fully clarified this matter. Twenty or thirty years later, some of his friends have deplored, not without some reason, this occasional "drag-out." But the fact is that in the 90s of the last century, he was strictly the only one in England who spoke publicly and seriously about the question of sex, on which a deadly silence reigned at that time.

He himself says in his autobiography that it was extremely difficult for him to write his book in that environment, in which everything he said would necessarily be changed in meaning and misinterpreted, that he had to rewrite numerous passages four or five times. The extraordinary thing is that, despite everything, a century later that book is still (at

than to tell Carpenter, in whom it would be difficult, in fact, not to see an exceptional human achievement!

It is from that perspective that Carpenter sees the Uranians, or at least those "best" among them, as being predestined to play an important creative role in the City. Those men and women, whose energy is not restrained by the common task of founding a family and providing for its maintenance and prosperity, often tend to devote their lives to the creation of works of a very different nature: in the arts, sciences, religion, social institutions, ideas. According to him, and also in accordance with the vision of Walt Whitman, the sentimental ties of these beings, far from being for them a weight or an obstacle to their creative impetus, have a tendency, on the contrary, to be of a heroic type and give them wings, to excel in works in the eyes of the beloved⁵⁸⁷!

These intuitions of Carpenter, which tend to restore to the Uranians a recognized and respected place in society, like the one they had in civilizations older and less repressive than ours, are still relevant today. The precautions against homosexuality, and the inveterate inhibitions that accompany them, although they gradually weaken from generation to generation, are still far from having lost their power⁵⁸⁸. I will only add that this essential harmony of masculine and feminine qualities in the same being does not necessarily imply, in a man, that he is not powerfully attracted to women, nor vice versa in a woman. women; but only, at most, that he is also sensitive, in a more or less strong way, more or less conscious, to carnal attraction towards people of the same sex.

He would therefore, in short, be a "potential Uranian", who, depending on temperament and circumstances, would perhaps assume, if necessary, an episode or a love relationship with a person of the same sex, or that on the contrary he would abstain throughout his life, but without denying that component of his sexuality. If I have to formulate a reservation here vis-à-vis the vision of

least in my eyes) one of the greatest books on sexuality, and one of the great books of our time.

⁵⁸⁷I don't have the impression that it was pure idealization, for the sake of a particularly difficult cause. It seems that Carpenter speaks from experience, and also gives striking historical examples in his second book on the subject of sex (already cited in the note "Edward Carpenter (1) – or the child's gaze", no. 96), "Intermediate Types among primitive Folk" (published in 1914, twenty years after the first).

⁵⁸⁸An eloquent sign, among many others, of the liveliness of these preventions still in our days, is that AS Neill himself is not totally exempt. This appears on the various occasions in which he briefly touches on the issue of homosexuality, in his book (already discussed at length) "Free Children of Summerhill", but also in the later book "Liberty, not Licence". (Poorly translated, always by the same unconscious translator, as "La libert'e, pas l'Anarchie", and published in French with that title.) Although he deplores as barbaric the laws that, in England and In many other countries, they repress homosexuality (often with very heavy penalties), however, he believes (and states as something almost obvious!) that homosexual inclination would be a kind of neurosis, and that those who They follow it "they only hurt themselves" (but not to society, which does not have to get involved in that). Little inclined to reading or historical reflection, he should not have read what a particularly well-placed man like Carpenter had to say on that issue, nor realize to what extent the Attitudes vis-à-vis homosexuality were different in the so-called "pagan" cultures, exempt from the obsession with "original sin" that has marked the Judaic religion and, even more so, the religion It's Christian. This marked him deeply (according to his own testimony), and here his own statement is verified, it seems to me: that of such marks received in childhood, something always remains throughout life. ...

However, I believe in his word when he says that in Summerhill there was no repressive environment vis-à-vis homosexuality, any more than vis-à-vis any other expression of sexuality. In the children arriving from other schools, where they had acquired homosexual inclinations, these would have disappeared without a trace during their life in Summerhill. If it is true that there was no tacit pressure in that regard from the "Summerhill milieu", and given that Neill is a particularly perceptive observer, this seems to indicate that homosexual inclination would be a pure product of sexual repression, and suggests that perhaps this may also have been the case in the countless societies in which homosexuality was not repressed, and enjoyed a particular social status. (since until now, in all known societies without exception, sexual repression has existed in one form or another, often very different from one another...) But only the future, with the emergence In non-repressive societies such as the one carried out on a microscale in Summerhill, it is the one who will tell where is true and where is false in this delicate issue.

Another "eloquent example of the liveliness of prejudices" and of the reflexes acquired vis-à-vis homosexuality: I myself had a very ambiguous and very divided attitude on this subject for most of my life.

But to speak in more detail here would definitely take me too far. It remains "for another occasion"!

Carpenter, it is only because he has a tendency, it seems to me, to believe that it should be all of one or all of the other: either we would be attracted only to the opposite sex, or only to our own Sex – for the best and for the worst!

Furthermore, Carpenter notes that it is not unusual for a Uranian to marry and found a family. According to his observations, this would always be under the pressure of the environment, and against the deep wishes of the interested party. Perhaps this is so only because forbidden desires “take revenge”, manifesting themselves with a more imperious force, more lancinating than desires that pass for licit. It is also foreseeable that in a non-repressive society vis-à-vis homosexual tendencies, we will see a much richer and more nuanced range of tendencies unfold than the everlasting “all white or all black” that Carpenter describes to us.

E) Sex in education: the two enlightenments

As far as I know, Carpenter was never in the position of an educator vis-à-vis a child. One gets the impression that his understanding of the main problems in education comes above all from his own experience as a child exposed to a disastrous “education”, and from the observations he was able to make. in the schools where he was a student, corroborated by similar observations made by others. He insists on the importance of giving children and adolescents all the clarifications their legitimate curiosity about the body and sex may desire. It is about informing you (advancing your question if necessary) about the main facts that may interest you, both about the physiological aspect of sex and its emotional aspect.

Normally, these events do not cause any harm to the child – the harm only comes from the unhealthy atmosphere of lurid mystery that adults usually surround when it comes to sex. On this point, Carpenter agrees with Neill who, some twenty or thirty years later, confirmed that the “infantile sexuality” exposed by psychoanalysis is, to a very large extent, a product of sexual repression. exerted on the child: complete information, which answers step by step to the child's tacit or express questions, has the effect of quickly fading the disproportionate importance (conscious or unconscious) that it has. tendency to give to the subject, which had been presented to him around him as “forbidden”, dark, dangerous, even evil...

Without being the least contaminated in the world by the usual “moralizing” attitude about sex, Carpenter believes that it is desirable for children and adolescents to abstain from sexual activities. He advises, if necessary, to recommend sexual moderation, of course explaining the reasons. In fact, he thinks that at the age in which the body and the psyche are still in formation, sexual activity represents an expenditure of energy that is detrimental to development⁵⁸⁹. He especially considers that “solitary satisfaction” is strongly inadvisable. Above all, it is here where a flagrant divergence is presented between Carpenter and Neill, who insists on the importance of avoiding any adult interference in the whims of sexual activity of children⁵⁹⁰.

However, it seems to me that this divergence is less absolute than it seems at first sight, that it corresponds rather to different illuminations of the same issue, although the importance, from a practical point of view, between the behaviors advocated by both should not be minimized in any case. Neill confirms that any adult intervention, even that which purports to be “non-coercive” and is limited to perfectly well-founded advice, etc., only multiplies the hidden attraction of an activity felt since then (with reason or without reason) as “prohibited”. That is a fundamental observation, the fruit of the long experience of an observer of exceptional insight, and it cannot be doubted and rejected. Carpenter, like everyone else in his time (and still today, except among a

589I will return to this important matter in the following note.

590The only exception to this rule, in Neill's pedagogical practice, is dictated by obvious “practical” reasons, when it comes to quite large children at risk of pregnancy, with all the consequences that this implies. I will return to this later.

handful of well-informed people) overestimated the natural attraction of sexual play in children, not having been able to observe, like Neill, what the behavior of a child is in a totally non-repressive environment (as long as he has gotten even once and for all, if necessary).

Only in a repressive environment is created, in both the child and the adult, the more or less obsessive relationship with the sex that is familiar to us, and the tendency to indulge in abusive sexual activity, by acquiring this irresistible fascination of "forbidden pleasure". On the contrary, in an environment of freedom, in man as in animals and at any age, automatic regulation occurs, so that when there is sexual activity, it is always perfectly well adapted to the possibilities. and physiological and psychological needs of the moment⁵⁹¹. This is the reason why "debauchery" is unknown in animals! Neill's initial motto is that the child is by nature "good" and healthy, who becomes bad and deviates only as a result of a repressive education. This motto means "trust in nature", and here it is clearly the best guide. Neill was undoubtedly the first in the history of our species to have such a clear premonition, and the first, in any case, to provide the demonstration based on a life.

It is beyond doubt that Carpenter had long since adopted Neill's motto. But he does not realize, like Neill, the psychic mechanisms created in the child by the repression suffered⁵⁹², and which mean that the advice he would have given to a child or a disoriented adolescent would have all the potential to be simply adding to the repression already suffered and internalized, and thus going against the goal pursued; while for a young man brought up in an atmosphere of freedom, such advice is in any case entirely useless!

Furthermore, he would surely not have failed to realize it sooner or later, if he had had to take on the education of a group of children for years. But here again: for each life its desire is enough...

Above all, it is for the child where there can be no doubt that Neill's way of seeing and behavior is the most realistic and the most reasonable. This may no longer be the case when it comes to a teenager. Also in that case, Neill is forced, certainly despite himself! to ask his students for moderation, due to "practical reasons" already mentioned (on pain of a public scandal, and of finding himself with a trial behind him and his school closed...).

Surely Carpenter would say, and rightly so, that there are also other considerations beyond the mere fear of scandal and its consequences that should be invoked before young people when it comes to speaking to them. of their responsibility, when they get involved in a relationship that could lead to pregnancy. After all, conceiving and generating a new being may have a dimension of a very different order than that of a commotion caused by crazy parents.

It is true that often the small parts of a problem tend to hide the big ones from us – but is the role of the educator to elaborate in that sense? And the essential question here, isn't it rather knowing whether these young people feel capable of assuming the responsibility of fatherhood or motherhood, and are willing to do so? Or else the, of a very different order but perhaps hardly less burdensome, of an abortion? Neill said, it is true, that if he were not afraid of seeing his school closed the next day, he would distribute contraceptives to his students, boys and girls of legal age. But even assuming you could do it without prohibitive risks, that would only shift the problem to young people. Would they be willing to denature with the use of condoms the spontaneous nature of the love play they aspire to, or (in the case of "the pill") to run the risk of side effects unknown to the girl? And if so, they are both willing to assume the consequences of a love affair that they perhaps believe is "free" (as we all so often tend to imagine in our minds).

591 (December 7) Here I have rushed a little, and after reflecting, I realize that an exception should be made for the adult man, or for the young man who, after puberty, is approaching the age adult. I will return to this tacitly later, and especially in the following note.

592This is another illustration of Carpenter's relative ignorance of conflict and the mechanisms of conflict in the psyche, which we have already noted above.

own adventures...), without realizing that they are playing with a very powerful force, and that neither they themselves nor anyone else could say where it will take them.

Contraceptives or not, as the child approaches adulthood, passion will tend to take over from simple curiosity and play, and increasingly the young person will be asked the question. always a delicate question, always different from one case to another, of the response to the requests of sexual desire, or the channel that one wants to give it (to the extent that a "channel" can be set for it). Depending on the case, one may err due to excess of moderation, or due to excessive assent to desire. And, certainly, it is necessary and natural to make your mistakes, to do your learning. But in order to learn from your mistakes, you must discern that there is a problem, and matter to exercise your discernment. The magnificent advance achieved by Neill as an educator is having understood and demonstrated that in children⁵⁹³, the question of control or "moderation" of sex (not to mention repression) is a false question, that they only had to "let it go", leaving them to themselves (limiting themselves to only informing them if necessary). But it seems that his message to teenagers did not go beyond: if you can have pleasure with each other without closing my school (God forbid!) and without putting a lot of blame on your back. your respective families, even everyone, go with joy and without a second thought! As if he were unaware that in the adult or close to adult person (just as in himself, Neill), the relationship with the powerful drive of sex brings into play in a delicate and essential way his responsibility and his faculties. of discernment; or as if at any price he had to do nothing to dispel such ignorance in his students. This is where Carpenter demonstrates a more accurate and deeper understanding of the needs of the adolescent, called to learn a type of responsibility and discernment that is lacking in the surrounding society (Not even the famous "Summerhill Free School"!) will ever prepare him.

I rediscover here, but in a new and unexpected light, a certain deliberate purpose in Neill, which I had already noted previously⁵⁹⁴: that of ignoring at all costs, even in the big child, what could be called the "spiritual dimension" of human existence, and the "spiritual" aspect of countless issues that that child or adolescent could not help but face. Without a doubt, this deliberate purpose is a consequence of Neill's aversion to moralizing discourse, that discourse that had poisoned his childhood, tormented by the idea of sin and hell. The extraordinary progress achieved by him was undoubtedly, among others, a healthy reaction of late revolt against such discourse, and against the hatred and fear of sex that animates him and that he perpetuates.

As for Carpenter, who has not been spared the misdeeds of moralizing discourse either, his "reaction" has taken very different and "softer" paths⁵⁹⁵. He is no more inclined than Neill himself to that kind of speech. But that does not mean that he becomes a victim of a phobia, which would go as far as ignoring or denying the reality that the discourse claims by imposture and falsifying it: that

593I think that Neill's line of conduct is the only one indicated until the age of twelve or thirteen, more precisely until puberty. At that moment an important shift occurs in the adolescent's relationship with his sexuality, surely in relation to the recently appeared faculty of procreating, and with the responsibilities that this implies (whether these are perceived consciously or not). . It is then that Neill's pedagogical attitude, even on the mere level of sexuality, seems insufficient to me, and that, on the contrary, Carpenter's, and above all the spirit that animates it, becomes a necessity.

594In the three consecutive sections it is not 93–95, and especially in the last two "Neill and the bomber – or happiness-to-go and the other dimension" and "Summerhill – or the sauna, and the open sea..."

595Clearly noticeable in the personas of Carpenter and Neill, each magnificently balanced like the other, is a predominance (or "base tone") of yin in Carpenter, and yang in Neill. In his autobiography (cf. "Selected Writings," page 80) Carpenter writes of

himself: "I was never a daring or turbulent child. Shy and sensitive, my spirit unfortunately lacked the inestimable virtue of rebellion. "I was suffering, and I was stupid enough to believe I was wrong."

reality that I call "spiritual"⁵⁹⁶. Above all, it is because of that "awareness", that vivid perception of a crucial aspect of things that everyone tends to ignore or deny (and in the so-called "religious" media as much as in the others) – That is why Carpenter is able to teach today's man things vital to our understanding of ourselves, including the crucial issue of our relationship with sex; things that no other man has perhaps understood better or expressed better than he.

(101) Affection in education, that is the revolution

(December 5 and 6)⁵⁹⁷ Finally, that "laconic enumeration" that I proposed to make in succession, on certain points that have seemed important to me in Edward Carpenter's thought on sex, has become a kind of "ABC of sex" in five chapters, over three days and in twenty well-served pages. And there is still one of those "points" that has been left hanging, and yet interested Carpenter enough to devote an entire chapter of a dozen pages to it, in his widely cited book "Love's Coming of Age" ("When Love comes of age"). It is the penultimate chapter of the book, "On affect in education." It is found in the second part of the book, called "The intermediate sex" (or "the third sex"), and is located between the two chapters "The Uranian affection" and "The place of the Uranian in the society"⁵⁹⁸.

It was certainly not by chance that Carpenter chose that strongly "Uranian" context to situate his reflection on the often disdained, banished or even vilified topic (and especially in England in the last century) of the role of the affection in education. It was a way to "mess up" without attracting much attention. In any case, it is an undeniable and easily observed fact (and one that Neill did not fail to notice in his school as in the others), that the elective friendships that are formed at school and that are often They remain in adulthood throughout life, they link above all a boy with a boy, a girl with a girl.

Above all, it is after puberty that boys begin to become interested in girls, and vice versa. The more or less loving friendships that are then made and broken often have a more contingent character, and less personal, less unconditional and trusting without reservation, also less durable than the strong friendships established with neither. same-sex children before puberty. In Carpenter's time, the rule was rather that parents and educators were alarmed by such a friendship, especially between two boys and when, in addition, it was expressed with signs of tenderness on a bodily level. It seems that at least in the well-to-do environments in which Carpenter was educated, such more or less passionate affection between two boys or between two girls (in which it was more easily tolerated), was quite common. . I suppose that was a compensation for a much more repressive and emotionally draining education, in the Puritan England of the last century, than the one we are now accustomed to. Surely, when a child seeks in other children the satisfaction of the spontaneous and vital need to receive and give tenderness, it is that he is emotionally weaned in his relationship with older adults. nearby. That was clearly the case for Carpenter himself, and surely also for most of his comrades at school. The amazing thing is that he never says it or even understands it. There

⁵⁹⁶Carpenter, like Whitman and Bucke before him, barely uses the term "spiritual", which undoubtedly had a bad press in the last century, outside of religious circles. (Nowadays, this is still the case in many media, and especially in scientific media.) There was a tendency to speak rather of the "moral nature" of man, rather than of his "spiritual nature." But today, the term "moral" seems to me to be even more used and discredited than the term "spiritual." I know of no equivalent in French for either of those two terms, and what they express cannot and should not be eliminated from human life. Furthermore, they are in no way synonyms: the "moral" is one aspect, among an infinite number of others, of the "spiritual."

⁵⁹⁷Continuation of the previous note "The ABCs of sex (in five couplets)".

⁵⁹⁸English titles "The homogeneous Attachment" and "The Place of the Uranian in Society". The term "homogeneous" (in "homogeneous affection," "homogeneous love," etc.) is the euphemism generally used by Whitman (but not invented by him) for "homosexual." I have not found the expression "Uranian" in the Whitman texts that I have in view.

He must have had a “target” in his perception of a very close reality, a sign of his refusal to admit that his parents could have failed to such an extent in the essentials of what he, their son, needed (and yet ‘he succeeded in the end, but with how much pain! to overcome...)599 .

In my own experience at school, such displays of tenderness, or attraction on a bodily level, seem to me to have been very exceptional among boys (but certainly not among girls). Apparently Neill had no chance to observe it at Summerhill either. This goes in the sense of the impression from before, that it is the particularly repressive and affectively sterile character of the family and social environment that would above all be the cause of such a tender or carnal note in the affection. not mutual between two boys, while between girls it would be quite common even in the absence of any psychic pressure.

But if it is correct to see affectivity in the human being as one of the immediate “sublimated” manifestations of the sex drive, it must be admitted that every true affection that unites two beings, even in the absence of any sign of conscious and expressed bodily tenderness, is a manifestation of the drive; and for that very reason, any affection between two beings of the same sex: between two boys or two girls, or between two men or two women, or between a child and an adult of the same sex – that in all those cases, at Just as in the affection between two beings of the opposite sex, the sex drive acts secretly, and this affection is therefore “homosexual” in essence; and this even in the cases (certainly the most numerous by far) in which this relationship is not accompanied in one or the other by the slightest trace of thoughts or conscious desires (not even perhaps unconscious) of what would be called “sexual”. That is what my own dreams suggest to me, and I do not doubt that every experienced psychoanalyst, who has also overcome in his own person the usual fears of the realities of sex, would confirm this way of seeing. Thus Carpenter’s strangely bold way of situating his subject, at the limit (one might think) of gratuitous provocation, or perhaps due to a misplaced concern for advocating the cause of “Uranians” and the “Uranian fact”, in no way is provocation or involuntary clumsiness, but rather corresponds to a correct and profound intuition, far ahead of its time. And it surely required a rare courage to affirm that intuition so flagrantly, in times that (to say the least) did not encourage it. But it is to be feared that this tacit way of presenting the topic has not exactly facilitated the audience...

From the first lines and throughout the entire chapter, Carpenter insists on the irreplaceable role of affection in education, and very particularly on that of affectionate friendships.

599Throughout Love's Coming of Age, when Carpenter occasionally refers to his school memories, there is no allusion to his family life – as if it were deliberately erased. And even more shocking, in the entire chapter on “affection in education”, he never refers to the affection that could or perhaps should reign in the family. , where almost the entire first phase, and the most essential, of “education” is carried out; but always and exclusively from affections linked at school. In the few pages of Carpenter’s autobiography, “My Days and Dreams,” included in “Selected Writings,” Carpenter is more talkative about the family conditions that surrounded his childhood. From the first page (loc. cit. page 79), even assuring that his parents were “the best people in the world,” he writes that even being filled with all the superficialities of life in a family accommodated,

“...despite everything, at home, I never really felt at home. Perhaps he was exaggeratedly sensitive; But the fact is that I felt like a stranger, a failure, and a laughingstock.

... I hated that life, and I felt miserable in it – the conventional things in which the heart is absent, the idiotic observances – but I would never have imagined, it never occurred to me. , that another life could exist. Being haunted by the fear of appearances – what people would say about the way you dress or express yourself – always being afraid of committing involuntary transgressions of invisible rules – that’s what it seemed like in my childhood. to be the normal condition of existence; to such an extent that I would never have dreamed of escaping from it. I only prayed to God that the time would come when I would be granted the grace to disappear without reproach. Shy and sensitive, my spirit unfortunately lacked the inestimable virtue of rebellion. I was suffering, and I was stupid enough to believe I was wrong.

tuous, even passionate, whether between two children, whether between a child and an educator⁶⁰⁰. Write about it ("Selected Writings", page 227):

"So in education in general, it seems to me (whether it is for boys or girls), we have to deal with two currents that cannot be ignored, but should be recognized naturally and directed in the right direction." on. One of those currents is that of friendship. The other is that of the young man's curiosity about the topic of sex."

As we have already said, Carpenter recognizes that this curiosity is perfectly legitimate and must be satisfied. In no way does it follow from a mistaken and obsessive desire to "do like the adults" by indulging in sexual activity (premature, and as such detrimental to the child's development) – on the contrary, they are the obstacles that Those who denature and divert it are put to this curiosity. Normally, properly sexual desire does not appear until puberty, without then acquiring the usual obsessive character, aroused by the ambiguous attitude of the environment vis-à-vis sex. Before that age, and to a large extent even after that age still, the spontaneous and natural expression of the force of sex in the child and adolescent is found naturally channeled in the first of the two "currents" that Carpenter points out to us, that of affection and friendship; friendship, be it between two children of similar age, be it between a child and a much older child, who acts as a model and reference, or, finally, and more rarely, between a child and an adult⁶⁰¹. In this respect, it is notable that sexual activity itself, and more particularly copulation and procreation, is lost in man at a much older age than in any other animal species. Surely there is an "intention" (of "Nature", or the "Creator"...) to make sexual energy serve, until a relatively advanced age, exclusively for the development of the emotional faculties of the psyche. These belong to a level of existence higher than that of brute sexuality, and in the different animal species, they remain confined to a state incomparably less refined than in man.

Speaking of premature sexual activity in children, Carpenter writes (two paragraphs above the one just cited):

"And furthermore, that [the habit of such precocious activities] means an interruption in the capacity for affection. I believe that affection, affection – whether towards one of the sexes or the other – normally springs up in the young spirit in a totally diffuse, ideal, emotional form – a kind of longing and admiration as before. algo di vino⁶⁰² – without there being well-defined thought or a clear awareness of sex. The feeling extends and fills, like a rising tide, the smallest interstices of the emotional and spiritual nature; and the longer we delay (within reasonable limits of course) the moment when that feeling is clearly directed towards sex, the longer that period of emotional growth and development lasts, and the greater the delicacy and complexion and the strength of character that results. All our experience teaches that a dedication to sex that is too early devalues and weakens the emotional capacity."⁶⁰³

600It is always about the affectionate love of a child for a teacher at school. The case of a child's affection for his mother or father is not mentioned anywhere...

601See the preceding footnote.

602This ethereal and divinizing idealization of the loved one seems to me typical of an affection that has been exposed to more or less severe repression, and has not been able to express itself spontaneously vis-à-vis the beings. relatives of around.

603It is an exaggeration to say, as Carpenter does, that early sexual activity, even disordered and excessive, means a pure and simple "interruption" in the child's development, and especially in his or her affective capacity. However, everything I know on this subject, from experience, from observation, or from the testimony of third parties, is completely in the sense of Carpenter's observations in the passage cited. Also including the last

Having clarified this, Carpenter emphasizes that any repression exercised against this "affective current" in the child's life, often motivated repression (especially in his time and in the environments in which he was raised) due to an obsessive fear of sex, it tends to constrain sexual energy to prematurely lower itself to the crudest level of a sexual activity itself, of course clandestine and since then tainted with all the obscene and shameful connotations that that. it implies. And once cornered in that dark redoubt of secretly hidden satisfactions, the force of sex resists any coercive attempt, no matter how violent, to dislodge it! Carpenter evokes in half words, but nevertheless very clearly for those who know how to read, the state of customs and mentalities among the boarding school children of his time⁶⁰⁴. That is the "reverse"-rot of the pure "obverse" of the austere Puritan medal! To meditate...

From what I could see as an external student at a French high school in Mende in the early 1940s, it does not seem that in the century that had passed since Carpenter's childhood, and crossing the English Channel, From the severe Puritan England to the sweet France, with a reputation for spicy and green, things have changed a lot.

In any case, Carpenter is perfectly aware that it is sexual repression that creates in the child the more or less obsessive inclination towards premature sexual activities⁶⁰⁵,

quite blunt phrase, but only on the condition of specifying that it is a "dedication to sex" that would have excessive proportions, and not any trace of sexual activity in the child (especially the m common of all, which is "solitary satisfaction"). If a reservation must therefore be made, it is only that in this delicate and thorny question of the adult's attitude to the adult vis-à-vis the child's sexuality, Carpenter has not known how to qualify his thinking, without being carried away by universally accepted prejudices.

In his autobiography, Gandhi makes very similar observations, this time against the well-established customs in India in the environments from which he came: he notes the disastrous effect of child marriages and married life. at a very precocious age, in which the formation of the personality is not finished. It is evident that these observations are not due to any prudishness on the question of sex.

The mother of a three or four year old girl confided in me that, without seeing any malice in it, she made her participate in amorous games with her lover. As was predictable, the effects were disastrous, and the mother was quick to put an end to such erotic fantasies. Fortunately (as far as I know) they left no visible consequences. It should be an absolute rule in the "ABC of sex" of an adult, never to allow oneself to be dragged into a sexual game with a child. (As for what happens in our dreams, that's another story, we shouldn't take it seriously or be scared...) On the contrary, I think it's important that parents don't hesitate to show themselves naked in front of their children whenever the opportunity arises. The opposite attitude, a sign of inveterate inhibitions towards nudity (still almost universal in our days), would not fail to communicate those same inhibitions to the children. Educating your children, that is also and above all educating yourself...

Returning to the serious disadvantages of excessive early sexual activity, as for Neill, he is completely silent on this aspect that Carpenter rightly emphasizes. (But giving it too much absolute weight and believing they can provide a justification for certain traditional repressive attitudes.) It is true that in children who have not reached puberty, the problem does not arise in a "r" regime of freedom" like that of Summerhill: the sexual activity of the child, when there is such activity, is self-regulated and does not interfere with its development. But I highly doubt that this is also the case after puberty. After all, and judging from my personal experience, even among us adults and even among the most "liberated", doesn't the question of necessary moderation sometimes pose a problem?

604Carpenter was never a boarder in a school, just like me, almost a century later. But despite that, what can be glimpsed is already very edifying...

605That is by far the main cause, in almost all cases. However, it must be added that nowadays, with the invasion of the family by the media, we must add the stimulation of the child's sexual imagination through trashy eroticism. that the media transmit in high doses, with the inevitable amalgamation of sex with violence. As long as adult sexuality in the child's environment is artificial and unhealthy, repressed on the one hand and stuffed on the other, there is no hope that the child himself will develop a healthy relationship with sex. Finally, I leave aside the cases (such as the one indicated in a previous footnote) in which the adults around the child do their part to deliberately stimulate his erotic imagination, or They may even push you into early sexual activity. In this regard, it is surely reasonable for parents, without making their relationships a formidable mystery, to prevent their son from attending their marital romp. Children understand perfectly that there are things that we prefer to do without witnesses. As far as I know, in all cultures without exception (including those that grant complete freedom to children to have sexual games with each other if they feel like it), it is customary for children not to attend adult sexual activities.

harmful to their relationship with sex and their physical and emotional development. Perhaps he was the first to highlight the real relationship between repression and "vice," a relationship that is turned upside down by the universally received cliché that claims that said "vice" (more or less congenital we have to believe, undoubtedly by virtue of the providential "original sin"...) is what provokes and makes necessary the repression, which is supposed to extirpate it (without ever achieving it...).

It is true that Carpenter only questions repression inasmuch as he attacks one of the two currents of infantile sexuality that he considers "licit": the child's natural curiosity about things of sex⁶⁰⁶, and the spontaneous ways of affection and tenderness. Like all men of his time, he remained a prisoner of age-old prejudices, admitting that when necessary it was necessary for the educator to ensure (with benevolence and tact, it is understood) sexual continence and the ideal "manners" in the children under their care⁶⁰⁷. In this respect too, he, Carpenter, remained, or just barely, in the state of the everlasting "don't touch your tail!" We will have to wait for Neill, twenty or thirty years later, to finally see the profound and daring vision appear that goes beyond – and, once this is done, that translates the new understanding 'on in action.'

Here are the lines with which Carpenter concludes his chapter on affect in education (loc. cit. page 233):

"In any case, the more I think about it, the clearer it seems to me that a healthy affection must ultimately be the basis of education, and that recognizing it will be the only door out of the difficulty." difficult situation of the current school. It is true that such a change would revolutionize our school system; but nevertheless it will have to be done, and that will surely come in the wake of other changes that will occur in society globally."

Surely it would not be Neill who would argue that affection must be at the basis of a healthy education⁶⁰⁸. Except that in its spirit, it would surely be much more about the capacity for affection, or more exactly love (102), of the educator (or the father) vis-à-vis the child, than of the display of the child's affectivity in his/her relationship with other children and teachers, and more generally, children and adults in their daily environment. But one and the other are closely linked: it is

⁶⁰⁶I think it would be a mistake to see in this "natural curiosity", when it is not contradicted, a "sexual" connotation. The child is interested in his sex, and in that of the members of his environment, neither more nor less than in other parts of the body and their functions. Once his curiosity is satisfied, he moves on to other topics, without any inclination to stop at it.

⁶⁰⁷Thus, on page 227 already cited twice, Carpenter cites as an example the ancient Greeks "with their wonderful instinct for what is expedient," who

"Although they praised friendship, as we have seen, they insisted a lot on modesty during their youth – the guardians and instructors of every well-born boy were especially predisposed to ensure the temperance of their habits and manners."

Throughout that entire page, it is astonishing to see that Carpenter bravely breaks spears to prove by A or B and by psychology and by history that "bad habits" etc. They are inadvisable, of which everyone has always been convinced at all times and without asking for so much! (Except at the very moment when "Monsieur Everybody" dedicates himself to said bad habits...) On the next page, in a nice tactical retreat (go back to jump better!), he allows himself to be dragged until he exclaims: "Teachers wage war against incontinence, and they are right to do

so. But how do they carry it?..." (I'm the one who underlines).

(And he continues saying that they undertake it with true affection, which they confuse with "what they condemn"...). Surely, in these passages, Carpenter is happy, for once, to almost agree with the general opinion, and finally takes the opportunity to (as I said before) "let go of ballast," and in doing so give himself a joy. for a page or even two – before resuming his "solitary, "knight errant" path among the blind and crippled...

⁶⁰⁸But I would surely add, as an even more fundamental "base", freedom. And in the education of the child before puberty, Neill's vision of the child's freedom is deeper and more penetrating than Carpenter's. On the contrary, for adolescents after puberty, I think it is the other way around.

in the child who knows he is loved where affection develops without problems and vigorously. At least that is the case when the love he receives fully deserves that name, when it is the love that trusts in the child, and is animated by a delicate and clear-sighted respect for his freedom.

As for the “revolutionary” change in schools, which Carpenter predicts and hopes will arrive, we are today, a century later, practically as far away as ever. If not, it is because since then there have been some innovative pedagogical experiences, certainly isolated but bearing promise, among which Neill's seems to me to be the most radically revolutionary⁶⁰⁹.

Without a doubt, first it would be necessary for brave and stubborn pioneers to travel, against all odds, their solitary missions, so that little by little, over generations, a slow and tenacious preparation of the spirits is carried out, loaded with the weight of prejudices and ancient habits. Arduous seeds, heroic seeds, on the hard and ungrateful soil of petrified conformisms and ancient fears! Seeds that, to simple “realistic” eyes, would seem hopeless and hopelessly lost, swallowed up under the steps of the sower by the arid sands of a century that is disintegrating. And yet, seeds called to sprout, and much sooner, now that the Hour approaches, than the craziest among us would have dared to hope! Seeds of hope, yes, loaded and full of the love of the men who have carried and launched them – they will germinate and sprout and feed with their abundance the new and joyful seeds of tomorrow – when the great God's downpour, pouring down from the sky onto a soaked earth, fertilizes them.

(102) Lighthouses in the night – or love and freedom

(January 6)⁶¹⁰ That difference that I point out between “affection” and “love” has nothing academic. The affection Carpenter speaks of is, in my mind, more or less synonymous with “honey,” and he uses both terms interchangeably. In the cloud of connotations that surrounds that word in Carpenter's pen, one notices an underlying passion, an exclusivity, not to say a certain unconscious possession⁶¹¹, which goes hand in hand with a more profound devotion. or less unlimited. Such affection, when it takes place between student and teacher, is not necessarily good, and especially when there are several students, even an entire class as is generally the case, who share the teacher's attention. Carpenter only touches on this difficulty once and in passing, without dwelling on it. However, it deserves to be examined more carefully. I have no doubt that if Neill had had that kind of love and affection vis-à-vis some Summerhill students, his school would not have lasted long, or at least it would have quickly turned into a hornet's nest. In order to carry out his work, it was necessary for Neill to be completely free in front of the children of Summerhill. Such freedom is part of the full love to which I have alluded, and excludes the “affection” so appreciated by Carpenter. And only being free can liberate. Affection can

609Refer to notes 103–107 on the pedagogical work of F'elix Carrasquer, for a very notable and unique experience of self-managed schools, which took place before and during the revolution Spanish 1936–38.

610See the reference to this note in the previous note “Affection in education, that is the revolution”, page 249.

611In this regard, I point out that I have learned with astonishment, reading the introduction by No"el Greig to the volume of Selected Works of Carpenter, that in Carpenter's relationship with some of his friends, he suffered (according to his own expression) of “horrible attacks of jealousy” (cf. loc. cit. pages 42–43). No"el Greig refers to letters from 1887, when Carpenter was in full maturity (he was then 43 years old), after his enlightenment and four years after the publication of “Towards Democracy” (8 which he considers his masterpiece). This illustrates to what extent the inner depth and the states of grace through which we can pass, however, do not eliminate all the psychic mechanisms that have been formed in us in our childhood. Most will remain an integral part of the structure of the self throughout life, and are only deactivated and erased at certain privileged moments. We have to “live with”, assume them – which also implies: recognizing them for what they are, and not being complacent with the role of a fictitious “perfection”. (A role in which more than one “great spiritual” has fallen, flags unfurled, without ever seeing the fire!)

soothe, it may even nourish, but it never liberates.

Like very few men, I believe, Carpenter had or acquired during his life, by Grace and by patient, arduous, intense work of deepening, the means to be free. And yet, he made the conscious and clearly expressed choice to put affection at the center of his life, to live a life of affection. A strange choice, which was surely dictated to him (I have no doubt about that) because of what he was intimately like, because of what he felt he should live, in fidelity himself. For his own life, as much as his written work, had to express the message he carried, be the substance of his mission. Perhaps the heart of his mission was to live with undeniable inner greatness, with a radiance sensitive to all, a human affection fully assumed, and that (because of his "Uranian" character outside the norms admitted) must have been considered shameful in the eyes of almost all of his contemporaries. Perhaps it was that, before anything else, the sowing to which he felt called⁶¹².

His life, surely, was totally different from Neill's. Each of those two men, following their own path through the night of our ignorance, projected their own beam of light before them, like the powerful headlight of a car in the night. It is not surprising that the beams are different, that they do not illuminate the same things, nor do they provide the same illumination wherever they intersect. It seems to me that Carpenter's beam opens a wider field and reaches further into the night of the unknown, and that Neill's is narrower and more compact, and therefore less diffuse and more penetrating. What is certain is that each of these two men discovers and illuminates virgin spaces, which no one's eye had explored before him.

(103) F'elix Carrasquer (1): hatching of a mission

(January 7–17)⁶¹³ After the succession of notes on Neill and Summerhill (December 2 to 11), I propose to give an idea about the pedagogical work of my friend F'elix Carrasquer. As I do not have the documentation at hand and my memory fails me, I have only waited for him to answer some questions about his two experiences of self-managed schools in Spain. And finally it's done!

F'elix and his wife Mati have been friends for a long time, and "family friends" what is more. I met them in 1960, almost thirty years ago. F'elix had recently been released from prison, where he had spent twelve years, between 1946 and February 1959. He had been arrested in 1946 in Barcelona for clandestine political activity. , while participating in an attempted reorganization of the CNT⁶¹⁴. He and Mati are anarchists, and their pedagogical activity was inseparable from their political militancy. After the failure of the Spanish revolution and the debacle of the anarchist and republican forces at the end of 1938 and beginning of 1939, F'elix took refuge in France in February 1939, where he shared or the fate of hundreds of thousands of Spanish political refugees, arrested as criminals and put in improvised concentration camps, hastily set up by the French government called "the Popular Front."

Felix spent four years in Noah's camp. (My father spent some time there, before being deported by the Germans in 1942 and killed in Auschwitz...) He managed to escape in October

612 (January 7) Remember also that it was the affection of his loved ones, and later that of the friends whom he admired intensely and with passionate devotion, that was cruelly lacking throughout his life. childhood until well into adulthood – up to the age of thirty. So it is not surprising that the rest of his life was not enough to satisfy a need so intense

and unsatisfied for so long. 613(January 17) The following five notes give an idea of the pedagogical work of F'elix Carrasquer. After a first draft of these notes on January 7 and 8, I obtained a few additional details in two long telephone conversations with Felix, e9 and 11. This led me to revise and considerably enrich, in two or three different sessions, the original notes. Thus, exceptionally, it did not seem possible to me to date each of those five notes separately.

614CNT = National Confederation of Labor. It was the main labor union organization in Spain, with an anarchist tendency, illegalized after Franco's victory in 1939.

1943. It was no small feat: at that time he was already blind, for ten years⁶¹⁵. However, he managed to enter Spain clandestinely in May 1944, for an unthinkable clandestine political job that he nevertheless managed, God knows how, to carry out for two years before he was arrested. .

When I met F'elix, he had just spent sixteen years in captivity (with an interval of two years of "clandestine freedom"), twelve of them in a Franco prison. The hardest thing, he says, is that being blind, he did not have the opportunity to read or write during all those years.

One of the great days of his life was February 7, 1957, when he found himself outside the prison walls, finally free! With heavily guarded freedom, it is true. Which was the same action! After a year, he obtained authorization to emigrate to France (in July 1960), but with a permanent prohibition from returning to Spain⁶¹⁶. From the first time I saw him, I was struck by the energy that comes from his person⁶¹⁷. Also in his way of speaking: saying what is essential without going further or getting lost in speeches or useless words⁶¹⁸. Is

615For some reason that escapes me, F'elix has not learned to write in Braille. He writes his letters, articles, books, etc. on a typewriter, but to reread himself, as well as to read books, newspapers, etc., he is obliged to ask for outside help. After leaving prison in 1959, it is his wife Mati who takes on the role, sometimes thankless, of F'elix's permanent secretary. She met him for the first time in 1935, when visiting the school on Vallespir Street (which we will discuss extensively in the following notes). She was a governess, dedicated body and soul to her pedagogical vocation. What he saw at the school on Vallespir Street made a deep impression on him. He must have clearly felt then the scope of Felix's mission, and knew that his own path would be to associate himself with that mission to the extent of his possibilities. He met F'elix again in 1946, when he was working underground, and from that moment on they put their lives together. Felix would be arrested that same year and would spend twelve in prison. She herself would be in prison twice for political crimes, once for one year and once for two. They met again when F'elix was released from prison, in February 1959. The following year, they took the path of exile together.

616Despite this prohibition, since 1966 F'elix risked making regular clandestine stays in Spain, at least once each year, for a political job (especially in the unionist circles) whose details escape me. Since 1971, and despite the fact that the prohibition on residence would continue until Franco's death in 1975, F'elix and Mati settled permanently in Spain, in a kind of rustic house at the foot of the mountain. ~na del Tibidabo, near Barcelona. Currently F'elix and Mati continue living in the same rural places, with their family.

617It is interesting to note that this impression of intense, active, virile energy is what has caught my attention the most and what my memory has registered and retained. In fact, at the time of that encounter and in the following quarter of a century, I myself was deeply imbued with the "yang," "masculine" values of the ambient society. Since I was eight years old I had unconsciously molded myself on those values, repressing and more or less ignoring the "yin", "feminine" aspects of my being. But I think that Felix beats me in that, and by far – he is the most "yang" man, the most extremely masculine that I have ever met. Seeing me cry one day in front of him, in a moment of emotion (when reading him one of my father's last letters), he was sincerely surprised (but he didn't think it was bad or, I think, , it bothered him). It was difficult for him to imagine that an adult man could cry, that was something (he explained to me) that never happened to him. He had a will and a capacity for control, become second nature, such as I have not encountered in any other being, with the sole exception (as far as the will is concerned) of Fujii Guruji. That does not prevent F'elix from being spontaneous in his relationships with others; fortunately he is not at all a block of granite or bronze. He is trusting, generous, compassionate without sentimentality, and in his affections he is of great delicacy and unfailing fidelity. On the contrary, more than once I have seen that she was not able to enter into the thoughts or feelings of another, and thus be able to really respond – that she lacked that listening capacity that Mati, she, no less generous that he possesses to the highest degree. Furthermore, I have observed the same difficulty in myself, especially vis-à-vis my students, and that was perhaps my biggest gap as a teacher. (I analyze this aspect of my past as a mathematician a little in the note "Failure of a teaching (1)", no. 23 (iv), in the first part of Cosechas y Siembras.) But it seemed to me that In F'elix it was much worse than in my case! I am sure that in the 1930s, Felix must have had an inner flexibility, and especially a listening capacity, which I did not recognize in him later; for (as he himself is the first to emphasize) it is precisely those qualities (particularly "feminine"), rather than the virile qualities that have too much tendency to put themselves first, that are essential to making school a " school of freedom. Surely these qualities of flexibility and listening must have been blunted and hardened under the harsh pressure of the sixteen years of captivity, which on the contrary would have tended to strengthen more (due to a reaction). on defensive) the traces of a "virile" tone: will, obstinacy, energy in action, structuring, concentration...

618Unfortunately, F'elix's written expression is far from being on par with his spontaneous speech. F'elix is a great educator, but he has not developed a gift as a writer that serves his message. The texts of his

rare, a man who spends long years in captivity without being deeply marked, without his vital impulse being irremediably affected. Because of that energy that seemed indomitable, he reminded me of my father, who had spent eleven years of his life in a tsarist prison, from 1906 to 1917, from the age of sixteen to twenty-seven. ~nos, without that making a dent...

F'elix, he, was born in 1905, he was therefore over fifty years old when we met. He is now eighty-two. I haven't seen him in more than ten years, but from the newspaper clipping he just sent me, in which there is a photo of him at his house, it is as if he had just left!

During the years of their emigration to France and until their (second) clandestine return to Spain in 1971, F'elix and Mati lived with their family on a farm, in the countryside near Toulouse (the second capital of Spain!), where they barely survived raising chickens. Our two families were very close, we often spent a good part of the summer holidays with them, with all the children, who had a great time outdoors. They also helped us, with their friendship and greater maturity, in a particularly difficult moment, which for many years would deeply mark the life of the family. Those things are not forgotten. Afterwards we lost sight of each other a bit, especially after they returned to Spain – at their own risk! But I think it is not an exaggeration to say that F'elix and Mati, each in their own way, have been the closest friends I have ever had in my life, and also, more than any other, I knew I could absolutely count on them if the opportunity ever arose.

It is a strange coincidence, because I am not going to talk here about Felix in a personal capacity. In fact, the reflection of the last four or five weeks has made me rethink what I knew about Felix's pedagogical work, and has shown me that work and his person in a renewed light. For me he is one of those "sowers" that I evoked at the end of the penultimate note. What is certain is that I then thought of him, whom I knew so well with Mati among his people, in his frugal, warm and unpretentious life! And in this long succession of notes dedicated to an unexpected reflection on the "mutants", he will be the last one to enter my list – the eighteenth among the men of this century and the previous one of those who I feel like an heir in some way. I hesitated a little to include it, so as not to seem like I was promoting a colleague. No one is a prophet among his own (108)! Well, often we do not see the greatness of a man or an event, when it is right under our noses – we have to go back a little to see it. But in these weeks of reflection on the neurological question of education, this necessary setback has occurred, I believe, by itself.

Now I better see the role of a work and a mission that have remained practically unknown to the general public. All the more reason to talk about them, and contribute as best I can to making them known.

F'elix spent the first fourteen years of his life in the town where he was born, Albalate de Cinca, where his father was secretary of the town hall. A bright child with a curious spirit, he learned to read ahead of time, devouring any printed text that fell into his hand. I was eager to go to class like the older children, there were so many things to learn! In fact, when at last

pen are often burdened by the abuse of more or less abstract, technical and ineloquent terms, and by the accumulation of epithets that distract attention or numb it, rather than clarify or question. The reader has to constantly make efforts to remove the heavy lid of the Felixian style, to see the substantial meal that the author has prepared for us appear and steam in the bowl.

As for Mati, who has a very fine sense of style, it seemed to me that her job as a permanent secretary was often a martyrdom for her (endured, it must be said, with courage...). It would have been perfect if Felix had entrusted him to write in detail in his style, limpid and lively as clear water, the books and texts of all kinds of which he would make a detailed outline of facts. and ideas. In other words, that these texts were a common work, in which both would have truly put what they could best offer, instead of Mati limiting himself to a perpetually subaltern and purely administrative role., far below his capabilities, no less rich than those of F'elix. It is clear that these two beings, both of such rare human quality, were made to complete each other. But due to a strange irony of fate, or rather due to the particular mark, in the existence of F'elix and Mati, of the tenacious human contradictions, they have not known how or wanted to carry out that cooperation in their life as a couple. creativity that each one had pursued in his educational work, and that each one had achieved with his students, during some inspired and fruitful years...

was old enough, he only spent a single day at school. Shocked by the brutality and stupidity he saw there, he was saved on the second day, when the teacher wanted to force him to spell with the other children, without taking into account that he was already reading. in a row. His parents had the good sense not to insist that he return to school. He spent his childhood in complete freedom, which for him was like the air he breathed:

"First with goats, then with other animals, I spent my childhood frolicking in the fields and along the river. I read the little I could get my hands on and dreamed of a fairer and more pleasant life for everyone."619

Apart from that first attempt that ended at the age of six, Felix never set foot in a school or an official educational institution – at least not as a student! He never worried about acquiring a diploma, pedagogical or not. That does not prevent him from having a passion for education from his youth, and even a passion for school – but a school worthy of the name!

He says that this passion was able to develop and grow thanks to the fact that he was not modeled in his childhood by the usual school, the dressage school,⁶²⁰ and also, to having been able to observe the devastating effects on others around him. . It shocked him:

"always see the kids rushing out of school like runaway horses.

It seemed to me that the school was very bad: if the boys came out wanting to run so much, it must not be good in there..."⁶²¹

Definitely, it had to be possible to do much better! And throughout his life, that was what he saw as the most important thing, the most urgent thing to do.

He was shocked by the selfishness and aggressiveness of people, including the town's boys:

"Since I didn't take orders from anyone, because my father worked in the secretariat and I frolicked alone in the fields, I didn't have to vent the aggressiveness accumulated under the authority of the teacher or parents. But I still couldn't understand that. Thus, in vain I tried to find the reasons for such aggressiveness and selfishness, and I almost always dreamed of the imaginary construction of better organized worlds in which the inhabitants would have been happier. Furthermore, I grew up in a religious environment (there were priests and nuns in the family). I organized a circle of companions, to show them the greatness of the missionaries and the need to prepare ourselves also to, when we were older, convert the unbelievers and lead them to the paths of truth and the love. But immediately Alcolea, Castro, Tomás and Raimundo raised objections that broke our faith..."

But if a cheap religious faith does not last long in the face of the common sense objections innate in childhood, that visceral faith in himself, and in a great mission that would be his, will never abandon him. to. It will not take long for her to make her way to fully develop.

Already at the age of fourteen, he wanted to learn more than he could learn in the town, and announced to his father his intention to go to Barcelona.

619This quote, and most of those that follow, have been extracted from the first three chapters of F'elix's book about his experience at the self-managed school in Barcelona, Calle Vallespir 184: "An experience of Education self-managed", Barcelona 1981. Unless otherwise mentioned, the following quotes have been taken from those chapters.

620A very similar observation can be made in the unusual life of RM Bucke, whose adventurous youth is evoked in the beautiful introduction (by CM Acklom) to Bucke's abundantly cited book (cf. note n o 74) "Cosmic Consciousness".

621Extract from an interview with F'elix that appeared in El Pa'ys, issue of 10/20/1987, under the title "F'elix Carrasquer – a self-taught person who has made the dreams of libertarian pedagogy come true ". (I am the one who translates, here in the other parts.)

"My father was not surprised and simply told me: "Since you cannot study, you better learn the trade of baker-pastry maker and when you know it, I will set up a shop for you in the town."

But F'elix's experience in Barcelona was very different, from every point of view, from what his father and he himself could have imagined, and F'elix never became a baker-pastry chef.

(When he returned to the town nine years later, it was to bring another kind of "bread"...) On the contrary, earning a living as he could from one employer to another, in a short time his horizon expanded prodigiously:

"The city and its inhabitants of all kinds offered numerous attractions. But the focus of all my attention was the Atarazanas neighborhood with its second-hand bookstores. There I discovered countless treasures. In my house I was already familiar with Cervantes, Pereda, Santa Teresa, Quevedo, Valera and some others. Now I found Shakespeare, Dickens, Voltaire, Zola, Tourgu'eniev, Gogol, Dosto'jevsky, P'yo Baroja, Azor'yn, and poking around from there I also discovered Proudhon, Pi y Margall, Malatesta, Anselmo Lorenzo, Ricardo Mella and other sociologists of various tendencies."

It was in those years when the foundations of an entirely self-taught culture with encyclopedic dimensions were built in F'elix. He would continue to enrich it throughout his life, at the mercy of the occasions, with readings, conversations, radio broadcasts, reflection – all preserved and made available by an impressive memory. Living culture, which is gradually integrated into a vision of the world that is also developed and structured in those crucial years of training and effort. The strongly riveted vision that is then elaborated, although it broadens and deepens over the years, will remain broadly unchanged during the vicissitudes of a long and busy life, rich in joys. , in suffering, in patience and in hope. It was also in those years when his vocation as an educator became clearly conscious, and took the central place in his life, which he would never leave:

"When I came across the Modern School of Francisco Ferrer, the Decroly method, some information about Pestalozzi and the school of Karchensteiner's work, I discovered the vast horizon that finally responded to the most intimate of my desires: the education of man.

Society is unfair, inhuman and full of contradictions, I told myself. But without an education to know the world around them and to reveal to them their aspiration for freedom, citizens will never correct their current defects. Despite the revolutionary theories that I had read,⁶²² it seemed to me that without a profound change in the behavior of men, solidarity and freedom would not be possible" (I am the one who emphasizes.)

That is, it seems to me, the master idea in his life, which also motivates his vocation as an educator.

In that time of fermentation of spirits in Spain, his aspirations were by no means isolated, and in the following years, his voice would not shout in a desert, but would awaken his around warm echoes. In the pages in which he evokes those ardent years of training, one feels the generous wind of a great era, an intensely creative era. It will find its culmination, but also its brutal, bloody end, truncated in flower⁶²³ with its last episode;

622I suppose that the "revolutionary theories" to which Felix refers here are not the pedagogical theories he has just evoked, but the libertarian and sociological theories of authors like Proudhon , Malatesta and others that I had mentioned in passing just before.

623That blow of the ax put a brutal and complete end to that intense creative fermentation, which stopped dead for the next half century. Even today, nothing comparable has been reborn on Spanish soil. And with the crushing (and in

the Spanish revolution, and its crushing by Franco's forces (with the blessing of the "democratic" countries....).

(104) Félix Carrasquer (2): the boom⁶²⁴

But let's listen to Felix again, evoking those feverish and fruitful years:

"In my hectic adolescence in Barcelona, there were many people, cultural and political groups, the city, the countryside. But the thirst for an authentic culture, and the compelling desire to propagate it, gripped me incessantly. It was then, at the age of twenty-three, when I decided to return to the town to begin the work there that responded to my aspirations.

The dictatorship of Primo de Rivera was coming to an end (1928), and the difficulties in mobilizing people who could cooperate in an innovative educational work were numerous. Despite everything, we ended up establishing a legal Cultural Group in the town, duly domiciled. It was at that moment when my friend Justo returned to town. He had spent some years in prison for the events of Vera de Bida soa. In prison he had learned a lot, and he welcomed with real enthusiasm the establishment of a Cultural Group.

In our first conversation, he suggested creating a library. That was very easy. I had already contributed the thirty or forty books I had; He added his own, a dozen. And the matter was underway!"

But many inhabitants did not know how to read, or worse, did not feel any need. Some had to be taught to read, and others had to be encouraged, or rather, everyone had to be encouraged to read, to express themselves, to reflect on the world around them. For this, a school had to be founded, with afternoon courses for children and adults. They welcomed girls and boys, women and men, with a range of ages from six to sixty, children and adults rubbing shoulders in the same zeal to learn, understand, and express themselves.

"Our work methods? I knew the global Decroly method and we used it to teach reading. As for those who already knew how to read and write, we invited them to propose the topics themselves. They took them out of their daily lives and their most urgent concerns and needs. At first, they saw in us the possessors of knowledge, and they waited for our instructions. But when they understood that there was no hierarchy or wise teachers to impose a program, the topics multiplied and, even better, a true dialogue was established.

You could see young people and adults, and with what fascination, discussing social, agrarian, scientific and many other issues.

Only the interests of the group determined the development of the courses. That is to say: one day, someone contributed a newspaper article to comment collectively; other times, it was about fertilizer and sowing, or a conflict that arose in the town, whether at work or in matters of common interest. Thus, both in learning to read and in other activities, the initiative and the chosen centers of interest always emanated from the group, and this kept the enthusiasm of the participants awake. Based on the spontaneous expression of each person's interest, it was read, written, commented, and the participants themselves requested help and corrections wherever necessary.

largely the failure) of the Spanish revolution, anarchism was eliminated from the world scene. Whether it will one day return to play, in one form or another, in Spain or elsewhere, a role comparable to the one it had in the Spain of the 1920s and 1930s, that remains a question. the limbos of the future. I wouldn't be surprised if that were the case.

624 Continuation of the previous note "Félix Carrasquer (1) - or hatching of a mission". See the note at the foot of page 251.

Nothing more natural for those who do not know, and want to learn and perfect themselves!

In addition to the afternoon courses, the school hosted three cultural activities: a theater group, a singing group, and cycles of conferences and evenings, with readings of texts written by the students, or of verses that They composed with naivety inspired by peasant life.

Later, already in the middle of the republican period and after the town bought the heritage of the Duke of Solferino, the Cultural Group considered more ambitious projects and carried them out: an agricultural exploitation collective, a field of agricultural experimentation, and a school of pedagogical experiences with the participation of boys and girls from six to fourteen years old, in a climate of freedom, cooperation and responsibility."

That first educational experience in his hometown, which took place in an atmosphere of intense ideological fermentation and social upheaval, seems to me to already prefigure the two subsequent pedagogical experiences, giving them the same basic tone: that of freedom, and that of complete and fraternal cooperation between teachers and taught. For F'elix, this cooperation was something very different from a "method", as such a technique to learn to read and write, to attract and fix the attention of students, etc. It was nothing more than the most immediate concrete expression, present at all times, of that spontaneous demand for freedom and respect for each one: respect for what is best in him, and that only unfolds in an environment animated by such a spirit of freedom and respect.

This fruitful experience took place for five years, between 1928 and 1933, with one or two temporary interruptions due to the turbulent political situation. It ended prematurely under the blow of two unforeseen events that came one after the other. First, in 1932, F'elix's first retinal detachment. For him it was a very hard blow. For months, he was condemned to complete immobility. After a short-lived cure, he returned to work. But the following year, a turbulent political situation in which he himself participated fully (and sometimes recklessly...) forced him to hastily leave his town. He took refuge in L'erida, where that same year (1933) he permanently lost his sight. Terrible test surely, for that intensely, passionately active man. And furthermore, a heavy handicap, borne day after day for a lifetime. But his revolutionary faith, one with his faith in his mission to create and promote by example a new education, was not shaken.

Today, more than half a century later, in a weak world that stagnates and disintegrates, that faith, and the immense hope it carries within it, always remain lively and active...

In L'erida, he met a group of teachers who, inspired by Freinet, had introduced the printing technique in schools to the country. F'elix was immediately captivated by Freinet's ideas. He managed to interest his little brother, José, who under his advice had studied at the Normal School. José acquired printing materials before taking up his position in Huesca, a small city at the foot of the Pyrenees. He will be delighted with his work with the students⁶²⁵, which he will later leave with regret, for a larger job with F'elix.

Two years later (in 1935), the two brothers and a third, Francisco, met in Barcelona with their sister Presen, and with the enthusiastic and dedicated support of a group of new friends, around the project of a entirely "self-managed" school. José's diplomas were going to be very valuable to give legal existence to the school: it is the "Elys'ee Reclus School" on Vallespir Street⁶²⁶.

625F'elix adds that José's students in Huesca "published a delicious school magazine, which they called "Simplicity"". A name that makes you want to read it!

626I have noticed that when F'elix talks about that school, he practically never calls it by its "official" name, "Elys'ee Reclus School," but instead refers to it as the "Vallespir school" (or "of Vallespir Street"). He must not have been entirely satisfied with the name he had chosen, given his serious reservations regarding the ideas of Reclus, as well as those of Kropotkin and Proudhon, regarding education. He especially reproaches them for

Meanwhile, Félix had the opportunity to become familiar with the pedagogical thought of thinkers with a libertarian tendency, such as Goswin, Saint Simos, Proudhon, Bakounine, Reclus.

He learns from them with enthusiasm when he finds confirmation and food for his own intuitions, but with an always awake critical spirit⁶²⁷. But it is, he says, Leo Tolstoy, with the pedagogical experience of Yasnaïya Poliana (Tolstoy's hometown), who had the strongest influence on him. Above all, I think, I must have felt an immense joy, an indescribable exultation (of which only someone in a similar situation can have an idea), to see confirmed, by a great voice fraternal arrival from such a different time and environment, that path that he had already begun to open with his own walk: darkly, obstinately, during the previous years, with total, absolute confidence, in what that whispered to him under his breath a healthy instinct – the instinct of freedom! That trust, that most hidden, silent, invisible faith that nevertheless acts secretly with that encounter received like a sudden flow of new blood. And with renewed momentum, with new security, he set out in search of that path that he felt stretched out before him and that attracted him with such force...

For Tolstoy, as for his great predecessors Godwin, Fourier, Bakounine⁶²⁸, all four of them far ahead of their time and also ours, teaching should not only be "mixed", that is, bringing together boys and girls, girls without distinction, but also,

"to be totally exempt from all imposition. The teacher must be a partner, working with students to stimulate their initiative and critical sense⁶²⁹, thus allowing them to become fully themselves. Only in this way will young people be able to develop independent judgment and creative imagination."

...

The path was the one opened by Tolstoy, which I had already followed by instinct. It was necessary to give the children a say, establish a close and sincere community between teachers and students, and allow the spirit of freedom to permeate everything: school work as well as manual work, that of the fields and that of the workshop. And, above all, the relationships between one another... Young people had to be given back the direction of their own affairs, so that, without imposition or obligation, they could develop their abilities. multiple interests with a maximum of freedom."

All of this, based on his readings and his discoveries in books, were not just ideas, beautiful utopias for Félix. It was truly a reality, as irrefutable and as crucial in his life as the two legs with which he walked! He had touched it with his fingers and fisted it, that reality of freedom, day after day, during those last years. Furthermore, he knew, not only by instinct, but also by experience, that freedom worked. And Tolstoy already

admit that the teacher exercises coercion on the students, and that he has the possibility of resorting to punishments. As I specify in the next paragraph, it is Tolstoy above all who has total approval in Félix, at least as far as his educational work is concerned. I asked him, in our last telephone conversation, why he didn't call that school "Leo Tolstoy". He confirmed to me that that would have been the most natural name, but that at that moment it bothered him that Tolstoy professed a religious philosophy of life. This seemed to everyone, including Félix, incompatible with the libertarian aspirations of his time; and also Tolstoy's resolutely non-violent options, at a time when they were on the threshold of a revolution that, according to everyone, could only be achieved by resorting to force. Currently, those ideological reservations of Félix vis-à-vis Tolstoy have been greatly attenuated, and although he continues to have a totally "rationalist" and atheistic vision of the world, he sees in Tolstoy one of the great men of his time who, like few others before and even after him, has had a profound vision of freedom, and with that spirit he has carried out an immense educational work.

⁶²⁷See in this regard the preceding footnote.

⁶²⁸Let us place in time those great precursors of freedom in education: Godwin (1756–1836), Fourier (1772–1837), Bakounine (1814–1876), Tolstoy (1828–1910).

⁶²⁹And I would add: by "stimulating the initiative and critical sense of the students", the teacher will also be stimulated by them. Both, stimulating and being stimulated, are actually inseparable and intertwined in a single and same movement. The sign of the teacher's creative participation in this movement is both in what he receives from the students and in what he gives them...

He had experienced the last century thousands of miles away – until the Tsarist authorities closed his school. And the problem was not with the children – children are perfectly capable of living as free beings. (And adults are also, at least in certain places and times, when a wind of freedom blows among them...) The problem comes from adults, and most especially, from teachers. Tolstoy had seen it well! The teacher who, in his childhood, has been trained to obey, how could he not be authoritarian, how could he not teach in turn?

This is how the immemorial atavisms of the flock are transmitted from generation to generation, from centuries to millennia. How will we ever get out of that vicious circle?!

But Felix, who had never been domesticated, felt wings. He had begun to leave that fateful circle, the circle of the flock. He felt that he had the key to get out in his hand, and that he was willing to go further than his great predecessor nor anyone else had ever gone.

(105) F'elix Carrasquer (3): the self-managed school, escuela de libertad630

The two pedagogical experiences that F'elix considers his great experiences consisted of the creation and animation of two schools that he calls "self-managed". I admit that by itself that term does not make my heart race, and there must be rare people who don't feel that way. That evokes a "management", something more or less administrative or financial, which would be taken care of by itself (?), or by those most involved. Furthermore, it seems to me that in the political-economic jargon of our days, those expressions "self-management" or "self-managed" have become a bit of a mixed bag. For F'elix, they have a very strong, global, demanding meaning. In a "self-managed" collective work, the "management" aspect is nothing more than one aspect among many others of a very different order. And in the case in which the common work is a school, bringing together children and adults, students and teachers (and eventually other staff), that aspect is far from being the most important.

I had already referred to Summerhill as a "self-managed" school⁶³¹, thinking at the time, not certainly of management stories (indeed, neither pupils nor staff had to stick their nose into the finances – that domain was reserved for the director-owner Neill...), but in the school assembly, which grouped students and staff without distinction. It was sovereign in all matters relating to relationships between people, internal functioning, internal regulations – with the exception, however, of everything related to the everlasting "programs" and courses (a domain reserved for teachers...), and the diet and the menu (domain reserved for Madame Neill...). If Felix heard me call that school "self-managed" he would laugh a lot. For him, a self-managed school is a school that belongs to the students⁶³², first and foremost, as well as to the teachers and staff (second!), and where everything that refers to the school, without any reserved domain, it is debated and decided in common⁶³³.

⁶³⁰ Continuation of the previous note, "F'elix Carrasquer (2): "the boom". See the note at the foot of page 251.

⁶³¹In the note "Direct democracy from Makarenko to Neill – or awakening the man in the citizen" (no. 91), especially page 198 ⁶³²It is

evident that this term "belongs" should not be taken here in a formalist and legal sense – of course it is not a question here that the students with a majority of votes are (for example) legally entitled to sell the school, land and materials and divide the sum! Of course, that was not the case on either Vallespir Street or Monz'on, and who cares. It is about students having everything at school at their free disposal, and being collectively owners of their immediate destinies. The reality that matters here is not situated on any legal level, but on the psychic level.

⁶³³Each issue is "debated and decided in common" by all those it concerns. When the issue concerns all the students and staff of the school, the debate takes place in the school assembly, with the participation of all, and with equal voice and vote (when it is necessary to vote in the absence of unanimity). When I say "without any reserved domain", that is true just as it is in the Monz'on school. As for the school on Vallespir Street, supported financially by the parents under the direction of the Libertarian Athenaeum Committee of the Les Corts neighborhood (see below), it seems evident that budgetary issues (such as teachers' remuneration) were not discussed by the school assembly, but were regulated by the adults involved: the teachers, the parents, and those responsible for the Committee. It also seems clear that those

In deliberations and discussions, the main virtue of teachers and often the most arduous (I didn't remember it well, and F'elix confirmed it to me again by phone...), is knowing how to keep quiet. Above all, it is about kids expressing themselves, wondering, inventing, taking responsibilities – while everywhere and before going there, they were trained to listen to great people and obey. In F'elix's school, you have to completely detach yourself from an entire psychic mechanism once and for all, both for children and adults.

The greater the moral authority of an adult (say Felix's, or Neill's in Summerhill), the more important it is that he restrain himself, that he knows how to keep his mouth shut – that he speaks last, or even that he street. And after all, even if it seemed to you that a decision that the kids have invented among themselves is not the most reasonable, it is worth making the experience themselves, and if necessary, learn from your mistakes. It is better to reach an impracticable decision (to which we will soon return, instructed by experience), than to reach a "perfect" solution suggested by the adult, and adopted ex officio by some children who They trust their knowledge and experience...

In the schools encouraged by F'elix, it was rare that it was necessary to vote, even with a hundred participants. Almost always, at the end of an argument, everyone agreed, and it was a matter of judgment. In case of differences of opinion, voting was done with equal voice and vote – the vote of the six-year-old brat, if he is interested in participating in the vote, is equal to that of Felix. (As was also the case with Neill at Summerhill.) It will not be unusual for a proposal from Felix (or Neill) to be rejected. The opposite would be a bad sign! In any case, the most important thing is not what decision is made – at least, as long as it is made in a spirit of fairness. (And the unrepressed child has a delicate and secure sense of justice...) The important thing is to learn freedom. And to tell the truth, adults, just like children, have to do this learning...

But in the "self-managed school" as F'elix understands it, there is no reserved domain where the child would not have a say. It is not a sauna where he is pampered, but a mini-universe in which he participates fully, assuming all the responsibilities (varying according to his age and level of development) that he wants to assume. And the spirit that reigns in that universe that is totally yours, where you are really, totally at home, encourages that spontaneous desire to assume your responsibilities (without forcing you at any time, not even tacitly).). A child of six or seven years old is rarely interested in "management" issues – on the contrary, the acquisition of new school supplies will not cease to interest him, and he will have something to say. .

But surely the most important question in school, which interests all children without exception, is knowing what will be done, and how it will be done. What do you want to learn? What do you want to do? And once something has been started, how to continue it, and in what way to work together (or play together...), whether it is more or less theoretical work with books and written notes, or a workshop job. Or work in the garden, or in the fields. Or also, in boarding school, work in the kitchen, serving the table, cleaning... As the child grows, he also learns to put his spontaneous desires or desires into agreement. their most lasting desires, with the material tasks required by coexistence, more demanding tasks in a boarding school regime, but which exist in any case. In the two self-managed schools encouraged by F'elix, it was not even considered (not even, of course, even if they had the financial means available!) to require paid labor for domestic tasks. The children, from the smallest to the oldest, in the company of adults when they did not have to be elsewhere, did

Issues were of no interest to children between six and thirteen years old, at an age when they themselves were not yet participating in a production that contributed to the financial needs of the school. This was not the case at the Monz' on school, which brought together students between fourteen and seventeen years old and attended to its own needs, with the students' work.

634Manifestly this same observation is valid for the Summerhill school.

that work as something evident. They were not burdens that had been imposed on them by someone. They were things they did for themselves, in a place they felt comfortable like nowhere else. Even cleaning the toilet was done every day and in a good mood. You have to think that when there is no adult behind to force them to be clean and careful, when the kids have the whole house to themselves, they like it to be nice. I think that for themselves, and also (if the two can truly be separated) vis-à-vis the outside world – they like to be proud of their kingdom, which reflects neither more nor less of who they are.

But let's return to what is commonly considered the reason for the school's existence, the famous "courses". In the self-managed school, there are no programs for this or that school year, nor a pre-established range of courses, which the teachers would distribute according to their competence, and which would be limited to comfortably repeating each year (109)! If you are looking for comfort, your place is not there! For F'elix (we have already seen it in the previous note about his work in Albalate, his hometown), "cooperation" between teacher and student is not an empty word. In common work, it is the student as well as the teacher, after all, who is directly and vitally involved, who truly "does" the "course" with him (if he still you can call it that). It is not only fair, it is even essential for "active" learning in the full sense of the term (that is, for learning that is creative...), that the student has a voice and vote on an equal basis with the teacher. , especially with regard to this common work.

In Albalate (in the years 1928–1933), where everyone had always known each other and where F'elix himself was a "countryman", the beginning of the school with that spirit of cooperation He didn't have any difficulty. It was that, surely, what gave Felix that unwavering confidence, that intimate knowledge that cooperation in school, that worked, and that that was and nothing else, true freedom in school. That security did not hurt to start the Barcelona school in 1935:

"At first the children were lost, they didn't know what to do. It takes a lot of guts not to let yourself be dragged into dictating: you do this or that, in this or that way... But in the end the children themselves chose us. I am sure that as long as someone directs, dictates in the school, there is no freedom – neither in the school, nor anywhere else..."⁶³⁵

For four days the children waited for the adults to take charge of the operations, and no more was said! For them it must have been a few days of inner panic, a world that suddenly collapsed – adults, and what is more their school teachers, refused to give orders! Felix, he was not afraid, he was also waiting: for it to get going... On the fourth day, a little girl whose mother worked in a textile factory , wanted to know how a knitting machine worked. After that, the game was won – the grip of fear was submerged by a flood of curiosity – the work had begun!

It was the first of two self-managed schools, the Elys'ee Reclus school, Vallespir street in Barcelona. It only operated during the 1935/36 school year, as it was interrupted by the civil war. It was almost a family business, since the four permanent teachers were the three brothers F'elix, José, Francisco, and their sister Presen who (with the help of her indispensable piano, most appreciated especially by the little ones) us) took care of the younger children. There were a hundred children between six and thirteen years old, in the working-class neighborhood of Les Corts. The premises were rather small for so many children. When they had prepared the premises, Jose and the others were a little restless: In Yasna"ya Polyana, Tolstoy could walk with the boys for days, in the countryside! However, that did not stop these children of proletarians from feeling at home. They were kings and lords like nowhere else, even if the square meter was scarce! For them it was not a school, it was their home. Nobody forced them to go or participate in the

⁶³⁵ Quote extracted from the mentioned article of El Pa'ys - see the note at the foot of page 254 in the note "F'elix Carrasquer (1): hatching of a mission".

collective occupations, and they knew it well. But they would have laughed if someone asked them if they preferred to stay at their parents' house (so they could boss them around?) or loaf around the street (what to do?), or, in their kingdom, Standing around catching flies while everyone else is busy! Throughout the year there was not a single person who thought of not going "to class." Rather, it was the other way around: at six in the afternoon, when in principle the school day had ended and the teachers were going to eat, there were always a few who were still busy, doing a job half done. , in the printing press, banging on the piano or I don't know. Between eight and ten in the afternoon, the school received teenagers from the neighborhood, those over thirteen years old who wanted to go, and even adults. Then the "day parishioners" had to be scolded a little so that they would leave and make room for the older colleagues. And they went away calmly joking – it would be again.

The world upside down! Or wouldn't the world to which we are all accustomed be rather the one that is "upside down", the world of a strange delirium?

That school operated under the patronage of the Libertarian Athenaeum Committee of the Les Corts neighborhood⁶³⁶. The committee is the one in charge of gathering the parents' financial participation in operating expenses. Once the building and material were acquired, they were essentially limited to the emoluments of the four full-time teachers, surely they would not be large sums.

Regarding relationships with the students' parents, that was a neurological issue for the school. Once the ice was broken with the students, the problems would not come from them. Not once during that memorable year, nor later in the Monz'on school that we will see, were there fights between the children, whether or not there were teachers present. Perhaps incredible, but true⁶³⁷! On that side, perfect. But F'elix knew that it would not be possible to teach freedom to children, without at the same time teaching it to their parents, and even to all the adults in the neighborhood. Yes, that school, supposedly for children from six to thirteen years old, was also in the full sense of the term the neighborhood school – also that of adolescents and adults. Many went to the afternoon courses from 8 to 10, already mentioned, always packed. In addition, once a month, there was a special meeting between the teachers and the parents, and also another with the parents and the participation of the children. The hardest thing was for parents to admit that their children, after they went to that school where they felt at home, began to criticize them. Learning freedom is also (and perhaps, above all) learning to confront the pride and vanity within us and our repressed aggressiveness, which have such a tendency to dominate our behavior, neither seen nor heard. That is why criticism is often unbearable for us, and even more so when it is well founded. But there will be no freedom, no justice, no revolution worthy of the name, as long as we, parents and adults, refuse to listen to the truth that comes from the mouths of our children.

What is extraordinary (and what is a great epoch) is that in these public confrontations, parents were made to understand that it was important for them to accept that their children freely criticized them. Children who fear criticizing their parents (out loud, or just in their hearts) will be adults who fear their masters, and who will slavishly accept their domination. In one of the first sessions with parents and children, one of the students stood up bravely, in front of two or three hundred people gathered, to explain that his father had hit him because he did not want to. He had listened to him immediately when he asked him to go buy him tobacco. Felix told me that this act of courage made an extraordinary impression on everyone who was there. Something must have "happened" then, so that those who attended are already

⁶³⁶In Spain in the 1930s, the "ateneos" were cultural associations, often of libertarian inspiration, that played a great role in the ideological fermentation of those years. Each neighborhood of Barcelona had its "libertarian athenaeum", whose cultural and even political role (I seem to understand) in the life of the neighborhood was considerable.

⁶³⁷Where and how was the aggressiveness stored in these children throughout their existence, and surely suffered in their environment during those years, discharged? In any case, it was not downloaded at school! I will return again to this kind of miracle, in the note "F'elix Carrasquer (5): or the time of the harvest" (no. 107), especially on pages ??–??.

alive they still remember...

Every Sunday, when the weather permitted, the school went on an excursion, with whatever teachers and students they wanted, and often with family and friends. (No Sunday rest for the tireless teachers, in those years of sowing with both hands!) It was an opportunity for everyone to get to know each other in a particularly pleasant and relaxed atmosphere. There were up to a thousand families who gathered like this in the field; practically the entire Les Corts neighborhood.

Don't ask me for details about the administration issues for that memorable one-day migration. The school became the ferment as well as a symbol of a collective identity of the neighborhood, and of a new spirit that had begun to blow two or three decades before and that had found, in those hundred children, its most concrete and surprising spontaneous expression.

At that time F'elix had already been blind for two years. I know him well enough to know that this did not prevent him from being the soul, certainly discreet but omnipresent, of that daring adventure together⁶³⁸. In the absence of his eyes, he now had to operate with his own hands. But above all, surely, that he saw with the eyes of the heart...

The second self-managed school raised and encouraged by F'elix is the "Escuela de Mili tantes de Monz'on". It is a rural school, in Aragón, during two years of the war between January 1937 and January 1939. This time they are older boys and girls, between fourteen and seventeen years old, living together in a regime of boarding school. Their number varies between forty and sixty. Felix is the only adult among them: it's war! During those two years, a good number of the older boys leave for the front, others are required by the community for administrative and organizational tasks in the rear. New students arrive to replace them. About two hundred students pass through the school like this. A lot of traffic, then, a sign of a deadly war outside, and of intense work of social reconstruction in the place. Aragon was divided into twenty-five agrarian collectivities (or "Comarcals"), grouping 601 collectivized towns with 300,000 peasant families who opted for libertarian collectivization⁶³⁹. Among these communities is Monz'on, which groups 32 towns, Monz'on being the most important. The school buildings (the former residence of a colonel, requisitioned by the community), with a garden and land, were made available to the school by the Comarcal de Monz'on, plus livestock, material agricultural and the rest, money for the acquisition of pedagogical material in Barcelona, and finally guaranteed supplies for a few months. Make do with that!

The purpose of the school was to train young people with a spirit of initiative and responsibility, to attend to the administrative and organizational tasks required by the needs of collectivization. Each of the 32 towns of the County sent one or two young people, even three, judged suitable for that type of work⁶⁴⁰. Almost always, who doubts it, those chosen are boys, and F'elix has to insist that there be more or less as many boys as girls. These will be in a clear minority. The majority of these young people no longer went to school, they were sent directly from the countryside (so to speak) to the Militant School.

⁶³⁸One may wonder here to what extent, once begun, this "daring adventure together" continued to depend on Felix, and whether it could have continued without him in the event that, for one reason or another, he stopped participating in said adventure. Let's hope so...

⁶³⁹This extraordinary collective experience is, it seems, very little known, due to the lack of documents from the time, and authentic testimonies about this episode by its co-authors. For a detailed account, I refer to F'elix's book "The Collectives of Aragón – a self-managed living that promises the future", Laia/Divergencias editions, Barcelona 1986.

⁶⁴⁰Of course, given the numerous precedents, we must think that, if the revolutionary forces had won in Spain, this "Monz'on School of Militants" ran the risk of playing the role of "nursery" for a new "revolutionary aristocracy" (sic.), which would take the place of the previous "elites" that it had to replace. I do not know if the collectivist structures put in place then, and above all the spirit of the population that presided over them, ex officio excluded (or at least made improbable) that type of derailment, so common. one in a revolution...

He didn't have any difficulties with them to begin with, in Monz'on. Surely they had matured with the great revolutionary events that had occurred around them, and had become in tune with the new spirit. They knew well that they were going to the Monz'on school not to obey and execute orders, but to learn "on the job" to use their own faculties, in contact with each other, both in the study of more or less theoretical such as in domestic tasks, or in the fields, the garden, the workshops, and in management work. Each student participated in all these jobs, including management work, entrusted to a Management Committee that was renewed in turns.

Very soon, thanks to its agricultural production, the school was able to fully meet its own needs. Given the dire situation, that was something important, certainly from a material point of view, but even more so, without a doubt, from a psychological point of view. To such an extent that with the perspective of half a century, F'elix writes to me:

"The most important thing about the Monz'on641 experience is that three hours of agricultural work from each of us, we attended to our economic needs. That is to say, if our type of school becomes widespread, we will save the millions and billions that are spent on education that brutalizes young people, and they will learn to truly combine practice and theory. "It was a cooperative and enriching know-how for everyone."

The school even had excess production, which they were proud to send to the front. This effectiveness was undoubtedly due to the good understanding and enthusiasm of the students, but also to the modern exploitation methods that were the first to be introduced in the region. (It was a time when no one yet suspected how far these wonderful methods were going to lead to agriculture...)

For a school that includes the usual range of ages, from five or six years old, it is not even considered that it can meet its own needs, with productive work by the children. But it doesn't matter – after all, the reason a school exists, and for F'elix least of all, is not to be economically "profitable". If (as I do not doubt for a moment) humanity survives, and if it also continues (as at least seems likely to me) entrusting a part of the education of its children and adolescents to schools, it will find As a priority, to the extent necessary, the means to meet their needs, without thinking about complaining about their millions. And if (as I do not doubt either) the extraordinary experience of F'elix and the kids from Vallespir Street and the young people from the Monz'on school one day inspires other men to make their schools that respond to the needs of their time and the surrounding context, surely it will not be for economic reasons, but because it responds to deep aspirations that exist in them and that are the same ones that were in F'elix when creating the work, and in all those who, children and adults, participated in it.

The Monz'on school was founded in view of the immediate needs of a libertarian revolution in rural areas, but undoubtedly also with a long-term vision that, alas! It was never realized. When Aragon falls, in April 1938, the school is hastily transferred to Catalonia, near Barcelona⁶⁴², with part of the former students, to which other students from the host region were added. . It was dissolved at the last minute, at the time of the final debacle, in January 1939. Felix went to France in extremis, in the following days. (Four years in concentration camps await him – the price to pay to escape the firing squad...) A good

⁶⁴¹Without a doubt this statement should not be taken literally at face value. As I suggest below, F'elix will surely find in the experience of the Monz'on school more crucial aspects than the economic aspect that he highlights here.

⁶⁴²The reason for installing the school near Barcelona was above all (F'elix explains to me) a propaganda reason, to be able to show the distinguished foreign visitors in Barcelona that school that was different from the others, as an example of "revolutionary achievement."

number of Monz'on students fell on the front. Also his brother José (the one who was the first to support him, by founding the school on Vallespir Street...). Other students, in the wave of repression that followed the debacle, were shot.

However, there are those who survived, who still live – and who remember. Over the years, after Franco's death and when the police regime is gradually relaxing, F'elix has found thirty. And also former students from Vallespir Street. Those children and adolescents of yesteryear are today between sixty and seventy years old, men and women in the twilight of their lives. According to F'elix, I understand that the seed that was sown in them has not died. The compressing hammer of forty years of police repression has been powerless to drown it. Even today, they know (just as they knew how to feel then, children...) that in those apparently distant years, in the school on Vallespir Street and in Monz'on, they were lucky enough to live a great adventure – a great adventure of the spirit. And I am sure that many of her children and grandchildren who have been told about her (those who have dared to believe them...), also know it. And perhaps at least in them, in those old people and in those men and women in the fullness of life and in those children who are beginning to live, there is from now on the knowledge of something other than what surrounds them; and with it, a very valuable secret wait...

(106) F'elix Carrasquer (4): libertad-Summerhill and libertad-Vallespir-Monz'on⁶⁴³

In my letter⁶⁴⁴, in which I spoke enthusiastically about Neill, F'elix responded a little sarcastically:

"I was aware of Neill's experience in France, in 1965, when programs about his book were broadcast on "France Culture"⁶⁴⁵. I had to comment on your experience on several occasions (especially at the University), when, when explaining our self-management experience in Vallespir, certain unintuitive teachers told me that my experience was similar to that of Summerhill. Neill's school is a beautiful example of "freedom" (with quotes), because where there is no responsibility there can be no authentic freedom. Based on what Neill himself confesses to us, when he explains that the children did not help him cultivate his garden and that he had to lock up the carpentry tools so that they would not be wasted, it is true. It is easy for me to reply that it is absurd and anti-libertarian to expect the kids to help him, the owner of the garden and the material⁶⁴⁶. In Monz'on, where the garden, the production and the tools belonged to the boys⁶⁴⁷, they did their part of the work with enthusiasm and took great care of their tools, as things that were theirs."

643Continuation of the previous note, "F'elix Carrasquer (3): the self-managed school, school of freedom. See footnote on page 251.

644Letter dated 11/27/87. It was written a little before I reread Neill's book "Free Children of Summerhill", and after the first note about Neill, "The Mutants (3): a wind of justice and freedom " (no. 88).

645N. T.: "France Culture" is a French public radio station that began broadcasting in 1946 and is part of "Radio France". Its programming includes a wide variety of historical, philosophical, sociopolitical, scientific, etc. topics, including debates and documentaries.

646The way in which Neill speaks of his experience at Summerhill, without at any time making a mystery of the difficulties that he could not fail to encounter in his delicate task, never has the tone of a "confession" (as if made despite herself...), but she is always candid and spontaneous. I don't know if he "hoped" that the boys would help him in the garden (a very human hope, even if it is "absurd and anti-libertarian"). But what matters above all is that even if their expectations were disappointed (which is surely the most frequent thing), their self-esteem does not suffer and their relationship with the children does not change. Above all, this is where I see him as a great educator, who has a lot to teach us.

647The term "belonged" should not be taken here in a very formalistic sense. Compare the footnote on page 259 in the previous note. It is undeniable that the site "belonged" to the children of the school on Vallespir Street or in Monz'on, in a much more complete sense than in the case of Summerhill.

What is certain is that on Vallespir Street and in Monz'on there was a "libertarian wind", a creative impulse, probably unique in the history of the school, and which would be sought in vain in Summerhill. The places and times were decidedly not the same. In England from the 1930s to today⁶⁴⁸, and even choosing a less well-off environment than the bourgeois environment in which Neill settled, I am not sure about Felix, with his own genius and the libertarian flame that encourages him, he would have managed to spark a great collective pedagogical adventure, like the one he lived and encouraged in the ten or eleven years between 1928 (when he returned to Albalate for his first pedagogical experience) and the 25th of January 1939 (when the debacle of the Spanish revolution puts an end to the experience of the Monz'on school).

Yes, in Felix's pedagogical adventure there is a dimension of collective epic, absent from Summerhill and undoubtedly from any other educational experience to date⁶⁴⁹. However (don't be upset, Felix!), I see a certainly different dimension, but no less unique and equally irreplaceable, in Summerhill. It is the dimension of depth in Neill's vision and in his work as a child educator and therapist, tirelessly carried out for forty years; a dimension that Felix's work could not have, even supposing that there were in it the latent dispositions that, in Neill, were going to develop into a kind of gift of psychological clairvoyance to read in the psyche. of the kids. To each one their gifts, which they must let grow and develop, to each one their mission. And fortunate is he that, in the short journey of a human life and giving himself completely, he has been able to complete a mission that he completely

to the water.

That depth in Neill's work and that daring spirit that it requires, Felix had felt well in the sixties, I remember very well. He then talked to me about it, noting that he only saw fire there, while mentioning some quite obvious limitations in Summerhill (which I had felt myself). But perhaps he has forgotten it, absorbed as he has been, in the almost twenty years that have passed since then, in making reticent spirits feel, wherever he has the opportunity, a dimension of the freedom that he remains one of the few to fully feel, having discovered and lived it himself, and having seen it lived fully.

I also see a convergence between the two works, and despite what F'elix thinks, it is a convergence towards freedom. Each one in their own way, both Neill and F'elix, have sown freedom. Just as before them men like Walt Whitman, Pierre Kropotkin, Edward Carpenter, Sigmund Freud and others have sown, and (after them) a Teilhard de Chardin, a Krishnamurti,⁶⁵⁰ a Marcel L'egaut, or a Solvic sowing their young life under the fire of the platoon – each one sowing "freedom" in his own field, which life has assigned him. That freedom is not total, it is not all freedom, in any of those men, nor in any other who has ever lived. For the sower himself, even animated by the passion for freedom, is not totally free. He is a man, and as such bound in a hundred ways, whether he realizes it more or less clearly, or not. His crops are human crops, and the field he sows, no matter how large, is limited. It is with the crops that other men will gather there, and that in turn will sow again in new and broader seeds, that those limits of man could be and will be overflowed and repelled. non stop...

To my question about the attitude vis-à-vis sex at the Monz'on school, F'elix answered me like this:

"As for sex, I would say that, as it was a peasant region with traditional customs

⁶⁴⁸It seems to me that what I say here about England would be equally valid for any other country in the world, with the sole exception of Spain in the 1920s and 1930s.

⁶⁴⁹Perhaps, with regard to the "epic dimension" (if not that of freedom), I should except Makarenko's "Maximo Gorky Colony", in the first years of the colony . This pedagogical adventure has been discussed in the note "Direct democracy from Makarenko to Neill" (no. 91).

⁶⁵⁰For Krishnamurti, it is understood that here I limit myself to the three or four years in which he was faithful to his mission (finally interview...), before he slipped into "conceit" and It will no longer sow freedom, but much confusion.

tionals, and we were also living a revolution that demanded our total participation in the social and economic actions of the people, there was a spontaneous asceticism in us. The sexual problem was talked about with the same simplicity as the digestive system or hygiene; but there was no problem and there was mutual respect and cooperation between the young people of both sexes: study, agricultural work, cleaning the place, waiting on the table, etc. – everything organized and decided in the assemblies that met whenever necessary, without formalism or protocol."

Of course, F'elix knows just as I do that even speaking of sex with the same simplicity as the digestive tract, it does not play the same role in existence, and does not at all pose the same problems! And his testimony that I have just cited reminds us that there are privileged moments in the life of a person or in that of an entire community (like that of Monz'on in the two years of his short existence), passing moments, in which Those "problems" fade into the background and seem to have disappeared. This does not prevent the millenary chain of the repression of sex, that chain omnipresent in human existence⁶⁵¹ (and in that "peasant region of traditional customs" just as everywhere!), from disappearing overnight. It went to another, by virtue of a breath of enthusiasm and freedom, in the wake of a generous (and cruel, and bloody...) revolution. It is the same chain that binds the alleged "masters" and the "slaves", which makes one and the other equally alien to themselves, equally slaves to the atavisms of the Flock. And it binds the teachers who teach no less than the students.

That invisible chain is beginning to wear out a little, at least in our regions. But it is still strong, and heavy to carry, although few notice it and measure its weight. The most beautiful libertarian impulse, the most radical cultural revolution, will not loosen it – without even bothering to look at it! It will take patient and stubborn work, work of generations and centuries if not millennia, for the chain to finally break and split into pieces and we leave it behind us, a strange and pale vestige of a long very painful and painful to walk.

This neuralgic aspect of the slavery of man, a hidden aspect, rarely recognized even in our days, is practically invisible in the Monz'on and Vallespir schools.

"There was no problem"... But that was precisely the object of all Neill's attention! Half a century of patient, intense, delicate and loving attention. Just as a prisoner tirelessly wears down, with a flimsy nail file, one of the heavy solid rings of his chain. For he knows that the chain that chains one chains all, and that he has eternity before him.

In my reflection on Neill's work, at the beginning of December, I had noticed a certain complementarity between Neill's mission and that of Kropotkin (forty years his senior). However, there is a much closer and more striking complementarity with the mission of

651I remember well that it was Felix himself who first made me understand the crucial role of that chain in human existence, I no longer remember well on what occasion. He told me (more or less) that the man or woman who was free and had no secret shame of his sex would never accept being dominated by anyone – he would never have a master! ! That had shocked me a lot. That thought planted then by Felix has worked a lot in me during the twenty or twenty-five years that have passed since then. Furthermore, I do not have the impression of having reached the end of this story, and especially of having grasped the meaning and role of sexual repression, in the long history of our species. (I touch on this issue in the two notes "Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma" and "Neill and original sin – or myth as a message", nos. 41 and 90.)

I take this opportunity to point out that F'elix is one of the men who, for some years, were invested with a certain "authority" for me, due to the fact that I felt in them a knowledge or a maturity that I lacked, and that instinctively I knew that I had to learn from them something that was necessary for me to learn.

And I also think that I almost always ended up learning from their contact what they had to teach me. After which, that tacit "aura" of authority with which they had been invested faded, and the bond that tied me to them also tended to loosen considerably. This loosening of the bond is undoubtedly linked to the fact that the main driving force in my life is not love or affection (as was the case in the life of Edward Carpenter), but rather thirst. of knowledge, and the choice and evolution of my relationships with another are largely subordinated to that impulse of knowledge that exists in me.

Felix (twenty-two years younger than Neill). Like Kropotkin, Felix claims to have an “anarchist” or “libertarian” vision of the world, and has been a tireless fighter for the ideals of social justice and freedom, conceived in a libertarian perspective. But whereas Kropotkin only touched on educational questions in a theoretical and epidermal way, these were at the heart of Felix’s mission no less than of Neill’s. Having underlined the dimension in Neill’s work that is absent in Felix’s, what is notable is that, conversely, Felix’s work perfectly fills the major gaps that are found in the by Neill. At this moment I distinguish three, which perhaps it is not useless to remember and put one after the other.

- o) Passivity relative to the role of students in teaching itself.

1

Leaving aside the daring innovation of not forcing children to go to class when they do not want to, Neill simply follows in step the traditional model of the teacher who knows, and transmits knowledge established in advance to students who They ignore it (110).

- o) The non-participation of children in domestic work and other needs

² of collective life, work that is carried out in Summerhill by paid staff. Due to a clearly false idea of the “happiness” of children⁶⁵², their life in Summerhill (until the age of seventeen when they leave school) is divided exclusively between study on the one hand, and work on the other. play and recreational activities (theater, workshops...), including external distractions paid for by pocket money provided more or less copiously by parents.

Perhaps this is the most blatant “sauna” aspect: the child is relieved (and, in truth, deprived) of some of the simplest and most basic responsibilities, which are normally part of life in common family or collective. With this, they also become accustomed to a privileged existence, served, in tasks considered by common agreement as “inferior” or “servile”, by somewhat subaltern personnel.

This gap is especially glaring in the case of children who live at school, as was the case at Summerhill (called “boarding school” regime). But even in a school where the children only go during the day and where they do not eat (as was the case on Vallespir Street), there are always small tasks required for coexistence. To the extent that for children, school is truly “their kingdom” (and not a prison, or a high-end hotel...), it is a pleasure for them and something that is beyond their burden to take care of. of these tasks as well as the adults who share the place with them and who participate in them.

o) Neill’s concern to keep students, even the oldest ones, away from the great problems of their time, including those that they will not fail to face in their own lives; or at least, the concern to prevent them from being debated at school between students and teachers.

This is the second “sauna” aspect, less apparent at first glance but inseparable from the previous one (which is based on the tacit acceptance of social inequalities, as something beyond its weight). Of course, this would be impossible to maintain if the students themselves decided, with the help of their teachers, the topics they wanted to work on: they would soon bring up a good number of issues that Neill would like to avoid. The reason he gives is his scruple not to “influence” the students, a scruple that I have already discussed⁶⁵³. But in truth, it is unrealistic for an educator to pretend not to influence, and it is all the more so as his action is fruitful. And there is margin between the brainwashing generally practiced in school, and

652As I had already suggested in the reflection on Neill’s work, this “clearly false idea of children’s happiness” in Neill is surely due to the bad memory left in him by the burdens that in his childhood imposed on him by the adults around him. Thus it was difficult for him to imagine that domestic work could be anything other than a burden carried out reluctantly for a child. This is one example among many others that shows that even the greatest of educators is not, however, and even in his conception of education, totally free of his own conditioning, which comes first and foremost from education. which he himself has received. As for knowing why one is freed from some conditioning throughout one’s existence, and on the contrary is a prisoner of others throughout one’s life, that is a great mystery to me...

653See the note “Education without suggestion? – or education and knowledge of oneself”, no 93.

the systematic absenteeism advocated by Neill. In our case, with that same absenteeism, Neill exercises an undeniable action, perhaps more effective than with a speech: he installs in the children of Summerhill a kind of "ideology of happiness", to use of oneself, one's family and one's environment. Neill believed in it, in that ideology, at least for those kids entrusted to his care, even if he did not fully apply it (fortunately!) to his life. This seems to me a bit like the ideological counterpart of the ease that consists of saving the child the supposed "burden" of making his bed, by hiring domestic staff. Reasonable for the small child, that ideology becomes more and more lacking as the child grows. I see this lack above all in the deliberate absence of any spiritual dimension, and especially that of responsibility vis-à-vis human communities more extensive than the more or less immediate environment, and (in the I 'limit) vis-à-vis all of humanity⁶⁵⁴.

Those three "great gaps" of Summerhill that I have just mentioned all consist of a lack of responsibility on the part of children and adolescents, in three different domains that nevertheless concern them in an obvious, and sometimes crucial, way. That is what makes Felix say, rightly, that "without responsibility there can be no authentic freedom." I would only add, in this regard, that compared to what is still common today in schools or families, the responsibility given to the children of Summerhill was not insignificant. , quite the contrary, although it remained confined to a rather limited domain. But compared to the responsibility that was so vigorously displayed on Vallespir Street or in Monz'on, it must be recognized that that of the "free children of Summerhill" seems like a somewhat anemic hothouse plant! And this is even more so as the children get older.

(107) F'elix Carrasquer (5): harvest time⁶⁵⁵

The observations made and reported by both Neill and F'elix are totally reliable for me – at no time have I had the impression that one or the other made an advantageous presentation, to decorate a painting (for of course, with the best faith in the world...). Clearly that doesn't go with one or the other. I don't doubt Neill either, even though I don't know him personally like I know F'elix. But in his story, as in F'elix's, there is an unmistakable "air of reality." Furthermore, Neill does not hide any of his mistakes, nor the difficulties he had to overcome, nor his failures.

In this regard, it should be noted that Neill's observations and those of F'elix do not agree. Summerhill students needed weeks, sometimes months and even (in some extreme cases) years, before a newly arrived child integrated into the very different environment of Summerhill; that he understood that 'this was a place where he was accepted as he was, without having to bow down to playing a role or to tire himself out going the wrong way. Only then did he become himself, while being part of that community of equals that welcomed him as he was, without ever judging him. But to get there, it was first necessary for the aggression and hatred accumulated in a repressive atmosphere devoid of love to be discharged in one way or another, often disconcerting and sometimes dangerous – until it found its natural home, in a benevolent and natural environment. There were also some failures, in that despite all efforts, the boy remained irreducibly asocial, and Neill was forced to send him home to his parents.

On the contrary, what is shocking in F'elix's story is that he never faced such difficulties. If I did not know him so well as to be sure that he is not a man who fabulates or presents gray as rose, I would have good reason to be skeptical. But I know, without a doubt, that I can take his story at face value. However, those boys from Vallespir Street and Monz'on, like all of us, had to fit in from their most

⁶⁵⁴See the note cited in the preceding footnote as well as the two notes that follow it, "Neill and the bomber – or happiness at gogo and the other dimension", and "Summerhill – or the sauna, and the open sea...".

⁶⁵⁵Continuation of the previous note. See footnote on page 251.

early childhood, both in their family and in the school they went to before, aggressions of all kinds, due to misunderstanding, fear, selfishness and aggressiveness of adults and those around them. What happened to that accumulated aggressiveness? F'elix tells us that it did not manifest itself at school. Not only was there no fight in those schools, between 1928 (in Albalate) and the end of 1938 (in Monz'on), but there was, he tells us, a permanent cordial atmosphere, in the midst of a busy and happy. It seems too beautiful to be true. Especially when one has spent (like me) a long life painfully learning what human nature is like! However, F'elix is not one to make mistakes about the environment – he has enough sense of smell to notice when something gets stuck around him, no matter how small.

Where does this astonishing psychological difference between the children of Summerhill and those of Vallespir or Monz'on come from? Is it the difference between environments – children from more affluent environments are more disturbed by the education they received, are more deprived of love, more uprooted in a more uprooted environment? As artificial as the children of the workers of the Les Corts neighborhood in Barcelona, or of the peasants of the Monz'on region? But such a draconian difference?

Or is it due to the exceptional period in which Felix's pedagogical experience takes place? Felix himself well realizes to what extent this harmony between the spirit of the school and the dispositions of the parents (and even those of the entire neighborhood or rural region in that the school was), was something extraordinary, almost incredible too, that perhaps has never existed anywhere else or at any time. In Summerhill, Neill tells us that most children were constantly divided between the spirit that reigned at school, and that which they found in their families and the rest of society. This was the case throughout Summerhill's existence. Furthermore, that school has always been like a foreign body, culturally speaking, in the territory in which it was located. Such conflicts were totally absent in the three pedagogical experiences carried out by F'elix between 1928 and 1938.

I would tend to think that this extraordinary difference that we have just noted comes from there, and not from the difference between the environments themselves (both in family environments and in schools), or from the difference between the "pedagogical approaches" of Neill and F'elix.

I believe that the true cause is really found in that powerful imponderable that is the "spirit of the times." Yes, the Spirit was blowing in Barcelona and Aragon in the 1930s. The great adventure of F'elix and the children of Vallespir and Monz'on was pushed by that powerful wind and is a witness to that wind, coming from no one knows where.

Anyone who has lived through May 1968, or has participated even briefly in the "counterculture" movement of the following decade, knows that there are "impossible" or "unthinkable" things that, at certain moments and as if by some strange grace, , not only do they become possible and done, but they also seem like the simplest and most natural things in the world. Certainly, what happened in France in May 1968, and everything that arose from that strange convulsion in the following decade (in a more or less marginal way but in return, a little everyone...), is in many aspects very different from what was fermenting and sprouting in the Spanish people forty years before, and which found an astonishing culmination during the Spanish revolution before being immersed in blood. But in each episode of our long March forward, beyond the action of individuals and giving it power and resonance, one notices the same great Wind coming from somewhere else.

When I try to imagine a little of the Renewal that awaits us, relying more or less on what I know, in that effort to apprehend the Unknown of tomorrow – those two great episodes of our history are the ones that come to mind. spirit. Surely there are countless similar moments in the development of peoples throughout the millennia; great creative convulsions occurred no one knows why or how and no one would have been able to predict. They gave birth to myths and religions and the great visions of man and the universe, and the great hopes born of the resignation of yesteryear, and the faceless and nameless aspirations, elusive and sharp as a dream! No! But those two episodes are the closest to me,

for having felt his breath a little and recognizing me as his heir. And now that a breath of things to come also reaches me, those two "strong moments" of yesteryear prefigure for me, at least "in quality" and oh how modestly! the great Mutation of the Times that awaits us. The time of the Storm and the torrential waters of the Downpour are now near.

Then it will be the time of the Great Creative Wind. Surely the same Wind, but this time it will sweep the entire earth, turning over the dead and awakening the living.

Then the Hour of Harvest will come, at last, and the time of new Sowing.

This is not the place to go into details about the Vallespir Street school or the Monz'on school, and their short and rich history. F'elix has taken care of making a detailed story about both, as well as a third story, closely linked to the previous ones, about the great collective adventure of the agrarian communes in Aragon, during the years of the Spanish revolution. That was, it seems to me, the only moment in the history of peoples in which the libertarian ideal of cooperation and popular solidarity, without hierarchy or coercion, was lived on the scale of a vast province, by men, women , children, united and dragged by the same powerful wave arising from the depths. In the absence of documents (destroyed and missing), F'elix's story is based on a remarkable memory and scrupulous honesty, of a man who from his youth was at the heart of the movement that culminated in those three ardent and fruitful years, which his story is above all about. Unfortunately, this vital testimony and message of hope are in the Spanish language, in three different publications of modest circulation⁶⁵⁶. Without a doubt, the time is not far away when this testimony about one of the most fruitful moments in our history and, at the heart of it, about an educational adventure of immense scope, will be translated and published in French and many other languages, so as to stimulate and inspire collective adventures throughout the world animated by the same courageous spirit of creative cooperation.

The prediction may seem rash, since today one would look in vain for a sign on the horizon that would justify such a crazy hope! Since the abrupt end of the Monz'on experience, half a century (less one year) has passed. At the level of the visible signs of a collective consciousness, there have been forty-nine years of oblivion that has fallen on a living seed. For F'elix, in that half century, there were sixteen years of captivity, followed by eleven years of exile in a foreign land, awaiting the end of Franco's iron regime. In fact, he and Mati took the calculated risk of returning to Spain in 1971, still with the prohibition to reside and during Franco's lifetime, at a time when the regime was beginning to weaken⁶⁵⁷. Already during his exile in France, in the milieu of the Spanish emigrants, later in Spain, F'elix did not stop, by word of mouth or in writing, from talking about free education and schools. self-managed. He emphasizes that in our days it would be easier to carry out such experiences than before, when they were carried out against obstacles and dangers, in the pre-revolutionary and revolutionary Spain of the 1920s. we thirty. Our times are more clement, surely, but apparently not more propitious for that reason! The fact is that he is listened to with polite interest, sometimes even with admiration and enthusiasm, in the most diverse places, including Universities that invite him (as a sign of the liberal times that have returned to the Iberian land!) to give lectures on education. What I get from all that is that "easy" or not, no experience similar to that of

656Those publications are the following:

- 1) The School of Militants of Aragon, An Experience of Self-Management and Sociological Analysis, Ediciones Foil, Barcelona 1978, 2) An Experience of Self-Managed Education, Edition on the Author, Barcelona 1981, 3) The Collectives of Aragon, A Self-Managed Living Promise of the Future, Ediciones Laia/Divergencias, Barcelona 1985.

I also note that F'elix is finishing a detailed autobiography (800 typed pages), where he will surely find, among others, and this time with a more personal perspective, a testimony of first hand about a 'time of extraordinary wealth.

657 See the note at the foot of page 252, in the note "F'elix Carrasquer (1) - o eclosi'on de una misi'on" (no 103).

F'elix in the years 1928–38 has not been attempted again in Spain or elsewhere.

Clearly, there are difficulties more insidious and more radical than the risk of prison, exile, or the firing squad. Even in prison, F'elix found the opportunity to do educational work. But surely also, those long years of captivity left their mark on him, and upon leaving prison, it is not certain that beyond that indomitable energy that I saw in him, to preserve the extreme inner flexibility and the delicate ability to listen, so essential for a fruitful educational work⁶⁵⁸. But even if Felix's creative resources had remained intact through the years of captivity and exile, a "free school," in Felix's own view of freedom, is not the work of only one, but collective creation. It is only born where there is the creative wind, not just one, but collective.

Furthermore, I have the impression that this aspect of collective creation in the Vallespir and Monz'on schools is much stronger than in Summerhill. In Summerhill, Neill and his wife were periodically exhausted, but as for the kids, once they had "settled", it seems to me that it was more like the "dolce vita". Certainly happy and all that, but also without history and, to say the least, slightly sleepy (pardon the expression), especially for the older ones. The kids arrived sick, miserable and electrified, and (apart from a few misfits, expelled early) they left healthy, happy and sleepy⁶⁵⁹! I, that is a fact, would have been bored as a child; but not in Monz'on. All this to say that everything must be done in its time. It is certainly no coincidence that the Summerhill school has been able to flourish for almost half a century and has even had (it seems to be) offshoots here and there, while Felix's pedagogical work unfolds in a period of time limited to a dozen years (between twenty-three and thirty-three years of age), and which until today has remained without descendants.

And perhaps today is not yet the time for that seed to grow. It is NOT made to grow in times of drowsiness, in heads and in front of plates that are too full, in armchairs and hearts that are too soft. It is not seed for those who are full. It is for those who have a tenacious hunger, like the one that had gripped Felix in his youth, just as

⁶⁵⁸See in this regard the footnote following the one I just cited (in the previous footnote).

At the beginning of the sixties, after his arrival in the Paris region, F'elix tried to promote among Spanish emigrants a "Center for Social Studies", with the spirit of the evening courses for adults in his native town Albala and later in Barcelona (1928–38). That attempt was a failure. Perhaps the reason was not only the "lack of curiosity and enthusiasm" of his young audience – that Felix was precisely too inclined, perhaps, to treat him as an "audience" rather than as an interlocutors with whom there would be mutual listening. From what I could see of the "sociological seminars" promoted by F'elix on his farm near Toulouse, F'elix always gave me the impression (just as in his relationship with me) of acting as a teacher who It has a well-disposed, strongly structured and (it seemed to me) practically fixed and intangible knowledge, and it dispenses that knowledge to attentive and deferential students. I never felt there, no more than in his relationship with me, an atmosphere of research, in which something was moving in the "teacher", Felix, or in the "students". As so often happens, it seems that it didn't even occur to him that there might be something to learn, especially in his relationship with another person; except, at most, new raw facts that would be placed in drawers already prepared for that. Having an answer for everything, you no longer feel the questions, even the most juicy ones. But it is the questions and the invitation they contain that stimulate curiosity and the joy of probing and discovering. The ready-made "answers" cut to the chase without responding to anything, and push the unsure of himself to deny the one who probes and asks in him and is not satisfied with what is "already prepared."

Nor did I have the impression that Mati, who is exceptionally open and available in his relationship with others, and who also has the maturity of rich experience and great liveliness of spirit, , was associated with those meetings, except at the level of administration tasks. This shows to what extent the spirit that animated the pedagogical experiences of Felix's youth seems absent from the militant work of his maturity, once the test of sixteen passed over him. eight years of captivity...

659Of course the term "sleepy" must be taken here in a figurative sense, and does not refer to the physical plane or the emotional plane. On the contrary, on that level there is no doubt that the "free children of Summerhill" were lively and spontaneous, once they had acclimatized to their school. The "drowsiness" of which I speak is situated on the intellectual level and, even more so, on the spiritual level.

that gripped those locals to whom he brought with great joy of heart what he had found far away from there.

When men discover their hunger behind satiety, their poverty behind abundance, their ruin behind those happy airs, the emptiness behind knowledge – then the time will come. No one will have to convince them, to beg them: take, take, please! They will be the ones who pounce on what will satisfy their hunger, and the ones who will tenderly watch over the hatching of previously forgotten seeds.

It will be then that the seeds of yesteryear – seeds of love, of hope – of which I have just spoken and countless others, believed lost forever on a scorched earth – will then be when they germinate. and grow, and green a reborn land.

(108) No one is a prophet in his own land – or images from Epinal⁶⁶⁰ and self-loathing

(January 15 and 17)661 Jesus of Galilee made the experience at his expense, when he returned to the region of Nazareth, and did not I liked the thing. F'elix was more patient vis-à-vis his relatives and friends who did not know how to see in him the “prophet”, bearer of a great mission – or those who, like me, forgot him. He hasn't cursed any of us!

Many times I have had occasion to confirm the extent to which it is true, that no one is a prophet in his own land. I see two causes, which seem to me to be quite different in nature⁶⁶². There is self-contempt: when one is penetrated by the feeling (conscious or unconscious) of one's own insignificance, that feeling of insignificance is communicated, as if by contagion, to everything that closely affects us. little whatever. How can someone whom we are familiar with, who does not treat us with the height of his greatness, like someone who resembles me and in whom I even see or believe I see defects and weaknesses that I do not have, how can he? Would that be a great man?

In other words: we can only recognize the greatness of someone who is close, when we already feel or sense the greatness that is latent in ourselves. And from there, there is only one step to also feel the greatness latent in every being, and have eyes to see when what is latent in everyone is realized and unfolds in one of them. we.

And there is also the false idea we have of human greatness⁶⁶³. We have all been educated with Epinal's images of all those who pass for being, or having been in a prestige haloed past, “great men.” They have always been presented to us as models of all perfections and all virtues. (And the “human shadows” that are sometimes added to a portrait of glory are only there to make it more attractive and to bring out the lights even more vividly...) Thus, without us ever having to tell it clearly, it is taken for granted that the first thing, in order to even be a candidate for promotion (by some suprapersonal and solemn instance...) to the rank of “great man” (and once promoted, in principle, to have the right to a place in the books of present or future schoolchildren, or to a statue in a square, or to give a name to a street or a park...) – the first It is to be above all perfect; to be at all times and in all circumstances far above the weaknesses (oh human!) of ordinary mortals (just like you and I!): to not fall into the trap of any

660N. del T.: The Epinal images were very popular and naïve prints that were produced in France during the 19th century.

661 See the reference to this note in the note "F'elix Carrasquer (1): Eclosi'on de una misi'on" (no 103), page 253.

662However, not so different from what they seemed to me at first glance, as will be seen throughout the reflection.

The impression that these two causes came from clearly different sources was surely due to the fact that in my case, only the second of the causes that are going to be examined seemed to be in my account. . But without a doubt the situation is more complex than that...

663More than once I have had the opportunity, in the pages of The Key to Dreams, to deal with that inveterate idea, singularly tenacious even in me (however free of many clichés). is...). See especially the notes (inspired by the work of Marcel L'egaut) “All men are fallible – or the breakup” and “Time on crutches and time to walk” (no. 73, 75), from the month of November . These take up a theme that already appeared insistently in the notes for the month of July (no. 20-31), raised by the impact of the encounter with L'egaut's thought.

illusion, of being sovereignly indifferent to praise and censure, compassionate, generous, lively, patient, intelligent, wise, etc. etc – in short, of being a truly “superior” being, of a different nature and of another essence than “You.” and me”⁶⁶⁴.

However, the (sad?) truth is that there is not and has never been (at least as far as I can judge) a living soul that responds to that “minimum vital” of the “great man.” When you have the opportunity, and also the curiosity, to look a little closer and to lift the tip of the pompous veils that surround the men who, by common agreement and under the aegis of the Lady nora Culture alias History, have been disguised with the label of “Great – please do not touch!”, to the point of falling into things that have all the appearance, by my faith, of limping – and not a little! And when there are no signs or anything, and it is a gentleman or a lady like you and I who by chance we have had the opportunity to see up close, it is similar. Only in oneself (contempt or not...) it is often difficult to see what creaks and limps. (But nevertheless I doubt that we are the only exception that proves the rule...)

The fact is that when we remain stuck in the usual cliches about the “great man”, there is no danger of us recognizing greatness, when fortunately we find it on our path, and especially in someone we know “too well”.

Human greatness is not in some wonderful “gifts” (it all depends on what is done with the modest or brilliant ones that are granted to us at birth⁶⁶⁵), nor in an impossible perfection, but in something of a very different nature. And the very common inability to know how to recognize greatness (if it is not by giving faith to a label...), is the same inability, the same clumsiness that prevents us from recognizing creativity, so often ignored or looked down upon. ‘once it is presented naked, without the indispensable quality label...

This inability is not limited only to our appreciation of those around us, their works and their actions. I have encountered it at every step, and often where I least expected it, among my relatives and friends, certainly, and in the high spheres of the Temples of Science no less than elsewhere⁶⁶⁶. Many times I have been stupefied – even breathless, when evil sometimes joins carelessness...

This quasi-universal “disability” is in no way innate. Rather, it has the nature of a blockage of the personal faculties of discernment and judgment, a blockage that is more or less permanent and more or less complete from one case to the next. It is not that the capacities are absent or in a dire state – quite the opposite! We are like a virtuoso violinist-chamber-musician in front of a large window open to the street, who had a wonderful Stradivarius in his hands (but alas, without a label...), and who threw it in a corner. with shame and spite, every time from the street you hear the notes (let's say) of a barrel organ, the whistles of a police officer or the virile screams of the police station across the street; Well, in the conservatory where he was educated, they instilled in him that only the sounds of the street are true music... To put it plainly: when the spontaneous work of our faculties of perception and expression It is not collected step by step,

664I have needed the readings and the constant and far-reaching reflection of these last three or four months, on the topic of “mutants” or “Greatness and fissures”, so that I finally extirpate in depth (at least like this) (I hope so) the last traces of that tenacious, insidious, strangely deforming cliché. I know more than one person who would laugh at my efforts to come up with a way of seeing that he believes has been surpassed for a long time (even since birth, who knows...), and who would fall into the trap of trap at the first opportunity: not recognizing manifest greatness because the man's (or lady's) face is not pleasing to him or his opinions disgust him. Also in that way, none of the eighteen “mutants” that I barely finished examining, including my faithful and old friend Felix (who would have been entitled to almost fifty pages...) , it would be “great” in my eyes. Well, there is not a single one (except most of all Riemann, probably because I know little about him...) in which there are not things that I decidedly do not like, and that the good Lord (who in this there is than to censure no less than the person concerned) could have done better.

665On the relationship between “gifts” and “creativity” see the three consecutive notes “Creation and maturation (1)(2)(3)” (nos. 48-50), and very particularly the second of them.

666This has been dealt with a little abundantly everywhere in Cosechas y Siembras, which will excuse me from having to illustrate it again...

approved, dressed by the world around us; when, coming from ourselves and not "from the street", it goes against the current of the noise-from-everyone-there is no one left and in any case: no violin!

And on the way back, again in the everlasting "herd syndrome". It's him again, no doubt! And the tenacious atavism of the flock cannot be separated from that "self-contempt" mentioned recently, from the contempt for the best that is in us – and that we throw away in a corner ashamed and confused, to the end. We meekly blend in, competing with the sounds of the street...

And what happens to the images of Epinal in these violin stories? Painters or violinists, it's the same story. Disdain his ears (fine at birth) and a beautiful violin, or despise his eyes (perfect for seeing surfaces and depths, lights and shadows...) and the brushes and the painter's palette, everything that is the same thing. It is the contempt of our eyes and their candid testimony that makes us take Epinal's image for a masterpiece. And, in fair compensation, Epinal's fictitious tinsel maintains that contempt for ourselves, that contempt for the naked greatness, without appearance without label, humble and unknown, which lives in the depths of ourselves⁶⁶⁷.

(109) Education and act of faith (January)

16 and 18)⁶⁶⁸ Very few readers, surely, will have an idea of the extent to which "free" teaching (or, as Felix says, "self-managed"), in the sense in which F'elix understands it, requires teacher resources unparalleled with those of traditional style teaching.

I know some of this from a somewhat similar experience, which I had at the university for five or six years (starting in 1976 or '77). It was a "course" (optional⁶⁶⁹) that was advertised under the name "Introduction to Research," and that about sixty students followed each year.

He invited them to propose to their classmates, on the blackboard, questions of a more or less mathematical nature that had intrigued them, and in a second moment, for each one to choose one of those topics or any other of their own. election, and will conduct personal research on that topic throughout the year, with my eventual assistance as needed. I opened the fire from the first day, putting on the board a dozen very concrete and non-academic questions, to change the very academic and narrow idea they had of "the mathematics", or of a "mathematical problem". It was a way to engage their imagination, showing them that mathematics is like an inexhaustible playground, which offers the curious player, even if he is novice or even ignorant, an absolutely unlimited range of exciting games. One of the charms of that wonderful game is that the particular games that it offers us with such prodigious profusion are not defined in advance, as in an endless list from which we would have to choose, but rather we ourselves We imagine them according to our fantasy, and that each of us, even without experience or background, can invent some that no one had dreamed of nor perhaps (without him) would ever dream of. ace. And what's more, these games are often no less profound,

⁶⁶⁷This relationship between "Epinal's image" and "self-contempt" was already unraveled, from a somewhat different point of view, in the first pages of Cosechas y Siembras, in the section "Infallibility (of others) and contempt (of oneself)" (CyS I, section 4).

⁶⁶⁸ See the reference to this note in the note "F'elix Carrasquer (3): la escuela autogestionada, escuela de libertad" (no 105), page 261.

⁶⁶⁹"Elective courses" are courses that the student is free to take or not, and that he or she can choose from a more or less extensive range of such courses. Theoretically, they are supposed to allow you to perfect yourself on this or that topic of your choice. Practically, and except in exceptional cases, students choose one of these courses, and the easiest one possible, to increase their GPA with a workload that they hope will be modest. For me, the interest of the elective course is that it is completely outside of any program: I am not obliged to deal with a certain topic, which students would need to follow that other course. One measure of the relative success of my elective course "Introduction to Research" is that many of the students eventually became quite interested and devoted themselves consistently, while from a simple "utilitarian" point of view (ex 'amens and grades), did not bring them much.

and with unforeseen and innumerable ramifications, than those that have fascinated mathematicians of today and of past centuries, competing in cunning, without yet exhausting them.

After a first class unpacking a hodgepodge of “games,” with some of the less shy students already participating on the board, the ice was usually broken. The students got excited about the game, and from the next week's class, if not already the first, they went out to the blackboard to also propose “mathematical games” of their own, or that they already had. They had the opportunity to practice (without knowing that they were ‘doing math’...). We spent some classes like this, throwing out on the carpet a multitude of games and mathematical situations that required reflection, already trying to glimpse, in some, the type of work they might require and what a way to approach them. After that, it was time to “converge,” and for each student to choose a topic, either alone or in the company of others. The work itself began, and was carried out, each on their own topic, during the rest of the year.

During the following weeks, above all, my faculties of intuition and mathematical imagination were put to a rude test. (Just like those of the reckless collaborator⁶⁷⁰ who, for a year or two, dared to participate in that experience as a professor.) I had to face twenty or thirty problems that were totally different from each other, and that most of them escaped all my previous mathematical experience. I had opened the doors wide, and the wind was coming in... How many times, faced with an overwhelming problem that I had never thought about, I felt empty-headed, completely overcome! ! And also many times the decisive ideas to address it came from the student who had proposed it.

I also often had occasion to notice already from the first part of the course, before the work itself began, that the majority of the students, once their interest was stimulated, had an intuition visual or combinatorics much more vivid than mine: when a student explained some tactic on the blackboard, many times everyone understood except me, “the teacher”! My mathematical reflexes, especially those of a certain precision and rigor in expression, were a handicap in that state of work. On the contrary, almost all the students were helpless before the task of putting their ideas into intelligible and correct language, and in writing; However, it is truly indispensable and fruitful work when it comes to deepening the understanding of a situation, and (with rare exceptions) the only way to verify the validity of your ideas. That is where my possession of a solid “craft” as a mathematician came back into force.

As in the research work of the professional mathematician, it was not that we arrived at a complete “solution” to all the problems addressed. But, to the extent that real work was done, when we made the journey we were sure in any case (I knew that and it was my strength!) of learning something substantial about what we were seeing. .

In all work animated by a true desire to know, work little by little creates knowledge that both satisfies and feeds that desire. Thus I was sure that in that “course” that was not a “course”, no matter what happened and only on the condition that they did their part, the students were going to have the experience (and for the first time) of what mathematical research truly is, and even a “research” without more.

Some well-disposed colleagues⁶⁷¹ thought I was capable of embarking on an adventure

⁶⁷⁰This is Christine Voisin, who already appeared two or three times in Cosechas y Siembras. At that time Christine was not part of the official teaching staff of the Faculty, but rather was a “substitute.” It is a notoriously low-paid job even compared to the assistants, while she worked in tandem with me, and did work qualitatively equivalent to mine.

⁶⁷¹I had ample opportunity to hear, above all, the ill-intentioned bell ringing of colleagues scandalized by my experiment, which they took as a practical joke. I evoke that mentality, which (I have ended up learning) is the rule and not the exception among teachers, a little further down in this same paragraph. My experience, among many other things, has been an opportunity for me to experience firsthand a certain mentality that prevails in my profession.

Regarding the wonderful gifts, and the corresponding “horizon”, that the most benevolent colleagues attributed to me

so cracker-necks, because he had an exceptional mathematical horizon, and also some wonderful "gifts", far above (they assured me) his own. But I know well that that has nothing to do with it. Even with a "mathematical horizon" that (impossibly) embraced the entirety of known mathematics, what use would it have been for me? Because almost all the problems addressed essentially escaped said "known mathematics" and its methods!

The fact is that despite my supposed "gifts" I often felt surpassed, and many times it was the students (and not always the "good at math" according to academic criteria!) who saved the day. the bet, seeing something there where I still didn't see anything. And for us the question was not at all costs to go as far as possible in our investigations, and even to completely "close" all the issues addressed during the year. So I really would have needed a superhuman mathematical genius! The point is that each one has a true investigation, a creation. And certainly, it cannot stimulate a research, a creation, a teacher whose spirit has been totally foreign throughout his life to what true research is, who has no idea (except the usual clichés) of what a creation is. That's the case, alas! of almost all teachers, even at the university. There are many people who are shocked by the mere idea that a student's work can be a joy for them. (He has not worked long and hard, before finally putting the others to work!) How can we be surprised then that the students of the faculties, after fifteen or twenty years in who have turned pale in the classroom benches and amphitheaters engorging some harsh "programs", do not have the slightest idea what "doing research" is like?

No, we cannot be proud of our schools and our teaching...

What, then, does the teacher need to embark on such a collective adventure of creative teaching, which for each of his students is the occasion for personal research? They are not, we have just seen, neither extraordinary "gifts", nor knowledge of any kind. On the contrary, he has to "feel with his gut" what is "research", a "creation", and what is not – he has to have the same soul as a researcher. Furthermore, from a certain degree of specialization (such as the one that prevails in the university, or in the last years of the institute), one must have solid possession of the bases of the trade (here, the mathematician). On the other hand, it is rare to find a "researcher at heart" who has not taken the trouble to learn the basics of the trade, in the direction in which he or she works. But the soul of a researcher and the profession are still clearly not enough. In a country like France, there are thousands of researchers passionate about their profession. But their teachings are as imprisoned by routines as those of the others, and they ignore that the student, like themselves, is a being endowed with innate creativity, that a teaching worthy of that name must provoke and cause it to unfold.

No, what is missing above all is not any of those things that I just mentioned, however indispensable they may be (or at least some of them). Here the essential thing is of a very different nature. It is a faith, a total trust, both in one's own creative abilities (however limited they may be...), and in those of the students. It is to know, with certainty: modest or powerful – in each one of those gathered here, there is the faculty to create! Where there is such security, there is no longer fear. Like the very common fear of appearing idiotic in front of the students; of remaining unfortunately "stuck" in front of them, and even, confronting them "with the same weapons", of appearing as "stupid" or more stupid than them! (And isn't that the great and fearful secret of the teacher, who does not even recognize himself, and which will suddenly be irremediably revealed...) And there is also the fear that all The experience fails unfortunately, because oneself is not up to the task (wouldn't it be necessary, precisely, to be a true genius?). Or for failing to drag the students into an adventure that

glasses, one would have to believe that Christine, who did the same job as me and no worse than me, didn't need them! And with great difficulty and almost a miracle, he managed to get, a few years later, a position as an assistant (it must be said that the competition is tough...), and with it ensure his daily bread. 'ia.

Maybe it scares them or leaves them indifferent, or it totally exceeds their possibilities...

This type of fear always comes from the ego, and almost always takes the face of "reason" that objects with a worried and serious appearance, in the face of what it presents to us as very strange aberrations⁶⁷²! They are the norm whenever it comes to committing ourselves to a path that would be personal, that is not sanctioned by any established custom, nor encouraged in advance by any favorable prejudice of a benevolent environment; every time, in short, that we prepare to make a truly original work, even an innovative work, instead of limiting ourselves more or less to following the paths already laid out in fits and starts, well protected in numerous company... And these very reasonable objections, or those fears that do not say their name, are refractory to arguments and reasons, even the most judicious, the most irrefutable. Well, although they like to pretend it, in no way do they place themselves at the level of reason or logic, but rather at a very different level.

That division of being, and those confusing fears that are its signal, are ended with an act of faith. In such an act is the true beginning of the new experience. The faith that this act brings forth from the depths of the being is a source of both security and humility. It gives us the humble strength that allows us to let our insufficiencies appear without false shame, and to accept without false pretexts the lessons of experience, including the case in which it is a failure. And when wounded self-love does not create obstacles, failure, like success, has a lesson to teach us, and it bears fruit when the lesson is understood...

In the case that concerns us here, I must recognize that the experience was far from being a total success, like the ones that F'elix tells us (in Spain between 1928 and 1938). Given the totally different context, the opposite is what would have been surprising. It was with the college's first-year students, fresh out of high school, that I did the best job. Many of them even did a job notable for cunning and imagination. To my surprise and surely yours as well, it was revealed that several of them had the makings of true mathematicians.

(However, I was very careful not to encourage them to follow such a risky path, in view of the difficult situation!) Most of the students did serious work, and it can be said that with them the goal I had The goal of "introducing research" was achieved. But there were also some students who were lost until the end, not understanding what they were asked or what to do. With those, we must confirm a complete failure. I had the impression that most, if not all, of them had chosen that course, from the range of "elective courses" offered to them, in the hope that it would be a way easy to increase their "general average", and that I would end up giving them a hard time if they just did nothing. Failed calculation!

Of course, the environment that prevails in schools and universities, with the glut of grades and exams, deeply distorts the relationship between students and their work. As a general rule, it seems to me that this is the more so the longer they have been studying. University students are more affected than those in high school, and the years they spend in amphitheaters complete the washing of creativity, already begun at a good pace in high school and school. From a certain point (after two or three years of college), one gets the impression that on an intellectual level, the student has been completely and irremediably sterilized – that nothing can be gained from it anymore. the saved, when he is "successful", wise monkey numbers⁶⁷³ .

672Compare with the section "The Key to the big dream – or the voice of reason and the other" (no. 6).

673That "impression" (that the student has been "completely and irremediably sterilized") is only partially founded. This "sterilization" is in fact a profound blockage of the creative faculties. Such a blockage is never (I believe) "irremediable." But unlocking such a state of intellectual paralysis seems very strange to me – it requires nothing less than a true inner rebirth. Almost always, one carries such paralysis throughout one's life, and one clings to it as something infinitely more valuable than life...

But I have a feeling that at the moment of the great Mutation, in many of those who live and perhaps even in all of them and more or less at the same time, such a profound unlocking will occur. Perhaps those who live will be precisely those who do not close themselves to the great Wind that shakes the doors of their being, those who let the bolts fly and the

Yes, a real delirium! And until when?

(110) The new spirit of education (January 16 and

20)674 This “traditional model” of teaching seems so evident that I myself, engulfed by the general atmosphere, had a tendency to forget that it was can conceive a teaching with a totally different spirit⁶⁷⁵. In my reflection on Summerhill in the notes from early December (notes 88 to 95), the idea did not occur to me that there was a “gap” (and even a “great gap”) in the educational work by Neill. It has been necessary for me to confront Felix's educational work again and more seriously than in the distant past⁶⁷⁶, so that this gap would appear in its full extent. In the light of this reflection, I see before us two master transformations in education in general and in teaching, transformations that are already prefigured in some avant-garde experiences.

¹ o) The total abandonment of all kinds of repression on sex, following the open path by Neill at Summerhill from 1921.

² o) The total transformation of teaching, with a spirit of creative cooperation between students and teachers, according to the path opened by Tolstoy in *Yasna*“ya Polyana last century, and by Felix in Spain between 1928 and 1938.

The profound transformation of mentalities that will begin, I think, between now and the end of the century, with the imminent great Mutation, seems to me to be truly indistinguishable from an equally profound transformation of the spirit of education, from birth to the threshold of adulthood. With this global perspective of the psychic and spiritual evolution of our species about to mutate, we must look at the two great advances in the way of conceiving education, mentioned a moment ago. It may be necessary to add a third, which does not seem to be a consequence of the previous two, and which in F'elix's eyes is perhaps the most crucial of all: o) The creation of a environment, both at school and at home, that constantly encourages the child or adolescent to take on all the responsibilities he or she may reasonably wish to assume, in relation to his or her level of

physical and mental development, and with its human and natural environment. The child's “responsibility” develops in constant and flexible symbiosis with his own desires and with his real possibilities, which are best developed with the exercise of spontaneously assumed responsibilities. (Including the directions he gives to his curiosity...) That symbiosis seems to me to have been achieved in a particularly happy and complete way in the three pedagogical experiences of F'elix that I have previously spoken of⁶⁷⁷.

Wind pours in where the miasmas of impotence rot, giving new air, vigor and life to those buried alive...

674 See the reference to this note in the note “F'elix Carrasquer (4): Libertad-Summerhill y libertad-Vallespir Monz'on”, page 268.

675However, without being consciously inspired by any precedent, I tried (instinctively, so to speak) on my part some pedagogical experiences in such a “completely different” spirit, as the one I have related in the note previous “Education and act of faith”. But, under the pressure of the attitudes universally received in teaching, and in the absence of a major reflection to place my experiences in a global and evolutionary perspective, these seemed to me almost like a kind of “fantasies.” “personal leave” that he would have granted me, in favor of a somewhat special situation among colleagues at my university; and this is surely how they were perceived by said colleagues, and by the students themselves (although they liked those “fantasies”...). The truth is that these experiences at the university responded to a deep dissatisfaction with the framework and spirit (including the spirit among the students, certainly) in which my teaching had developed up to that point. . More and more, this teaching seemed to me condemned to hopeless sterility, to the point of losing all meaning for me. Even those “Introduction to Research” courses were a patch, like a glass of water poured into a scorching desert. With these provisions, I finally asked for and obtained my appointment at the CNRS (National Center for Scientific Research), starting in October 1984, and since then I have been excused from carrying out teaching activities.

676The “distant past” in question, which was more or less forgotten even until last year, dates back to the year 1960, when Felix told me about his experiences. pedagogical in Spain.

677Especially in the two notes “The Boom” and “The Self-Managed School, School of Freedom” no. 104, 105.

Of course, none of these three great transformations is possible without an attitude of attentive and loving respect towards the child. Without that, everything sinks into empty rhetoric and new molds as sterile as the old ones. Fertility never comes from a mold, but only from the creativity of the spirit. Only from this fundamental attitude of loving respect (and perhaps after long and patient work...) will the rest end up being born.

(111) The mutants (4): we are all potential mutants (January 21 and 22)⁶⁷⁸ The

first note dedicated to the "mutants", called "The mutants (1): the dance of the mutants" (no. 85), is from the 22nd and 23rd of last November, two months and one day ago. When writing it, I believed that within a few days I would return to the main text⁶⁷⁹, already left in suspense for two months, in favor of a "multifiliform vegetation" of notes that were born of others like a colony of mushrooms! I was already 26, including the one I was writing. From that moment, instead of returning as planned to the "thread of reflection", that is, to the story of my inner adventures in the year of grace of 1974, that innocent note about mutants exploded (telling the preceding note finished yesterday) into another 26 notes, which doubled the number of the previous ones.

Among this new outbreak of notes from these two months, the last 22 are devoted, in almost equal parts, to the works of AS Neill, Edward Carpenter and F'elix Carrasquer. (The latter arriving as eighteenth and last on the list of "my mutants", which still had seventeen in the note "The Mutants (1)" cited a moment ago, from the month of November.) That set of notes has become an improvised reflection on the theme of education, or rather: on that of a profound mutation in education, of which the educational work of Neill and that of F'elix, and (to a lesser extent no doubt) the pedagogical thought of Edward Carpenter, seem to me to be ferment and precursory signs. I have already stressed in yesterday's note, which in some way closes that reflection, that the mutation in the spirit of education, prepared by these pioneers and by some others, seems to me "indistinguishable" from the great spiritual Mutation that awaits us, that "Evolutionary Leap" that will take place in perhaps eight years or ten or fifteen. Thus, this long "digression" (in a work that is on the way to being called "digressions" from beginning to end!) is linked in the most neurological way to what, each Once again, it appears as the main theme and as the greatest task that I pursue throughout the entire Key of Dreams: to contribute, with the best of my ridiculous means in the face of a sea of noise, to the preparation of the spirits (or some spirits...) for that unthinkable Mutation, and for the no less unthinkable "Afterwards" that it would initiate with force. Well, for our species, to change profoundly, to get rid of the tenacious bargain of the atavisms of the Flock, is, above all, surely, to change in our relationship with our children.

Beyond that pedagogical topic, I have now been dealing with the tentacular topic of mutants for about fifty notes and four consecutive months, which does not stop dragging me. This larger theme is also evidently and directly linked to the task of preparing for the Mutation and Afterwards – the great Work that awaits us all, across generations and centuries. ...Because of the innate creativity that rests in each of us, aren't we all "potential mutants"? In each of us, since the dawn of time and hidden in our bowels, the "mutant of tomorrow" already emerges darkly. For the most part until today, and even for some years, it has been and will be defeated more or less totally by implacable blocking mechanisms, to which we have wanted to give our assent.

But when the Storm blows, those who survive will be those who, surely, under the Wind

⁶⁷⁸This note can be seen as a continuation of the note "The Mutants (3): a wind of justice and freedom (PA Kropotkin and AS Neill)" (no. 88), of November 26-28, or as the natural continuation of the set of notes (nos. 89 – 110) that follow it.

⁶⁷⁹I stayed in the section "The entrance of the divine (2) – or "pleasing Buddha"" (no. 71), from September 22 and 23.

Let that mutant awaken and act – those who dare to be, that day and afterwards, the one who always transforms.

Not that they suddenly see themselves metamorphosed into angels, as if by enchantment. This is not how the Wind of God acts. Those who survive will be those who do not close themselves to the Wind, those who let the dormant ember revive and in the depths of their being a work begins and develops: the work that transforms. Those who, against an immense inertia, instead of becoming even heavier and more rigid due to the great fear of change, face the unknown and wholeheartedly support God's work in them .

The "mutants" that we have dealt with in recent months are men who, at certain moments in their existence, allowed this work of God to be carried out in them, and who wholeheartedly supported it⁶⁸⁰. Men, furthermore, who put their person and their life at the service of the mission born and reborn in such creative moments⁶⁸¹ For the "mutant" is also the one who, consciously or unconsciously, incarnates and realizes in his existence a mission that beyond himself and those close to him and whether he is aware of it or not, in a visible or hidden way from everyone except God, helps the progression of our entire species. For this reason, and beyond everything that separates them or even sometimes (at least in appearance) opposes them, each of them prefigures in some aspect of his existence and of his being that famous "man of the tomorrow", the "new man". That's why I'm interested. Not as prestigious supermen to whom to dedicate a cult, not as models to imitate or emulate, but as truly living – spiritually alive men. Each one of them has something to teach us. Better still, the mission of each one of them can, at certain moments, throw a sudden ray of light into our darkness, and make us discover our own mission, of which until then we only had a diffuse prescience, weighed down by doubts, oh how reasonable and with how much foundation! But the faith that encouraged him will awaken and nourish in us a similar faith in the mission that we have discovered is ours; however improbable, however crazy, however impossible it may seem in the face of the immense, crushing weight of the inertia of things...

During the reflection of these last few months it has progressively seemed to me, for each of those "mutants" that one by one imposed themselves on my attention, that I myself was from now on an heir. Because of the mission that was his, in one way or another, direct or indirect, my human existence has been enriched; my vision of myself or the world around me has been impregnated and colored by it at any rate. A long time ago for some, recently for others. But in all cases, the reflection had the effect of maturing what I owe to each one, if only through the work of making me fully conscious, while before (and leaving aside two or three⁶⁸²) I did not have It was more than a very confused prescience.

That maturation, and that clear awareness, could not have been achieved without constant "decantation" work, with which I have had, in what I knew about each of them (or in what I learned from them along the way), to carefully separate the gold from the bargain that always, always accompanies it! Separate, then, what he really brings new and that already belongs to man and the world of tomorrow, from what in his person, or often in what he himself gives as his message, is still part of the "old man". After that work I have the feeling of both a greater "closeness" to those men to whom I have really gotten "closer", and also of a necessary "distance", or at least a step back. so it allows me to place them better.

So now I feel ready, without a trace of reluctance, to finally put in black and white the "list of mutants" promised so long, and to comment on it. But it must be understood well

⁶⁸⁰Darwin's case seems to me to be somewhat different in this respect from the others. I count on coming back to this in a later note.

⁶⁸¹Here we must leave Krishnamurti aside, as I already said in the aforementioned note "The Mutants (3)" (of which this note can be seen as a continuation).

⁶⁸²The two or three in question are Krishnamurti, L'egaut and (with a bit of doubt) Gandhi.

This list does not claim any "objective" value. And I doubt that it could have such value even if I were a distinguished historian as well as a learned humanist, and a seasoned connoisseur of the intellectual, literary, "spiritual" history of our century and the previous one. My intention, in fact, is not to establish an "order of merit" that would be called the "order of mutants", and to grant entrance diplomas in the pages of the Key of Dreams! in the select brotherhood! The men I have included in my reflection are simply those towards whom, for reasons that I have not really attempted to fathom, I have found myself in particularly open dispositions. The "mutants" then, of which I have been able to discern more or less clearly the mission, and its scope in the very particular perspective, omnipresent in all the reflection, of the imminent Mutation. And because of those same dispositions of openness, surely, I am able to recognize myself as their "heir", or to become one – thanks to them they are "givers" and I myself are "receiver". And at the same time, this new relationship (or newly perceived) contributes in some way to giving meaning and scope to its mission – a mission "called" by the existence of all those who will one day take it up again. They will feed on it a lot or a little⁶⁸³.

These explanations will also be a response to those who are surprised not to find such a favorite man in their personal pantheon on the list. During the reflection, I have not stopped falling on this or that name of a man or woman that perhaps I could have, with reason, added to my list and thus strengthened it. But almost always, in the absence of having had the opportunity to make a true acquaintance, that name was so distant for me that it would have been nothing more than, precisely, generously adding a name to the list. So that?

Thus, along with the anarchist thinker and militant Pierre Kropotkin (1842-1921), he could also have added to his predecessors Bakounine (1814-1876), Elisée Reclus (1830-1905), Louise Michel (1830-1905 likewise), and also the "anarchist" American writer and thinker Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)⁶⁸⁴. The little I know about them is enough to realize that each one is an exceptional personality, at the service of a great mission. Furthermore, strong affinities are noted between Thoreau and Edward Carpenter (which we have already discussed at length), due to the religious, not to say "mystical" dimension of their apprehension of the world (something rarely united to "anarcho" inclinations!). There is also the "psychological" or "spiritual" bias with which they approach the criticism of society, instinctively going to the root of the evil that is in each man, more We must emphasize the (certainly real) guilt of the "exploiters" and the need to immediately remove their abusive powers and privileges.

Because of that accent, and because of a certain visionary quality of their gaze, they are associated in my mind with the English poet William Blake (1757-1827). Some lines from Blake, along with the lines from Khalil Gibran already cited⁶⁸⁵, are found as an exergue in "Free Children of Summerhill":⁶⁸⁶ 5cm
Children of the times to come 5cm
al read this page indignant 5cm know
that in a time past 5cm love, tender love, was judged a crime!

Like Thoreau and Edward Carpenter, William Blake is included in Bucke's book With Cosmic Science, among the men whom he estimates (in this case surely rightly) to have (as he says) "entered cosmic consciousness"⁶⁸⁷. That common knowledge, surely, is 683Hagi mine here a

vision of the things that I found in L'egaut, and that now seems as evident to me "as if I had always known them"...

⁶⁸⁴Kropotkin knew Bakounine, Reclus and Louise Michel, but I doubt he knew Thoreau even by name. The latter, who was by no means a political activist, died at forty-five years of age, when Kropotkin was only twenty, and without a doubt there was still no o been talking about anarchism...

⁶⁸⁵In the note "Education without suggestion? – or education and knowledge of oneself" (no. 93), page 208.

⁶⁸⁶Children of the future age,
Reading this indignant page,
Know that in a former time

Love, sweet love, was thought a crime!

⁶⁸⁷On the topic of Bucke and his message, see the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the other reality"

the cause of that shocking air of kinship between the three men. And for me it is a happy and not fortuitous sign that Neill, so far removed from any "religious" or "mystical" approach to the world and existence, has nevertheless felt prompted to open the book in which He delivers his message to the World with some verses from the great visionary poet.

Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910) is another great precursor who must undoubtedly be counted among the number of "mutants". As a religious thinker for some, as a pedagogue for others, he has exerted a direct influence on beings as far away as the "antipodes" such as the deeply religious man who was Gandhi (1869-1848), and the intrepid and tireless anarcho fighter. F'elix Carrasquer (born 1904), both included in "my list". Some will be surprised to see me "forget" JW von Goethe (1749-1832), who for two centuries has been presented to schoolchildren and students in Germany as the great German poet, writer and thinker of all ages. pos time He was also a wise naturalist at times, and that is why Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) fascinated him, and he dedicated a kind of cult to him, as one of the great initiators, with Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762-1814), of a "spiritual science" in the spirit in which he himself, Steiner, understood it (and as he himself developed it or at least outlined it in broad strokes under the name of "anthroposophy"). That is why it would undoubtedly have its place⁶⁸⁸, like Steiner himself, in a joint study of "mutants" that would be undertaken with a broader and less subjective historical perspective than the one I now have.

If in the past the innovative message of Tolstoy or Goethe has not "engaged" me, at least not directly, it is above all, I believe, because of certain reservations vis-à-vis their people. Reservations that I still believe are well-founded and have weight – but who among us, from this or that angle, would not give rise to reservations perhaps equally well-founded? Although it is certain that each person's mission is more or less affected by their shortcomings and their clumsiness, I now understand better that this does not mean that it should be considered null and unrealized, that that is why it is deprived of all strength, of all credibility. If this were so, I doubt that across the centuries and millennia there will be a single mission that finds favor, and the prospects for our poorly protected species would be desperate indeed!

I was shocked that there is not a single woman on my list. They're going to call me a damn fal'ocrat! At least I recently named Louise Michel, among the mutants, so to speak, "forgotten". I have also thought about the attractive figure of Annie Besant (1847-1933), Krishnamurti's theosophical tutor, a notable woman who I know above all through Mary Lutyens's biography of Krishnamurti. Even leaving aside her spiritualist and messianic outbursts (without which the world would never have known Krishnamurti...⁶⁸⁹), she was a woman of heart and uncommon energy, ahead of her time in many aspects: feminist of the first hour, champion of Indian independence in an imperialist milieu at will...

But perhaps the "most mutant" being that our prolific species has produced so far is "The Mother" of Auroville (1878-1973), wife (in third and last marriage) of Sri Aurobindo.

(no. 74). Bucke gives a different treatment to Thoreau, which he classifies among the "minor" cases and who is only entitled to three pages, and to Blake and Carpenter, who considers as major cases those he devotes two copious chapters to, of nine pages for Blake and eighteen for Carpenter. Bucke's chapter on Blake is where I found out about Blake's existence (as well as Carpenter's), and that's also where I got practically all the little I know. e of 'him. (Waiting to find time to learn more...)

⁶⁸⁸In this context of the "mutants", I point out here the very shocking fact that Goethe professed to know (and not just "believe") the fact of reincarnation. Perhaps it was the only case, in its environment and in its time, long before it became a kind of "avant-garde cultural fashion", with the theosophical and anthroposophical currents. I don't know if Goethe (for example in the interview with Eckerman where he talks about it) explained the source of that knowledge. When I had the text in my hands, a long time ago, I had the impression that he was simply strutting before Eckermann, who deferentially collected every word that fell from his mouth. Now I feel much less safe...

⁶⁸⁹When the young Krishnamurti was discovered by Leadbeater, and then placed in the care of Annie Besant, at the age of fourteen, he was in a very deteriorated physical and mental state. It is more than likely that, left in the miserable conditions in which he had lived with his father, he would not have survived long.

(Born Mirra Alfassa, on Boulevard Haussmann in Paris, next to the old Printemps warehouses – a plant very much ours in short...) The little I know about her by word of mouth is enough to intrigue me enough to want to know a lot more of her. He has left a considerable written work, with eight volumes of "Interviews" (between 1929 and 1958), currently, alas! all exhausted. I have not yet managed to lay my hand on a work of his pen. Only about a biography-river in three volumes, all three illegible, again, alas! After some valiant efforts I have given up continuing with such unprofitable reading⁶⁹⁰. But one of these days I hope to get to know the great mutant of Printemps-Auroville better.

But returning to mutants in general, I am convinced that, in our century alone, there must be thousands, if not tens of thousands. That's a lot if you want, but far from enough for everyone to have a good chance of finding one. (For that, the simplest and safest thing is still to "mutate" oneself!) That I have even found three⁶⁹¹ is an unprecedented piece of luck, which I appreciate (I believe) for what it is worth. So far Lady Historia has not paid much attention to any of the three. This do not affect me. The views of the maiden, as soon as the wind blows, change from one day to the next...

Among the somewhat famous people, those who (let's say) have the right to a place in the encyclopedias, there must not be many "mutants", in the sense in which I understand it (which has nothing to do with "the genius" and all that). I am not sure if there are a hundred, including the Buddha (surely one of the oldest) and the Christ. It is true that there are only fifteen on my list, and by searching a little and no matter how uneducated I am, I would end up with thirty. But that's where it stops. It must be said as it is: at the moment there are mutants, but they have not been sown in abundance and they remain the exception...

(112) The mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness

(January 24 – 26)⁶⁹² Here at last is the recapitulative list of "my" mutants, which were introduced in the reflection in scattered order. I arrange them in chronological order of the date of birth. After the name of each one I indicate their date of birth and (if there is a place) of death⁶⁹³ their profession or main occupation and their nationality, and finally their vocation or their mission, as and as he himself conceived it (and to the extent that it can be said in a few words).

1. CFS Hahnemann (1755-1843): German doctor and scholar; doctor renewing medicine of his time.

⁶⁹⁰This is the work "Mother" by "Satprem". What makes reading unbearable is the systematic astonishment that extends across all the pages throughout the three volumes. Out of ten pages, barely one line of real substance is extracted. The Mother herself, if she were still there, would surely not have wanted to read even ten pages! When it comes to Mother or Sri Aurobindo, he refers to them as "She" or "He" with capital letters, like the good God. In all three volumes – we have to throw him out! However, everything I know about Mother is very simple and speaks for itself and does not need to be inflated or highlighted with half-understood, half-astonished airs, to make it seem like something. The best thing is that the author was, it seems, a kind of "confidant and witness" of Mother for nineteen years (if the dust jacket is to be believed). She, who was supposed to be so ultra-clairvoyant, was not so this time. (Like Rāmakrishna with his disciples, Vivekananda in the lead – but here it seems to me that it is much worse...) Money thrown out the window, those damn books! Not to mention that there is no other biography of The Mother. It is a pity!

⁶⁹¹I remember that it is (in chronological order of the meetings) Félix Carrasquer (1960), Fujii Guruji (1975) and Marcel L'egaut (1987). Some will be surprised that I have not added Rudi Bendt, of whom I speak in the section "Rudi and Rudi – or the indistinguishable ones" (no. 29). Of course I've thought about him. But I truly do not see him as a "mutant," not as a man invested with a mission to prepare "tomorrow." He is the "child in spirit" who brings about the kingdom of God today. Maybe they are even rarer, but I think they have always been there, and that their role is different. They are the flowers of the fields, where the "mutants" are the paths and roads.

⁶⁹²Continuation of the previous note "Mutants (4): we are all potential mutants."

⁶⁹³The only "mutants" on my list who are still alive are Marcel L'egaut and Félix Carrasquer, who are 87 and 83 years old. With Solvic, they are the only three "mutants" that I know of that have been born in this century. I still have high hopes of learning about, and perhaps even encountering, younger mutants to take over from the old ones!

2. C. Darwin (1809-1882): English naturalist; sage.
3. W. Whitman (1819-1892): American journalist, poet and writer; poet and instructor.
4. B. Riemann (1826-1866): matem'atico alem'an; sabio.
5. R'amakrishna (1836-1886): Indian (Hindu) priest; instructor
6. RM Bucke (1837-1902): American psychiatrist; wise and announcer.
7. PA Kropotkin (1842-1921): Russian geographer and writer; anarchist revolutionary.
8. E. Carpenter (1844-1929): English priest, peasant, thinker and writer; Instructor⁶⁹⁴.
9. S. Freud (1856-1939): Austrian psychiatrist; wise creator of psychoanalysis, key vault of a new scientific humanism.
10. R. Steiner (1861-1925): scholar-philosopher, lecturer, writer, pedagogue... German; in visionary builder, creator of anthroposophy.
11. MK Gandhi (1869-1948): Indian lawyer and politician; Instructor called to spread the practice of ahimsa ("non-violence").
12. P. Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955): French priest (Jesuit) and paleontologist; ecumenical (Christian) religious thinker, mystical visionary, working for a reconciliation of religion and science.

13. AS Neill (1883-1973): English teacher and educator; educator, called to promote a education in freedom.
14. N. Fujii (called "Fujii Guruji") (1885-1985): Japanese Buddhist monk; Instructor.
15. J. Krishnamurti (1895-1985): Indian lecturer, religious thinker and writer; Instruction tor.
16. M. L'egaut (1900-...): university student, peasant, Christian religious thinker and French writer; Christian religious "researcher", disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, working for a renewal of the spirit of Christianity.

17. F. Carrasquer (1904-...): Spanish teacher and educator; educator and militant anarchist, for a "self-managed" school and society.
18. ... Solvic (1923? ... 1945): American worker or small employee; apparently without vocation particular⁶⁹⁵.

694Below I try to specify what is meant here by "Instructor". It must be recognized that Carpenter has much less of an Instructor look than the other six who appear under that name on my list, and especially than Whitman (who was his predecessor). However, for anyone who has read (or just skimmed, as in my case) "Towards Democracy", there can be no doubt that he knew he was called to "instruct." Furthermore, he considers that it is not he who is truly speaking in that long visionary poem, where expressions such as "I, Nature..." and other similar ones are read, which we would be less surprised to find in the pen! of a Walt Whitman! In his other writings it seems that his style is never that of knowing authority (even where he has such authority), but rather that of persuasion.

695I don't have any document about Solvic, of whom I don't even know his name and date of birth - I have put 1923 a bit at a glance, thinking that he must have been 21 or 22 years old when he was enlisted in a war that did not concern him and that did not tell him anything. In everything related to him I have to trust the little that my memory restores to me from reading the book "The execution of the private Solvic", which I already spoke about in its place.

Leaving aside Darwin⁶⁹⁶, I have already had occasion to speak in more or less detail about each of these men. (The reader will find in the following footnote⁶⁹⁷ a compilation of the main passages of the text of the Key of Dreams in which each has been discussed.) In most cases, I have explained myself sufficiently about them so that it is already clear why they are for me a figure of "mutants", and why their mission seems destined to play a role in the Mutation. spiritual message that awaits us. The only ones who seem to me to still require additional explanations are Darwin, R[^]amakrishna, Gandhi and perhaps also Rudolf Steiner and Teilhard de Chardin (of whom I spoke a little at length and in a way that might seem very reserved...). As for the first, Darwin, I will return to him in detail in a later note⁶⁹⁸.

I have spoken of R[^]amakrishna, oh too much "in passing"! in the note "R[^]amakrishna – or the marriage of the Mother with Eros" (no. 79, at the same time as Whitman's erotic perception of the World). There is no allusion to his particular mission, which I only touched on in a footnote that appears much earlier (I haven't been able to get my hands on it, sorry!). Furthermore, I do not know if R[^]amakrishna has explained what he considered his mission, and I have not found anything to that effect in the copious collection of aphorisms in the form of parables that he has left us, collected in a mess of written day after day by his disciples in the first years of his life, and published after his death. But what seems to me to be his essential message, and which he has been (I believe) the first to say and experience, is the essential unity of all religions as so many "paths that lead to God"⁶⁹⁹, also adding (well known thing

⁶⁹⁶Darwin has only been discussed in a few passing lines, the first time in the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the other reality" (no. 74), in a footnote page 148, the second time in the note "The Mutants (1): the ballet of the mutants" (no. 85), page 176.

⁶⁹⁷Here are the main passages about "my" different mutants, where n. = number, s. = section, npdp = footnote.

Hahnemann: n. 85 and npdp 222 (in n. 97).

Darwin: cf. the previous npdp, and a later note.

Whitman: n. 74, 76-80, 84, 98.

Riemann: n. 74.

R[^]amakrishna: n. 79.

Bucke: n. 74, 81, 82, 84.

Kropotkin: n. 88, 91.

Carpenter: n. 74, 75, 96-102.

Freud: n. 6, 78, 89, 99, 100, s. 56 (7th , a.) especially pp. ???-???

Steiner: n. 86, and further down in this note (pages 288-289).

Gandhi: n. 66-70, and further down in this note (pages 287-288).

Neill: n. 88-95, 99-102, 106, 107, 110.

Guruji: n. 60-66, 71, s. 70 and following sections.

Krishnamurti: n. 53-55, n. 85 (p. 176), p. 56 (7th , a.) especially pp. ???-???

L'egaut: n. 12, 20, 27, 38, 72, 73, 75, 87, as well as a later note (n.) and s. 37.

F'elix: n. 103-107, 110.

Solvic: n. 70, 115-117, 119 (p. 312).

⁶⁹⁸See the already cited note "Darwin

⁶⁹⁹Of course, that is first-hand knowledge in R[^]amakrishna, which his disciples took up in the form of an idea-force, which they dedicated themselves to disseminating throughout the world (in sometimes debatable packaging. ...). This religious idea has enjoyed great fortune since the last century in what could be called "non-denominational" religious thought, then represented above all by theosophists, unfortunately mixed in them with an occult and messianic gang. which reduced its scope. We find it again (albeit with the emphasis on the preeminence of the mission of Christ and the Christian religion) in a Rudolf Steiner, a Teilhard de Chardin and (with less openness to non-Christian religions) in a Marcel L'egaut. Furthermore, I have the impression that in all of these men and including R[^]amakrishna himself, this openness to religions in general, and to the different religious currents within each one, is limited to what they have agreed to look at. like the "great religions"; those (let's say) that are each practiced by hundreds of millions or billions of faithful: Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, Islam. They are also the religions that have more or less completely cut their ties with the so-called "primitive" religions from which they emerged.

If they gained something (which I wish I understood better than I do now), I suspect they still lost. If such is the case,

by mystics of all times and all religions) that “the ways are not God.”

I do not know of anyone before him who has practiced several forms of religion in turn (without repudiating any of the others), and who, furthermore, has achieved “union with God” in each. a. That intuition and that experience went against inveterate millennial attitudes, and did not fail to arouse scandal and contempt around them. In the last years of his life, and especially after his death, these attitudes ended up giving way to the veneration reserved for the saints, accompanied from then on by all the sentimentalism of water of roses and the pageantry of bombastic superlatives that is customary in such cases (and in this aspect the Indian guards do not yield anything to the Christians!). His message, temporarily weakened by that cult often devoid of all intelligence (113), has nevertheless not been lost.

Disseminated by its guardians, and although they have mixed the best and the worst at will, it is now part of our inalienable heritage, which time will not stop decanting. I see in him one of the great religious instructors of our time, and one of the great workers of human unity.

Gandhi was one of the first, I believe (and leaving aside Ramakrishna's disciples), to collect that heritage and make the message his own. Himself a deeply religious spirit, but by no means mystical in temperament like Ramakrishna, one of the outstanding features of Gandhi's life and religious practice was the equal respect he accorded to all. the forms of religion. Without a doubt it can be said that the spirit of ahimsa, of loving non-violence, would be unthinkable, especially in a country with a strong multi-religious vocation, without such an attitude of respect, rooted in true understanding. on.

Contrary to R^amakrishna's message, of which his life and experience were a perfect testimony, Gandhi's message of ahimsa seems to me to have been profoundly falsified; not (which is actually impossible...) by guards without intelligence, but by their own ambiguities. I have tried to capture them in the three consecutive notes that are consecrated to it. That aspect of his mission seems to me to be a spiritual failure, certainly not for lack of an appropriate echo (since the echo it had was immense), but for lack of total fidelity to his mission, or (to return to his form to see it), in the absence of total fidelity to the truth. The amazing thing is that, despite this lack, his personality is of such stature and to such an extent attractive, and has been part of what I could call “my spiritual universe” for so long and so evidently, that It wouldn't have even occurred to me not to include it in my list of “mutants”! The spontaneous sympathy that he has inspired in all those who have approached him (as far as I know - and God knows well that they were numerous and that there were people of all conditions and of all obedience), is a eloquent sign that tells me that I am not going astray. If I try to capture what he has contributed to the modern world, it seems to me to show by example a totally different way of “doing politics”, or of being a “political man”, and even a “statesman”. . Without ever allowing himself to be enclosed in a label, taking care to mark his rank – without ever being dragged down by vanity! Without lying and without beating around the bush, without cunningly prepared “traps”. Granting his companions the same as his adversaries, and the peoples or other communities they represent, the same affectionate respect, I would almost say: the same concern as those he considers “his own.” This attitude

Is it something we are destined to never find again?

700However, I know of a notable exception: it is a son of Gandhi (whose name I have forgotten). In the aforementioned biography of Gandhi (cf. note 68), the author Shalom Ash has the intelligence to examine this stormy relationship with some attention, without casting (as is customary) a modest veil over that g 'January of blurs in such a great man. He is a son who, as they say, has “gone astray” – I presume that this was a particularly effective way for him to settle a score with his father, at a time when he was already revered throughout India as the great “Mahatma”. To disavow him publicly, Gandhi then had an attitude that was not exempt from self-complacency, more or less saying: “just because a father is good does not imply that the son is good” – and washing his hands of everything. the rest. The idea that something might have gone wrong with him, Gandhi, in his relationship with his son when he was a child and in the education he had given him, visibly never occurred to the Mahatma.

What I try to capture springs, not from a virtuous resolution, but from an understanding. And the great Mutation in "politics", in the relationship between peoples and nations as well as between collectivities within the same nation, is undoubtedly in that understanding. And the same ahimsa is not the art of holding back the urge to hit, but it is that same understanding, surely. That living understanding that continues to act in the sphere of political action is, I believe, the best thing that Gandhi had to give us.

I have spoken of Rudolf Steiner and Teilhard de Chardin in the same note (no. 86) subtitled "Spiritual Science." With that title I have tried to suggest what was common to their missions: to reintroduce, into our knowledge of things, including the procedure and knowledge called "scientific", a spiritual dimension that (for two centuries) finds itself more and more denied, forgotten, and finally totally ignored. From what I know so far about both, that is where I see the essence of their missions. And they arrive at a good time!

That said, the approaches of these two men could not be more different. Teilhard, who is a mystic, "compensates" in some way by limiting himself, on the scientific level, to being a good worker according to the canons accepted in the profession (that of paleontologist). in this case). It does not seem that the idea can occur to him that his science, or any other science in progress, can be called to be profoundly transformed, at the same time as the spirit that reigns in its daily practice. Rather, it seems that he wanted to reconcile at all costs two opposing sisters, Religion (the older sister) and Science (the little and terrible sister), without expecting anything in the world, apart from that, the see them change from one to another - and once this is done, let each one return to her house, without fighting any more with her neighbor but also (apart from occasional small services) without taking much care of her. In other words: the good wise man, good Christian, good citizen, will go to church on Sunday, to work during the week (and to the barracks or the slaughterhouse when told...701)

It does not seem that Teilhard was aware of the existence of Rudolf Steiner, twenty years his senior, who was carrying out a somewhat similar mission beyond the Rhine. There was nothing mystical about Steiner. On the contrary, he had the look of a seer. He saw, God knows how, things that only he saw. And he said what he saw, for better or worse. Furthermore, without specializing in a specific scientific (or other) discipline, like Teilhard, Rudolf found the medium (God knows how!), along with a solid literary erudition and above all philosophical, to acquire scientific knowledge of encyclopedic dimensions. But his spirit, who doubts it, was nothing like an encyclopedia. It would seem that in everything he touched, he saw new avenues of focus and achievement opening up. Also in the

701See page 182 in this regard and especially a note at the foot of the page. Rudolf Steiner, a German, could not be less, with his good patriotic feelings, than his great Christian counterpart on the other side of the Rhine, during the great slaughter of nations 1914-1918: publicly He takes sides with the people who had "produced a Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel...", and reproves the "will to annihilate the Entente." To which the young Teilhard, bayonet in hand, could rightly reply by lining up some great Frenchmen for the occasion (there are no shortage of them, thank God), and disapproving the will to annihilate the Central Empires and m particularly, of the Teutonic barbarians. He was 33 years old in 1914 (he was no longer a young man), but Steiner was 53, a mature man. I am not aware that he later disavowed, once the collective madness had passed, his own patriotic aberrations. In 1919, in a solemn appeal "To the German people and the world of culture" (an appeal to which an impressive number of renowned signatories joined), and in which he proposed a new political platform , declares from the first sentences, in view of the collapse of the German "Reich": "A return to oneself (Selbstbesinnung) must be made after such an experience", an experience that (he adds) "has "shown that the opinion of half a century, and more particularly the dominant ideas during the war years, were an error with tragic consequences." But what were those erroneous ideas of the war years, and what did he himself participate in them and give them his approval, and that the German nation was not innocent of that "war catastrophe, before the beginning of which she found herself placed [in 1914]" (oh the innocent and charming euphemism...) – especially that Rudolf Steiner (already close to sixty and whom six years left to live) casts the modest veil that suits great political statements. That "return upon oneself" that he proclaimed with such beautiful oratorical grandeur, he missed that opportunity to do so, and there is every reason to think that he never did. And even that he had no idea what that term really means, lacking having known how to feel at some point in his life the need even the urgency, all the seer and great instructor that he was, to make that return on oneself...

Arts. That “anthroposophy” or “science of man” that he saw with the eyes of the spirit, was for him at the heart of a new “spiritual science.” In the last two decades of his life (1905-1925), in a prodigious impulse of creativity, he developed this new science of man in thousands of conferences⁷⁰² as well as in countless writings, embracing philosophy and religion, agriculture, politics, pedagogy, medicine and pharmacopoeia, proposing and practicing new approaches in the classical arts (theater, painting, sculpture, architecture, diction...) and creating a new art form he calls “eurhythmy.” For him, there was no separation between all these manifestations of human activity, and they were all illuminated in depth by a common light that only he (it seems) saw fully – a light that it emanated from that powerful spirit that goes by the name of “anthroposophy.”

Thus, contrary to my first hasty impression⁷⁰³, his attitude towards the science of his time is not limited to taking it as is to leave it the same in its drawer, and adding an adjacent drawer baptized “spirituality.” ” or “spiritual science (this time). Certainly, like all human thought, your thought has its particular earmuffs, which prevent it from encompassing certain aspects of reality in its vision, and which for that very reason falsify the vision of others.

Certainly also, in the immense work that he has left behind and that still remains almost totally unexplored, a triage would have to be done (122). But to digest and assimilate that work, which consists much more of suggestions (often astonishing) and the opening of paths than of a body of doctrine patiently and painstakingly worked out, there would be much to do for a century or two, whenever inspired researchers are found. It is in this way, more than because of a more or less easily formulatable master “great idea” (as was the case with Teilhard’s work), that it seems to me that Rudolf Steiner has been one of our great “sowers.”

And I feel unable to predict, of that seed released with such prodigious profusion, which part will be destined to grow.

In the indication of “vocations” in my list of mutants, there are seven times the laconic indication: “Instructor”. These are Whitman, Ramakrishna, Carpenter, Steiner, Gandhi, Fujii Guruji, Krishnamurti. I would have to try to clarify what meaning should be given to that term. Certainly, with the sole exception of Solvic, those eighteen men whose converging missions I am about to probe each had something important to teach “to men,” and furthermore, they knew it and did it. Each one did what they could to spread a “message”⁷⁰⁴. However that is not

⁷⁰²For most of these lectures, we have written texts, often stenographic transcriptions taken by listeners. The entire written work left by Steiner is preserved in principle in the “Goetheanum” in Dornach (Switzerland). The “Rudolf Steiner” editions (same management) have been working since 1956 on a “Rudolf Steiner Gesamtausgabe” (edition of the Complete Works of Rudolf Steiner), which will include about 300 (three hundred) volumes! I presume that the pace of publication will accelerate considerably after the Great Turn...

⁷⁰³See in this regard the aforementioned note on Steiner and Teilhard (no. 86). I have been able to rectify that impression by having knowledge of an illustrated biography of Steiner (by J. Hemleben – cf. the beginning of note no. 97), and above all by browsing the “Agricultural Course” (Landwirtschaftlicher Kursus) , ie the series of lectures given by Steiner, from June 7 to 16, 1924 (the year before his death), where he outlines the guiding ideas of what is today called “biodynamic agriculture.” His listeners were, at least in part, farmers and owners or managers of agricultural holdings. For me it is a total mystery as to where this born intellectual, who, after he was a boy and hewed the vegetable beds in his father’s small garden, should never have touch a sandstone or (one imagines) a piece of land – where did he get that visibly profound knowledge of the great cosmic forces that dominate the life of plants and the earth; a knowledge that arises in him, no one knows how, in that prodigious flare of creativity that was his last years and that seems to have burned before its time that amazing life, cut off in full momentum... The text in question (published by the aforementioned “Rudolf Steiner Verlag”, in Dornach, Switzerland), has 190 compact pages, not counting the illustrations. It was the starting point of a “biodynamic” agriculture movement, certainly still marginal, but vigorous and in constant progress for sixty years, with a spirit at the antipodes of the trend. industrializing” in agriculture. The same year, the “chains of experimentation” began to verify and clarify Steiner’s proposals in various directions. With, in terms of the quality of the plants, impressive results. And that volume is, I imagine, only one (but not one of the minor ones!) of the three hundred volumes of the “Complete Works”...

⁷⁰⁴It is understood that when here (or elsewhere) I speak of “message” it is a message of a

It means that everyone saw themselves as "Instructors" (with or without a capital letter), it is understood: of all humanity, even if the direct influence only reaches a limited circle. That is the case only, I believe, of the seven men I have just indicated. Of course, "the instruction" or "the teaching" of which they felt (and in fact they were and are) bearers is not intellectual in nature nor does it consist of know-how. It consists of a message that I would call "spiritual", a message that in some crucial way concerns the behavior of each person.

They themselves would perhaps designate it rather with the term "religious", "moral" or any other, but ultimately it matters little. Fujii Guruji described his mission, which he surely prepared for since his entry into monastic life, as that of "enlightening" his fellow men ("enlightening people"). He therefore saw himself as an "Illuminator", like the one in charge of illuminating. In his eyes, he was also doing nothing more than resuming the mission of his great predecessor Nichiren⁷⁰⁵. Thus, he "enlightened" by spreading the message of another: that of Nichiren and, through him, that of the Buddha. But due to the creative virtue that accompanies every true mission, carried out in fidelity to one's own deep being, over the years that message could not fail to deepen as well as his person, be enriched, "personalized" (without losing its universality). Thus Guruji's message, while faithfully echoing the eternal message of the Buddha – a message of respect, of reverence for everything that lives and for everything that serves life – took into account a unique consonance, in accordance with his equally unique personality, as well as with the particular needs and urgencies of our time. A time marked by an unprecedented spiritual crisis, and by a fearful period such as the world has never known and (I am convinced) will never know again...

Similar observations can be made, I think, for R^{amakrishna}, who (it seems) would not have "ever claimed to have contributed anything new"⁷⁰⁶. Thus, I think it can be said that this approximate but suggestive term "Instructor" implies that "the instruction" provided is new at least in certain aspects, that the message provides something that was never known or said before, at least under the particular lighting that it now has and with the clarity, the cleanliness that is its own.

For my part, I would place Marcel L'egaut among those "Instructors", among those who have provided a teaching, of a universal nature, and that (among others) concerns the conduct of each one. But I doubt that he himself sees his role and his mission in that light. Perhaps the reason is that in the Christian tradition with which he is steeped and from which he has refused to detach himself, there is a tendency to see Jesus the Christ as the only one. "Instructor" or "Illuminator" of the World. It is no less true that since before the "moment of rupture" in 1940 and still until today, it is with a spontaneous movement of "teaching", or at least of communicating an experience (in this case religious), as it seems to me that its mission has been expressed, and this long before it matured into its own originality⁷⁰⁷.

spiritual, as I specify a few lines below. It would therefore be necessary to leave aside at least Darwin, who stood on the level of pure science, as was also the case with practically all the wise men of his time (and today more than ever!). As for Riemann, who as a wise man seems to me to be of a stature no less than Darwin in power and depth, and perhaps even greater in breadth, I do not know if he truly felt himself to be the bearer of a mission that would have surpassed his role as a wise man as it is commonly perceived. I have not found anything in his written work that suggests this. What place did his metaphysical and philosophical reflections (which make me perceive him as an authentic "mutant") have in his thinking, and in the way he saw himself?)? It is true that his life was cut short in full maturity. In a man of such breadth and creativity, it is impossible to predict what paths he would have committed to if he had been allowed to live longer. He was not yet forty years old when he died, while I myself did not enter my mission until the age of forty-two or, in a more demanding perspective, forty-two. six years, and without me suspecting it myself at the time. (I was fifty-eight when my mission was finally revealed to me, through a dream...)

⁷⁰⁵See the note "Filiation and growth of a mission" (no. 64).

⁷⁰⁶This is what is said in Jean Herbert's introduction to the French version of R^{amakrishna}'s compendium, which appeared under the title "L'Enseignement de R^{amakrishna}" (Albin Michel, Spiritualités vivantes). See loc. cit. p. 8.

⁷⁰⁷The book that Teilhard seems to have considered set the tone for the whole of his philosophical work, "The

My list of mutants strikes me above all because of its extraordinary diversity. Diversity in temperaments, characters, social origin, the environment in which their mission is carried out, the education received, personal philosophy and opinions about this or that, the way of life, tastes and the inclinations... Diversity also in the nature of the missions and messages.

In all these aspects, these men cover a range of experiences, activities and attitudes that often go from one extreme to the opposite extreme. Thus Guruji comes from a poor peasant family among the poor, Kropotkin was born a prince and was educated in a brutal funerary environment.

Ramakrishna, apart from a religious education that he expanded throughout his life, was a rather uneducated man, as unintellectual as one could imagine, with little interest in reading; Rudolf Steiner, on the other hand, was undoubtedly one of the men of our time whose general culture has been the most extensive and the most profound, to the point of sometimes seeming prodigious, and in addition an intellectual to be reckoned with. which (as for Pascal in his time) thought was the highest of human faculties. It could be said, as a common trait, that each of these men had, from their youth, deep roots in the culture and traditions of their environment and their time, or at least (in the case of Felix Carrasquer) in a certain "spirit of the times" that he would have known how to channel and concentrate a lot in his being. But that is not the case of Neill, whose greatest difficulty, at the beginning, was on the contrary freeing himself from the insidious and harmful effects of a castrating religious education, and even less so that of Solvic, who in his childhood and Adolescence was a kind of "left for impossible" in a decultured and soulless consumer society.

Some of these men strike me because of their particularly pronounced "yang" (or "virile") aspects: Hahnemann, Darwin, Freud⁷⁰⁸, Steiner, Guruji, L'egaut, F'elix (Carrasquer), and to a lesser extent also Neill. . Others, on the contrary, have a strong "yin", "feminine" tonality: Whitman, Riemann, Ramakrishna, Carpenter, Krishnamurti⁷⁰⁹. Then there are so many, against the cultural pressure to which each one was exposed, decidedly affecting everyone.

In Bucke, Kropotkin, Gandhi, Teilhard, I do not distinguish a clear predominance whether yin or yang, but rather an equally strong presence of "virile" tones on the one hand and "feminine" on the other. But in none, with the sole exception perhaps of Solvic⁷¹⁰, and including those in which

Half divine", would have much more "Instructor" accents than any of L'egaut's books. But surely he would have defended himself against the assumption that he considered himself an "Instructor," even if only from Christendom.

Furthermore, for me he is very far from having, as a religious thinker and as a philosopher, the stature of L'egaut, neither in depth, nor in rigor, nor in daring. I have no doubt that with the passage of only a few generations, L'egaut will appear as the greatest Christian religious thinker of the first two millennia of our era.

⁷⁰⁸I have the impression that, as is often the case, in Freud the strongly yang tonality does not reflect so much an innate temperament as choices he made in his youth under the influence of "cultural pressure" (evoked a little more below). See in this regard a note at the foot of page 163, in the note "Two Prometheans for a Mission – or dogs, cats and men" (no. 78).

⁷⁰⁹Krishnamurti, visibly with a very pronounced yin tendency due to his initial temperament, did not stop suffering, he too, from extreme pro-yang cultural pressure. He reacted to it in a more complex way than Freud or Whitman. He overcompensated it with an exclusive emphasis on certain yin values and anathematizing their yang complements (and the three notes "The Black Beasts of the Master (1)(2)(3)", numbers 48-50, provide abundant illustration) . 'on), but in revenge he internalized at an unconscious level certain very "macho" desires and attitudes (and especially the desire for domination, tacitly placing himself far above all present or past mortals without exception on). With this he followed the superyang model of his theosophist tutor Leadbeater (who played for him the role of Superfather to be surpassed and, symbolically at least, to supplant), but with a master's degree and a very different skills! For some reflections in this sense, see in Cosechas y Siembras the note "Yang acting as yin – or the role of the Master" (CyS III, no 118), where the "yang acting as yin" does not It is not Krishnamurti (who was just the opposite), but myself. After writing, my view of Krishnamurti as a person was considerably nuanced and refined by reading, last year, his biography by Mary Lutyens, and especially the second volume "The Years". us of Realization" that I had not read before. (Appeared in 1983, while my first reading was in 1977.)

⁷¹⁰According to the memory I have of reading the book "The execution of the private Solvic", I have the impression that in Solvic there was a certain lack of the yang side, a difficulty in asserting itself, a lack of

I perceive a marked “virile” or “feminine” predominance, however I have the impression of a lack of the opposite tonality, but rather of a harmonious balance of both aspects of the person.

However, something common to all these men is that greatness is perceived in each one of them⁷¹¹. Would it make sense to affirm that one of them is “bigger” than another? However, I believe that it can be said that someone was “the greatest”, whose mission was the heaviest to carry, and in whom fidelity to his mission, once recognized, was only felt, was the most total. And I know that even more than the external obstacles that come to us “from the World”, what subjects our fidelity to ourselves to the harshest test are the dissonant voices that we hear within ourselves. , and that echo and reinforce those of the World. Those voices, in truth, are confused with our conditioned being, they adhere to us like a heavy and gregarious “second nature” that constantly wants to slow us down, align us and crush us and wisely melt us into the thick and comfortable matter...

From this perspective, the existences of Whitman, Carpenter, Freud and Neill, and also Solvic, are the ones that most attract me and make me exult, for a greatness that few men (I think) and few missions have achieved in the history of our species. The missions of the first four also seem to me to be closely supportive. The lives of these four men span a century and a half (1819-1973), and there is barely more than a century between the publication of Whitman's “Leaves of Grass” in 1855, and that of “Free Children.” of Summerhill” in 1960. A century well spent! Throughout that century, and due to the combined missions of those men and by those four existences lived in fidelity to themselves, a great gap, a gap now irreparable, opened in a fearsome Wall whose origin is lost in the night of time: that of the repression of sex.

We still lack the perspective to measure the immense scope of that advance, in the spiritual history of our species, in its painful ascension from the clumsiness of the herd towards the adventure of freedom... In a few centuries, or perhaps a thousand years, that scope will be clearly evident to everyone. And the secret and insidious temptations to abdicate their “birthright” that each of those men had to face and overcome without witnesses, in the secret of their hearts; without the promise or the hope of any “reward” whatever (if it is not that of feeling responded to an intimate and imperious demand, which was whispered to him by a voice so discreet and low...) – that naked fidelity and that faith naked were not spent in vain, during a lifetime in each of those four existences. From now on we are all the beneficiaries; If not already in possession of the fruit that they ripened for us, at least as recipients, enabled to collect it as our own, each one at the time he has chosen.

And with us our children and our grandchildren, and all those of the times to come.

(113) The commonplaces of the saints

(January 26)⁷¹² Always in an imaginative, simple and concise way that gives them their charm, Rāmakrishna's aphorisms collected by his disciples are a jumble of commonplaces

security, daring. But the firmness, without the slightest nuance of pose, that he demonstrated in the last weeks of his life is all the more remarkable. And even, given its total moral isolation, and the absence of any ideological or religious background, it is totally extraordinary and, from a simply “psychological” point of view, completely incredible! The action in it of the “Invisible Guest” has no doubt here for me – even more irrefutable, and more wonderful for that character of “impossible”, which in none of those other men so superabundantly filled by God...

⁷¹¹For different reasons, however, it is advisable to leave aside the case of Darwin (to which I will return in a later note), and that of Krishnamurti. The “greatness” that I perceive, inseparable from a quality of fidelity itself, seems to me that in the case of Krishnamurti it is limited only to a few years of his life, which I believe I can place between 1925 and 1927 (or 1928 or 1929).

⁷¹²See the reference to this note in the previous note “Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness”, page 287.

religious of all kinds that are part of the culture and the air of the times that he breathed (and that he felt obliged to express for the benefit of his disciples), together with profound and first-hand intuitions and observations, drawn from their rich religious experience or immediate divine inspiration. There is no doubt that he realized the difference better than anyone else, that it was very clear to him that what he said was situated, depending on the case, at totally different levels. One is the level of social and religious conventions, always more or less debatable (although it would not even occur to him to question them on a daily basis). He treated them with even greater ease as at his own level he clearly perceived their contingent and accessory character⁷¹³. The other is the level that could be called that of "truth"; of a truth that is only revealed (or, very exceptionally, communicated) to those who love it with passion. Visibly that was not the case of his disciples⁷¹⁴. According to what I have been able to see, they have not stopped encompassing all the Master's words indistinctly in the same click-button veneration, devoid of all discernment. It is the very common phenomenon of leveling and flattening the great messages (when they manage to overcome the wall of indifference or contempt), through pious and verbose veneration, a procedure that we find identical to this. himself under all the heavens, and not only in religion.

It is also true that the proportion of commonplaces devoid of all psychological discernment, and which often contradict and neutralize each other according to the occasions and the ready-made fantasy of the Master, seems really prohibitive in that compilation. It must be four-fifths if not nine-tenths⁷¹⁵! Unaccustomed, most of his life, to having much attention paid to what he had to say⁷¹⁶, undoubtedly in the last years of his life he did not realize, every time he opened his mouth that everything was going to be

713A typical and revealing example is R`amakrishna's attitude towards the caste system. (A system that Buddha had rejected, which is surely the reason for the resistance of the Brahmin religious caste to the implantation of Buddhism in India, and for the extinction of Buddhism in Hindu land. u until the middle of our century. See in this regard the note "The balance of faith – or the secret ways", no 65.) R`amakrishna treated the brahmins and untouchables who visited him on an equal footing. But, socially conservative like the vast majority of spiritualists, he said that for the man who had reached God there were no longer differences, and that on the contrary it was good that ordinary mortals (thus including his disciples) observed the caste prescriptions. Of course, this attitude is more than "debatable", and Gandhi (although a dithymamic admirer of R`amakrishna, whom he only knew by his reputation) was not afraid to attack prejudices head-on. of caste, facing serious political risks with both the Brahmins and the untouchables. But R`amakrishna's courage seems to me beyond doubt. Before he arrived in the odor of holiness, a good dose was needed to break the caste rules himself. But (contrary to Gandhi's case), it was not part of his mission to be a social reformer, or more precisely, a revolutionary who upset an ancient social order. (And that this order rightly seems iniquitous to us, while to him it seemed to be part of the immutable order of things, it does not change anything.)

I had to provide another message, which undoubtedly would not have been received if I had wanted to cover too much. Once again, in R`amakrishna as in any other: for each life its desire is enough...

714I have the clear impression that R`amakrishna did not realize the situation, and that he greatly overestimated the capacities for discernment and the desire for truth in his disciples. As in many spirituals, its deliberate purpose of edification has often seemed to me to go against the most basic psychological insight.

715As the disciples have collected about 1600 aphorisms or parables, there would still be (taking me literally) more than a hundred that would be substantial. That is enough to have a lot of substance, and to make R`amakrishna a great "Instructor"! I doubt that there are many books on spirituality with one tenth of true substance and only nine tenths of turnip soup.

But turnips or not, it must be stressed that R`amakrishna had nothing corny in his view of the world and people, and that his judgment is often caustic and incisive – like that of a child! Little attracted to study and of modest education, however, he did not allow himself to be deceived by the airs of importance of the learned "pandits", and he knew how to distinguish better than anyone a head full of a heart, pure, of a spirit of truth, and of the love of God. And his respect for all religions did not blind him to the flaws that so often infest religious practice: a spirit of routine, ostentation, euphoric or pompous sentimentality... In the books of Christian pity, it shocked him that it was only about sin from beginning to end! He saw Christians so obsessed by sin that they had no time (he said) to love God or to feel His love...

716It was only from 1869, in the last seven years of his life, that he had disciples. Ramakrishna died in 1886, at the age of fifty.

collected as is and immortalized as a word of the Gospel (or Veda...).

Apart from R^âmakrishna, it is in Guruji, among my mutants, where I have seemed to find the greatest proportion of commonplaces on the surface. But unlike Ramakrishna, who always remains grounded in what he says and never deviates from a certain finality tinged with a warm presence, one often has the impression that Guruji legislates, from the top of an inaccessible peak, with all the weight of an intangible authority; and this, of course, both for what seem to me to be pure and simple clichés, which remain just as true and just as false when turned around, and for the essential things that are deeply known and felt. For them, their “authority” is true, since those words are the quintessence of a life of faith and fidelity. I have noticed that R^âmakrishna and Guruji (and Solvic aside) are surely the least “intellectual” of my mutants, and I think it is no coincidence. For the “(more or less) common places” are situated at the level of ideas, of which a nuanced appreciation is largely (although not entirely) a matter of common sense, of intellectual discernment and rigor.

In general, I have the impression that the commonplace (in other words, the cliché!) is a real plague among “spiritual” people and in “spiritual” writings, including (and that’s the disconcerting thing!) those who have an authentic spiritual experience to communicate. Perhaps this comes from the common tendency, so deeply rooted in customs, to not adhere to the testimony of experience (a testimony that is often absent), or to hold such testimony in little regard (and even as arrogant), and instead, put on the pose of “Master”, of “He who knows”. This tendency is all the stronger, surely, the greater the ascendancy over others, whether due to the effect of a true spiritual irradiation or for any other cause (which we will gladly confuse with such irradiation). I confirm that the circle of disciples and worshipers is the most disastrous temptation of the spiritual. His disciples are like the swamp with which God surrounds them to test them, and there are few who do not sink in it without return, and perhaps not one does not get entangled in it a little⁷¹⁷. It is assumed that the “Master (nobility oblige!) has an answer for everything (are we going to take away from the disciples, their legitimate expectations...?). Since personal experience is not enough, the numerous holes are filled in with the usual, graciously provided by the famous “air of the times”; but this time, in the Master’s mouth, he suddenly finds himself haloed with incomparable authority! Here, if I’m not mistaken, is the silly psychological cause of the disconcerting invasion of the usual-easy cliche in spiritual literature, including those that pass for to be (sometimes rightly) “great spirituals.”

Among the eighteen mutants on my list, there are ten that I see as “spiritual”: Whitman, Ramakrishna, Bucke, Carpenter, Steiner, Gandhi, Teilhard, Guruji, Krishnamurti, L’egaut. They are not the first to pass by, that’s for sure, and yet! There are only four of them in which I have not seen occasionally raising clichés with an infallible air⁷¹⁸. They are the “non-denominational trio”

⁷¹⁷This realization shows me to what extent the successive collapse of my two community experiences, in 1972 and then in 1973, no matter how harsh and bitter each time the blow was, has been, without me realizing it, a liberation. On providential. Well, if any of those attempts at “new life” had turned out to be a success, we can bet that it would end up becoming an “ashram”, in which I would have seen myself locked in that everlasting role of “Master” that I was waiting around the corner and, in some ways (needless to say!), I was doing like a glove! Thus, instead of teaching, for fifteen years I have had all the freedom, and the silence and solitude, to learn. (For a first retrospective reflection on the two community episodes in question, see the section “Knight of the New Life”, no. 63.)

⁷¹⁸Perhaps it is strange not to see me include Krishnamurti among the spirituals “without clichés.” It is a fact that Krishna Murti had the great merit of demystifying a good number of clichés common in religious and moralizing discourse since the dawn of time. Perhaps it was at that level where his work proved most useful. Unfortunately, the scope of that work was weakened by the egocentric inclinations of the Master, which pushed him (unknowingly, certainly) to make his own clichés, labeled “Teachings”, and that they simply go against the previous ones and are just as sterile. Thus, it implies that “God” would always and everywhere be a pure invention of the human spirit, and that any alleged experience “of God” or “mystical”, etc. it would always be

Whitman-Bucke-Carpenter (subtracted from the overwhelming influence of a religious tradition), and L'egaut. It is in L'egaut, and after him in Carpenter, where I have found greater rigor, and a total absence of self-complacency. A real breath of fresh air!

(114) Mutants (6): mutants and sex – or the fully free man is neither today nor yesterday

(January 27)719 Yesterday I ended up evoking the convergent missions of Whitman, Carpenter, Freud and Neill, which open an “irreparable” breach in the ancient wall of the repression of sex.

Missions also as different as can be imagined due to the form they take in each of those four men. It can only be said that Carpenter was a follower (and even a “realizer”) of Whitman, and to a lesser extent, Neill a follower, a “realizer” of Freud.

Apart from that, there does not seem to be mutual influence or mutual contacts between them⁷²⁰. Nor does it seem that the mission of any of them has had direct repercussions on those of any other of “my mutants.” If some have nevertheless suffered some influence on themselves, it would only be through a more or less unconscious process of “cultural impregnation”, and especially via the new ideas of psychoanalysis, which begin to be part of the cultural “air of the times” at least from the 1920s onwards. More or less Krishnamurti⁷²¹, L'egaut, F'elix, that is to say (leaving aside Solvic, for whom the question does not even arise) the last three on my list in the previous note, must have been affected. In none of these three men is there any trace of prudery towards sex, and even, in L'egaut⁷²² and especially in F'elix, we find an openness in this aspect that did not exist in practically any person. even in the last century. We can think that this “air of the times” has not been foreign, and that among countless other men and women have benefited (perhaps without much realizing it, no more than I myself realized) from the spiritual work of Freud and also, in an even more hidden way, of men like Whitman, Carpenter and Neill.

pre a pure product of the imagination of the interested party. (Except, it must be said, those of the Master himself, who simply by being careful - you have to think about everything - reveals the words he declares anathemas...) I evoke that “play of power” of Krishnamurti, who has profoundly falsified his message. and almost completely sterilized its mission, in a footnote on page 295 in the following note.

719Continuation of the penultimate note, “The Mutants (4): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness.”

720I doubt that Freud was aware of any of the other three, and it is possible that Neill did not hear Whitman's name, although he probably did hear that of his compatriot Carpenter. On the other hand, Carpenter, who was well informed about the culture of his time, had an idea of Freud's work and cited it in his autobiography, as having provided a better understanding of the sexual misery of women of the good society of his time.

721Krishnamurti, who had for his part rediscovered the escape mechanisms that Freud had discovered with astonishment at the end of the previous century (see on this subject “The most absurd fact...”, section ‘on no 56, 70 a), and in his almost obsessive concern to distance himself from all pre-existing knowledge he is careful, whenever the opportunity arises, to imply (and without ever naming it) that psychoanalysis “and all that” is empty talk. He even takes this game of paradox to the limit of decreeing (with that calm and sovereign authority that is the secret of his ascendancy over a certain spiritualizing public...) that the Unconscious, that is a pure fiction of the spirit eager to “divide” the psyche into “conscious” and “unconscious”, while in reality it is (as it should) one and indivisible. On the part of one who has truly seen “the absurd fact” of the universal flight, it really had to be!

In such enormities bordering on ineptitude (and there are quite a few in him), I distinguish a desire for power (certainly unconscious!) that is given free rein, and that I have perceived many times in the past year: “I can afford to Say whatever you want, no matter how foolish it may be – and it will be taken up as a word of the Gospel!” In the short term he wins the bet – his biography by Mary Lutyens is eloquent testimony to this. But in the long term, with that type of egotic infantilism he has sterilized his own mission. In fifty years his name will be forgotten, or known only as that of a “Messiah-Instructor” who (among many others) decidedly went awry...

722By temperament, one has the impression that L'egaut is half a monk, and that he has founded a family not out of carnal or sentimental inclination, but out of obedience to the demands of his mission. Who wanted to test his intuition (which went against an ancient Christian tradition) that marriage and parenthood, including carnal experience, are an essential part of man's spiritual adventure, and necessary (with rare exceptions) for their inner deepening.

Among the other mutants "after Freud", in Gandhi and Guruji, there is no trace of prudishness⁷²³, which is most notable since it is rare among the "spirituals". The opposite occurs with Steiner and Teilhard, in whom I believed I observed a more or less complete silence on this delicate subject. In the Steiner schools they practice a kind of "benevolent repression"⁷²⁴, doing what they can with the students to sublimate the impulses that are a little too strong and too carnal towards the ineffable regions of innocent pastel colors.

However, I suppose that in the 300 volumes of the Complete Works of the Master, sex is mentioned more than once in passing, if only to assure us that we do not have to blush for its existence, and that it is there, of course, to be sublimated into spiritual essences⁷²⁵. But I have the impression that he, Steiner, the universal man "and all that" wherever there was one, until the end of his days (1925) managed to totally ignore the existence of a Sigmund Freud, and the birth, at the end of the last century, of a psychological science. Incredible but true! As for Teilhard, I bet whatever you want that the word "sex" is not pronounced in his entire work. (On the other hand, the word "sin" will be found abundantly...) It must be said in his defense that in the skeletons that come to us from the distant 'synanthropic eras before Eden' no trace is found. ..

Among the "pre-Freud" mutants on my list, apart from Whitman, and his faithful friends and companions Bucke and Carpenter, I don't see any in whom one gets the impression of a particular openness towards sex, or a certain intuition of the immense role of the love experience in the spiritual adventure. Two of them, Ramakrishna and Kropotkin, would rather resent the invasive (or embarrassing) impulse. Kropotkin the revolutionary has an air no less stuck about the thing than the well-thinking and distinguished spiritualists Steiner and Teilhard. As for R^amakrishna, he in no way has a stuck air, he even speaks about sex often and, I believe, freely, but also on a declared war footing: "distrust "the woman" (or "the male", as the case may be) like the plague, just like the ridiculous and despicable pleasures of the flesh..." It is true that pampered as he was by his Divine Mother, it was not difficult for him to say it with his mouth! girl! The disciples did what they could to live up to the Master's recommendations, and by dint of asceticism and meritorious efforts they were entitled, like him, to the incomparable favors of their Kali.

The only ones of our mutants that have not yet been included in this lightning magazine of relations with Eros are Hahnemann, Darwin and Riemann, about whom I have nothing clear what to say, due to lack of information. on. If it is not the strange adventure (or misadventure) of Hahnemann, almost 80 years old (1835) and conquered from among his own people in a coup, by the charming and daring Parisian adventurer Marie M'elanie d'Herville who was then thirty. right away

723In Gandhi, one notices a temperament close to the body, tender, sensual, and he speaks freely of that side of his nature, in his remarkable autobiography "The Story of my Experience of the Truth." In this he is clearly distinguished from Guruji, who always appears to us in the light of a born ascetic. Guruji's open-mindedness on sex (discussed in the note "Fujii Guruji (1) – or the sense of the essential", no. 60 and especially page 113) is all the more remarkable.

In the last two or three decades of Gandhi's life, the moralizing attitude that he developed in his role as "Mahatma" unfortunately ended up also fading his attitude towards sexuality, to the point sometimes to make you blind to reality. Thus, he insisted that the necessary birth control in India be done through voluntary continence, excluding the use of contraceptives (certainly more effective, but apparently much less moral...).

724Neill considers (and no doubt not without reason) such "benevolent repression" to be even more harmful than the most brutal repression, since it deactivates in advance the healthy reactions of revolt, and increases the even more the weight of bad conscience vis-à-vis the thoughts or acts so benevolently prohibited. (And such is surely the unconscious intention that animates said "benevolence".)

725And it is surely true that the ultimate goal of the sexual impulse is to be thus sublimated into spiritual energy. But one thing at a time! For some, today is the time to sublimate the impulse, to grow spiritually. For others it may be a thousand years from now. Wanting to squeeze the fruit when it is green, or when it is still in flower, or in the seed from which neither the stem nor the trunk has yet sprouted, is a disaster. And that disaster is what is called "re-pressure" (benevolent or not)...

He took him to Paris (after a lightning wedding in second marriages), where this old man with austere habits found himself surrounded by lackeys in livery and began to ride in a carriage, as in a fairy tale. fairies M'elanie-Carabosse, and how well it suited her (according to said fairy M'elanie) to such a high eminence. That was the ambiguous coronation, with a luxurious and springy honeymoon that enveloped his last eight years (always equally active), of a long existence as a solitary fighter, which he spent above all in a heroic poverty, often on the verge of misery (and supported by his brave Johanna, who gave him ten children...). The fairy tale ends and reveals his other face, a sombre face, in his last illness – the tender husband and lover turned into a helpless hostage at the hands of the gentle M'elanie, implacably separated from those who loved him. and they venerated him, from his friends, from his... No one will ever know what his last days and his last moments were like, in a t-tete-a-ttete with his almighty angel. guardian. There was no public or private announcement of his death or funeral. He was buried in a public tomb in Montmartre nine days after his death, on July 11, 1843. In an ancient coffin that the gravediggers barely managed to kick into the crowded grave. Under a downpour, in a hurry and with little company, without flowers or crowns, without blessing or prayer, or singing, or goodbye, without condolences, without smiles, without tears. Away with the sets, the floods of light – the show is over! And the gravediggers are in a hurry...

This small survey among the mutants is very appropriate to illustrate that each one of them, apart from what they bring new and which is the object of their mission vis-à-vis the World, and no matter how eminent that contribution may be, And no matter how attractive and even admirable or prestigious he may be in himself, he is no less subject than others to the conditions of his environment and his time. Sometimes and in certain aspects less, but sometimes also more than is common in the media that, in their time, pass for enlightened. In this case and putting aside the poker of precursors-breakers-of-gap Whitman-Carpenter-Freud-Neill: it is "less" for Hah nemann, Bucke, Gandhi, Guruji, L'egaut, F'elix and perhaps so also for Krishnamurti in his maturity, and perhaps it is rather "more" for R`amakrishna, Kropotkine, Steiner, Teilhard. I don't know about Darwin, Riemann, Solvic, where I have to limit myself to making assumptions.

But even among the intrepid "breakers", the repression that they have come to break has not failed to leave deep marks on them, which I have made an effort to capture in their proper place. And I doubt there is anyone alive on earth today who is not still affected in some way, even among the most "liberated" among us. And I would be very careful not to take as a "model" any of them, nor the Buddha himself or Jesus called the Christ, and I would not encourage anyone to do so⁷²⁶; but rather to make full-hearted use of all our lights, to try to discern each one what best contributes in order to nourish us, and to carefully separate it from the dead weight of the packaging.

All of us are on the path to freedom, "we", the entire species, and also each one of us according to our own path, through multiple paths mysteriously converging and intertwined with each other. And perhaps sometimes, in some rare moments, some of us know total freedom – a foretaste of the Kingdom of God on earth, of the limitless Field of Freedom. But the completely free man, free during his entire life, is neither today nor yesterday. It is outlined on a still distant horizon. The distance that separates us from him, in centuries or in millennia (or in millions of years?), no one knows.

The fully free man will be a living embodiment of the Look of God on the

726Even if by a miracle a "fully liberated" being already existed or had existed, in the sense that will be discussed in a moment, it would nevertheless be sterile to want to "take him as a model", that is, to try to imitate him. For the acts of a man take their meaning and their value from the inner state of the one who performs them. Assuming that we can imitate external acts, they lose meaning and value due to that attitude of imitation, of inauthenticity, which is not the one in which they were initially carried out. We have to realize and accept the fact of our uniqueness, and the responsibility that this implies to find for ourselves the "just" acts that correspond at each moment to the unique and perpetually evolving being that we are.

change of the World, based on the changing "place" that is the soul of that man and the body that it inhabits. It is a "God's Point of View", a "living angle" from which God directs His Gaze on Creation being formed from the distant origin of time. There are no longer walls, barriers, earmuffs or perhaps fog that limit the free and sovereign path of the gaze that travels and probes and that, seeing, encourages the voice that expresses and the hand that acts.

Such is the free man that is gestating in you, in me and in each one – the free Citizen of the Kingdom of tomorrow.

(115) Solvic (1) – or naked greatness (January 28 and

29)727 While it is true that all the mutants on my list⁷²⁸ are as different from each other as you can imagine, Solvic⁷²⁹, he is still It was more different than the others!

Social status: the others, if not by extraction at least by their activities and by the consideration they enjoyed in life (by some, at least), were part of what we can call the "relevant part" of society: doctors, educators, wise men, religious people, writers, poets, thinkers... Each one decanted into his being and made a substantial cultural heritage bear fruit, or what he saw fit to take from it. and let it grow in him. None of that for Solvic. In his adolescence he was the more or less lost boy, a young delinquent probably due to an excess of emptiness, in a no man's land of urban deculturalization, in any arid and suffocating neighborhood of an inhuman megacity (New York). , if I remember correctly...). Without roots in the terrain of a "culture" worthy of that name, in the family, in a tradition... However, she ended up carving out a niche for herself, with a regular job and no stories, a little woman the one I wanted very much – happiness! And westerns, I imagine, once or twice a week. (Happy those times when there was no television...) That was his life, his horizon.

The image and idea one has of oneself and one's place in the Universe: others are clearly aware of their mission, or at least (thinking of Darwin and Riemann) of having a role in the World , of something that they contribute and that they are the only ones to contribute. Each one of them knows themselves to be unique, valuable, and in a certain way, irreplaceable. Solvic, 'he is a being who feels part of an anonymous mass, and asks nothing more than to melt into it without stories and, if possible, without being very unhappy. There are people who are more or less elevated or powerful or famous (while he is at the bottom...), but even the very notion that someone could have a "mission"

727(January 30) This note can be seen as a continuation of the previous note (from the day before) "Mutants (6): the fully free man is neither from today nor from yesterday", or also in the note "Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness" (no. 112), from the day before yesterday. Likewise, it is a natural continuation of the reflection of the note "The execution of soldier Solvic – or the crime of the just" (no. 70, of November 5 and 8), and it could be read, without another transition, immediately after this one. The references to the other "mutants" at the beginning of this note are accessory and also intelligible without knowing these mutants in detail.

This note has become a kind of reconstruction of Solvic's spiritual itinerary, in the last crucial weeks of his life. I have made this reconstruction using memory as the only direct material

I have a fairly vague impression of the impression that reading the book on Solvic made on me (cited in note 70). I read it in 1955, more than thirty years ago, at a time when I was far from being mature enough to appreciate the scope of Solvic's strange adventure and to understand its meaning. However, I believe that in the deep Unconscious there must have been some prescience, at least, of that scope and that sense, a prescience that only now takes shape, with the meditation of these two days. It is likely that comparing this meditation with the text of the report "The execution of the private Solvic" (which I just mentioned) will reveal a number of errors of detail. I am also aware that such a reconstruction cannot be, at most, more than a very simplified outline of the most essential features of a considerably more complex psychological reality, which escapes us. However, I have the intimate conviction that meditation has made me really unravel its "most essential traits" that until now had remained half hidden from me, before the work of yesterday and the day before yesterday. They made them appear to me in full light. This work has consisted, not in "inventing" a "certain Solvic", but in apprehending inch by inch, as with an attentive, light and circumspect hand, an already present reality that insistently asked me to know it.

728For that list, see note 112 that has just been cited.

729For Solvic, see the penultimate footnote.

to fulfill in the World, that must have been almost totally foreign to him. And that he himself could, in some way, be the bearer of a mission and, if only in that capacity, be not an epsilon among millions of other similar ones, but a unique, irreplaceable being, bearer of a great secret no less authentic, no less poignant and fruitful, than that of an ancient drama surrounded by the halo of immortality – such a supposition, surely, would have seemed totally crazy.

Finally, the character: the others have a strongly established character, rooted in a culture and in the faith in themselves, matured by the constantly renewed experience of a rich and fully assumed life, and also for a fidelity, often hard to bear, and for the fruitful trials that accompany it. The feminine forces and qualities of her being are as vigorous as her male spouses, and both unfold in harmonious nuptials. Solvic feels like a “failure” who has barely recovered, and only asks to forget a past that he feels is not very glorious. Lacking a meaning that directs his life, he lacks firmness, security, and a “compass”.

If he had not finally been lucky enough to find a woman and a job, who can say where he would have let himself be dragged? And which of us, if we had known him, feeling more graceful and despite the sympathy that this young man perhaps inspired in us, would not have looked at him from above, or with some shade of condescension?

Boy without roots, without a compass, without a solidly formed character, with no other purpose in existence than to go unnoticed and have no stories – that is Solvic. And suddenly he finds himself trapped, without warning, by a gigantic war machine – a machine that levels and parades in impeccable formations tens of millions of thinking and sentient beings, transformed, by virtue of the strange label “soldier”, in so many gears and belts of transmission and execution of the same grandiose carnage: discipline, advancement, sacred duty, excellent morale... – today a heroic massacre (to we the medals!), tomorrow heroic massacred... They are all there, my little Solvic, standing at attention (yes my lieutenant!), those from the factories and those from the fields, the pen-takers and the errand boy, and the doctors, the lawyers, the artists, the wise men, there are small ones, there are big ones, there are for the troops, there are for the ranch, what does it matter? Not counting the priests, the pastors, the priests (if they are lucky they will be chaplains...), with the blessing of the congregation, the bishops and the popes. Everyone, everyone is there! There are millions and they are “Everyone” and they are very warm because there are so many...

That machine that has crushed them all and stuffed them into the same martial mold standing at attention (fifty million brave people trapped in the same delirium of mechanical carnage...) – only He would make a micro-butcher of that young man who disembarked so fresh, in the fighting of the last quarter of an hour in a lost corner of the Vosges – ten thousand kilometers from his house!

And that is where the unthinkable, the miracle of miracles, occurs: that modest little boy, not very sure of himself, without roots, without ideal, without religion, without God, without anything, alone in the middle of a immense, of an unimaginable delirium – manages to pass through the implacable machine! It is not devoured or crushed or molded.

I would not say that “he remains the same”; who is still the little boy trapped in the great war, with dizzying challenges that surpass him. The one that the officers in charge of his “case” believe they have seen in him, attesting to the lackluster antecedents in my opinion, and in view of his humble and embarrassed and unmilitary airs... No, that boy was like a suit he had put on by mistake, a long time ago. It wasn't him, whatever he himself, and everyone who knew him much or little, might have thought. Absolutely! He does not “remain the same”, for the simple reason, perhaps, that the one whom a strange wind had carried there, to that “hot spot” of the Vosges, truly He was not “the same”.

He had to do his best, Solvic, to “get the tone” in that new and strange universe in which, suddenly, he found himself thrown, he didn't know why or how. Nothing rebellious, not that! I wanted to do it right, the parades, the salutes and all that, during the lightning drill in a glittering and crowded barracks, before sending them to the other side of the sea, to that corner I had never heard of. ‘ia

heard the name. Nothing to contradict, no, he wanted to do what he was told, he had the habit, what do you think! Then there was the "baptism of fire", as they say. It must have been a blow of violence

unheard of, beyond words. I know I can't get an idea, having not experienced such a blow – not of that kind, at least. He did not make a shell, to lock himself inside and not feel what was happening and what he was doing (or was supposed to be doing). For that courage you will be blessed forever! That accepted blow to the face, with all its savagery, its unthinkable violence, changed everything. Solvic then saw what was happening, the kind of work that was expected of him. And he knew, as he had never known anything before in his life: that job, that was not for him.

He didn't talk to anyone about what really happened to him then. And who would he have spoken to? He could only have talked about it with himself, and he didn't need it. The essential thing happened without words or thoughts. (Although later I had to explain it as best I could. But what "explained" was the "result", the external result, not the heart of the thing...)

There was a shock, rising from the depths of his being. And he obeyed what came forth from the depths. He knew then that what counted for him above all, more than orders and ranks and more than the entire world, was that shock that changed everything, and what it said to him without words. In that knowledge, in that new and painful security, is where he found himself. In the total solitude of the being, facing a strange and crazy world. In that moment of extreme stress about to break him, he found himself – who he really was.

He knew then, with sudden, total, and (by virtue of his total faithfulness) forever indelible clarity: in that carnage, I have no part – I am a stranger. That sudden knowledge, that flash of light coming from Elsewhere was his baptism. At that moment he was finally born. He was born spiritually, he was born to the knowledge of himself. The soul suddenly became aware of itself.

It was an act of naked knowledge. And in the following weeks and until the end, in that man there is only a naked fidelity, a naked greatness. They are not burdened with any suit, ragged or elegant, of any bargain. The intellect, the ideology, the egotic forces of identification (which mold "in a chain" so many "heroes" to fill our ossuaries...) have no part. Solvic does not brandish, overnight, humanitarian or moralizing speeches, nor subversive or revolutionary ones, contrary to the clichés in times of war.

He is not the martyr of any cause that could have exalted him, given him a spring, a plume. He does not preach or even suggest to his comrades or officers: you are wrong to do what you do! I don't think it would even occur to them that they, all those educated and well-placed people who should know well what they had to do, were "wrong" to do it. It must have been very far from such unthinkable daring! Ultimately, whether they were wrong or not was none of his business. But he knew, with a clarity like he had never known before, that he, Solvic, "would be wrong" to participate in that. That doing so would be neither more nor less than killing oneself – the one who had just been born, the newborn. And I also knew that I wouldn't do it. Whatever happened...

He, so shy, so worried about going unnoticed, about doing like everyone else (what I call the "suit", which was certainly going to stick to him until the end...), that made him in a delicate situation, and even terribly hard to assume. In short, he had to say clearly to all those great, haughty and regal gentlemen that, for some strange reason, he was different from everyone else. What he was asked to do, he "couldn't" do. He didn't boast about it, you know, and probably even sincerely regretted it. (or the "suit", at least, I regretted it...)

Always in an almost apologetic tone, of being different, of being what he is, is how he addresses his superiors, orally and in writing, to humbly explain to them that "he can't." It has all the forms of the almost shameful confession (but only almost...) of a weakness that, alas! I couldn't help it. But behind that humility, which, clearly, has nothing to do with feigning, there is an astonishing firmness. That is what makes him remove the cables that are laid out to him one by one.

(I would almost say: gently!), to make him deny in a moment of panic, on my faith! human and excusable, when morality is there to overcome it. (A few weeks in the bag to keep up appearances, and we sponge off...) That humble, seamless firmness is what, stage after stage, will take him to the wall – as alone as no being can. He was never, banished (it might seem) by all humanity, to die a death that, in the eyes of everyone (as far as I know) is a “coward's death”...

It is true that, encouraged by the irrefutable justice of the inner demand that pushed him, and also by a kind of naive, almost filial trust, if not in an understanding, at least in a simple sense of what is human in his superiors, he was very far at the beginning (I think) from suspecting what awaited him at the end. But it is also true that at the beginning, the officials in charge of the matter did not yet have the disposition to want their skin at any price, “to set an example.” Benevolent warnings were not lacking: realize, little friend, a little too emotional, that we are in a state of war! Desertion in the face of the enemy, that is not liked. And if we still do not have a law planned for that, in a state of war it is we, the officers, who make it, the law...

The extraordinary thing here is that at no time did he try to zigzag. Clearly it was not a question of “saving one's skin.” It was not fear that drove him, but rather an unimaginable security that, once perceived, was rather the officers who were going to “panic.” If it had been to save his skin, he would have had ample opportunity to rectify the shot, seeing where his “insubordination” or “desertion” (sic) could lead him. He could always retract his written statement, to buy time. Just as he could take refuge in a good depression, a crisis of *a'upa* madness. In cases of extreme stress like the one I had just gone through, you don't even have to pretend. The consent to the great game is unconscious, and the Unconscious takes care of the rest. Seeing one of their brave fighters who had gone crazy, they would not have continued (crazy people are not shot...) – they would have evacuated him from the front immediately (and without publicity), waiting to send him back to his home as soon as possible, and with tweezers: useless in perpetuity! The army would have been very careful not to request his services again, neither in time of war nor in time of peace.

No, at no time did the idea of “compromising” to free himself occur to him. However, he still had weeks to live, alone in his cell, where he had nothing else to do but meditate on his situation, in light of the information he received about what was being plotted around him. Their case”. He visibly knew that his path was not to compromise, to “save his head.”

Whatever happens!

Here I also see a naked strength, without any support that comes from the ego. Nor any trace of a heroic posture, before an imaginary or symbolic public, however small it may be, or even if it is only before that one who so likes to aggrandize itself. How could the idea of some “heroism” or “greatness” come to you? Rather, he saw himself in a damned situation, of course, without really having looked for it (whatever the increasingly angry officers may say...). Well, what he had done to get himself into that predicament, he knew he had to do it whether he wanted to or not, he couldn't do anything else.

He was already united to the Voice, to the inner demand in him, to the point that the thought of not obeying it never came to him.

And what was the Voice telling him? Clearly it wasn't: do your best not to return to that nerve-wracking, neck-breaking thing you once let yourself be dragged into! If that had been the case, he would not have failed to manage in one way or another. He would not have been shot – the first and only shooting in the history of the American Army! And neither I nor anyone else would have heard of him.

And I see well now that what the Voice asked him was to testify. The testimony of naked fidelity: I am not made for those things. Sorry gentlemen, do whatever you want on your part, including me, the black sheep. What you do is up to you and whatever it is I will not take it into account. Do your job – mine is to bear witness.

Surely the word “testimony” never came to him, like a motherly hand on a

burning forehead. Surely the Voice spoke to him without words, and it is without words that he listened to what She told him. Words, even just thought, are a comfort, like a brotherly hand that supports you on a rough and painful path.

Someone loves you more than a mother or brother or living soul has ever loved you, has wanted you to walk your lonely path without help, to the end where an ignominious death awaits you. Someone who knows you much better than you have ever known yourself knew that you were strong enough not to need help. The harder the path, the greater the testimony and the fruitful strength that emanates from it. Also greater is the purification and elevation of the soul that runs through it.

That lonely path, Solvic, that path without witnesses, you have not traveled in vain. Not in vain for you, who have become great by traveling through it, humbly and without fainting (in mute faith, without god and without creed...) – until the end where the bitter cup awaited you. And not in vain for us who live today (like you before) in a world of blood and fire. Not for our children and their children. They will know a better world! For you have sown without knowing it, in the nakedness of your faith and without expecting a reward. And we are all heirs of that rare seed, called to make it germinate.

(116) Solvic (2) – or the wonder of Calvary (January 30 and

31)730 The more I think about Solvic's adventure, the more it strikes me because of its extraordinary, "wonderful" character. I would even say: because of its providential nature, and in the strong sense of the term, "miraculous." Perhaps we still lack the delicate sensitivity to perceive that kind of miracle, when it occurs before our eyes – instead of seeing (when we see something) a kind of regrettable "blur". Our clumsiness, or that flatness of being, is what makes us retreat into coarser "miracles" to feed a sense of the marvelous that has been pruned and degraded since childhood: the "miracles" of Epinal that abound in the imagination. on religious⁷³¹, or, in our days, the laughable "miracles" of technology, those fool-catchers of the sorcerer's apprentices that we are...

When, more than thirty years ago, I read the book "The execution of the private Solvic", I was more than half sunk in that clumsiness. But no matter how clumsy I was then, I still already had a dark and diffuse perception of the extraordinary nature of the events I was reading about, due to that cohort of live testimonies, of overwhelming realism. A perception, or a prescience, that was manifested by a particular emotion – as if that stinging message had something particular to tell me, and I was too deaf or too distracted to hear it. For that I would have had to stop a little in my forward race, listen. Those ears were well covered by the burden of preconceived ideas and push-button attitudes. Just as must have been the case for more or less all readers of that stinging story, in my conscious perception I then remained at the level of simple "suspense", and that of a desolate indignation in bloom. of skin, of lament: for the one and only time that they shot one of their own, it was exactly the one that was not needed! This lament is what is expressed in the letter that I wrote to my mother still "in the heat", where I talk to her about that reading that had shocked me enough to dedicate almost a page to it (!), before moving on to the agenda. There there is nothing more than the echo of a totally mechanical reaction, devastated by a blur, frustrated by a "happy end". I had made the most of my twenty-six cents in total, without having to bother going to the movies...

And yet, although I forget almost everything, the impressions of that reading have remained fresh as if it were yesterday. Not the material details, since I have forgotten most of them.

Just the essential impressions, barely covered by the mechanical ups and downs. The ones that are everything. Those of which I didn't say a word in my letter...

730Continuation of the previous note "Solvic (1) – or naked greatness".

731Compare the comments in the note "Miracles and Reason", no. 11.

Human clumsiness is tenacious, it doesn't leave us just like that! Even last November, in the note on the Mahatma in which he evoked "the mass grave of those who were shot"⁷³², when the memory of a reading came back to me, a very distant faith, and there was in I take this suggestion, as a dubious question more than an order: "it is very abstract and it is very empty, that grave, you should put someone in it, right?" – began to turn a deaf ear. Hush! I had already spent too much time with those three notes that did not end, about the great Mahatma - I was not going to embark on detailed explanations about a kind of stupid and devastating military "miscellaneous fact", during the last war, of the that an illustrious stranger had been the victim whose name he barely remembered! But there was nothing to do, and I had to take care of it. And when I finished it, the little note (not a footnote), three cleanly typed pages (there was no way to make it shorter), I knew I hadn't wasted my time..

Yes, I learned something that day – something I neglected to learn thirty-two years ago. Something not ordinary about that "illustrious stranger" (I remembered his name while walking the road). And for the same reason, perhaps, I relearned something about myself: that clumsiness (very ordinary on the contrary, and very familiar to me!). And also, without realizing it much even in those days, something about the ways of God. When writing those pages is when for the first time my eyes began to open to what was wonderful in the "sad story" that I was evoking.

But that had to continue working. Two weeks later, when writing the first of the notes dedicated to the "mutants", I still had to overcome a good dose of inertia to include the "little friend" Solvic in such select company⁷³³! Of course, the idea that I had to return to it, after a whole note that I had already devoted to it (a note, it is true, that I felt was more loaded with meaning perhaps than any other another that I had already written...), that idea would not have come to me. I thought I had finished the visit. It began to emerge in recent days, when I realized, in my "magazine" of the famous mutants assembled in their entirety, to what extent Solvic, in all aspects, distinguished himself from all those such distinguished men – the black sheep to the end, in short! I felt like something was still being stolen, something was escaping me. That impression began to emerge only three days ago: it appears in the note in which I make a first quick overview of the "range of mutants", in a footnote a year ago. nothing at the last minute⁷³⁴. At that moment it was clear that I would still have to dot a few I's, in the "Solvic case", if only for myself – without dwelling too much, of course. The appropriate place would be the beginning of a note in which I talk (among others?) about the attitude of my mutants towards the war. (One of my "test questions", neurological if ever there has been one, to decide: are we on the same side, him and I? Solvic definitely is...)

But even leaving the "war" aside, Solvic's extraordinary story is also a no less extraordinary lesson – a lesson full of lessons. What strikes me most about her at this moment, and what finally came to fruition with yesterday's reflection, is this. (That I already "knew" before in many ways, but now I know better, even more deeply...) The little things, the limitations of all kinds, even the supposed "flaws" Emotional or other, although they constitute a serious handicap, more or less heavy from one person or from one moment to another, they are not, however, absolute obstacles to the full display of the latent greatness in each one. They do not prevent the emergence in us and the total realization of a great mission (although we do not suspect, not even in dreams, the silent presence of a mission rooted in being...).

Quite the contrary! When we rise to total fidelity to ourselves (and that option

⁷³²See the note "The Mahatma in uniform – a tribute to the unknown non-soldier" (no. 67), especially page 131, the reference to the first of the notes (no. 70) dedicated to Solvic, "The execution of soldier Solvic – or the crime of the just."

⁷³³See in this regard a note at the foot of page 176, in the note "The Mutants (1): the ballet of the mutants" (no. 85).

⁷³⁴See a note at the foot of page 291, in the note "Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness" (no. 112).

is open to all without exception⁷³⁵), those same handicaps, overcome as they are by that fidelity (with the invisible help of Grace, of the Action of God in us that that fidelity infallibly calls...), since then they are like so many other voices that powerfully testify to that ignored greatness, like so many other shadows in a masterpiece that add depth and mystery to the extreme clarities and the warm lights.^s Those things, surely, were understood by

Jesus when he tells us that “the last will be the first.” Because of Solvic’s humble condition and poor appearance, because of everything that makes him seem (even in his own eyes) humble and low, and even because of his previous shortcomings – because of everything that makes him out of place in such a select group. company (like a naked man out of place among the well-dressed...) – for all that its greatness, once it emerges from the darkness in which it remained enveloped, appears in a totally different dimension. That’s why I’m amazed, I love the witness so far away. That is why in my eyes he is revealed as “the greatest” among those men of faith, those intrepid fighters and tireless sowers who were all great in fidelity to themselves.

I wasn’t thinking especially about Solvic⁷³⁶ when I was writing four or five days ago, at lunch tar the “fan of mutants”, which

“... that is “the greatest”, whose mission was the heaviest to bear, and in whom fidelity to his mission, once recognized or only sensed, was the most ‘as total...

Or more precisely, as I finished writing those lines, my thoughts touched Solvic, to notice in passing that, also there, “it happened” – what I had just formulated with such extreme care was not It applied, however, to him. Not as is, at least. So I didn’t dwell on it.

Now I would say that his mission was even heavier to carry than that of any of the others, due to the fact that in his situation it was even excluded that his mission could be “recognized!” I only sensed it” by him! That precious consolation of a knowledge, or at least a dark prescience of his mission, was not for him. He who loves him more than he could ever love himself, did not want his perfect faith to be lowered and to rely on any consolation...

If it is true that all fidelity, at the same time as a fidelity itself and inseparably from this, is a fidelity to its mission, the latter remained in Solvic (probably until the end) totally ignored. And his fidelity to himself was carried out in such a dispossession that he should not have known her even by name! Faithful without knowing it, without any support or comfort in such knowledge, his faithfulness is all the greater, beyond, perhaps, everything we can imagine or conceive. And (I have no doubt about that): the more powerful and the more fruitful is its effectiveness on the spiritual plane.

And these are not pretty words, but the exact expression of an intimate conviction that had just been formed, like one of the fruits ripened during the meditation of these last few weeks, when I finished yesterday’s by confirming that “we are all heirs” of the sowing that that faithful man did, in the last weeks of his life. Arduous sowing, painful sowing, and even through that ordeal, fully assumed, wonderful sowing. Sowing no less wonderful than the path of Jesus’ Cross, that man of whom he was, certainly without suspecting it and without having known him, more than a disciple: a follower. Yes, and a “continuer” both

735That the option of fidelity is open to all is one of the many forms of one of the most insistent themes, which is found in filigree throughout the entire Key of Dreams . For one of his avatars, see the section “Man is creative – or the power and fear of creating” (no. 44).

736For the quote that follows, see the aforementioned note 112 (penultimate footnote), page 291. When writing those lines, I was thinking above all of Whitman, Carpenter, Freud, Neill and in their convergent missions (of “gap-openers” in the repression of sex). In the paragraph that follows the aforementioned lines, I refer to the existences of those four men, adding in periphrasis: “and also that of Solvic”; and said Solvic leaves the forum until the end of the note. In fact, the periphrasis was added later (against my habits!), to fix an “overlook” that seemed regrettable to me. Well, already when writing the aforementioned note, I began to realize the character totally separate from the destiny and mission of Solvic.

more perfect because, like Jesus himself, he had no example before his eyes, no precedent, no external light whatever, that could have inspired and sustained him, if not guided him⁷³⁷.

In truth, in the face of such wonders that surround us without us deigning to see them, the angels of heaven exult and kneel. And by his invisible power, the destiny of the World rises on its hinges and tilts...

(117) Solvic (3) – or the sower and the wind and the rain...⁷³⁸

God speaks in a very low voice and His signs are so discreet, they take on such fortuitous airs, so humble and so low, that it seems they do it on purpose to go unnoticed. Well, God likes a fine ear. And He wants man to pay attention to the voice that challenges him and to know how to discern His voice – the lowest, the most humble, the least binding of all! When the heart is silent and pays attention, the humble murmur becomes a clear and imperious demand that springs from the deepest depths. Then the murmur of a breeze takes precedence over all the orders of all the powers of the earth. And the signs that seem imperceptible become dazzling and fill the sky like so many motionless lightning bolts that illuminate our night.

One of those signs “so fortuitous, so humble and so low” is that small pocket book with a garish cover, purchased for the modest sum of twenty-six cents in Lawrence (Kansas, USA). Its title, I don't know why, must have caught my attention: “The Execution of Soldier Solvic.” Or had a friend told me about him? The sign I want to say: that there has been a man, I think a journalist who was a bit of a writer at the seams (one day I will find his name somewhere...), who, you have to think, on the one hand reason or another was moved by this different fact of a summary and illegal execution, in which even a future president of the United States participated. Enough moved to dedicate a year or two, I imagine, to making that careful survey, following in the wake one by one, like an improvised amateur detective, of the main protagonists of the drama (apart from the executed one...). It's not a small thing, no!

It must be said that the “case” had something to attract the imagination of an American: the only soldier shot in the history of the American army! And illegally too! Above all, he insists on this in his introduction, with the air of a jurist, to hook the reader. But I don't believe for a moment that this journalistic adventure was motivated by publicist speculation: in the wake of a war still in the memories, producing his little best-seller, who! knows!

With its lapidary force, the book is so extraordinarily well done that the idea that it could be the mere product of a calculation falls from its weight. “Something” must have fascinated the author, something of a very different order than the fight or the celebrity, to make him write (even if it was with interposed testimonies) what seems to me to be irrefutably a great book.

He would certainly be the first to be surprised by such an appellation, because he had not had such an ambition (no more than that of making his best-seller...). Not to mention, again, that easily four-fifths of his book (if I remember correctly) are the verbatim reproduction of stories and statements from different witnesses. Texts that are not invented! A true collective work for the posthumous reconstruction of another work... But it was necessary, not only to find the witnesses and go look for them throughout the American continent, but also and above all, all know how to raise the

⁷³⁷By naked faith and fidelity to himself, Solvic seems to me like an equal of Jesus, as having achieved the same supreme excellence. Perhaps his test was harsher, due to an even more total dispossession – since Jesus had the help of strong religious roots, and of a faith that could be based on a vigorous thought, in a penetrating gaze, and in an intimate and conscious experience of God. That rare greatness of Solvic does not mean (does it need to be said?) that his mission is to found a new religion that would vindicate him! Due to his coarse state of intellectual and spiritual maturity, he was a child, in the initial stage of a long apprenticeship, while Jesus had reached the summit. He united in him the two greatnesses, that of fidelity or faith, and that of maturity. (For the relationships between the two, see the three consecutive notes “Creation and maturation (1)(2)(3)”,

n_s 48-50.)

⁷³⁸Continuation of the previous note “Solvic (2) – or the wonder of Calvary”.

testimonies, in all their authenticity – to take your breath away! And bring them together, place them in the story of the investigation, present the characters in the course of the interviews. Not counting the initial conception, the spark that ignites...

There is no doubt: that book is a creation. And it is not surprising that the author did not believe so much in his patient, meticulous, stubborn work, and as the good American that he was, perhaps he himself sincerely believed that he was only doing business! I know well that in a creation, the essential part of the work is not done by us. We put our effort and our love into it, and love, that is not noted in our balance sheets... And I now feel well that Other who speaks through the author, just as he speaks through the witnesses; The one who, during an interview (recorded on magnetic tape...), makes them relive without a mask their role in the Act, just as they were in those half-forgotten times, around a man they are going to shoot...

And Solvic was also far from thinking that he “created”, and even at such a dizzying level that neither he nor any soul could have had the slightest idea. And also there, with his seamless, perfect participation, Another created through him.

I remember well that that book was the complete opposite of a “thesis book.” The author doesn't give a damn, wars or no wars. He disappears as much as possible, it's a fact, but from what is clear about him despite everything, I have the clear impression that because of his opinions and all that he is completely a “Mr. Everyone.” And yet! There is that extraordinary respect for the fact, for the brute fact in its nakedness – a respect that goes as far as refusing to add the slightest interpretation, or to suggest a “meaning.” However, he must have felt, deep within himself, that this story that he was discovering when writing it was loaded with a meaning, which was the only one that gave its true meaning to his work. Otherwise there would not have been so much work! But that respect of which I speak, and that completely disappearing behind the brute fact of the testimonies (more eloquent than all art and all commentary), were essential here. Without a doubt, it was he and no one else who had to write that book.

That book hooked me, struck me, moved me, as it should have hooked and moved others. (The proof is that it had its moment of success...) And then I forgot it, just as perhaps the others who one day became excited about it forgot it. There are so many things that excite us more or less, and above all distract us – one after the other! In my case it was mainly the math of course. Everything is carried away by the wind! And yet...

It is the wind, the capricious and fortuitous wind, that carries the seed. Without him it stagnates and perishes. Who knew “Solvic”? Neither you nor me! Who knew anything about his strange and lonely path? A handful of witnesses to his dark ordeal, perhaps twenty, at most – and there is not one of them, not even the young widow he left behind, who has known so much about him and his strange fate. like any one of the five or ten or twenty thousand readers of a certain twenty-six cent paperback book!

God has given us our opportunity, each of those readers: here is the seed!
Do with it what you want...

I couldn't say what happened to the seed in the others. It seems that not much has germinated in them during these more than thirty years – perhaps due to lack of rain and sky. The fact is that I have never heard of him again. (Not even when the Vietnam War happened there...) Perhaps, as in the parable of the sower, the ground was stony in many places, and the seed withered right there, with or without rain. In my case, and surely in many others, it was not all stone. There was soil, but poor and dry – just enough to bury the grain while waiting for better days. It's strange, once buried, how they resist, those grains of three to a quarter...

But the rain from Heaven fell on me, and many dormant seeds germinated, including this one. Praise God! Maybe I'm the only one. The only one to see wonder and glory, where before he had seen nothing but misery. The only one to have seen the meaning of an ordeal and the dizzying mission of a man shot as a “deserter” and as a “coward.”

But unique or not, here I am as a second relay, to carry a seed that fertilizes

and that I pick up from someone bigger than me, through a first interposed relay (a small pocket book with an ugly appearance...)

The Wind of God will disperse the seed. Heavens, let it rain!

(118) The rock in the sand – or patriotic morality and fear of the cop

(February 2 and 3)739 Finally, having almost reached the end of this long reflection on the “mutants”, I begin to have the impression that the reflexes of conformism, the fear of “getting out” of the line, are hardly less tenacious, hardly less deeply rooted in the psyche when it comes to war and patriotic and military things , than about sex. They infiltrate the psyche later, of course, not in the first years of childhood. I would also hesitate to place what could be called “patriotic-military repression,” which places adult citizens in the same martial mold of assent and (when the time comes) obedience to the institution. military, on the same plane with sexual repression. It is not, like the latter, the key to the repression of the Group, and the “atavisms of the herd” that it imprints and maintains in the individual psyche. Under an insidious, often almost invisible form, the repression of sex infiltrates practically everywhere in everyone's daily behavior, so much so that it weighs on the relations between the sexes, and also on the relationship. on with oneself, with one's body, with the loving impulse – and therefore also in each person's relationship with everyone, those of the same sex as well as those of the opposite sex. None of this, certainly, occurs with patriotic-military repression. On the other hand, the generalized erosion of social repression that has been carried out (at least in our regions) during the last two centuries⁷⁴⁰ seems to me much less pronounced on the patriotic-military side than on the sex side. While laws that sanction sexual repression tend to soften or fall into disuse, those that force citizens to lend a hand in the collective carnage orchestrated by our respective governments (whether to be more or less less expert, as to fill the ossuaries) are today as rigid and imperative, if not more, as they were a little everywhere two or three thousand years ago. Progress doesn't stop! And the conditioning of mentalities so that they accept all, or almost all, monstrosities of war as normal and in the nature of things, and participation with fanfare in massacres as a sacred duty, is today hardly less universal and hardly less complete than at any other time in our history⁷⁴¹ .

The two types of repression, sexual and martial, could be seen as the two extreme facets of the wide range of conditioning and repression. While nowadays the repression of sex is often made discreet, so that its penetrating effects on all levels of human activity are only revealed to an inquisitive and discerning eye, paternal repression The military-ethical, on the other hand, is distinguished from the outset by its unthinkable enormity.

The enormity of what is considered “normal” and even an “obligation” (legal, and therefore “moral”), from the moment some gentlemen decree (with complete legality, as it should be)) that “it is war.” A few generations from now, people will have a hard time believing it.

For those who worry about opening their eyes instead of closing them wisely, such things “beyond comprehension.” And it is an all the more astonishing sign of the dominance of conditioning over our healthy faculties of perception and judgment, that not only madmen fall headlong into such aberrations, but even men who on other planes are distinguished by Their qualities of intelligence, courage or vision also participate in them or agree like the first idiot or the first fool who arrives. This surpasses me as much, I admit, as the bestialities themselves.

739Continuation of the previous note “Solvic (3) – or the sower and the wind and the rain”.

740This erosion is discussed in the section “...and its rupture – or the usury of the Times” (no. 54).

741The only progress I see, apart from the erosion of patriotic conviction (which we will discuss below), is in the still very marginal movement of conscientious objection. Movement (it must be specified) more or less illegal, and as such arrogantly ignored or rejected by Churches of all types, as well as by spiritualists and gurus of all stripes and of all caliber.

and abjections to which these men choose to say yes and amen, allowing themselves to be carried blindly by the comfort of patriotic conformism, by the immemorial current of the flock (marching in tight lines towards the great slaughterhouses). ...)

However, it is true that during this century, although the laws have not been softened, the patriotic conviction in newspaper newspapers has been greatly eroded. During the last war, on the French side (less submissive than the Germans to ideological washing), the little soldiers they took to the front to fight (they assured them) for their Polish brothers (about whom they cared as much as they cared those gentlemen...) had zero morale. I don't think even one of them would have gone if it hadn't been for the fear of the cop. Why certainly be displeased with a conscientious officer (and above average pious Christian) like L'egaut⁷⁴², serving them the usual speech (without any real conviction either, as it seemed to me): that he defended They loved the honor of their wives, as well as the lives of their children. Decidedly, the mass media and the French government had not been at the level of those opposite. Hitler's Germans, in good time, had not spared in resources and (without having listened to the contrite recommendations of a L'egaut) had long known how to prepare their hands and minds "to do what they had to do when the time came..."⁷⁴³.

The contrast with the thunder morale in the troops of all camps, since the First World War, is really striking and very encouraging. (One rejoices as one can on these sad occasions...) That did not prevent this time the carnage from continuing and the ossuaries from growing, even when the morale of the little German soldiers, due to the fact that this lasts and is tiring, also started to go down. Only the Russians remained, sorry, the Soviets, galvanized by the Little Father of the Peoples of happy memory, who still had heroic morals! Any hope for the long-awaited third world war is allowed...

But now that Coca-Cola, hot dogs and jeans have begun to invade the homeland of socialism, even the famous Soviet morality, which had resisted all the delusions of the Little Father, ended up receiving a blow. . The good Christian, good citizen, who still seeks it, the sense of the sacred duty of good truth, the blind faith that sinks into the enemy's waste as if it were butter, can only hope to find it in those pagan Chinese. But there too, the somewhat random and somewhat violent brainwashing, followed by the inevitable Coca-Cola, has wreaked the same havoc as in Big Brother. It's over!

And the heroic Vietnamese? The pretty girl of the "leftist" intellectuals playing at the conscience of the Free World against the American imperialists? The same ones who resisted the B 52, the napalm and the fragmentation bombs (astutely excogitated by the buddy from the laboratory next door...)? They have not had the right to Coca-Cola or jeans (except low-handed, at dizzying prices accessible only to the relatives of the ministers and pontiffs of the party). The most austere regime in the world, and in them sex is no joke, plus endemic hunger and all that... That is to say, they must have it, the heroic morality, the martial faith that does not move mountains but towns, the one that makes machine guns crackle and sweeps ancient cultures into the garbage cans of History!

And no, it's over there too. His highly praised morality, tempered by twenty or thirty

742On L'egaut's attitude, see the note "Human formation" – and "Final solution!" (no. 72).

743I know well what I'm talking about, because I lived in Germany until May 1939, barely passing through to France at the age of eleven, shortly before the war broke out. The brainwashing of the German "sacred soil" and all that had not made an impact on me, since the family that took care of me between 1933 and 1939, one of the few in the country that did not give That tone was an effective counterweight – not to mention that I also already had my little chola. And he also knew that my father was Jewish. The anti-Jewish slogans of the time did not attract me any more than the anti-foreigner slogans and laws in France do now. In September 1939 I made the trip from Paris to Nîmes on trains full of recruits who were going to their barracks, under mobilization orders. The mortal of the French army, I had the chance to see her up close! At that moment as now, and as childish as it was, the bitter and impotent snarling of the little French soldiers, certainly devoid of headress, uniform (Christian, citizen and all that), seemed to me more "human" (yes!) and less disturbing than the morality of the heroic thunder on the other side, which he had just left without regret...

years of war, has quickly been washed away by a peace with a socialist guarantee. After that, nothing, it's a shame. That doesn't stop the machine guns from spitting - while in broad daylight the streets of Hanoi are more dangerous than the disreputable neighborhoods of New York or Chicago. While here all those zealous scientists and other left-wing intellectuals who previously signed the noble petitions against the Vietnam War lament that the mana of contracts and copious military endowments to finance research (always equally disinterested), has become rarer and more miserly; except of course for the so-called "classified" research – precisely those that excogitated the ingenious fragmentation bombs and all that and even (but that is more difficult) the hydrogen or neutron bombs, and the beautiful custom rockets (to deliver...).

Only in our wise men, in short, can firm morality still be found – and even more so in those who have the right to good seats on the councils of this or the committees of that or in our cutting-edge research equipment (iron spear...). But in the barracks it is over, just like in the church or the temple where it is also over. In us as in others, West or East does not matter: martial morality just like religion, it's over, it's over, it's over! Liquor of the soldier, or opium of the faithful – everything is spent, dispersed, worn out, decomposed, the beautiful patriotic fervors like the pious euphoria of rose water.

The only thing left is the fear of the cop. And well established. Intact, undisturbed. The granite block in general rot. The immemorial reflection, which makes us crash at everything that is presented as "established authority", whatever it may be. Today, just as three thousand years ago, in the Unconscious of Mr. And it is always outside, never inside.

That's where we are. And with its "mores" and its "lesses", in this year of grace of 1988 in which I write these desolate lines (for the children of the ages to come...), all of us are there. This is the famous "human material".

The good Lord, it will be worth it if he manages to get something out of it. How will it do it, how will that reflection that crashes and turns an idiot into something else, I think that, not a single soul, not even a thousand years after it has "happened.", he will never know. Just as we won't know how one day
He breathed life into matter, and how, in every moment that passes and slides towards eternity,
He breathes again his creative Breath in which he is born... 744

(119) Assignment of a mission – or the "spiritual" before the flags...745

And what part do my beloved mutants have in all this?

Well, we must recognize that leaving aside Solvic (who saves honor, and even much more than honor...), he is far from being brilliant. That elemental shock, without response, absolute: "No, nothing like that!" – in none of those distinguished men have I found it. In some of them (like Hahnemann, or Freud) only a boredom, one overwhelmed, the other resigned: wow – another war shit! No ardent patriots, that's enough. Nothing of those that vibrate to the sound of bands and the waving of flags and the speeches of ministers, princes, generals. But even in these there is a sort of tacit acceptance, I would almost say a connivance: well, it's war! Just as one would say: well, it's rain, when you feel like taking a walk, or: well, it's hail, when it's harvest time. A natural calamity, which spoils the harvest in its own way, neither more nor less. It is in the immutable order of things. Our children will be soldiers even though we have not been or are not, and they will do the task (we do not want to know what...) that is ordered to them (as we have or would have done...) . This is life!

Just as was the case, a century or two ago, with the slave trade, judicial, police or military torture (still in use, but not in daylight...), public executions. you publish as great

744See the continuation in the following note, from the same day.

745Continuation of the previous note of the same date, "The rock in the sand – or patriotic morality and fear of the cop."

show: that's life! What "has always been this way" (and even if it is only a generation or two ago, it doesn't matter like eternity...), is part, suddenly, of the immutable Order of Things. Wanted by God in short (for those who have a God, always good to justify the abominations of man). There is nothing so iniquitous, bestial or abject, that it is not found, if not satisfactory, at least normal and in accordance with the eternal order of things, since by the force of a decree baptized "law", it enters a little into the customs. . That is why war, a custom since the dawn of time, is the most sacred human institution, the most inviolable. (And furthermore, by a wise Providence, superabundantly sanctified by the texts considered "sacred")⁷⁴⁶.)

"Mutant" or not "mutant", spiritual or profane, is similar: when it is not the more or less convinced assent, more or less committed, it is the resigned assent. Once the uniform is on, it's fine that it still tells the difference...

Leaving aside the war books, which have their assured clientele, it is incredible how discreet we are, in the beautiful world of thought, of the spirit, of religion, of art and all that, about that (ahem , ahem) small periodic blot in the life of towns and people (a bit like what happens in bed with husbands or lovers...). As if in a house where the man and the woman have just beaten each other with bottles, they were talking about the sublimities of the soul, about harmony and virtue, with a mouth like a chicken's ass and pretending not to see the bandages. nor the black eyes. There is modest silence about these contingencies, or sometimes, in the middle of a sentence, a laconic euphemism: "fallen on the field of honor" (what honor...) or "died for France" (what France. ..). Very spiritual or very wise writings it doesn't matter, including my mutants⁷⁴⁷. There is only Solvic, who would not even think of writing something to instruct others.

If he wrote something, it was with his blood. And before that blood and before that courage, the foolish eloquence of the poets of the flock is mute...

This would be the time to make a small magazine of my mutants (nobility oblige...), referring to the famous military morality. Let's start with those who consider themselves "spiritual", to see in detail what this spirituality leads them to. I see ten:

Whitman, R^amakrishna, Bucke, Carpenter, Steiner, Gandhi, Teilhard, Guruji, Kr ishnamurti, L'egaut.

From what I have been able to see so far, R^amakrishna, Bucke, Steiner, Teilhard, Krishna murti, L'egaut⁷⁴⁸ do not say a word in their works, of the small blur. You have to think that it bothers them, or that it is not so blurry that they think about reloading their prose.

⁷⁴⁶There are also sacred texts (it is true that much rarer), in which the point is not to kill – it seems that they are even preached in Sunday school. Of course they are pure phila when from above (where they must be well informed) we are told that it is time to kill, and also that the more we kill of those in front of us, the more we will be valued.

⁷⁴⁷As we will see below, Guruji must definitely be set aside (at least the one after Hiroshima), and perhaps also Carpenter. It is interesting to note that, for less than a century, there have been thousands of books, especially in the wake of Freud's works, that bring to light the effects of sexual repression and that in one way or another strive to in deconditioning the reader, in helping him find a harmonious relationship with his body and with impulse; On the other hand, I do not know of a single book that is dedicated to studying patriotic-military conditioning and its effects, and that strives to help the reader overcome it, that is, that encourages him to practice civil disobedience against military authority. . Such a book, it is true, would have everything to attract the rays of the law, under the charge: "incitement to disobedience by the military." (A criminal law that does not joke...) I am not talking here about various small-circulation pamphlets that circulate secretly, published on their own by associations of conscientious objectors (often brave and well-documented) or pacifists (often very vague, bland and cheesy).

⁷⁴⁸Remember that Steiner and Teilhard, each on their side of the Rhine ("the good one", it must be said) took part without reservation in the war of 14-18, and L'egaut in that of 39-45. As far as I know, none of those three men learned the lesson of war, and subsequently did not overcome the well-established martial reflexes that were instilled in them in their youth. On the other hand, I have been told that in a televised interview, when pressed by the interviewer, and without evading, Krishnamurti would have said, as something obvious, that the spiritually "serious" man had, in the event of war, to assume the duty of disobedience, and even allow themselves to be shot. The friend who told me this was amazed – to say something like that, like the most natural thing in the world, and say it on public television! But

Gandhi, on the other hand, scores a good goal, of twisted and weak casuistry, to justify the unjustifiable with blows of vain subtleties, of great principles, of beautiful poses and empty phrases⁷⁴⁹. There is a true betrayal of the Spirit there (forgive me if the expression seems pompous), like a spiritual collapse, an insidious beginning of gangrene, in a being of great stature and who in other respects was fundamentally upright and honest. I believe that this greater infidelity has also neutralized his mission to a large extent, it has deactivated the spiritual ferment that was his message, which has long been diluted in the usual conformisms (following the example that he himself gave...)

Faced with this indifference or the tacit or express assent of some, and this endlessly renewed betrayal of others, the figures of Whitman, Carpenter and Guruji come, fortunately, to put some points of light in a very gloomy picture. After Whitman's illuminating experience that inspired the first draft of his "Leaves of Grass," the somewhat martial accents of that all-out journalist seem to have disappeared. In any case, the numerous pages that he devotes to his "war experiences" (especially in improvised military hospitals in Washington), during the Civil War, are not those that make the war fibers vibrate,! well on the contrary! However, he had believed in her, in that war for what had seemed to him a noble cause: the liberation of the blacks. And by a strange paradox, if his mystical experience of some ten years before is left aside, the "participation" (if it can be said) in that fratricidal war is in the life of the poet the experience that m It marked him deeply, the one that aroused in him the most painful, longest, and most intense work of maturation.

Carpenter, perhaps in the wake of Whitman but, as he should be, destined to go further than him, would go so far as to break spears for the cause of conscientious objection. While Gandhi, a foreigner in South Africa, slavishly places himself at the service of British masters during the Boer War, Carpenter (a British citizen) resolutely takes sides against the war waged by his own country. . Fifteen years later, and already in the twilight of his life (he was then 70 years old), the war madness of the years 1914-18, in which the future Mahatma Gandhi rushed to new to put himself at the service of the English masters of India, triggers in him a wave of infinite sadness...

But it is the case of Guruji that seems most astonishing to me, and also (leaving aside that of Solvic) the most promising. Until the end of the last war, we have seen, Guruji is, vis-à-vis authority and war in general, a total conformist. Between 1938 and 1945, in the Sino-Japanese War and in the wake of the advance of Japanese troops in Asia, Guruji even displays a missionary opportunism bordering on unconsciousness, and that does not yield in any way to that of Gandhi⁷⁵⁰. But after the Hiroshima bomb on August 6, 1945 (the day of his

The word, especially on a TV, is carried away by the wind. I regret that Krishnamurti (who has written dozens of books in which he repeats himself incessantly) did not consider it useful to put something so elementary and so important in black on white in at least one of his books; and even repeating it over and over again, instead of other infinitely less important things...

As for R`amakrishna and Bucke, from what I know of them I don't see them letting themselves be led into patriotic derailments. If, in what I have read about them, they do not speak out on this issue, perhaps it is simply because in the context in which they were situated, the issue was distant from them and was not raised, which they were trying hard to solve. in communicating.

⁷⁴⁹See in this regard the long note "The Mahatma in uniform – or tribute to the unknown non-soldier" (no. 67), as well as the two (or three) notes that follow it.

⁷⁵⁰See in this regard the note "The saint and his weaknesses – or the paradox of the mutant" (no. 71). I point out that at no time did Guruji worry about cooking up tortuous moral "justifications" for his opportunism, as Gandhi did. For Guruji, the path he followed, in the total conviction of his justice, was his own justification.

Even when leaving one path to follow another, the idea that the first path might not be fair, or that he had changed paths, could come to him. Perhaps because for him, he is one with his way, and that his total faith in himself (or a certain faith in himself) prevents him from questioning that this was his way. ía, just like questioning oneself. This is where I think I see its main limitation.

It does not seem at all absurd to me to suppose that this rather astonishing military-missionary "opportunism" of Guruji, during the Manchurian War and in the first years of the 39-45 war, could well have been aroused or at least encouraged by the example of Gandhi's similar attitude. Although he read little and only in Japanese, Guruji

sixty birthday), it was a dramatic, sudden and total change of attitude⁷⁵¹. From night to morning (at least that was my impression when reading his own testimony), he committed himself to an unconditional fight for peace, against military apparatuses and against all forms of warlike violence. The message of peace, and that struggle that is inseparable from it and that is its nerve, have since then been at the center of its mission, in an even more essential way (at least in my eyes) than their missionary activity. Since then, this has been presented as a means to spread peace, rather than as an end in itself (120).

That same year, just a few months before, the firing squad's salvo put an end to Solvic's young life, and sealed his mission forever. It is almost certain that Guruji never heard his name pronounced. However, everything happens as if the mission carried out by Solvic, in the ultimate perfection of his fidelity and his death, had passed from his young clumsy and inexperienced hands to the strong hands of Guruji. During the forty years of his remaining life, until his death on January 8, 1988 (in his hundredth year), Guruji would carry out this new and greater mission with unwavering fidelity. what had happened to him. As if that mute knowledge, that naked knowledge of Solvic, so long absent from the intrepid Nichidatsu Guruji (who hoped to spread the Buddha's message at the point of the Japanese bayonet...) – as if that infinitely valuable knowledge had passed away, from in some mysterious way, from the little boy with a despicable appearance and a dubious past, shot with the lights of dawn for "desertion in the face of the enemy", to the fearless and fearless Bodhisattva⁷⁵², a powerful man of action and old solitary fighter, tempered and purified by a long life of faith, asceticism and prayer.

(120) Mission of peace and missionary work – or the essential and the accessory. (February

4)⁷⁵³ The "means" in question (missionary work to spread the "message of peace") often seemed questionable to me, at least among Guruji's disciples. More than once, I saw that the concern to spread their religious faith, and even more so, to expand the audience and influence of the group to which they identified body and soul, motivated behaviors that did not spread the spirit of peace, quite the opposite. It is the very common phenomenon of the degradation of "great causes", and of the movements and groups that defend them, by the everlasting mechanisms of vanity and self-aggrandizement of those who believe they serve the cause, including those who dedicate themselves to it body and soul.

Although in Guruji I have not perceived a desire for self-aggrandizement⁷⁵⁴, on the other hand I have had

could have heard about it. Remember that Guruji had a veneration for Gandhi comparable to that he had for Saint Nichiren, of whom he was the disciple and direct follower. Gandhi was for him the great saint of modern times, and all his acts, like those of Nichiren, could only be exemplary, sanctified by the one who acted.

This is not how Guruji's disciples saw him, and (as I just remembered) it is a little (a lot) how he ended up seeing himself that way. With much more reason a man haloed with incomparable spiritual prestige like Gandhi. (In the face of such radiance, reason is silent...)

751Without Guruji realizing that he was changing his attitude and options in a, I believe, draconian manner!

See in this regard the comments in the first paragraph of the previous footnote.

752N. T.: Bodhisattva is a term typical of Buddhism that refers to someone embarked on the path of the Buddha in a significant way.

753See the reference to this note a little higher, towards the end of the previous note "Assignment of a mission – or the "spiritual" in front of the flags...."

754This does not mean that Guruji is totally exempt from all vain movements. (I have only known one such man in my life, and that has been a great luck in my life...) Nor that he never closed his eyes to the realities that could call into question certain aspects of his person, of his mission, and of his relationship with others. In fact, as in almost all men, in Guruji I have found no trace of an attitude of self-knowledge. But I would not put on an equal footing the "lust for self-aggrandizement" and the refusal to question oneself, that is, the absence of an attitude of self-knowledge. There are certainly close and delicate relationships between the two, but they should not be lumped together. The tendency to self-aggrandizement is the compensation for a secret self-contempt. This mechanism is deactivated in the being that has a clear perception of its own greatness. And I believe that only such perception (even if it is unconscious) is what makes the

occasion to notice⁷⁵⁵ a tendency towards religious intolerance, however less invasive and less absolute than in their teacher and model Nichiren (who is not far behind them, in this no more than in faith and indomitable courage, to the first apostles of Christianity). Just as for a Rudolf Steiner, a Teilhard de Chardin or a L'egaut, it is taken for granted that the Christian religion is the last and final religion, called to spread over the entire planet, supplanting other religions (supposedly less universal and less perfect), for a Guruji the "true" Buddhism taught by Nichiren, and which culminates in the prayer "Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo" which is its quintessence, has to supplant (by its spiritual force alone , it goes without saying...) any other form of religion. Furthermore, for him "peace," and the prayer par excellence that is supposed to embody it, are indistinguishable – his religious faith refuses to distinguish them. Thus, I do not believe that in his spirit he distinguishes (as I have done) between his missionary work and his mission of peace, that he says that one is a "means" for the other. During his life he closed his eyes to the evidence that, like any other prayer or song, the Prayer of Prayers, the Buddha's supreme gift to the World as the perfect embodiment of peace, could nevertheless propagate both war and peace, according to the internal dispositions of the one who made it his own.

Before Hiroshima, of the two aspects of Guruji's mission, only the missionary work is clearly visible and expressed. In my eyes, that aspect of their mission is entirely secondary.

For the spiritual destinies of humanity (only of a people, such as the Japanese people or the Indian people), the geographical distribution of the different religions and religious currents (including the very personal one that Guruji incardinated in the names of Nichiren and the Buddha), seems more or less indifferent to me. Most religions profess to be "religions of peace," but there is not one that is faithful to that mission. And until 1945, the religious current embodied in the person of Guruji himself was no exception. Then Guruji did not hesitate to appeal (moreover in vain) to the good offices of the leaders of the Japanese army to implement manu militari the form of religion that he considered the best for all men. Even supposing that the fortune of Japanese arms was propitious and that the military leaders had listened to him, and that Guruji had managed to spread the "Perfect Prayer" throughout the Asian continent and even throughout the world entire, in the wake of tanks and air raids, the spiritual destinies of humanity would not have advanced even a hair's breadth – quite the contrary!

For me, Nichidatsu Fujii Guruji's true mission was born on August 6, with the Hiroshima bomb, dropped on his sixtieth birthday. The first sixty years of his life seem to me like a preparation for the mission that awaited him, for the day when he knew how to listen to his voice – a mission of peace. If he had an audience with men and women of all faiths and all nations, it was not because of his missionary efforts in themselves, which concerned them in no way (at least not directly), but because his exceptional personality and , even more, his person on the human level, embodied since then, with a strength rarely achieved by other men, that mission of peace that he served. Surely it would have served her even better if she had known (or wanted) to make the difference between the essential and the accessory, between the mission of peace and missionary work. In the absence of making the distinction, many times the accessory has

obscured the essential. This seemed to me to be the main limitation of Guruji's "ministry", in what was his mission vis-à-vis the World⁷⁵⁶ .

But a man's limitations are no obstacle to his greatness. Summary rejection or pious fiction obscure it from us, without it ceasing to exist. Faced with the (sometimes disconcerting) signs of a man's limitations, one scorns or becomes indignant and rejects

true humility.

⁷⁵⁵See a note at the foot of page 139, in the note "The saint and his weaknesses – or the paradox of the mutant" (no. 71).

⁷⁵⁶This is what could be called Guruji's "external limitation", which appears in his mission "outwards". It seems to me that this limitation is the external sign of an "internal limitation", which I touch upon in passing in the penultimate footnote, and was already treated in a footnote. page 311 in the previous note (first paragraph of the footnote), and equally long and extensive in the aforementioned note "The Saint and his weaknesses" (no. 71).

to the man, and such another does not see anything, because he does not care about the man either; He needs an idol to worship. Both leave aside what is essential, with equal ignorance. By delimiting with extreme care and respect the limits of a man, with that labor of love true greatness gradually emerges from the mists and appears.

(121) The mutants (7): Freud in the whirlwind – or the courage of lucidity

(February 5)757 In the penultimate note I develop quickly, with the example of the ten “spiritual es” among my “mutants”, the very uninspiring theme of “spiritual before the flags”.

Of the ten, I only found three who were sensitive, to varying degrees and with very different reactions, to the misfortune and threat of the “military chancre” that corrodes peoples and nations. They are Whitman, Carpenter, Guruji. (Guruji after the age of sixty – in such diseases, it is never too late to be cured...)

I am not for a moment under any illusion that my “sampling” is representative. Even among men whose life has an authentic religious dimension, which goes beyond the usual beatery, there must not be one in a hundred or perhaps a thousand, no more today than in any other moment throughout the centuries and millennia, to which this openness to the divine makes him sensitive to the monstrosity of war. To the point that one wonders what the purpose is of this religiosity that mixes so well with such spiritual blindness, with such dismal conformism, and what its role is in human development, both individual and collective⁷⁵⁸.

And let men of religion or the Church not be surprised that they have lost, that religion and the Churches they represent have lost credibility and audience. The secular betrayal of religions, the betrayal reiterated without ceasing from century to century and from millennium to millennium, is what has disqualified them from teaching and guiding. But of all the innumerable iniquities that the Churches have unanimously sanctioned, there is none that in filth reaches the institution of war, today more fertile and more voracious than ever. And today the measure is full and overflows with the karma accumulated by the iniquity and blindness of generations. If God limited himself to letting the cosmic justice of karma, that of causes and effects alone, act, there would not be one of us who, before this bloody and cowardly century has come to an end, would not perish blood and fire in the burning bonfire, and very few who did not continue wandering from eternity to eternity in search of an impossible liberation.

I need to quickly review the attitudes, in the face of military madness, of the other ocho mutants que faltan. Son

Hahnemann, Darwin, Riemann, Kropotkin, Freud, Neill, Felix, Solvic.

The first five can be considered wise⁷⁵⁹, while Neill and F'elix (Carrasquer) are educators, and Solvic, decidedly always equally unclassifiable. It's useless to go back to 'el⁷⁶⁰' again . From my point of view here, he is the ultimate point on the distant horizon of becoming.

757Continuation of the penultimate note, “Assignment of a mission – or the “spiritual” before the flags”.

758This question has already surfaced more than once in the pages of the Key of Dreams. See especially the note “The clichés of the spiritual (1): stop! to error and ignorance” (no. 51), and some notes at the foot of page 92 and page 93.

759It is understood that here I take “wise” in a sense that implies a spiritual turn, an approach to thought, the direction of a curiosity, more than professional or sociological characteristics. Among the ten “spiritual beings” mentioned in the penultimate note, Bucke, Steiner, Teilhard can also be considered “wise”, and Teilhard even in the strictest sense of the term. As for Bucke, Steiner, Hahnemann, Kropotkin, it is appropriate to take the term “wise” in the broader sense that I have just evoked.

760He has been talked about abundantly in the three consecutive notes “Solvic (1)(2)(3)” (no. 115-117), as well as at the end of the note “Assignment of a mission – or the “spiritual” before the flags” (of which this note is a continuation). Nor will I return to the case of Neill, which was dealt with in detail in the note “Neill and the bomber – or happiness-to-go and the other dimension” (no. 94). Neill visibly had a visceral aversion to the military ethos and the monstrosity of war, but he shows no militant anti-military fickleness. Above all, you (as Summerhill staff) are carefully prohibited from influencing Summerhill students on this crucial issue. Perhaps it is more of a tactical choice than an educational principle

human...

I have already spoken in its place of the “overwhelmed boredom” of Hahnemann, who for a good part of his long life had the misfortune of finding himself entangled (as if on purpose), and also with his large family, in the “theaters” of operations of all kinds of wars. Without being enlisted in any army, as a more or less benevolent doctor he had to take care of the wounded and dying a little in all fields. He saw enough, decidedly, to clarify himself about the madness of war, and to never risk falling into it.

On the contrary, I ignore everything about the attitudes of Darwin and Riemann, and I limit myself to presumptions about the matter. It seems to me that Darwin was a perfect product of his environment and his time, and (different in this from my other mutants⁷⁶¹) and that he had a part in the attitudes and ideas that were commonly received. His civic feelings seem to have been, no more (no less), than those of a loyal subject of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. He was convinced of the total superiority of the white races over all others, and among them of the preeminence of the people of the aforementioned Majesty. But more than demonstrating his brave soldiers at the point of the sword, his particular temperament led him towards the vast avenues of the science of his time, where there was certainly no shortage of things to do. Thanks to these circumstances we have had, instead of just another handsome general, a great wise man.

As for Riemann, his meditative and benevolent spirit and his exceptional spiritual maturity must have preserved him, I am convinced, from patriotic fervor. But his modest temperament should not lead him to publicly express his feelings on such a subject.

Surely he did not have the makings of a fighter or a “contestant.”

On the other hand, both Kropotkin and Felix, and more than any other among my mutants (apart perhaps from Hahnemann), have been great fighters. Both put their considerable energy at the service of anarchist ideals. They believed in the liberating virtue of the armed revolution of the people against their oppressors, also in the necessity and beneficial nature of what could be called a “class war”, which, They believed, when it had covered the entire earth, it would create a society of fraternal mutual aid among equals, and for that very reason it would put an end once and for all to all war. That war, their war, would therefore be “the last.”

That's a well-known refrain, alas! Already since the First World War, which, too, was supposed to be the last war! Furthermore, I seemed to notice that F'elix, taught by the precedents of history and especially by the bloody lessons of the Spanish civil war, has become a little more inclined and no longer believes so much in the virtues liberators of the “revolutionary war.” If a war transforms men, he could realize that it is rarely to their advantage...

In any case, neither Kropotkin nor Felix (it must be said) allowed themselves to be fooled by patriotic clichés, nor by wars of hegemony between nations. I never noticed in Felix any trace of complacency vis-à-vis his own people, in which he was as deeply rooted as anyone, nor of any reserve (even unconscious) vis-à-vis any other people, nationality or race.. .

I would like to say the same about Kropotkin, but (as I already pointed out in his place⁷⁶²) there is a mistake here, alas! in the very attractive personality of that generous and benevolent man. It seems that throughout his life he kept anti-German sentiments from his younger years, like anodyne sweeps forgotten under a piece of furniture of beautiful elegance. You see them appearing in passing here and there, very discreetly it must be said. And without a doubt I would have forgotten them if it were not for the fact that at the end of his life (he was 72 years old in 1914), he fell into general war madness, and gave his approval to a war that (according to ‘un ’el) was the final struggle of “civilization” against (Germanic) “barbarism.” Germanic barbarism that, three quarters of a century later and after another world war

well weighed...

⁷⁶¹One could rightly wonder what Darwin is doing among my mutants! I will explain this in a later note (no), dedicated precisely to this issue.

⁷⁶²See, in the note (no. 88) dedicated to Kropotkin and Neill, a note at the foot of page 186.

Even juicier than the first, it behaves today as well as ever, in the left and right cacophony of general barbarism.

Freud, in short, with a more penetrating and more autonomous spirit than that of Kropotkin, and who, if only because of his Jewish origins and his especially penetrating gaze, always felt or a marginal in Austro-Hungarian society, he was no more inclined than Kropotkin to patriotic and warlike conformism. That does not prevent the wind of madness of 1914 from also making him hesitate for a moment, awakening in him, for a few hours or a few days, the good (and "barbarian") Austrian citizen. In a letter dated July 26, 1914 (two days before the declaration of war, which everyone felt was imminent), he writes as if in a moment of heat, but without departing from his always so restrained style, always so lacking in all emphasis:

"But perhaps for the first time in 30 years I feel Austrian, and I am going to try again with this nation, which until now had seemed so unpromising to me.

Morale is excellent everywhere."⁷⁶³

In this context, said "morality" cannot mean more than patriotic morality, while the entire country was already rushing as one man and with its head bowed into the exultant adventure of a war. It had to blow hard, for a man of Freud's temperament to let himself be carried away, even if it were only for a moment! But three days later, the day after the declaration of war on Serbia (still only the beginning of the splendid chain reaction...) , in a letter to the same recipient, the tone changes. I think that in the following days I recovered my spirit. From then until the end of the great carnage that continues its inexorable course, he directs a deeply saddened and uncomplacent gaze on that destructive madness. Less than six months after writing those lines, an editorial by Freud appeared in the psychoanalytic journal "Imago" (issue of January 4, 1915). I have before my eyes a reproduction of the cover, with the title of the editorial "News on War and Death"⁷⁶⁴. One notices that stripped sadness, endured with the sober courage of a man faced with a deeply disconcerting reality and who, despising comfortable clichés, painfully seeks to understand, to extract from raw facts a lesson, a knowledge destined to him, however hard and bitter they may be.

I read, on this valuable page:

"... It seems to us that until now no event has destroyed so much of the common heritage of humanity, has so clouded the intelligence of the most enlightened, has so radically lowered what is elevated..."

It was a time when there was not one voice in a million that spoke like this. Such a voice is blessed! Those words were written many years before I was born. And yet, when I read them today as I approach my sixtieth year, an emotion overcomes me, a joy, as if I heard them say with that depth of voice that gives sadness fully assumed, and they were addressing me. 'ÿ, and with me to all those who, like himself, are foreigners among the apathetic or delirious masses. No, such a voice has not been raised in vain – even if it is in the

⁷⁶³Letter to Karl Abraham, cited (as well as that of 7/29/1914) in the notable illustrated biography of Freud, "Sigmund Freud, Sein Leben in Bildern und Texten" cited elsewhere (edited by Ernst and Lucie Freud and Ilse Grubrich Simitis, Suhrkamp Verlag). See loc. cit. page 209, where there is also a photographic reproduction of the cover of the issue of Imago dated 4.1.1915, which we will discuss. It is I who translates the two passages cited, here and below. For lack of something better and given the context, I have translated as "moral" the German term "Stimmung" (which means: disposition of humor, state of soul).

⁷⁶⁴The German title has a lapidary force that I have not been able to capture in my approximate translation: "Zeitgemässes über Krieg und Tod". The title of the first part of this reflection is "The Disappointment of War" (thus understanding that it had raised expectations). The second part deals with "the change of attitude vis-à-vis death, which (like every war) forces us to do."

desert, although everyone has long forgotten it! It is part of the living forces that do not pass, of those that work in eternity. And a single faithful and true voice compensates and redeems, through invisible and secret means, the mediocre madness and pusillanimity of countless millions.

(122) Phantasmagorias of a visionary – or clairvoyance and spirituality

(February 6 and 7)765 After writing these lines, the impression that Rudolf Steiner's work remains to be "classified" is has been confirmed and considerably clarified, having learned in recent days of a second biography of Rudolf Steiner, written with intelligence and verve by the English author Colin Wilson, with the title "Rudolf Steiner – the Man and his Vision" (The Aquarian Press, 1985)766. Unlike Hemleben, Wilson is not an anthroposophist, and in the first chapter of the book he describes the difficulties and perplexities he had to face in order to locate Steiner. Like me, he grazed over whether Steiner was not a storyteller, even an impostor, and he also ended up surrendering to the evidence that the answer was "no."

His book begins with: "Of all the great thinkers of the 20th century, Rudolf Steiner is perhaps the most difficult to understand." The difficulty arises above all in the task of distinguishing between what, in Steiner, is true vision, and what is occult phantasmagoria (which he, of course, absolutely believes). When he repeats ad nauseam that his teaching proceeds with the same rigor as that of wise men experienced in the exact sciences, he clearly boasts – to me the lack of rigor in everything I have read about him is evident. he. In such things, there can be no rigor that is not rooted in a path of self-knowledge without complacency, and Steiner was as far removed as the first guru who arrives.

In chapter 6 of his book, "The Occultist and Guru", Wilson highlights some examples of obvious phantasmagorias. The most phenomenal refers to visions, in the purest Steinerian hocus-pocus style, on the attractive theme of King Arthur and the famous Knights of the Round Table, their mystical mission against demonic forces etc. etc According to Steiner, where history, alas, is unable to lift the veils of the past, the spiritual eye of the seer frees us from unfathomable secrets, etc. etc That was in 1924, a year before his death. Since then historical research has progressed, and we know quite a few things about that famous King Arthur. Steiner's wonderful story (which would have filled me with a healthy distrust anyway) falls like a house of cards. Wilson notes that the great Swedish thinker and seer Swedenborg (1688–1772) made similar moves: along with amazing predictions and intuitions, he gives in one of his books a detailed description of the inhabitants of the different planets that, in the light of our current knowledge, it does not stand.

The entire Steinerian cosmogony, his Christology, his vision of a spiritual history of humanity that would be incarnated by a kind of hidden order of "great Initiates", in short his hidden history of the various reincarnations of the great men of history767 – all that seems like grist from the same mill to me: the product of a fertile and wandering imagination,

765See the reference to this note in the note "Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness", page 289.

766I have read a German translation of the book, in the Wilhelm Heyne Verlag (1987). At times that libero has seemed somewhat superficial to me. Its greatest interest is having been written by a man with common sense and a critical spirit, even in the face of the hero of his book. He has taken the trouble to review a very abundant documentation, and he has had the wisdom to include in his book the kind of "small details" that everyone disdains or forgets, and that are often everything to understand. to a character.

767This recalls a certain "suspense" highly appreciated in theosophical circles about Annie Besant and Leadbeater, with the bizarre endless stories woven together by Leadbeater, in which he developed the lives of Alcyone (a pseudonym) in a dozen successive incarnations. of Krishnamurti, destined for the role of Messiah), and of the best-known figures who gravitated around Leadbeater-Annie Besant-Alcyone", in the pamphlet "The Lives of Alcyone". That must have been around the year 1910, if I'm not mistaken. The first (?) ramblings

at the service of well-established philosophical ideas (no less conditioned or less subject to error than anyone else's), and above all, at the service of a certain image of oneself – all under the exultant banner (both for the same as for his followers) as a "great seer", and with the tacit security that comes from the fact that all those dazzling "revelations" seem to always escape any possible verification.

Mystification? Yes, I believe it, but adding: mystification of which he has been the first and main victim. I do not question either his gifts as a seer, sufficiently attested on the other hand, nor his prodigious creativity that even his fables attest (among other less contestable works), nor his benevolence towards others as a general rule, what are called the "good intentions". But none of these good things, nor all of them together, are a guarantee against the pitfalls of vanity and self-indulgence. Steiner never saw those traps, nor did he even sense (I think) that this kind of thing existed and acted in silence, not only in the lives of humble people, but in the lives of everyone – including the of the greatest of seers, of the greatest of Instructors.. including yours. And the only one who does not fall into these traps, or at least does not remain trapped in them all his life believing he is in danger, is the one who (small or big, it does not matter) sees them, and the one who does not take his eye off them.

The gift of clairvoyance, more than any other gift, is a double-edged sword. It is a key that gives us access to truly fabulous worlds, but with which we can also lock ourselves in a new prison, or in the gruesome sets of an occult mystical theater of our invention. God gives gifts without comment, and lets us do with them what we want, for the best and also for the worst, without further comment. Or if they do, it is so quietly that they are rarely heard. The greater the gift, the greater the responsibility it implies, and the greater the trap and the risk of the self falling into it, under the sleepy gaze of the consenting spirit. For no gift, and clairvoyance no more than any other, includes the gift of making good use of it. In other words, no gift includes the "gift" of spiritual probity, of rigor, of true humility (which is also a healthy circumspection with respect to oneself). The gift is like a very secure possession that our father would have bequeathed to us without conditions. But probity and circumspection, the only ones that make the gift a blessing, are of a different order. They are the gift that we give to ourselves, that we are free to do or not do, as we want. Even so free that our father doesn't tell us anything about it, so as not to force us, no matter how little. He doesn't fill us with advice: be wary of this one, don't follow their example! However, he knows better than anyone that there is not one "good example" around us among a thousand bad ones, and that the entire world will band together with devious and effective forces within us to make us squander the inheritance. It's up to us to do the learning!

And if at the end of a long journey we have learned nothing, so be it – we will begin again. That father, who so respects our freedom, is very patient. It leaves us all the time to learn at the pace we have chosen. You have all the time, unlimited time. And the inheritance that is destined for us is infinite.

The "gift of clairvoyance," if it can be considered a faculty of vision, is not, however, a "spiritual vision." Perhaps it will make us see the beyond and allow us to converse with the dead. But the hereafter is no more the spiritual reality than the here in which we now live, and the unreincarnated souls of the dead are no more "spiritual" or wiser than those of the living. The vision of the seer, not even that of the prophet, is no more "spiritual" nor does it imply more maturity than that of the (say) mathematician or the wise man who, in his own field, has received or has developed (in silent symbiosis with God) the faculty of vision, or that of the doctor or the gardener or

Steinerian writings on this same karmic theme, but with more "great history" than familiar tones, appear under the title "Aus der Akasha-Chronik" between 1904 and 1908, in the newspaper "Lucifer Gnosis." . Steiner must have found enthusiastic readers in the theosophical movement, of which he was a part between 1902 and 1911. It seems that his break with the theosophical movement coincides more or less in time with the beginning of the Leadbeater's ramblings on "the lives of Alcyone."

of the collector of medicinal herbs who, each in their art, have achieved a gaze that sees where others pass without seeing.

However, perhaps it can be said that by its nature, any gift of an “Aryan vision” nature (such as those I have just evoked) tends to favor an openness to the spiritual, and for that very reason, to stimulate spiritual maturation. In itself it is like a silent invitation to “make good use of it.” When we follow that invitation, and only then, does that “opening” secretly desired by God take place, and maturation continues. These are the moments of fidelity, in which a spiritual work is carried out. This work is carried out when the self withdraws to let the Great Worker act, in ways and with purposes that escape us. Such moments are very different in nature from the fireworks of even the most prodigious creativity, served by the most wonderful gifts (of clairvoyance or otherwise), by the most powerful brain. Such creativity, however impressive it may sometimes be on its own level, remains beyond the spiritual work as long as the self participates in it for its own (properly camouflaged) ends. Dazzles the soul without illuminating it. It stuns it, without allowing silence to establish itself, conducive to the soul’s encounter with itself, or with God. It exalts and excites it, without ever arousing a curious glance, and oh how instructive and even necessary, in the crowded backstage of the great theater...

But returning to Steiner, I have no doubt that God was waiting for him, throughout his life. But nothing I have read or what I know about him makes me assume that the meeting will take place – quite the contrary! It speaks of King Arthur, of six or seven different souls in man, of the great Initiates, of reincarnations of the Sun, of Christ and of the Earth. If she sometimes pronounces the word “God,” it is in passing and as a way of speaking, or as one more facet of a brilliant dress. Faithful in this to the spirit of the Theosophist movement, he remained engrossed in the occult hocus-pocus (almost totally fanciful, I am convinced). This fascinated him so much and so well that with the best will in the world he was not available to also meet again with a certain Old Lord (who sometimes also appears in the guise of a small child). , and even from some rascal...) Sorry, busy! And even less did he have free time to dare to take a look inside himself.

It is very possible that if God has showered him with gifts in such a prodigious way, it was because Rudolf Steiner really had a vocation as an “Instructor” and that he had a mission, a vision that would help to the West to meet again. But if that was really the case, he clearly failed in that mission. Not because of external obstacles, certainly, or due to a lack of echo – because the echo is no more lacking than the opposition, and Steiner’s audience (at least in German-speaking countries) continues growing decade after decade. Not because of a lack of spiritual maturity, even if for me that lack is flagrant; because ripening continues and maturity “is created,” like that of a fruit under the action of the sun and the winds and the rain, as we “invent,” as we “create” our mission and progress.

with her. It is also required that we have entered into the mission, that we have crossed the door that opens onto those unsuspected worlds that no imagination would know how to invent, instead of locking ourselves in the outrageous sets of a theater (even if it is of good dimensions). What has been missing is “rigor,” if you will.

But more profoundly, it is fidelity. Behind the brilliant decorations, the old ego pulled the strings of the beard and nose of a “seer” – sleepy768.

Sleepy, yes, and even in his last years, those of a frenzy of unbridled creativity, of a prodigious dispersion among a thousand tasks and requests among which his vitality was exhausted, leading him to a premature end, at the age of sixty-four, the one who was made to reach a centenary. Or instead of “sleepy,” perhaps it would be more fair to say, for those years,

768Of course this is a spiritual drowsiness, which is in no way incompatible with great intellectual vivacity, even with full-blown creativity. Compare with the same use of the term “sleepy” in the note “Felix Carrasquer (5): the time of the harvest” (no. 107), page 272 and especially the footnote agina.

who kept convulsively closed that "spiritual eye" that he liked to boast about so much (when talking about his gift of clairvoyance), and which, it would be said, he never used! Well, before anything else, the "spiritual eye" is what allows us to know ourselves, and not confuse the performances and sets of the great theater with the grasses and the trees and the simple things, those that live and breathe and They weave their living networks in the open.

I have wondered about the meaning of that strange frenzy towards the end of Steiner's life – that prodigious "display of force", as if to force the stupefied and endlessly surpassed admiration of his followers, and to reduce to a contrite silence (if such a thing were possible) to his detractors. Keeping all proportions, I, who is still alive and well determined to make old bones, have known such "highs" of senseless creativity that seem to want to devour itself. I already had occasion to allude to this here and there, in Cosechas y Siembras⁷⁶⁹.

I have no doubt that if I had let them follow that tuning fork, they would not have been left behind and it would have left me in stitches⁷⁷⁰. They were math highs in my case, but ultimately it doesn't matter if it's math, morphine or the occult sciences – sorry, the "spiritual sciences".

Afterwards I have not stopped looking carefully at what had happened. Each time, it had been a flight forward that had to get me away from what I wanted to avoid. And each time, what I ran away from in that race forward was a knowledge about myself. The sting that led the crazy dance was an anguish, at first hidden, but which ended up showing its twitchy face during the following weeks and months, when the violent, fanatical, out of control character of the dark force that pulled me became more and more evident. And yet, even once he recognized the anguish from the corner of his eye, he pretended not to see anything and continued running, blindly...⁷⁷¹ One notable thing is that he truly did an impressive job, truly mind was, on an intellectual level, a creation. In the last of those strange crises, from January to April 1982, what was then unraveled in broad strokes is one of the most

profound things that I have made clear during my life as a mathematician⁷⁷² . That time I was about to stay put. It was the first serious warning shot, which clearly told me: be careful with what you do, if you value your skin! And I really "was careful", that is to say: I took the trouble to look.

This physical collapse was followed, during the following weeks, by one of the most fruitful "meditation waves" of my entire life⁷⁷³, in which a new threshold was crossed in my mind.

⁷⁶⁹See especially the section "The spoilsport boss – or the pressure cooker" (CyS I, no 43). I also allude to a "long period of mathematical frenzy" in the first section, "Dream and Fulfillment," of the introduction to Harvests and Sowings, and that term "mathematical frenzy" is taken up again in the section "The Guru-no-Gur'u – or the three-legged horse" (CyS I, section no. 45), where I return to the dream that put an end to it "overnight." The episode in question took place between February and June 1981.

⁷⁷⁰That was evident in April 1982, after another (and final) period of three or four months in which the "mathematics machine" went into overdrive again.

⁷⁷¹I well knew that "I" could put an end to that mathematical frenzy, and even that it was urgent to put an end to it and meditate. And yet I postponed that more and more urgent need, I decided to ignore it, to continue giving free rein to the pleasure and vertigo of that "mathematical high." I have understood that the mechanism that I let rule in my person, in my soul, was no different from alcoholics or morphine addicts. The only difference is that the pleasure in which I hid (like the ostrich that hides its head in the desert sand...) was not located at the level of the senses, but at the intellectual level, and was accompanied He had a dizzying creativity, whose fascination (it seemed to me) was infinitely more powerful than that of the senses could be. However, at the same time I knew that that fascination, that kind of cold exaltation and intense pleasure of mathematical creation were ultimately laughable, and left my soul hungry and bloodless. EU. As I say in the main text, the sting was not the attraction of a pleasure, no matter how exciting or great, but rather the anguish that accompanies an escape.

⁷⁷²This is the very "Long March through Galois theory", in which he developed the master intuitions (some dating back to the years 1977 and following) of an "Anabelian algebraic geometry ". Some of these ideas are evoked in the "Outline of a Program", considered in the introduction to Cosechas y Siembras (in the third section, "Compass and baggage").

⁷⁷³I remember that the "encounter with the Dreamer" (see in this regard the section of the same name, no. 21) took place in August 1982, during that meditation. The same month, I have several crucial dreams, recovering some traumatic memories from my childhood, which until then had been completely erased from conscious memory.

understanding of things and of myself. But I know well that if I had not stopped then to "consider" what was happening to me, and once the alarm had passed and I had overcome the slope of exhaustion, I would have taken up the dance again, I would no longer be in this situation. world to talk about it.

This association that I have just developed a little has nothing fortuitous, I am intimately convinced, now that I have taken the trouble to put it black on white. And we do not have to go far to search for the knowledge about himself that Rudolf Steiner tried to escape at any cost, with that mad rush forward (which would lead him, not to a meditation about himself but to his death due to exhaustion). He could not help but feel, deep within himself, that in that role of great visionary of the West, almost a Messiah, something was missing. To truly be the great visionary of modern times, the one who brings a profound, clear and saving message to the world, he would only have needed to dare to stop and be silent, to dare to look, and to see: to see the one who pulls the threads of the sparkling decorations, and a few steps from there to the one who is sleepy in front of a half-open, half-closed door that leads outside, to the high seas.

It was enough for the one who was sleepy to wake up, open his eyes, get up and take one step, and cross the door that has always been waiting for him to let him pass...

Rudolf Steiner never took that step. He chose to die under the footlights and in the waterfalls of light, rather than give it up, humbly. Throughout his life, locked in the great theater and repeating the masterpiece of the sower-reaper, he took pleasure in mixing the chaff and the grain at his discretion, the worst and the best. It gave astonishing new impulses, and inextricably mixed with them, it also sowed much confusion. So much the worse for those who, taking the house mixtures of phantasmagoria and visions at the word of the Gospel, blindly swallow the chaff with the grain! Certainly, even if there were only a tenth of grain, with three hundred packages there is enough grain to make good bread. But without separating, bread is made of straw and not grain, and I doubt it will do much good.

But returning to the person of Steiner, I believe that he chose to remain a child prodigy all his life, rather than become a spiritual adult. He took pleasure in the acrobatics of the spirit and the imagination, in the amazing fireworks, rather than going towards the simple and good and most essential things, those that feed the soul and make it grow; those that also make her capable, at the end of a long journey, of providing others with the food they lack.

He who wants to feed, or feed, must first stop impressing. Well while one stops at it (even if it is with the most admirable things), one stops growing.

(123) Brothers in conflict – or a godmother for two messiahs...

(February 8 and 9)774 The reflection of the day before yesterday has relieved me a lot, putting an end to that feeling of discomfort and perplexity before the work and before the person of Rudolf Steiner. Certainly impressive work, of prodigious, cyclopean, superhuman dimensions – but where so many things ring false and set one on edge! Or also, they have those airs of "spiritual" science-fiction, or "scientific" theosophy-fiction, that left me stupefied, perplexed and distrustful as before the passes of a skillful conjuror who would have changed my thousand-franc notes into fake hundred-franc notes. Not to mention that from the moment in which, Annie Besant and the theosophical establishment through, Rudolf began to be a figurehead, he took too much pleasure, for my taste, in the company of important people. Many of his admirers, I don't know by chance, turned out to be the wives of very great generals. And above all, he didn't seem to dislike that at all, the cream of the military racket. To say the least, seeing, at the end of some astonishing fireworks of theosophical sleight of hand, the eternal camaraderie of saber and hyssop reappear as if nothing had happened, that told me nothing of value. And that hyssop was feathered and

774Continuation of the previous note "Phantasmagorias of a clairvoyant – or clairvoyance and spirituality".

golden (nobility oblige!) with a “Steinerian Christology”, more hocus-pocus than ever, only increased my perplexity⁷⁷⁵ without making me feel more comfortable. I was almost ashamed of my clumsiness and my cravings, but there was nothing I could do!

There was, it seems, a “slip” in Steiner’s life, around the year 1900, when he began to become a decidedly important character. And little by little, who would have thought! He became a bit of a favorite of a certain spiritualizing high society. Controversial favorite, certainly, and that was his torment... It is not surprising that since then the dispossession of a Jesus from Nazareth (a tattered village in Galilee), called “the Christ” (congratulations!), It ended up seeming so lousy to him that he quickly transformed it (once he discovered his Christian vocation, sorry, Christological...) into an anthroposophical cloak-and-dagger novel. the most beautiful.

At last I have the impression that I have roughly understood what it is about. No, my sense of smell had not deceived me, already in the first contact with his prose⁷⁷⁶! And the “imposture” issue? which I ended up being a little ashamed of, and after all it wasn’t so out of place.

Although all things have been weighed I still respond with a “no!”, it is because the imposture supposes that one pretends to be more than one is, while in Steiner it seems to me that the reality is the opposite: for His vocation and by his faculties he was called to infinitely more, surely, than the poses he displayed. Getting proud, he became smaller. Perhaps he was called to illuminate the World. In fact, as I clearly saw the day before yesterday, he has mystified it. Mystified with mastery and brio, that of course, with a display of energy bordering on the insane and where he ended up leaving his skin behind. And among the debris that falls from the great fireworks, there are certainly good bits that could be useful. But all that, no matter how impressive and prestigious it may be, ultimately seems quite laughable to me. A waste. Without a doubt, useful inspirations would be drawn for the science of tomorrow, which he had sensed and whose image he was pleased to smudge at will, in his desire to arouse admiring followers rather than researchers. Brilliant man if there is one, yes, powerful brain if there is one, yes. But what the World needs are not brilliant men or powerful brains that displace and amaze thousands and millions. The inventions of a brilliant brain are far, very far from the humble truth.

It is the truth that is missing. It’s always the same story. Just like Jesus as he truly was, without the Immaculate Conception, without the wise men, without secret initiation in Egypt, without hocus-pocus and without “Christology” – the truth has a very lousy air. , Nobody loves her. Anyone who wants to give recipes and “be successful” does well to keep her away. Jesus knows something about this. Therefore, today, as two thousand years ago, and although christologies of all stripes have the pressure of choice, the stripped path of Jesus, the naked path of truth, is always Not very busy.

Reflecting on these two days, I have been struck by the strange kinship between the people and destinies of Rudolf Steiner and Krishnamurti (thirty-four years his junior). One and the other, for their exceptional gifts and for their charisma⁷⁷⁷, and more than any other mutant of my

775In the absence of a true reflection on the subject, it was difficult for me to place Jesus, not being very sure whether his deification by the Christian Churches does not, despite everything, contain a part of truth. What I learned from Steiner’s ramblings on this topic, and given Steiner’s immense prestige (prestige that does not seem devoid of any foundation...), only redoubled my perplexities. But after reading Marcel L’egaut’s work last year, I finally felt on solid ground. So solid, that if I had taken the trouble to dwell on it a little, I would not have been able to help but conclude that the famous Steinerian Christology is really a “digression”, without having to be informed by Colin Wilson of “King Arthur’s Cup” and his brave knights. Finally everything fits together perfectly, and all my perplexities about Rudolf Steiner have disappeared, giving way to a now perfectly clear image.

776On this topic see the note, partially dedicated to Steiner, “The Mutants (2): spiritual science (R. Steiner, T. de Chardin)” (no. 86), especially pages 179–180. If, after reading Steiner for the first time in 1976, I had not been informed of the remarkable results obtained by gardeners and farmers in biodynamics, and if I had not received echoes of the prodigious dimensions of Steiner’s work, I would surely have classified him as a storyteller without further ado, and I would not have worried any more.

777They had in common a gift of clairvoyance, and also a “charisma” that gave them a powerful influence over their

nice list, "they definitely had "mutant profiles""⁷⁷⁸. Both saw themselves in the role of Instructor, even the "Messiah" of the modern world. And that was not a mere projection of a delusion of grandeur, neither in one nor in the other. I do not doubt that in its origin it was a true vocation, a true calling. By the vast dimensions of their spirit, by the penetration of their gaze, each one in his own field of vision, they seem to me to have been predestined to instruct and, even better, to illuminate – to be great "Enlighteners" of the modern world. And both, in short, failed in their mission, both chose to mystify more than to illuminate. More precisely: they allowed themselves to be carried away, blindly, by a desire for power – the same: that of mystification. With the good and abundant grain that they carried in their saddlebags, they allowed themselves to be intoxicated by the ascendancy they had over a subjugated public, by the discretionary power to pass at will no matter what amount of coarse straw through grain.

This is already the essential, "the interior". But this unusual kinship is maintained even in certain external master features of these two existences. Both chose a hectic life, where silence and solitude, conducive to slow maturation, had no part; If not, it's only in dribs and drabs, a few hours here and there jumping between trees, between a conference in Stockholm before a packed room, and the plane to London or Chicago. Both spent most of their lives in front of the public. Almost always, if not always, an audience of followers came to admire the Master, to pump into his powerful charisma the "spirituality" that they lacked. The texts of more than six thousand Steiner lectures between 1900 and 1925 have been preserved, that is, an average of almost one per working day⁷⁷⁹! Krishnamurti, who functioned at a less insane pace and who lived 90 years, of which he spent almost sixty as an itinerant lecturer, must have lived as many. (His biographer Mary Lutyens, who nevertheless has a weakness for large numbers, has omitted to count them for the benefit of posterity...)

When one asks where this amazing kinship of style with such a difference in temperament comes from, the answer is not far away. Look for the Godmother! Both were "put into orbit" by the Theosophical Society of the time of Annie Besant, herself a great lecturer. And both of them remained in that orbit. But carefully distancing themselves, once launched, from their common Godmother – and ignoring each other completely.

It must be recognized that in Krishnamurti, leaving aside the "lecturer" style and especially his role as Messiah (which he tacitly resumed on his own), this distance was real: at least on a conscious level⁷⁸⁰, in his thought he did not trace of hocus-pocus is already found

public and its environment. As for the latter, it is difficult to separate what is effectively "charisma", a powerful personality, from what comes from the halo of prestige that surrounded them, due in Steiner to both his intellectual power and, undoubtedly, his gifts of clairvoyance, and in Krishnamurti to the messianic propaganda that had been made around him since he was fourteen years old. What is certain is that in both of them this ascendancy clearly subjugated and blocked the personal capacities of appreciation and judgment, rather than stimulating them, and that this ascendancy was cultivated with the intention of subjugating. In this way they are distinguished in my eyes from the other "spirituals" among my mutants, such as Ramakrishna, Guruji, and even Gandhi, not to mention Whitman and Carpenter, of whom the five also saw themselves (and rightly so) as "Instructors". That is why, above all, I see in Rudolf Steiner and Krishnamurti "Instructors who have gone astray." On the spiritual plane more than on any other, instructing or enlightening is not compatible with a will to dominate (no matter how hidden it may be).

⁷⁷⁸I quote here more or less the aforementioned note in which for the first time it deals with Steiner, see page 180.

⁷⁷⁹This rhythm became "insane" especially in 1924, the year before his death (March 30, 1925), and also the year in which Steiner gave his famous series of lectures (June 7 to 16, 1924) laying the foundations of so-called "biodynamic" agriculture. The climax is reached that year with 70 conferences in two and a half weeks, that is, an average of four a day. You have to realize that each of these lectures is supposed to contribute something different from the others – it is not at all like a high school (or college) professor who calmly repeats courses that he knows by heart...

⁷⁸⁰A careful reading of Krishnamurti's biography by Mary Lutyens, and also of certain texts from his pen, shows on the contrary that on an unconscious level Krishnamurti was far from having overcome all the ideas and attitudes that had been impregnated with so much strength his life until well into adulthood. He was supposed to be a reincarnation of Maitreya, one of the Buddha's two favorite disciples. In the Theosophical pantheon, Maitreya is found immediately below Buddha (who is at the top), and slightly above Jesus Christ. Surely this has something to do with the fact that Krishnamurti later looked at Jesus with

I'm sophisticated. Steiner remained absorbed in it until the end of his days. The differences between him and the well-known theosophists, the "occult" version, seem to me to be pure doctrine and jargon, and as such they leave me indifferent. But the style and even more so, the spirit, does not change one bit. That is a first sign, in my eyes, in the sense of greater inner autonomy in Krishnamurti than in Steiner.

But the renegade theosophical affiliation gives us even other points of contact, even of intertwining, between two existences that, superficially and in the eyes of those interested themselves, could seem totally unrelated. In the theosophical movement at the beginning of the century, Steiner was not far from being a bit of a "German Messiah", which should not have displeased him. But in 1909 Leadbeater, the éminence grise of the Theosophical Society and "spiritual guide" to Annie Besant, discovered the future Messiah Krishnamurti (then fourteen years old). Steiner did not like that, who doubts it (who, however, has served us many others just as gratin...).

The Theosophical Society of London (practically, Leadbeater through Annie Besant) would have proposed a friendly arrangement: it recognizes the new Messiah, reincarnation of Maitreya⁷⁸¹, and in exchange he is named reincarnation of John the Baptist. That's the least they could do.

But that was knowing him wrong! The official break between Steiner (followed by the majority of German theosophists, soon renamed "anthroposophists" for the needs of the cause) and the Godmother did not occur, however, until 1911. The creation of The "Order of the Eastern Star" within the Theosophical Society, to prepare the coming of the already appointed Messiah (and not the good one, by the way), is the last straw that broke the camel's back. . And it is a charming irony of fate that the same "Hindu kid" that Steiner looked over his shoulder (and certainly without deigning to meet him...) would later fly high above the Theosophical pond, in which Steiner was going to continue splashing all his life⁷⁸².

(124) The chaff and the grain (1): R. Steiner and the science of tomorrow

condescension, while on the contrary he would be pursued by the idea (which seemed to me close to obsession) of equaling (even surpassing and supplanting?) the Buddha – the only Being who, according to the rules of the theosophical game, was still one grade above him, Krishnamurti-the-new-Messiah.

In all my readings of and about Krishnamurti, I have always had the impression that leaving aside only the Buddha, the Master encompasses in the same condescension all the great religious and spiritual figures of all times. Above all, he insistently recommends not wasting time reading any text from his pens or any sacred text (it goes without saying: the Teachings are there to replace all that verbiage...), ensuring that the same good has refrained from reading only one, and implying that everything that these people can tell about their experience of a supposed "God", or other supposed spiritual experiences or calls, would not know how to be more than the product of a conditioned imagination eager for illusions. It is clearly understood, although it is only suggested (you have tact or you don't...), that the only being in the world since the dawn of time (perhaps apart from the Buddha? – who also does not have a name, except among those intimate...) who has never had an authentic vision of the invisible and unspeakable things that, above all, we must not dare to name, it is He, the Master, who Teach, the Incarnate Truth...

An eloquent sign of the profound confusion of religions is to see "spirituals" of all confessions rushing to the show-conferences and speaking to them with an astonished air (being extraordinary, unforgettable experience...) – like the wives of more than one despotic and jealous husband, let them go and get their lashes...

⁷⁸¹For Maitreya, see the previous footnote.

⁷⁸²It seems very difficult, if not impossible, to locate in time the development of fully autonomous thought in Krishnamurti. He has done everything possible to erase all traces. And his biographer Mary Lutyens is too busy breaking down the accounts of the celebrities who met the Master, his minor trips, the number of attendees at his conferences and the journalistic comments, to consider questions about the genesis of his great master intuitions (the true ones, not the fake ones...). Lacking interest in it, he had to adopt the version of the Master himself: that they were things that he had always known, through infused science... But it is clear that the first and (as far as I know) e) the only moment of "rupture" in his life, that of a dramatic turn in his vision of things, occurs when the death of his brother Nitya, in November 1925 (he had then thirty years). What is certain is that the "development" I speak of takes place after that moment. I tend to believe it is in the next three or four years. In any case, it takes place after Steiner's death, which occurred (in March 1925) before Nitya's and in the same year.

(February 9 and 10)783 And what would be, in any case, the balance of what Steiner and Krishnamurti have contributed? That “negative” parallelism that I just made between their existences almost forces me, now, to try to narrow down what their contributions are – what remains when all the bluffing, all the invasive egotic excrescences have been eliminated.

At first it seems to me that Steiner's contribution and Krishnamurti's are situated in completely different fields. As I now see things, Steiner has contributed nothing to the “spiritual” progress of our species, nor to a better knowledge of itself, or of the human psyche and soul. On the contrary, at that level he has sown confusion at will, without any compensation. Despite the nice name “anthroposophy”, or science or knowledge of man, Steiner totally ignores the realities, even the most striking, the most fundamental ones of the psyche – starting with the very existence of an Unconscious,! which is saying a lot! I would not even say that “Steinerian psychology” is a psychology in an infantile state. I say it doesn't exist.

The amazing thing is that despite this he had accurate and fruitful intuitions in education⁷⁸⁴. The explanation of this apparent paradox seems to me to be this. Often the intuitive perception of things infinitely surpasses what appears on a conscious level. At that level, Steiner saw fit to close his eyes throughout his life to the fundamental realities of the psyche, starting with his own. This does not prevent that, even ignoring them on a conscious level, I could not stop apprehending them, or apprehending some aspects or certain effects, at another level. Surely this allowed him to “function” often in an effective and fruitful way, despite all his willful ignorance. We must surrender to the evidence that until today (and undoubtedly for a long time) the human psyche functions more poorly than well due to contradictions never perceived. And in this regard, great spirits are no more the exception than the first one who arrives!

In summary, Steiner's contribution seems to me to be situated not on the spiritual level, but rather on the intellectual level, and more precisely: not on the “philosophical” level (in which he mystified too much and could have contributed a lot), but rather “scientific”. And if, however, there is some real philosophical contribution, I see it exclusively in his conception of “science,” much vaster and deeper than that of his time and ours. Unfortunately, he himself blurred his own message at will, worse still, he discredited it, with his lack of seriousness (127), with his boasting. If, abstracting from his sketches, I try to formulate Steiner's vision of the science of tomorrow, this comes to mind: in reflection and observation it should include the phenomena, facts and factors that are not of a “material” or even “physical” nature⁷⁸⁵, but rather respond to “another reality”, an invisible reality – the one that escapes

⁷⁸³Continuation of the previous note “Facing brothers – or a Godmother for two months”.

⁷⁸⁴Steiner's pedagogical experience dates back to the years 1884–1890 (between the ages of 23 and 29), when he was a tutor in a family that had four children, of whom the m The little boy, ten years old, had hydrocephalus and mental retardation. He had painfully learned the rudiments of reading, writing and calculating. In two years his mental and physical health was transformed to such an extent that he was able to enter high school. (Later he studied medicine, became a doctor and fell, as a military doctor, in the war of 1914–1918.)

This was an impressive pedagogical success, surely due both to Steiner's “gift of sympathy,” which was one of the most notable qualities in his youth, and to his gifts of psychological intuition and even clairvoyance. Unfortunately, this loving capacity of his nature later greatly diminished, if not completely disappeared, from the moment when, around the age of forty, he became an important personage. A real turning point seems to have taken place in 1900, after the Theosophical Congress in London of the same year, when his future magnificence was already outlined in the role of secretary and undeniable leader of the ranks of the section. German name of the Theosophical Society. You can imagine that Steiner does not say a word about this turn in his inner life, in the biography described as “spiritual” that he wrote towards the end of his life. With which this stupefying general fact is verified, once again, that the most crucial events in the existence of each one (seen from a spiritual perspective) always take place in the Unconscious, and remain separated and totally ignored from the field of consciousness, throughout life.

⁷⁸⁵By “physics” I mean here: expressible in terms of the current concepts of physics today. But I am convinced that one could go further, declaring that this reality completely escapes by nature.

all our measuring devices, and yet the delicate "apparatus" that constitutes the human psyche and body detects and perceives, under certain conditions. This is also the path suggested to us by the amazing homeopathic medicine of Hahnemann (which surely has greatly inspired Steiner's "anthroposophical" medicine).

Of course, such a conception or vision of a "science of tomorrow" is in great danger of being reduced to pretty language, if it is not accompanied by some tangible approach, which shows us at least some an embryo of such a still hypothetical science. And this is precisely where I place Steiner's solid contribution, once his work has been cleared of the enormous ectoplasm of Steiner's occult phantasmagoria. Steiner was a trashy "spiritual," but he had, I am convinced, the makings of a great visionary sage – one who, like Newton before him, profoundly transforms even the spirit in which "science" is thought and done. And if he allowed himself, alas, to be distracted from his true mission with his childishness, that did not mean that he lacked impressive sketches and, above all, proven by the experience of more than half a century after his death, which They cannot be dismissed with a slap of the hand. If I'm not mistaken, it is mainly about his ideas on agriculture, on medicine, and on education (and especially, on the education of mentally retarded or autistic children⁷⁸⁶ .

It is true that whoever says "science" says "method," and Steiner was careful not to give the slightest indication about a method of research in that "spiritual science" (*Geisteswissenschaft*) that he proclaimed. He proceeded by simple charismatic statements (and often, what is worse, by gimmicky statements!). He wanted to be the Oracle and the Door, the only Door, of the "spiritual science" so airy - and for that very reason (and even abstracting from his fables) 'he himself has blocked its rise, removed' loses all credibility. In that science of tomorrow that he was one of the first to glimpse and that it was up to him to found on broad and solid bases, he is the quintessential example not to follow!

However, they showed that they have proven fruitful. Until now and no doubt for the reasons I have just mentioned, I believe that they have only continued with an "artisanal" spirit, limiting themselves to checking and, if necessary, adjusting the recipes left by the Master, and not with a "spirit of investigation". The farmer or agricultural holding that "works in biodynamics" is subject to desiderata of profitability in the short or medium term, which draconianly limits all research whims, when they do not cut it off completely. 'yz. For one

to any description by means of a mathematical "model", in the image of those that are current in physics after Kepler, Galileo, Newton.

786Steiner's initial intuition about children with great physical or mental disabilities is that the true cause of this handicap is karmic in nature, and not biological in nature. Its reason for being is found in the past of previous existences. These handicaps place the soul of the child and future adult in a difficult and painful situation, certainly, but one that must be faced and learned a lesson in learning about oneself and the spiritual laws. The best way to help the child in this task is to accept it and help him accept it with courage. (Which in no way means, on the contrary, that everything that is medically possible to relieve and, if possible, to cure, is not undertaken with all the energy and all the circumspection required.) It is not about pitying him, or separating him from the human community: he is a child like the others, only faced with a more arduous and often more painful task.

Many will reject this karmic conception as one of the Steinerian phantasmagorias. On the contrary, I am convinced that there is a correct, profound and beneficial vision. It must be recognized that he, a man impregnated by Western culture foreign to the idea of karma, had the depth and courage to integrate that karmic vision into everyday life, and especially in his approach to certain more flagrant and more disconcerting manifestations of the action of karma.

The fact that one can really put the finger on the biological "causes" of the great congenital disabilities is surely not discussed by Steiner or his followers, and does not constitute an argument against the Steinerian conception. Physical and biological laws are at the service, they are instruments of spiritual laws, although a superficial view of things seems to suggest that they ignore them. The question of the validity of Steiner's conceptions cannot be resolved, nor even (I believe) truly understood and clarified, remaining within the framework of the biological sciences in their current form and spirit. However, it is not a question of the "sex of angels"! I am convinced that a nuanced and convincing answer, which brings the spirits to agreement, will be unraveled in the coming generations.

For research to be fruitful in the long term, it undoubtedly needs to be freed from the restrictions of profitability in the short and medium term, which on the contrary is animated by the attraction of the unknown and mystery, by joy. It was about probing the flesh of the night, about seeing the shadows fade and become light. And the same will happen, I am convinced, with the science of tomorrow, just as with that of today and yesterday, just as we have seen it unfold and transform up to the present over centuries and millennia.

(125) The chaff and the grain (2): Krishnamurti – or degradation of a mission

(February 10 – 12)787 Steiner spent his childhood in a small town railway station (his father was the station master), in contact with the latest technical wonders of his time: trains, the telegraph... And from his childhood he was fascinated by science and knowledge. make technical If his gift of clairvoyance had not revealed to him the existence of a world

totally different, he would surely have become a great wise man recognized as such by everyone; a follower of Darwin perhaps, without ever thinking of departing from the spirit of science of his time. During his lifetime, "science" meant supreme prestige, authority. Thus his dream was to conquer for that "other world" that he glimpsed (and that for a long time seemed to him to be the only one in the world who perceived it...) the unmatched security of "Science", of "scientific" knowledge. If anyone, in the last century or in this century, had the material to give substance to such a dream, transforming the very conception we have of said "Science", it was him. And if it has rather contributed to discrediting in the eyes of the majority, and especially in the eyes of scientists, the very idea of "another reality", it can only be attributed to this! same!

Steiner was equally passionate about the study. He devoured the most difficult philosophy books with the same voracity as he devoured science books. His first experience that he would describe as "spiritual"788 was his encounter with geometry, at the age of nine. He would later say of that experience: "... I felt that one should carry within oneself the knowledge of the spiritual world in the same way as geometry."

None of that in Krishnamurti, who, due to his innate and acquired inclinations, is truly the antipodes of Steiner. All his life, his study and even, surely by extension or assimilation, every reading that he did a little "wise" or even just "serious"789, he felt like a burden. However, he suffered it wisely, the endless burden, taken up again every day with meekness, as hundreds of millions of children, adolescents and adults suffer it, with total submission - in this case, submission to his guardians and benefactors Annie Besant and Leadbeater. His first and very timid whims of rebellion against this role of wise monkey did not take place until astonishingly late, around the age of nineteen or twenty, after a providential lifelong assignment had given him He ensured financial autonomy from his tutors and teachers. However, he continued to lead the life of an eternal student, from failure to failure in the most select institutions in England, until the age of twenty-four (in 1919). Only the following year did he begin to show the first signs of intellectual independence. But it would still take nine years until he finally decided, at the age of 34 (!), to leave the comfortable cage of the "Order of the Eastern Star" from which He had been the nominal head for eighteen years, at the same time as the new Messiah, promised to the World from all eternity...

The thing may seem incredible, in a man and a thinker of the stature of Krishna

787Continuation of the previous note "The chaff and the grain (1): R. Steiner and the science of tomorrow".

788Visibly Steiner does not distinguish between the intellectual plane, that is, that of ideas (however rigorous) and the laws that govern them, and the spiritual plane, of a very different order. The German language would tend to favor such confusion here, because of the ambiguity associated with the word "geistig" (from "Geist" = "spirit"), which refers to the two planes. simultaneously.

789In the biography of Mary Lutyens we learn (if my memory does not betray me...) that Krishnamurti did not read anything but detective novels, which were his main distraction along with Westerns, TV and The golf.

murti790: According to what I know, it seems almost certain that at no time in his life did he bother, retrospectively, to verify that state of dependence, of spiritual misery, of passive submission as well, in which he had lived well into adulthood. And during all that time, without ever asking himself a question on that subject, he carried his trademark image to the faithful members of the Order of the Star (there were some tens of thousands): that of immemorial infused wisdom, free of all conditioning etc. He even took it up on his own with clear and vibrant words, style "I am the Unconditioned, the Light and the Life...", at least from 1925 (when he was 29 years old). It is evident that he believed it at face value, just as the members of the small circle of close friends and admirers who had formed around him believed it, dazzled as they were by the glory of Messiah. only thing that surrounded him, and without being bothered in the least by everything they knew firsthand that was not exactly in that direction!

Even after Krishnamurti had rid himself of the quaint theosophical nonsense⁷⁹¹ and the corresponding spiritualizing cliches, and throughout his long life until his death at the age of 90, he never questioned the idea of himself that he had received, that of a kind of divine child with serene gaze, soaring high above human contingencies.

On the contrary, this non-idea only hardened, as the memories of an annoying past faded and ended up completely sinking⁷⁹². He never bothered to "come clean" with his ancient theosophical beliefs, which had permeated and shaped his psyche for twenty years of crucial training. He never tried to see where the false was and where, despite everything, the true. Well, those wild visions of "Masters", those "Initiations" and all that (which had undoubtedly been suggested to him from a distance by Leadbeater), he had really had⁷⁹³!

Above all, he never explored the meaning of that fact, however irrefutable, that he had believed in all that, that he had meekly played a role that had been dictated to him. Later, he believed that it was enough to cross it out and decree: it no longer concerns me! – so that the past is no longer there, no longer acts. And to convince himself better, he built a whole philosophical system, develop-

790To tell the truth, even among men and thinkers of "great stature", rare are those who have taken the trouble to include themselves in their view of the world, and to also overcome, at their own expense, the favored image. and flat that one usually has of oneself. But that kind of common complacency can seem "incredible" in a man in whom self-knowledge is at the center of his philosophy of existence, and is presented as the first and only thing essential in the spiritual life, from which all others are supposed to derive of themselves.

791Krishnamurti "freed himself" from that "theosophical nonsense" at least on a conscious level. Having never examined it carefully (see below in this same paragraph), a part of said farrago continued to be present in the Unconscious, as indicated in a note at the foot of the page 323 in the penultimate note.

792However, among those close to Krishnamurti, and among them his future biographer Mary Lutyens, those memories did not "fade away" and in no way "sunk," as in the Master. They coexisted, as if nothing had happened, with the messianic phantasmagoria, the myth of the divine child, etc.

793During his long theosophical period, Krishnamurti ended up developing a penetrating vision of everything that was fictitious, false, overestimated, of everything that was pure cliché and pure conformism, in the environment in which then bathed, and perhaps also in what he could glimpse in the bordering spiritualizing media. That intuition, I believe, should barely have referred to the ideas and doctrines professed by some and others, but rather apprehended interior attitudes, which I saw were profoundly falsified everywhere. Only much later did these intuitions become clearly conscious and were condensed into clearly formulated thoughts, in clean and incisive language, laying bare what he had previously perceived dimly, and which also in his age mature woman had ample opportunity to observe, at the risk of countless encounters.

Unfortunately, by not including himself in his gaze on others, that delicate and penetrating perception ended up hardening into a "deliberate purpose" button-press, putting once and for all In the same bag, that of the "imaginings" aroused by the desire for self-aggrandizement of the self, any manifestation of an activity or an experience that is seen as "religious" or "spiritual", with the sole exception those that emanate from his own person. He reached absurdities bordering on the grotesque, such as implying that all the sacred writings of the past are nothing more than wind, while affirming that he has not read a single one (something that even his devoted biographer finds it hard to believe...).

When one is the supreme Master, who with his existence erases all the messiahs, prophets and teachers of the past, it is evident that it is no longer necessary to read a single supposedly "sacred" text, to know and affirm that reading one It's wasting time...

at length in the dozens of volumes of his "Teachings." A system that magnifies and establishes as dogma this flight forward, which teaches that "freedom" is oblivion, is the total disappearance of the past⁷⁹⁴. To a degree rarely achieved by a human being, he cultivated an almost complete inhibition of memory. He believed he freed himself from the past by mutilating the valuable, spiritually vital faculty of memory (128) – the one that links us to our roots, and allows us to feed on the experience accumulated in the past, by probing and assuming its meaning. .

With that escape from his past that challenged him, with that mutilation renewed daily for a lifetime, far from freeing himself from the past, he chained himself even more to it. Or better yet, even when he spoke about freedom and the nonexistence of the past, he was moved and directed, as if by resistant and tenuous threads that he refused to see, by hidden forces buried in a past that he denies (129) .

* * *

But again I digress. (You have to admit that there is something to get carried away with!) I had just begun to say that science and Krishnamurti are very different. Unlike Steiner, apart from a slight weakness for mechanics (which went hand in hand with his taste for expensive cars), he really had nothing that inclined him towards science or technology. *ecnica.*

Nor towards philosophy and those dry and erudite things. However, he ended up devoting himself to it, to philosophy, much to his regret, to finally put his famous "Teachings"⁷⁹⁵ in black on white and in English of perfect clarity. Not intellectual by temperament, he ended up being so out of necessity, and much to his regret.

By his vocation and by his exceptional gifts, Krishnamurti was called to be the great religious philosopher of modern times – a demystifier and a visionary, whose spiritual vision was to be rooted in a deep and uncompromising understanding. precedents of the human soul. To find the path of his mission and carry it out, he would have lacked nothing more than spiritual rigor, which can only be given by a vigilant gaze on oneself. Lacking a look at himself (vigilant or not...), like Rudolf Steiner he became the toy of a voracious ego. In its

⁷⁹⁴This "rejection of the past" is inseparable from the "rejection of becoming", the rejection of learning, of maturing, of deepening knowledge of oneself and the World. The first of these rejections is nothing more than the mirror image of the second – one and the other are the two aspects, the "yin" and "yang", "shadow" and "light" aspects, of the same process: the of the escape. I already had the opportunity to examine one of the two in Krishnamurti, in the note "The black beasts of the Master (2) – or the rejection of becoming" (no. 54). After writing that note, I had the opportunity (last October) to read Krishnamurti's biography, and especially the second volume (which I had not read before). That reading is what highlighted to me Krishnamurti's rejection of the past, which was not discussed in the aforementioned note.

⁷⁹⁵The capital letter in "Teachings" is the work of the Master. Leaving aside his book "At the Feet of the Master" (signed "Alcyone"), which is a stylistic exercise on theosophical moral clichés, which supposedly would have been communicated to him by a hidden Being to which he refers Like "the Master", Krishnamurti's first book does not appear until 1954. It is "The First and Last Freedom", which contains, I believe, the essential themes of Krishnamurti's thought, which all his subsequent books will take up and repeat. untiringly. When it appears, the author is almost sixty years old. It was in 1925 when the great shock caused by the death of his brother Nitya took place, a shock that (four years later) would end up tearing him away from the Theosophical conceptual environment and universe, and leading him to develop a personal thought and philosophy. It is therefore almost thirty years after that capital turn in Krishnamurti's life, when the first book appears that attests to the thought that arose from him. When and how the main chapters of that thought so vigorously affirmed appeared, throughout those thirty years, there is nothing in that book or in any other text from his pen (as far as we know). e) allows you to have the slightest idea of it. Mary Lutyens's biography completely ignores such questions, and I don't know if anyone besides me has ever had the curiosity to ask them. However, in everything that concerns the knowledge of man, of human existence, of God, the value and even the meaning of an idea are inseparable from the person who formulates and affirms it, and from the psychic circumstances that have created it. surrounded the birth of the idea thus affirmed. And so it is, with even more reason, for a whole set of ideas that form, in an explicit or tacit manner, a clearly affirmed philosophy of existence.

desire to show himself infinitely above everyone, he locked himself in the reflex of going against "everyone", including the greatest and the best they have given us, and without even deigning in naming them. But the first will be the last! Wanting to enhance himself with disdain, he fell below even the rank of a simply serious "philosopher" or "psychologist" (or "spiritual").

Among many other things, it was the best placed to culminate the innovative work of a Freud, surpassing it with a very different illumination, more global, more penetrating, richer – like the clear light of day. there where we laboriously illuminate ourselves with a flashlight. But he took pleasure in the childish attitude of arrogantly ignoring that great and first pioneer in the knowledge of the psyche, and of proving his supreme "freedom from the known" by implying that all this is nothing more than vain. chatter (from some who want to act interesting), and decreeing: that dreams are nothing more than the continuation when we are asleep of the vain "cackling of thought" in the waking state⁷⁹⁶, and that in addition So the so-called "Unconscious" is a pure invention (of some that it is better to ignore...)

That would be ineptitude or insanity in someone so well placed, if it were not the infantilism of uncontrolled vanity. Remember that twenty or thirty years after Freud (and independently of him, certainly), Krishnamurti discovered the incredible, crucial, disconcerting fact of "psychological escape" – that mechanism deeply implanted in the psyche, which pushes us incessantly to reject the knowledge of realities, even the most striking, the most obvious and often the most neurological as soon as they touch us closely, of those realities that are "ignored" and yet, at the same time, "are known." Wanting to "teach", wanting to show and appreciate in all its scope that omnipresent fact that dominates the behavior of each and every one (at least as long as one is not careful with it...), lazily pretending to deny the The very existence of a "submerged part" of the psyche is taking people for idiots – it is playing an idiotic power game. It is choosing to enclose oneself in the narrow circle of those whom one takes the pleasure of subjugating, of those who agree to play idiots who are led by the end of their noses. There is no crazy story that more purposefully illustrates the Master's brilliant Teachings on the idiotic game of escape!

That is only one example, perhaps the largest of all, among many others that are barely less massive⁷⁹⁷. Not having seen or known his invasive ego acting in the Unconscious, and like his predecessor Steiner (who looked at him with disdain...), Krishnamurti allowed himself to be carried away, for fifty years of his life well filled and until their death, for some idiotic games that can only discredit their "Teachings" in the eyes of any reflective spirit. With that he neutralized himself, reduced to nothing the action to which he had been called: that of enlightening. This degradation of his own message seems to me even more irremediable than in his "confronted brother" Steiner. Well, the action that called him was not situated on the intellectual level of

⁷⁹⁶This statement is all the more crude as Krishnamurti implies that the fully liberated man (read: himself) never dreams! that he, Krishnamurti, has not had a dream in his life. Clearly, in his entire life he never bothered to remember, let alone examine a single one of his dreams. However, that does not prevent him from declaring in substance that dreams are nonsense, and (tacitly) that a Freud, who spent his life studying them with infinite care (and of whom Krishnamurti surely has not read) gone not even a line) is a consummate idiot. It is the same attitude that vis-à-vis other "spirituals", and especially vis-à-vis the sacred books of all religions (except his own, spread by the "Teachings"...). See the footnote on page 328 and page 323 (second paragraph).

⁷⁹⁷For other examples, see the three consecutive notes (nos. 53–55) dedicated to the "black beasts of the Master." The examples that I examine there are above all those to which Krishnamurti returns with particular insistence. On the contrary, the few cases in which he appears to be aware of Freud's ideas only appear occasionally and more or less between the lines. (NB. Leaving aside one or two passages where he evokes the names of Buddha and Jesus between the nooks and crannies of a sentence, in none of the numerous Krishnamurti books that I have read does he refer to a third person, named or No, except those that appear in the stories of lived scenes, and in addition always remain unnamed.) That I went so far as to deny the existence of an Unconscious, I did not know until very recently (with astonishment, I admit), reading the second volume of the biography of Mary Lutyens.

some "science" (even if it were described as "spiritual"), but already from the beginning on the spiritual plane. And less than any other, spiritual action does not tolerate the mediocrity of complacency and power games.

From what I have been able to see so far, Krishnamurti's existence seems almost completely spiritually sterile to me. I believe that his name, unlike Steiner's, would soon fall into well-deserved oblivion. In total, I have not met a single person who owes him an understanding, a true (and not just imaginary) stimulation at a given moment in his spiritual itinerary. That's my case. It would be difficult for me to say whether the benefit I have derived from my encounter with Krishnamurti's work compensates for the heavy obstacles that have been for me, for long years, some of his most aberrant deliberate purposes⁷⁹⁸. At first I made them my own with the rest, with confidence, attesting to their exceptional penetration, of which I had been convinced firsthand here and there. But most of all, I think, I was amazed and impressed.

⁷⁹⁹sioned, yes "electrified" by those airs of lucid and sovereign authority, totally detached and yet at the same time intensely "present" – by that very particular charisma that is only found, I believe, in him. This is surely the key to his extraordinary ascendancy, even over people who were incapable of appreciating the achievements he had really achieved in the knowledge of the human soul, and in demystifying some of his main clichés that They have infested religious life since time immemorial. For my part, after a first with dazzling tact⁸⁰⁰, I realized many things that they sang, both in the Teachings and

798See the three notes cited in the previous footnote. In them I examine some of those "deliberate purposes." I already had and will have again the opportunity to evoke, in the pages of the Key of Dreams, how the Krishnamurtian philosophy that I had made mine constituted a serious It works for me, and this in different ways. Until now, this appears mainly in the section "Reunion with the Dreamer – or forbidden questions" (no. 21), although it only makes a brief (too brief...) allusion to the influence of Krishnamurti, in a footnote ???. It was about my distrust of any reflection that seemed to me to be "metaphysical", or even "philosophical", and my almost insurmountable reluctance to engage in a reflection in that sense, as if It could only be pure speculation, a mere game of the spirit that takes pleasure in its own constructions, a kind of "ease" in short. These dispositions, which now seem to me like a true partial paralysis of my faculties of knowledge, only dissipated last winter, with my dreams from January to March 1987. On the contrary, those dreams called me (with half words, certainly) to make full use of the powerful means of knowledge that is thought, to develop a vast overview of the World and human existence, from the material provided by both the Dreamer and the My personal experience.
But long before, between 1972 (when I encountered Krishnamurtian thought) and 1976 (when I "discovered meditation" and finally began a true work of self-knowledge, the taboos Kr Ishnamurtians against thought, and more particularly, against all work of thought, have been a powerful obstacle to the emergence of meditation in my life and therefore, to all spiritual progress, to all maturation. Not to mention that Krishnamurti denies the very idea and the possibility of all progress, of all depth, as a pure mirage of the "I" eager to become this or that. In short, I had nothing left but to wait with arms crossed that the grace granted to the Master would also descend on me, perhaps, when God had time... I express myself about that deep division in me, that "resignation", created by the distrust implanted in me against my best asset and my best ally, thought, in the note "Who is "I" – or resignation" (no. 58) .

799What I am trying to express here about myself must have been the case for countless other people, readers of Krishnamurti's books or listeners to his lectures. Surely, "those airs" or rather, what they suggested with such irresistible power, must have responded to a hope, or to a deep nostalgia, to a discontent that was ignored, a bit like: here is the finally, the complete, totally different man – the one I despair of becoming, the one I have been looking for in others for so long and that I have still never found... But that first "dazzling contact", after having exacerbated a spiritual thirst that was unknown, soon falls asleep in a sleepy purr, woven together by innumerable conferences in packed rooms and by clouds of volumes that look like brothers, to the point that one ends up reciting "Krishnamurti" by heart. Perhaps I am the only one, or in any case one of the few, not to have fallen asleep on the purring pillow prepared by the Teacher; or if I really fell asleep for a few years, the only one or one of the few to have woken me up. (With the call of the Dreamer, that eternal Awakened One, and the great, and discreet, Awakener...)

800I had that first contact with reading the first chapters of the aforementioned book "First and Last Freedom", in 1972 if my memories are accurate, at the end of the "surviving" period.

In the Teacher himself, it was unthinkable that those airs of total lucidity, of ardent detachment, of incarnated Truth – that that was a simple booby-trap!

And yet, the unthinkable was true⁸⁰¹! But it was only when I reread his biography last October⁸⁰², just four months ago, that I finally surrendered to the evidence. I stopped distorting, seeing the one who had secretly, for some years⁸⁰³, served as my model, with two different pairs of eyes that pretended to ignore each other!

(126) The chaff and the grain (3): Krishnamurti – an

assessment (February 13 and 15)⁸⁰⁴ I began the previous note with the idea of making a small assessment of one or two pages of “the contribution of Krishnamurti” – and I have spent three full days settling old scores with him! Yesterday was not over yet, with the endless cohort of footnotes lengthening, two of which have become plenary notes.

And with all that, the famous “balance sheet” remains unfinished. I was so interested in saying everything that was wrong (and it is true that it is often very crude!), that I did not have time to talk about what it has contributed. Rather, I have said or begun to say what he did not contribute, while he was clearly “there for that” (forgive me for the chivalrous expression...). Perhaps I could summarize my complaints of the last three days by saying: it has not provided a new philosophy of existence, meaning: a philosophy that is useful, that can be useful to some to “live.” better”, which is also saying: to progress in knowledge, in understanding of the world and of themselves, to mature. What he developed in his books and in his lectures, under the pompous name of “the Teachings” (as if in the world there could not be, from all eternity, more than the Teachings of the only Teacher...), as a “philosophy” or worldview, it simply does not stand up. At least not as a whole. It is (I repeat⁸⁰⁵) a mystification, moved by an uncontrolled vanity, by a delirious madness of greatness, animated by multitudes of docile, admired, subjugated listeners and readers.

But it is evident that if there were only that, I would never have dreamed of including a certain Krishnamurti among my mutants, nor in taking the trouble to clarify with myself about

801If I say that “those attractive airs” were a “pipe catcher” (however “unthinkable” it may seem!), I mean above all that the image of himself that Krishnamurti presented, and of which he was the first deceived, it was a pure chimera, built from scratch. There was certainly no intention to deceive, but rather an unconscious staging, carried out with complete mastery, and of extraordinary effectiveness. Conscious deception never achieves such mastery in the art of mystification! It is also clear that the staging, initiated by his theosophical tutors with the much cruder means of the messianic hype and the vanity market that accompanied it with great fuss, achieves credibility, especially because of certain eminent qualities really present in the person of Krishnamurti. Perhaps the most essential of these is the “capacity for presence”, which will be discussed in a later note “Capacity for presence and memory” (no. 129). Another is the penetrating perception and intimate knowledge of the psyche, whose nature I try to capture in a later note “Discovery, or infused science? – or the “Krishnamurti enigma”” (no. 130).

802It is above all the second volume, “The Years of Fulfillment”, which did not appear until 1983 and which I had not yet read, that provided me with the clarifications I was missing.

803These are the years between 1972 and 1976. The discovery of meditation in 1976 marks the crossing of a crucial threshold towards spiritual autonomy. Behind that threshold there is no longer a model, conscious or unconscious. However, that does not mean that all the ideas that I had created that did not arise from my own experience and were not rooted in it, would have fallen away from me overnight, including the which he had taken from Krishnamurti. As I remember in a previous footnote (page 331), the opposite is true. A received idea never emerges, I believe, without internal work, often perhaps unconscious, but which in my case (if not in everyone's) requires the sanction of conscious work, or at least of a consciously and clearly, carefully formulated, so that it finally becomes an acquired and fully operational fact. It is possible that only with the sporadic reflection on Krishnamurti, carried out here and there through the pages of the Key of Dreams, have the last vestiges of the false ideas that I had taken from Krishnamurti and made my own.

804Continuation of the previous note “The chaff and the grain (2): Krishnamurti – or degradation of a mission”.

805The term “mystification” (applied to R. Steiner and Krishnamurti) appears for the first time in the note “Enmity brothers – or a godmother for two messiahs” (no. 123), cf. pages 322–323, and in the case of Steiner, in the note “Phantasmagories of a Seer” (no. 122), page 318.

him and about his famous Teachings. As I have stressed more than once, it exerted a kind of fascination on me for years. When I read his first book, in 1971 or 1972, I still knew nothing about his reputation or the messianic hype (which would have made me rather suspicious...). That didn't stop him from being immediately "electrified." And that fascination was not only due to an exceptional "charisma," which "passes" perfectly through his style of expression; nor to the pose, superbly internalized and interpreted, of a "liberated man," of a man "who sees." (And that he sees everything, and sees it as it is, is the least important thing...) In the book "First and Last Freedom" (which is undoubtedly his masterpiece), there is no doubt that along with what Now it seems to me like pose and stain, there is a substance, and one of the juiciest. Surely that substance is what hooked me, like perhaps no book had hooked me before.

Here too we must give each thing its own. Surely I was impressed, breathless, "electrified", to see black affirm on white, and with such clarity, such lapidary force, and above all with such a sovereign air (the air of the one who describes, for the benefit of men of all the eras, what he sees with his eyes at that very moment...) things that all or almost all went against what I had always believed, and even: what until then was part of the unexpressed foundation of my worldview. More precisely, they were unexpressed convictions that I had in common with "everyone" – those that were (already still are) part of the "air of the times" that I had breathed since my childhood, just as that my parents and their parents also breathed.

There was a shock effect, an intellectual shock, that is now very clear. Without a doubt the moment was ripe, in my life: under the effect of that shock my vision of the world, at least the conscious vision and the values it expresses, tilted. Almost overnight, "I changed my philosophy." Certainly without telling myself in those terms, I became, yes, a "Krishnamurtian"! I made my own, almost blindly or at least without any fickleness of a somewhat attentive overall examination, that Krishnamurtian "philosophy" of which I have just stated (fifteen years later...) that It does not deserve the name "philosophy," which was a "mystification." It is true that in these fifteen years I have had time to change. Those fifteen years are like fifteen lives that would have passed since then...

But then what happened? Where does this sudden, this amazing change come from? At that time he was forty-four years old – he was no longer a young man, and he had never been an airhead who would go with the first person who came along. Intellectually, I was at my peak, in a flourishing and powerful maturity, in full possession of my faculties. It is true that spiritually I was in infancy.

There was an irrefutable "strong point", of immense scope, that immediately "hooked" me and conquered me: it is the clarification, by Krishnamurti, of the "flight process". I had never suspected anything like this. It was with Krishnamurti, when reading some chapters of his book, that I found out. It was a real eye-opener – the scales fell from my eyes! Suddenly, a multitude of inexplicable, disconcerting things, that had always mocked me, as if ridiculing my vision of the world that was so rational, so solidly carved, so well established – those senseless, absurd, crazy things suddenly They made sense. I understood that I had in my hands an irreplaceable key, a master key to understanding human existence. And I was certainly not wrong – there was nothing illusory about that key. What I then understood as a flash of lightning was confirmed day after day throughout all my days and years. At this moment when I write it is as true as the first time I discovered it. And I didn't make that discovery by observing reality, but by reading a book. A book by a certain Krishnamurti, who no one knows how he discovered it. But not in a book, not him.

It was something very impressive. Certainly, the most astonishing thing, the most "absurd" of all, is that after thousands (not to say millions) of years that man is there, endowed with a spy ūritu that allows him to face himself and the human condition as it has developed up to the present, no one had yet realized that! That's the most

absurd! Well seen and clarified this (if something can truly be "clarified" to such an enormous extent...), the one who discovers such a thing, a thing so everyday, so evident, so crucial and yet no one sees – that man It can't be anyone. To establish a parallel that makes the dimensions of this feel felt, it is difficult for me to imagine a single fact, susceptible to being ignored by the spirit and that one day the spirit discovers, whose importance for the life of each one without exception. 'on can be comparable to that of that fact and the universal ignorance of that fact – of the fact of flight. Thinking about the important and (more or less) simple facts that took a lot of effort to discover and that are now part of our vision of the world: the fact that the earth is round, the so-called "Cop" cosmology "Ernico", Kepler's laws or Newton's universal gravitation, Einstein's relativity, or the discoveries of a Hahnemann, a Darwin, a Pasteur, a Claude Bernard, a Marie Curie, our knowledge about the living cell, about heredity, about the chromosome... – there is not a single one of comparable importance. Ignoring them, or knowing them and taking them into account, only changes human life on the surface, without daily behaviors, the relationships of beings with each other and with themselves, truly changing. None of this stops the escape process, which dominates these behaviors without anyone suspecting it. He who discovers such a thing, he who sees it in all its unthinkable scope, without any urge to minimize it, to evacuate it with reassuring formulas; and who, furthermore, dedicates himself to tirelessly saying and repeating⁸⁰⁶ such a thing, in a hundred and thousand ways, to a blind and deaf world – isn't that one of the greatest among us?

Surely I felt that, with the clarity of the evidence, without even telling myself then, as I tell myself now to refresh my memory about something that I tend to forget a little. At that time (in 1971 or 1972) I did not realize that another man had made this discovery before Krishnamurti. I did not realize that until last year⁸⁰⁷ with the reflection made in the Key of Dreams. But whether I had already known it or learned it later, that doesn't change much. The astonishing fact that the entire world seems to have conspired for millennia to ignore at any cost, it was very clear that Krishnamurti had learned it from no one but himself. That is the only thing that counts to appreciate the 'greatness' of an act of knowledge. And as for the scope of his personal contribution to our knowledge of the human soul, there too, the fact that Freud has in some way "headed" him does not seem to me to diminish that contribution in any way. The biases with which these two men approached this fact, the illuminations they give it, are totally different. Neither includes and renders the other superfluous. It seems to me that Freud did not see as clearly, as fully as Krishnamurti, the entire unimaginable scope of the fact of flight. It would be said that this scope is found as "diluted" in him, in a more or less diffuse way, both in his clinical experience as a psychiatrist, and through the vicissitudes and frustrations often painful changes in their personal lives and friendships. Preoccupied as he is, above all, with disassembling the gears of a certain outrageous mechanics, he did not give himself time, it seems to me, to "rest" in that work, to make the observation pure and simple, the observation naked of the existence of said mechanics, of what it represents that is truly extraordinary in human existence. It could be said, perhaps, that Freud approaches this strange "machine for deceiving the world" with the dispositions of the engineer-technician, screwdriver and electrodynamometer in hand. Krishnamurti approaches her like a child. With the provisions of the technician, who searches inside the machine, Freud discovers the strange guts of the Unconscious – the drawer of

⁸⁰⁶Of course Krishnamurti did not "devote himself" to just that, and the force that animated him was not the one that makes us humbly serve a great mission. But the extreme insistence with which he returns to the theme of flight shows ad nauseam that he saw that fact in all its prodigious scope.

⁸⁰⁷It was in May of last year, in the reflection (of May 9 and 12) made in the note "Krishnamurti and Freud – or the role of the teacher and the destiny of the hero" (no) . That note will be placed in a later Chapter XI, with the section ("The Farce and the Party") to which it refers.

tailor (in the first place) of everything that must be hidden and hidden, the better to deceive his world. While the child does not worry about immersing himself in the dark bowels of the machine. Rather, he dreams and is amazed that she is there, silent, all-powerful, that everyone obeys her without knowing it, and that however no one sees her...808 No, that dazzling

impression of greatness, despite everything I have learned and understood since, has never been wrong. But, lacking maturity, inner autonomy, intellectual rigor, then I let myself be carried away by the comfort, not to say abdication, to which all our conditioning predisposes us. Having felt that insight, that boldness, that innocence – in a word, that greatness, I tended to give credence to everything else. Since the doubtful tones are totally foreign to the style of expression of the Master, of the One who Knows, who only expresses himself with the total, sovereign authority, without a reply from the one who sees and deigns to say what he See – I let myself be “stunned” by those airs – I accepted the whole package! The idea that the Teacher could simply not be serious, that he was just “going to freak out” – that idea would not have even occurred to me809 .

Of course, I can only reproach myself for what in me was a lack of rigor and almost “following”. The obstacles that have kept me for almost fifteen years810, and which I have painfully gotten rid of one by one over the years, are the product of my own acts and omissions. I put them on myself. (And once they were put on, I had a tendency to forget their origin and even their existence...) But even if I had known with certainty (from the mouth of the good God himself, who knows!) that there was no intention ‘on to epatar and that all

808It must be said that, unlike Freud, Krishnamurti never overcomes this state of simple verification, accompanied by a kind of tacit disapproval and that we make the verification with him, and with That is, that we overcome the escape process. Finally he arrives (especially in the stories that make up the “Commentaries on Life”) to see nothing more than that in the men who visit him or whom he has the opportunity to observe, as a kind of fundamental crack that would have erased everything. the rest – the Krishnamurtian version, in short, of the everlasting “sin” of Christians. More than once, I got the impression that the spectacle of this process, certainly the most invasive, prevented him from perceiving the beauty or greatness of a being or a life, which coexisted with that process. Not once have I seen him sensitive to human greatness, how imbued he is with that vanity that only he is “great”...

I was shocked that at no time did Krishnamurti raise any question about the origin, in the life of the species or in that of the individual, of the process of flight, or its reason for being, its meaning. . (No more than a moralist raises any question about the origin and meaning of the rules he establishes or comments on.) There is no allusion to the relationship between this process and the repression suffered in childhood, and especially sexual repression. (February 22) It is strange that Krishnamurti seems to totally ignore the reality of repression, sexual or otherwise, just as he ignores the infantile roots of the mechanisms and attitudes that he confirms with such penetration. Due to his strange deliberate purpose of ignoring the past, of cutting off the present moment from the flow that makes it a “moment” in a story, there is an essential dimension of psychic reality that escapes him. completely. (A dimension that Freud, on the other hand, seems to have been the first to discover in all its scope.) Along with the reality of repression, and that of the presence of childhood in the psyche of the adult person, there is a The third great gap in Krishnamurti’s vision of the psyche: it is the almost total ignorance of sex. If he ever talks about sex, he includes it in the “process of desire,” putting the drive in the same category as other desires, whether carnal, intellectual or egotic. These three great gaps are also found, certainly, in its “enemy brother Steiner, just as they are invariably found throughout the spiritual literature of all times (as far as I have been able to see).

809That idea would not have occurred to me at that moment, nor even in the following years, when the flagrant contradictions accumulated in the Teachings, as well as in what I was learning about the Teacher’s actions and gestures. In my first letter to Krishnamurti, from July 1974 (reread yesterday), in which I submit to him some of my perplexities, the authenticity of the character still does not have the slightest doubt for me. In my second letter from September 1980 (which I have also just reread), I go further, highlighting certain particularly flagrant enormities. But the very fact of having sent that letter (the writing of which was certainly useful to me for more reasons than one) shows that I had not yet decided to take stock of everything I knew. I had refused to realize a total lack of seriousness, an obsession with happiness, an excessive vanity totally uncontrolled; In short (as incredible as it may seem) not only a stagnation, but an irremediable mediocrity into which it had sunk. Until last October, in my vision of Krishnamurti I remained in a state of division, which I evoke in the last lines of the previous note.

810For more details on this, see a note at the foot of page 332 in the preceding note.

Those "truths", served with such great beauty, were really serious and true as they were, that would not have been a reason to accept them, without first verifying them in the light of my experience, and without them taking root in the terrain of my life⁸¹¹.

Furthermore, I do not believe that this almost blind trust in a Guru-no-Gur'u would have been unleashed, much less maintained for years, if the "package" presented by the Master had been "no matter what." Which one? Leaving aside the capital observation of which I have spoken, that of the process of escape, roughly speaking it can be said that the package in question consists above all of going against all the values and attitudes generally admitted, both in the religious or "spiritual" media of all confessions and all tendencies, and in "Culture" in general. It is above all about the yang and superyang values, the ultra-macho values, with which my psyche and my life were saturated since my childhood, and of which I was sick without knowing it yet. Surely, if the "Krishnamurti package" electrified me to such an extent, it is because I must have darkly felt that it represented a kind of antidote to the evil that I suffered without knowing it. Only after almost ten years, in 1980⁸¹², did I begin to realize that the set of values that Krishnamurti exalts as the Voice of God incarnate, and that he opposes with a strength of conviction unusual In addition to the received values, they are "super yin" values, "super feminine" values, also affirmed in an equally exaggerated manner, equally devoid of all balance and nuance, as the "macho" values that it would like to supplant.

Perhaps this is a second "contribution", or a second important aspect of a mission that awaited him and that he never fulfilled. Certainly, that set of values that he wanted to embody is as sterilizing as the old one. More precisely, it is totally unreal, unlivable, a pure fiction, a mystification. But that does not prevent it from at least suggesting a direction, a healthy direction, very necessary: the direction "out" of the almost universally received set of values, the "macho" values: those of muscle, of brain, of military fanfares, of the hero and the heroic fights and carnage, of war, of competition, of pure and simple "Science", the law of the strongest of the strongest intelligent of the smartest, the ideals, the doctrines, the methods, the ideas and the unbridled race forward of "Progress"...

The appearance of that strange Krishnamurtian package can be seen, perhaps, as one of the precursor signs of the change of the Times⁸¹³, and for that very reason, at least, as forming part of the preparation of the big change. It is undoubtedly a reaction as healthy as it is exaggerated to a set of values that are increasingly more and more suffocating. And there it is without a doubt, leaving aside the powerful charisma of which I have already spoken, the cause of Krishnamurti's extraordinary ascendancy and the fascination that he has exerted on so many spirits, including me.

⁸¹¹Such was, instinctively so to speak, my attitude towards dreams, even after I realized that the Dreamer was God himself, who spoke to me with the voice of the dream. God does not expect me to blindly accept the message of any dream. The language of dreams itself, which requires considerable work to discover the meaning or one of the meanings of a dream (an indispensable first step towards true understanding), is most effective in encouraging us from the start. to overcome such passivity in the face of the word of God. God-the-Dreamer has even taken the trouble to send me a dream in which, among other things, He expressly made me understand that the dreams He sends me are like "distinguished mathematical visitors." 'attics', and that I do well to use my own lights as well as theirs!

⁸¹²It was in September 1980, towards the end of a very long "meditation wave" that had begun in August of the previous year. For the first time, I think, I took the trouble, perhaps for an afternoon, to review in black and white, in telegraphic style, Krishnamurti's main statements that he had more or less made my and in writing down what nuances, what restrictions or what complements I should add to them, in the light of my own experience and the meditation of the last four years. Immediately after that lightning reflection I wrote my second letter to Krishnamurti, to which I have alluded in a previous footnote. Four years later, in one of the notes of Harvests and Sowings, I return to the role of Krishnamurti, the same one with an innate yin temperament to the extreme, as a champion of a set of "yin" values. , feminine. (See in CyS the note "Yang plays yin – or the role of the Master", no 118.)

⁸¹³As I write this line, I am forced to make a comparison with the "Jungian package" (of CG Jung), less radical and less penetrating, less profound, more "reasonable", but also less disfigured by the empire of an invasive vanity.

same.

When I recently said that the “package” that Krishnamurti offers us consists of “going against the generally accepted values and attitudes”, in short, offering us a kind of caricatured “replica” in negative, I have undoubtedly minimized his contribution by reducing it to his exaggerations, even to what I have called Krishnamurtian “mystification”⁸¹⁴. In fact, we often find in him (almost always in his account of lived scenes, and especially of interviews) a penetrating, “tailored” criticism of some of the commonly accepted clichés.

For this reason (and as I already implied at the end of the previous note), the “mystifier” has been at the same time a great demystifier!

This ruthless updating of the pious cliché has been particularly healthy in the domain of religious life or the so-called “spiritual” life, which he had ample opportunity to see up close. His observations in this sense often cut to the chase, and are all the more far-reaching, hitting harder and more accurately, as the very person who makes them has (rightly or wrongly) a reputation for “great spiritual.” Some of your observations have been very useful to me so as not to let myself be impressed by some spiritualizing clichés⁸¹⁵. And I’m surely not the only one. And surely they have dealt effective blows to the false prestige of a false religiosity, or of a petrified religiosity. There I also recognize a most beneficial contribution to the necessary general process of “degradation of values” or “cultural degradation”, of erosion or demolition of traditional values, of which I have already spoken elsewhere⁸¹⁶.

As in the “anti-yang crusade”, if there is something that limits the effectiveness and scope of its incisive criticism of a civilization, it is the total lack of nuance in its conclusions, it is the common ease of schematization of “all white – all black”, sometimes taken to the grotesque⁸¹⁷. I can speak with knowledge of the facts, since it was very difficult for me to get rid of these abusive simplifications, which are misleading. Because of this simplism, this continuous overreach, in striking contrast to his extremely fine gifts of perception and intuition, Krishnamurti’s critical work seems to me more like a work of demolition, that is part of a process of decomposition of a civilization, that as a true constructive work, that would already prepare an “After” – the one after “the great Plunge”...⁸¹⁸

⁸¹⁴ Regarding that term, see a note at the foot of page 332. This mystification seems to me considerably cruder in Krishnamurti than in Steiner. In both cases I see it on two levels: 1

o) In the character shown, which is totally fictitious. o)

² In the “exaggerations”, which sometimes reach the grotesque in Krishnamurti, behind which the bet is noticeable, the “power game”: “I can afford it, and make such enormities pass without a problem!”

These exaggerations, in Krishnamurti, do not all necessarily go in the direction of a pro-yin “reactivation.”

⁸¹⁵One of the “topics” among many others demystified by Krishnamurti consists of the cloud of mystery and blessed religious veneration that surrounds the “great Masters”, infinitely distant, in the initiatory societies. Krishnamurti has laid bare the cynical psychic exploitation that this conceals. Such “spiritual” Societies or Orders, and all that worship of the “Masters” that often the recruits of the crowd have never seen and will never see, are today as flourishing as ever. There is also a whole folklore (sometimes described as science or “esoteric” tradition) around what are called “the great Initiates” – a folklore that Steiner (who himself put of such an extraordinary being...) he gave himself fully. Due to his theosophical background, Krishnamurti was well cured of that type of infantilism, which passes for “spirituality.”

⁸¹⁶See the section “... and its rupture – or the usury of the Times”, no. 54.

⁸¹⁷See, for example, Krishnamurti’s attitude towards sacred literatures, evoked in a footnote on page 328 in the previous note.

⁸¹⁸Note that this “destroying” character of Krishnamurti, which goes in the sense of a decomposition, of the creation of a confusion, can be seen as very consistent with the tan yin tone of his temperament. In the cosmic couples creation – destruction

order – chaos

It is the second terms “destruction” and “chaos” that represent the yin pole.

For a continuation of the reflection on Krishnamurti made in this note, see the note “Discovery or infused science? – or “the Krishnamurti enigma”” (no. 130).

(127) A serious person who ignores the smile – or humor and spirituality (February 10

and 16)819 Regarding this “lack of seriousness” common to Steiner and Krishnamurti, it is funny to note that one of the words that returns with greater insistence to the pen of Krishnamurti, but also to that of the anthroposophist-biographer Hemleben when commenting on the deeds and exploits of Rudolf Steiner, is the word “seriousness”: Krishnamurti adjuring his listeners or readers to examine the world, life “as it is”, and themselves with extreme and total seriousness, the only one from which true understanding will spring, etc. etc.; and Hemleben insisting on the “deep seriousness” with which the Master has addressed such an audience to make his observations about this or that. (For example, his “Christological” scrolls, both doctrinal and liturgical, on the occasion of the founding of the “Christian community” (Christengemeinde) in 1922, which serves as a new Christian Church under the banner steineriana...) I think that one would look in vain for the slightest trace of a smile in the texts of one and the other, or in those who gravitate around them and tell us about the deeds of their existence820. Clearly the smile was not foreseen in their brand image.

However, it must be recognized that the absence of a smile seems to be like a professional deformation in religious and spiritual circles. It is rooted in an ancient religious tradition, in which religion “did not joke,” in which the relationship with the divine was impregnated from beginning to end by fear821. Thus, I have not found a trace of a smile, of an occasional humorous nuance, either in Teilhard, or in Guruji, or in L'egaut. From what I know of Guruji, I am convinced that the sense of humor disappeared from his nature long ago under the effect of his ministry, and it is a pity. On the contrary, in my brief meeting of one or two hours with Marcel L'egaut, last November, it was a relief to be able to confirm that in his direct relationship with others and with himself, the smile and the Humor is not absent (even if the smile and humor remain unspoken, in the background...).

The absence of a smile in the written work of each of those five men seems to me like a kind of lack, more accurately, like a certain lack of internal harmony in the work – like a long path that was traveled by entire in the middle of a frozen fog, without ever a ray of sun arriving to cheer it up (and at the same time, also illuminate it...)

Even in Bucke, who I know was easy-going and had a sense of humor822 I have not found any trace of an occasional smile in his work “Cosmic Consciousness”. As if he were stepping on the heels of that venerable and overwhelming tradition that wants that, from the moment the pages of a scholarly book are written, or things of the soul are spoken of, man disappears to make room for the seriousness of the author.

Of the ten “spiritual” ones among my mutants, I only find four who are not afraid to remain men in their prose; not always appear with a learned or serious face, or perhaps (as in L'egaut) painful at times, but rather let a smile or a sigh slip through, even burst into laughter or laugh with a living tear. There are Whitman and Carpenter, both poets and whose existences (like Bucke's) were almost completely removed from the effluvia

819See the reference to this note in the note “The chaff and the grain (1): R. Steiner and the science of tomorrow” (no 124), page 325.

820Here I force things a little, because in Mary Lutyens's biography of Krishnamurti, at least in the first volume and where she narrates the youth of the book's hero, an occasional smile sneaks in here and there between the lines...

821I touch on the theme of fear in religious tradition, in the note “Of the celestial baton and false respect” (no. 10).

822If I had had any doubts about Bucke's qualities of humor and fine observation, including his relationship with a character surrounded by a halo of literary and aristocratic prestige, they would have been dispelled by

reading the interesting very account of Bucke's visit to Lord Tennyson on August 9, 1891. This account was

written by Horace Traubel, a common friend of Bucke and Walt Whitman, and was published in the small

booklet “A Whitman Disciple visits Tennyson”, published by A. Lozynsky and JR Reed, The Tennyson Society,

Lincoln (1977), with an introduction and very useful explanatory notes to set the context of the meeting. That

little pamphlet teaches us, as if nothing had happened, many interesting things about Bucke, about Tennyson,

about Walt Whitman and even about Traubel, who acts as interviewer-chronicler. (He has already been

mentioned, in passing, in the note “The ancestors of man – or on the road to the Kingdom!”, no. 81, see page 169.

anti-smile of some Church or some “spiritualizing” medium. There is R^amakrishna, similar to Carpenter for a spontaneity and sincerity that both knew how to preserve (or rediscover...), against harsh pressure from their respective environments of origin to impose studied masks on them. And finally, there is Gandhi – the one who writes Gandhi's autobiography, the Gandhi-not-yet-Mahatma. In the last three decades of his life, alas! The texts from his pen have a tendency to lose the spontaneous flexibility, which more or less gives rise to the discourse, often moralizing and often full of anointing without reply, of the one who feels like the “spiritual leader” of a great nation. But, unlike what happened with Steiner and Krishnamurti (once they were well established in the feeling of their importance), it seems to me that Gandhi's relationship with those close to him, and even with everyone who approached him, She remained simple, full of affectionate warmth, and the smile of friendly benevolence, and perhaps even at times (who knows?) connivance, was not absent.

(128) “The last temptation” – or mutilation of a sanyasi⁸²³

(February 12 and 16)⁸²⁴ That impression of true self-mutilation appeared progressively, and became surprising, at read (last October) the second volume of the aforementioned biography of Krishnamurti, by Mary Lutyens⁸²⁵ That impression must have crystallized under the effect of a story given by Krishnamurti himself, during a talk in Bombay on the 16th February 1964. Mary Lutyens writes that “she has an unforgettable memory” of that part of the talk, which she then reproduces in extenso (loc. cit. page 148), without further comments on that story, nor about the “unforgettable” impression it had made on him. It is the story of a night scene on the shore of a great river, in the light of the moon. A “sanyasi” (a man who has adopted a monastic life, in search of God), a stranger, addresses the narrator⁸²⁶ and tells him (we learn) his desolate story: to overcome his restless and rude sensuality that, According to him, it prevents him from “finding God”, his manhood has been castrated. Krishnamurti, deeply saddened by this story, comments on the madness and brutality of such an act, adding: “most of us live like that sanyasi...”

In some parts of that passage there is a certain rigidity that is a bit “melody”, which is not in Krishnamurti's usual naked style. I had the clear feeling that the story was fictitious, that it was not a scene really lived, but rather constructed for the needs of the cause.

But what causes it? Afterwards some associations tilted. I had the conviction that in that “construction” the deep Unconscious moved the author's hand to make him say with half words, in symbolic language, the language of dreams, his own story. Beneath the “obvious meaning” that lays bare the vanity of the aspirations of a certain imaginary sanyasi, I feel the hidden, unconscious meaning, telling the story of his own mutilation⁸²⁷

823N. T.: In Hinduism, the sanniasi (“renouncer” in Sanskrit) is the person of the upper castes who is in the stage of renunciation of material life.

824See the reference to this note in the note “The chaff and the grain (2): Krishnamurti – or degradation of a mission” (no. 125), page 329.

825It is the only biography of Krishnamurti that I know. Written at the invitation of Krishnamurti by the daughter of Emily Lutyens, his closest friend, it is remarkably well documented. As I sometimes imply, written by an unconditional admirer, that biography is also very superficial, to say the least. At the same time, she is remarkably honest. I have never had the impression that the author hid some annoying fact to give a more beautiful image, including those that were clearly disturbing for her, and that she humbly admits not understanding.

That is the main and irreplaceable quality of that book, which at the same time is a testimony.

826A typical detail of Krishnamurti's style, when he talks about himself he never uses the particle “I”, but rather some term that suggests perfect Impersonality, such as “we” (in the text in question on) “el” (in others).

827More than once I have had the opportunity to observe a force in man that pushes him to reveal the truth of his being, almost always in a symbolic language whose hidden meaning he totally ignores, and against his conscious intentions. and the very different image of himself that he maintains. I had the opportunity to comment on this topic in Cosechas y Siembras, in the note “The profession of faith – or the true in the false” (CyS IV, no 166). That force, clearly, comes from the deep regions of the Unconscious. I would tend to believe that it does not come from us

This unconscious identification of his person with that of a “sanyasi” would not have anything fortuitous. Due to the education received and the cultural environment that surrounded him until he was thirty years old, the figure of the sanyasi was surrounded by a halo of respect and religious prestige. In 1927 (he was 32 years old at the time), while he continued to live always in the center of an incessant whirlwind of worldliness, both sentimental and religious, and of happenings labeled as spiritual, with some insistence the idea of becoming a sanyasi came to him. Mary Lutyens only alludes to it in passing and as if to take note, in nine lines of a chapter in which there are many other things to attend to⁸²⁸! However, after the death of his brother Nitya two years earlier, and despite this whirlwind of distractions, one can guess that a tenacious internal fermentation continued in fits and starts. It is evident that after such a hard blow, there must have been an urgent need for recollection, the need to “retreat” into oneself, to escape the surrounding noise to finally find oneself, and his unknown mission. It is well understood that the conventional image of the sanyasi did not represent “the habit” of the monk, but rather his nakedness. It represented that withdrawal, that so necessary pruning, clean and without delay, of all the glutinous superficialities in which he submerged himself, the adulated center of the expectations of those closest to him and of the concentric circles of his loved ones, his faithful and his worshipers.

Krishnamurti spoke of his desire “to become a sanyasi” in somewhat vague terms, as something certainly important that he “was looking forward to,” but that should not be “rushed” – the time had not yet come. moment. To speak like this was already to abdicate, it was to leave for a hypothetical “later” the only thing that was then important and urgent. It was “flirting” with an urgent and imperious call, flirting to cultivate in your surroundings an ephemeral addition of suspense and interest. That man will never find within himself the determination to detach himself, the moment to find himself and to find a way that is true and that is his, from the solid seductions of a velvety circle of admirers. From the following year, that “important” thing that was “impatiently awaited” is definitely forgotten...

Later, with an inimitable reversal, very typical of the ways of the ego, Krishnamurti referred to that episode as “the last great temptation he had to face” (!). It is with that illumination of the “last temptation” (loc. cit. page 277) that the conscientious and admiring biography presents it in nine lines, among a thousand more important things, in the chapter titled, by a delicate and unintentional irony, “Liberation.” Under that label of “last temptation” is how that episode will remain classified in the spirit of the aging Master, among the few fossil images that have served as memories for half a century. .

(February 16 and 17) Surely, after the death of his brother Nitya two years earlier,

themselves, from the soul, but rather from God, from the invisible Guest within us; that the “encrypted” acts that he makes us perform are a “signature of God”, the “true” of a story written by the Hand of God, even when there is never another eye to read it other than the Eye of God. These comments also remind me that I already had occasion to evoke one of such cases in the pages of the Key of Dreams, in the note “The signature of God” (no. 15).

828Those nine lines are found in the first volume, halfway between pages 277/278. An allusion to that same idea is found in five lines of a letter from Krishnamurti to Emily Lutyens (December 8, 1927, loc. cit. page 288): “... I don't have much time to think about renunciation and shanga (life in a religious community). That remains in the depths of my spirit, simmering and getting stronger and stronger. I want to go slowly on those topics. They are important and it would be inappropriate to rush them.”

A third reference to that episode, in half a line, is found in a copious chronological index at the end of the volume, page 335, dated June 30 (?): “K resumes his talks. He ardently desires to become a sanyasi.” A final allusion, in an interview by Mary Zimbalist (trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation) with Krishnamurti (in 1978 except for error, when Krishnamurti was 83 years old), this time in two lines, is found almost at the end of the second volume (page 265), in MZ's question: “You. He has once said that he ardently aspired to be a sanyasi. That was “his last temptation.” Krishnamurti responds with “It still exists...” and, as he should, he immediately directs the interview towards the present and the recent past, and towards his brand image. 9+5+1+2=17 lines for that episode, it's very little – awarded!

with which a certain dream sank in which Nitya had a role to play, an exhausting role...829 – after that moment his true mission called him, in a low voice. It was in that year, in 1927, perhaps for a few weeks or months, that the voice became more insistent: Have you not had enough of all that vanity around you and within you? Don't you have anything better, more urgent to do?

Although he still turned a deaf ear, the voice was now too clear not to hear. New voice, disconcerting voice, at the same time good-and-unwelcome, humble voice and nothing apparent, she gave him (with the air of a beggar...) his great opportunity, the great opportunity of his life - but on a very different plane, a plane that he had never known: there where man is alone facing himself, far from all applause, and where the humble realization of his misery is part of a greatness that is born in silence, in the abundant waters of pain.

He did not recognize that blessed voice, that voice he had never heard before. He made it the perendengue of a moment, which adorned a certain image of "spirituality." Something to give a little more soap to an atmosphere of feverish euphoria. Already the following year, the time of silence that he had awaited (he had said) so impatiently and whose moment had not yet arrived, sank forever into the wastebasket of used perendengues. ..

It is there, surely, where the third and last great turn in Krishnamurti's life is located. The first took place when he was fourteen years old, when he found himself, by a sudden miracle, delivered from a miserable and prostrate existence, and transplanted to the comfortable safety of the Theosophical sauna, where he would live for sixteen years. six years as in a second dream, as lavish as the first was miserable. The second turn took place at the age of thirty when, as an adult without much realizing it, the shock of his brother's death wrecked the dream of the brotherhood of the "Hidden Masters", of which He had been the privileged and long pampered Instrument. In the following four years he lived as if in an ideological vacuum, playing without conviction, under the push of the inertia of the acquired movement, a learned and well-rounded role in which he no longer believed. . His dissolution of the Order of the Star, in 1929, which put an end to a false situation that bordered on deceit, is nothing more than an episode of stewardship, a spectacular episode without meaning on the spiritual level: The same piece continues, with different decorations. (The old men disappeared through the trapdoor. They will never be heard of again...)

The capital election took place without drums or trumpets and without even realizing it, "in the secret of his heart," two years earlier. It is almost a miracle that external signs have remained, recorded (as if by the greatest of chance) in a few hasty lines of a copious biography, lying in wait for all the acts and exploits of the Master. In that year of 1927 and at the age of thirty-two, without a "decision" being made, simply letting himself go830, a man for whom a great mission awaited, rather than daring to To be himself, he chose to continue being an actor in the spotlight, in a piece that will be entirely rewritten by him.

This choice is also, surely, maintained day after day for a lifetime, the

829Nitya had been seriously ill with his lungs for several years. Despite his condition, and relying on the protection he was supposed to enjoy from the "hidden Masters", Krishnamurti's environment pushed him to dissipate his remaining strength on exhausting trips, which were He assumed they were necessary to support his brother's "mission." It is evident that Krishnamurti had a direct responsibility for the death of his brother Nitya. He never assumed that responsibility, among many others of lesser magnitude. His first confidences after his brother's death are of a verbose and laughable sentimentality, when one thinks of the self-examination that was eluded, and would continue to be.

830As I write these lines, I am reminded of a very similar moment in my life, in 1957, when I avoided a clearly heard inner call, which I also left for "later." I discovered and confirmed this during the reflection of the section "Faith and mission – or infidelity (1)" and in the following note "Death challenges – or infidelity (2)" (I don't know 34, 35). If there is any important difference between that episode in my life and the one I am examining in Krishnamurti's life, it comes later. I did not magnify my infidelity to myself with an ideology. No doubt that is why that infidelity was not sealed forever. Thirteen years later, I tear myself away (and I know with what effort...) from my already established orbit of a "great savant", a star of the mathematical world, to begin again. from scratch...

that has triggered the entry on the scene of diligent mechanisms of forgetting, of the Gravedigger of memory⁸³¹ – supported by all the strength accumulated by a fully conscious assent, magnified by an ideology tailored to deny the past. Well, for the new piece to be credible, the previous one must disappear.

And here we return to the self-mutilation of the sanyasi. Certainly, Krishnamurti had a score to settle with that “sanyasi” in him, with whom one day he had felt the call of solitude – and who he renounced. Didn't he have to prove to the whole world, and prove to himself, that he had been right in doing it? Thus, to the traditional cliché of the sanctity of the sanyasi, he opposes the Krishnamurtian cliché of the madness and blind brutality of the sanyasi – the candy-colored angel quickly transformed, by the authority of the Master, into devil with the smell of sulfur.

Opposing one cliché to another is a very common way of burying the humble truth. The “sanyasi” that Krishnamurti truly spoke of and that he would have wanted to forget at any price, was not made of molasses or sulfur or even paper, but of flesh and blood. It was the spirit that listened to a low and urgent voice, and the ego that refused to listen; the spirit tired of a vain game that had lasted too long, and the voracious ego that for nothing in the world would have consented to deprive itself of it. Those two that are in the same being, the spirit and the ego, are the ones who had a score to settle: who of the two would be the master!

If there was mutilation, there was no combat. For that, it would have been necessary for the spirit to take the trouble to look, to gauge a situation, to see the stakes. But he kept his eyes carefully closed, and consented.

Such, I believe, is the true story of the mutilation of the sanyasi.

(129) Capacity for presence and remembrance – or: fidelity is a gift renewed without ceasing...

(February 12 and 17)⁸³² In a previous note on Krishnamurti mentioned recently⁸³³, I evoke a “gift”, or a “quality of being”, which he seems to have had throughout his life to a degree rarely achieved: that of being able to “live in the present moment” at will, to silence, when he wishes, all activity of thought. It is also a capacity for intense presence of everything that surrounds it. He returns again and again to that capacity with tireless insistence, and in his stories he does not waste any opportunity (and they are numerous⁸³⁴!) to sharply highlight, and not without sometimes ceasing to reveal a nuance of haughty humor, the small signs of its absence in others. Visibly, leaving aside his tacit role as Messiah (which is only transparent in filigree through his speech), this is where he gets the clamorous, “objective”, irrefutable foundation of his superiority. About the others. It is not surprising that throughout all his writings he has made an effort to magnify to the maximum this very real capacity in him, and that he saw himself as

⁸³¹Here also a memory is imposed on me that refers to my own person. More than once I have had the opportunity, in The Key of Dreams and in Cosechas y Siembras, to note in passing the action in my psyche of that same Gravedigger, established since I was eight years old. age and which still continues today. But that choice of the unconscious ego has never been ratified by a conscious option; On the contrary, after I noticed it for the first time, in March 1980, I felt the presence of the Gravedigger for what it is – as a very real “mutilation” of my faculties of knowing myself. myself and my destiny. In the following years it was when the hope of a great “thawing” of memory gradually took shape, which would lead me to the source of my forgotten, buried childhood. And since the following year, in 1981, and throughout the years, the first signs of such an event, long awaited and prepared, of mass, torrential unlocking of memory, have appeared.

But at no point in my life, even before I became clearly aware of it, did the work of the Gravedigger acquire proportions comparable to those it had in Krishnamurti's years of middle age.

⁸³²See the reference to this note in the note “The chaff and the grain (2): Krishnamurti – or degradation of a mission” (no. 125), page 329.

⁸³³This is the note ‘The black beasts of the Master (2) – or the rejection of becoming’ (no. 54), mentioned in a note at the foot of page 329 ⁸³⁴That

surprised me especially in the three vols umens of the “Comments on Living”. They largely consist of stories of interviews with the most varied interlocutors who went to see the Master, and of whom, it would be said, none of them find favor in his eyes nor, in any case, arouse sympathy in them. ña or affection.

the only one who possessed it in such an extreme degree, as the sole and only foundation of an authentic spirituality⁸³⁵. His spirit has become the perpetual, vertiginous justification of his own person, elevated far above any other mortal, of his peremptory and arrogant denial of the past, placed as the cornerstone of his philosophy. ña.

There is a confusion between two very different things, in which Krishnamurti has indulged throughout his life and which he has endeavored to propagate with his “Teachings” (all dedicated to glorifying the “Teacher”). ...). He presents this capacity for presence as a “liberation from the past.” But his entire life testifies with undeniable eloquence⁸³⁶ that this is not the case. The past has acted on him as much and more than on any other and has “moved and directed” him (as I just wrote recently⁸³⁷). It has wanted to oppose this capacity for presence to the faculty of remembering that is equally essential – as if he had wanted to oppose sleep and wakefulness, night and day, rest and action, decreeing that only one of the two spouses of those couples is “the good one,” and that the other would have no place to be.

It is true that the capacity for presence can be seen as a kind of “punctual” freedom, closely circumscribed, in relation to the near past. It makes a clean slate, for a moment, of concerns, emotions, expectations, reservations, setbacks, etc. that have agitated us in the previous moment and that interfere with a total presence of the present moment. Apparently it breaks a continuity that nevertheless (fortunately!) continues smoothly at another level of the psyche. On the other hand, this apparent “absence of the past” has no influence on the great options and great investments of the psyche, both those of the spirit and the ego and those of Eros, almost all of which are entirely unconscious. It has no impact on the fidelity of the being to himself or his mission.

Fidelity is not a capacity or a gift, but rather a gift that we give to ourselves⁸³⁸, or to God, without knowing it. Like the gift of presence, it manifests itself in the moment and, more than any other moment, in the sensitive moments, the neuralgic moments (which often arrive without warning, like a thief in the house). night...), the creative moments of destiny. But it is never contained, it is never exhausted in the mere moment. It is woven with the duration of a veracity of being endlessly taken up and deepened, for years and throughout life. It is the sum total, no, the finished work of an existence dedicated entirely, often without knowing it, to the tenacious and dark search, taken up again incessantly through the cracks of light as though it is from ignorance, doubts and defeats, from a total authenticity of being.

In Krishnamurti, at least in the last fifty or sixty years of his life, such a search for truth, such a gift did not take place nor could it have. For the Master had decreed once and for all that that search had ended or, more accurately, that it had never happened.

(130) Discovery, or infused science? – or “the Krishnamurti

enigma” (February 14 and 18)⁸³⁹ The privileged field of Krishnamurti’s vision, without a doubt, was the human soul. Despite everything that, in Krishnamurtian discourse, is posturing, mystification, games

⁸³⁵For Krishnamurti, it is understood that this “presence of the present moment” includes an agile and lively look at oneself, in other words, which includes “knowledge of oneself.” Thus, he tacitly attributes a quality of existence that, on the contrary, is strictly absent in him. Furthermore, he is not the only being I know in which this “gift” or “capacity” of “presence” goes hand in hand with a total absence of self-knowledge, with a self-complacency that has never been known. , never faints...

⁸³⁶As I just pointed out in the previous footnote, I know of other cases that illustrate this difference between the gift of presence and interior freedom. But there is none by far as extreme as Krishnamurti’s.

⁸³⁷On the lines preceding the return sign to this note, page 329.

⁸³⁸I return here to an observation that I already made in the note “Phantasmagorias of a seer – or clairvoyance and spirituality” (no. 122), page 318.

⁸³⁹Continuation of the note “The chaff and the grain (3): Krishnamurti – a balance” (no 126).

of power, it is no less true that Krishnamurti is one of the men, with Freud, who has had the most penetrating vision of the psyche. Especially he is, again with Freud, the only man I know (apart from myself⁸⁴⁰), who has fully seen the process of flight, in all its unimaginable magnitude. And if he has seen it, it is because he discovered it himself, against all the prodigious weight of millennia-old conditioning, which weighed on him just as they weigh on everyone. That is, without a doubt, the greatest of his discoveries. For that reason alone, he is one of the great thinkers of our time⁸⁴¹. Not even half a century of subsequent stagnation in complacency and mediocrity can erase the virtue of such an act of knowledge, nor the scope of that capital contribution to our knowledge of ourselves.

There is no shortage of other penetrating observations on the psyche, realities that he is one of the very few, sometimes perhaps the first, to have made and formulated. This is where I encountered them for the first time, sixteen or seventeen years ago. They have contributed a lot to opening me up to an understanding of human reality in general and, with it, to an understanding of myself. Decanted from the array of contradictions or simplisms that often surround them, nuanced with what my own experience of life and of myself and meditation on it teaches me, those "views" taken first of Krishnamurti have been transformed, over the years, into intimately personal knowledge and vision. At the end of a very long "meditation wave"⁸⁴², in September 1980, one day I took the trouble (after three or four years in which I had not had time to think about the one who, before, had been a "Teacher" for me...), finally, to make a small commented list, in telegraphic style⁸⁴³. I just pulled it out of my filing cabinets and reread it. It is not my purpose and it would be of no interest to simply reproduce the list here. Suffice it to say that even ignoring the most crucial discovery (and 1 on my list!), that of escape, this set of penetrating views on the psyche and on spiritual adventure would be enough on its own. Yet alone, equally, to make Krishnamurti one of the most profound experts of the human soul and its aberrations.

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It is here that I am faced with a blatant contradiction in my own vision of things, a strange mystery. More than once I have stated in the pages of this book, as a result of my own experience, that knowledge of oneself is the key to knowledge of others and of the human condition. At least, as far as knowledge of others is concerned, this is the case in every situation in which we are personally involved, and even more so when it is conflictive. To the extent that I fully understand my own involvement, including its hidden ramifications in the Unconscious, to the extent that I really "question myself", my view of that situation is creatively transformed, and especially in my relationship with her. And along the way, the entire illumination with which I see the involvement of others is also transformed from beginning to end. But leaving that case aside, even when people and events did not concern me directly, I have often been able to verify that my spontaneous understanding sprang from the knowledge of myself arising from such a situation.

⁸⁴⁰But the big difference is that I first learned this process of flight by reading Krishnamurti, while Freud and Krishnamurti discovered it without learning it from anyone. I have already had occasion to point out (see a note at the bottom of the page ??, in the sub-subsection "The most absurd fact") that L'egaut had also "interviewed" that same process at the end of his life. As I emphasize in the aforementioned section, in Krishnamurti the active virtue of that knowledge is or less nullified by the fact that he sees the process of flight in everyone except himself.

⁸⁴¹Perhaps I wrote too quickly (in the note "Krishnamurti – or degradation of a mission", no. 125, cf. page 331) that the name of Krishnamurti "will soon fall into a deserved oblivion", and elsewhere ("The Mutants (6)", no. 114, footnote 295), I predicted that his name would be forgotten in fifty years...

⁸⁴²That period of meditation, the longest of my life apart from the one I am in now, extends from August 1979 to October 1980. During that meditation was when I "made knowledge" in a profound way of my parents (dead for more than twenty years) and what their life was like, and when, in the wake of what I had learned about them, I discovered long-forgotten vicissitudes of my childhood .

⁸⁴³I have already alluded to that episode in a footnote on page 336, in the note "The chaff and the grain (3): Krishnamurti – a balance sheet" (no 126).

or what experience in my life that such an event evoked and that I perceived as "similar"⁸⁴⁴. I am convinced that to the extent that our experience of life is poor and has not been "assumed" (that is, it has not been assimilated, transformed into knowledge of ourselves), our capacity for understanding on the others is reduced by the same amount: in the majority of the specific cases we face, it will be poor, crude, even totally "out of place."

If that is so, it is, I am convinced, because in the truly essential things, in everything that surpasses the more or less superficial "mechanics" of the psyche (in which individual variations are infinite), we are all carved from the same wood: the same as Krishnamurti as the most apathetic and the most obtuse of his listeners-admirers, or as you who read me (intelligently, I don't doubt it), or as I who am writing, or whoever it is. It is that essential kinship, beyond all accidental differences, even beyond the states of maturity so different from one being to another – that is what sometimes allows, in privileged moments, a true communication between two beings, a communion. It is also the fact that sometimes we understand what happens or happened in such circumstances in another being to which we may be more or less strange, and even when the action takes place in an environment equally foreign to the ours and has occurred centuries and even millennia ago⁸⁴⁵.

That is why self-knowledge, or a deepening of that knowledge, is at the same time, even if we never think about it and without having sought it for anything in the world, a way, perhaps the only way to intimately know the human psyche in general – to make a knowledge of the human condition emerge and mature in us.

It would be said that the person of Krishnamurti contradicts that vision of things, that intimate conviction so deeply rooted in my experience of life. It is undeniable that he had a deep knowledge of the psyche. (That he took pleasure in smearing it at will, in making it an ingredient and a means of a bluff, of a constant bidding in a game of provocation – that does not change the fact at all.) And on the other hand, all the numerous facts that I know about his person agree in showing that the process of flight, which is to say the absence of any desire to become aware of himself, was in him as enormous if not of greater dimensions. so enormous, even more ubiquitous than the first one that arrives. By placing him in the group of my "mutants", with Steiner and even more than him, it seems to me that he is the one who has taken to the most extreme degree the absence of any appreciation, however unrealistic it may be, of himself, his place in the world, his motivations, the one in which the egoic phantasmagoria has lost (under the tender gaze of the circle of his admirers) all traces of containment.

It would be difficult to imagine these two apparent "opposites" reunited in the same person.

knowledge of others – lack of self-knowledge

in a way as extreme, as striking as in Krishnamurti. Furthermore, everything suggests that this lack of self-knowledge was not simply a habitual state, but rather a permanent state, and that there was never another state during his entire life. And if there was, it must have been erased from memory very quickly, and without leaving the slightest trace. His biographer Mary Lutyens, who knew him very well and who, in addition, had very rich documentation to write his biography, does not reveal anything in that sense either. If you have been aware of any

⁸⁴⁴It would be a task as delicate as it is interesting to discern the meaning of such an impression of "similarity." Some elements of reflection on this topic can be seen in the section "Abstraction and meaning – or the miracle of communication" of Cosechas y Siembras, in "The Doors on the Universe" (appendix to CyS III, no 23). Jung would undoubtedly evoke the "archetypal experiences", to which the most outstanding experiences of human existence could be reduced...

⁸⁴⁵When writing this line, I had especially present in my spirit the itinerary of Marcel Legaut, whose spiritual life was centered on an in-depth rediscovery of the person and mission of Jesus. This itinerary appears very clear in his "Meditation of a Christian of the 20th Century."

moment in her life in which Krishnamurti would have put himself at risk at some point, that memory must also have been eliminated in her, without leaving the slightest trace either (at least not in her work).

The enigma that arises is complicated by the fact that we do not have the slightest indication, in Krishnamurti's writings (at least in those that are known) or in his biography, that allows us to even approximately locate Genesis. at least some of his great ideas ("Einsichten") about the psyche. There is no need to be surprised at this, since Krishnamurti believed that he had always known them by infused science. According to what is known about his life, it is certain, however, that this genesis takes place after the death of his brother Nitya in 1925 (when Krishnamurti was thirty years old). On the other hand, I have the clear impression that after 1929 or 1930, her life was almost completely reduced to a permanent "show" as a great spiritual star. It would seem then that the Genesis in question would be located in the four years between 1926 and 1929. However, in Mary Lutyens' story, nothing allows us to place in that period or relate to it a great intellectual or spiritual advance, such as the one discussed here. On the contrary, in him there is not the slightest trace of any of the great intuitions that we know of in his mature age⁸⁴⁶. To say the least, everything happens as if in Krishnamurti's life there had never been such a moment of breakthrough, of a dazzling discovery, of a sudden ray of light. And that is part, it seems, of Krishnamurti's game, of his mystification becoming second nature, remaining silent about the origin of the discoveries that he never presents as such, so identified is he with the role of "Truth incarnate" that he plays with such conviction and such success – without tiring for a lifetime...

However, every true discovery, and especially a discovery that feels capital, is a very particular, unique, unforgettable experience. It is difficult for me to conceive that such a profound experience, when we see a certain image that we had of things collapse, and that another world emerges behind those decorations that kept it hidden – that such an experience can be forgotten, that there can be fickleness, even unconscious, to repress their memory. Those are the great moments of existence, and by living them we know it. What sense would it make to impoverish, yes, mutilate the life of such a moment, to put in the place of something true and priceless a fictitious, laughable production?!

The thought occurred to me today as to whether it might not be possible, after all, that Krishnamurti's amazing understanding of the psyche is, after all, "innate" – so it has certainly been to understand: provided at birth as a result of experiences assumed in previous existences⁸⁴⁷. That knowledge, therefore, would really be rooted in an authentic knowledge of oneself – but those acts, those "great moments" that I spoke of a moment ago, would be located in previous existences. If this were the case, the version of Krishnamurti himself, that of an "infused science", would be well founded after all!

It is true that this only displaces the apparent contradiction. It was not lightly, decisively, that I treated that glorious vision that Krishnamurti has of himself as a fabrication, a delirium, a blessed self-adulation. Well, everything we know about his deeds and exploits up to the age of thirty or thirty-five (and it is a lot!) blatantly contradicts, apparently irreducible, that version. To give perhaps the greatest example: the book "At the Feet of the Master", from the pen of Krishnamurti when he was fifteen years old, published under the name "Alcyone" to be given to the pious admiration. of the faithful of the Order of the Star, is nothing more than a collection of "spiritual" banalities that had (as he himself announces) piously collected from the mouth of a Being as august as hidden which is referred to as "the Master." As "infused science" it falls somewhat short!

⁸⁴⁶As I have already recalled elsewhere, the first text written by Krishnamurti's pen in which these master intuitions appear is "The First and Last Freedom," which appears in 1954, when the author was 59 years old.

⁸⁴⁷See in this regard the notes "Mission and Karma – or the apprentice and the Master" and "Creation and maturation (1): the "gifts" appear when creating" (nos. 24, 48). I will return to this in the following note.

However, this would be the moment to remember that the psyche can function simultaneously totally differently at different "levels". At the level of conscious thought, we can, like a wise monkey and with the best faith in the world, repeat lessons learned believing in them with a faith as hard as iron, with impressive airs of authority, while at a deeper level we remain completely alien to those sincere fastidiousness. There can be, in the Unconscious, a deep and nuanced appreciation of a situation, at the very moment in which we prepare to describe it (always with the best faith in the world) with blows of 848. Such understanding comes from an unconscious knowledge, undoubtedly the fruit of Epinal's clichés of assimilated and long-forgotten experiences, which may be entirely foreign to the ideas and opinions that we have blessedly adopted, like clothes that have been put on us and that are not, but! not at all our size!

It is the deep unconscious knowledge, more or less harshly exiled in the basements of the psyche, and not the ridiculous tailcoat with top hat that we have allowed ourselves to put on, that is our true "ourselves." A man is internally free, he is one, precisely to the extent that there is no gap in him between the surface and the depth, between the "clothes" and the "flesh" – the one in which the clothing and the flesh living being they marry harmoniously and gently.

This already gives us a glimpse of a solution to the disturbing enigma posed by the "Krishnamurti case." Krishnamurti would have come into the world with remarkable spiritual maturity. A child prodigy like Mozart, in short, but instead of having a prodigiously close relationship with music, there would be an innate knowledge, unconscious of course, of the human psyche, rooted in a knowledge of vicissitudes of his own psyche in previous existences. Like all unconscious knowledge, this was destined to be fully conscious, when circumstances were conducive to it and he himself gave his consent. He would have ended up rising to consciousness, gradually, after he freed himself from the domination of the theosophical environment that hindered him, therefore after the age of thirty-four (in 1929). That would not have been experienced as a brilliant, unforgettable "discovery," but rather as a progressive "taking possession," in some way, of something that would have always belonged to him by right. With that takeover, after having played a fictitious role for a long time, dictated by his teachers and benefactors of yesteryear, "he would be himself again."

But to tell the truth, he never really left that role. He only put forward a set of ideas and opinions that went with him, in no way essential. To let go of the role and not just the accessories, and with that to truly and fully be "the same" again, I would have had to have confirmed it, in an obvious and flagrant way. For that, he would have had to separate himself from the resplendent and oh-so-seductive image he had of himself: the unconditioned Being wherever there was one, the Truth, the Light, the unequaled Teacher. entire humanity⁸⁴⁹. That Image, as long as it was not detected, could only emerge reinforced from that transformation that, in the first place, brought him closer to himself⁸⁵⁰. Well, he was no longer the creation of some benefactors, the "Messiah" by the sole virtue of scandalous publicity surrounding his young and malleable person (a scandal of which he could not help but feel all the vanity). From now on, he was the Teacher

848N. of the T.: At the beginning of the s. In the 19th century, a wood engraving workshop was founded in the small town of Epinal, near Paris, dedicated to the production of plates and prints, which would flood France and the rest of Europe later.

849As for the figure of the "Unparalleled Teacher" I anticipate a little – he will only appear later, after the theosophical period. See the following footnote.

850In fact, that Image then became disproportionately inflated. In the Theosophical pantheon, Krishnamurti was presented as the "human habitation" in which, when the time came, the great Master Mitreya should incarnate, as the Messiah of modern times. He was therefore one among a whole succession of Instructors arrived to provide wisdom to the World. Once the Theosophical patronage is removed, he remains the only Teacher of all time, the other so-called "teachers" and "innovators" being reduced to insignificance.

(See a footnote on page 328 in the note "The chaff and the grain (2): Krishnamurti – or degradation of a mission" (no 125).

his sole authority – owing nothing to anyone (like the Buddha before...)!

And he really would have been that Teacher that the World was waiting for, if he had had the audacity and humility to take the crucial step, the real step: verifying the Image, and the process of vanity attached to it. Concretely, that meant: confirming, first privately, then publicly, those tight clothes that he had willingly worn for twenty years in a row. A “challenge” of all his past, the distant and the near; because as long as an act of truth does not put an end to it⁸⁵¹, the entire past is included in the process of flight and vanity.

That “truthful step” was never taken, that challenge never took place. For if it had taken place in private, one of its first fruits would have been a public explanation to all those whom he had helped to deceive for so long, to assume his share of responsibility in that deception, clearly stating his errors, and the vain attraction in himself that had caused them. Instead of saying to his faithful and admirers: “I remain the Light and the Life, and having said that, let each one return to his home and forget the Order of the Star that I have just dissolved from the height of my Greatness” – and to continue in those records throughout his entire life.

Instead of a real act, there was a process of forgetting the evening dress that he had worn for so long, often with disgust it must be said, but accepting without question its springy advantages. He did not want to remember the naked, radiant-looking child that the suit covered – the one he was deep down, the one he had allowed himself to be mistreated for so long in his cage. golden The child carrying wisdom who dozed in the wise monkey, henceforth transformed, for the needs of the cause of Epinal, into the “divine child.”

But in doing so, he remained equally distant from himself. He ended up remembering some knowledge of the boy, which he was going to put to good use. As if he had called the child in order to take that good away from him, and then sent him back to rot in the underground. And while the Teacher lectured gravely on the platforms before the gaping masses, the mischievous and lively boy rotted away, forgotten and mistreated as before...

(131) Latent knowledge and active knowledge – or the pedestal and the gift

(February 19 and 20)⁸⁵² I have the impression of having solved what I called, in the reflection of the previous note, the “Krishnamurti enigma”. Once put black on white, the solution seems so obvious to me that it would be difficult for me to doubt that it corresponds to reality. After all, everything led to believe that Krishnamurti as a child was already extremely mature⁸⁵³, but cornered in the Unconscious. In reality the “enigma” was only apparent, and was due, it seems to me now, to two “forgetfulness” on my part.

On the one hand, we can have knowledge of deep and important things, without having learned them at any time in our present existence from anyone's mouth (or pen), nor having discovered them from our own experience. It is therefore a knowledge that would be “innate”, which also means (I have not the slightest doubt

⁸⁵¹This “end,” it must be emphasized, is entirely provisional, and never definitive and conquered. The escape process returns immediately, as soon as surveillance stops.

⁸⁵²Continuation of the previous note, “Discovery, or infused science? – or “the Krishnamurti enigma””.

⁸⁵³“Everything led to belief” is undoubtedly exaggerated. I see two reasons that prove it, one direct, the other indirect. One is the strong impression that the boy Krishnamurti, despite a pitiful physical state of mind, had made on Leadbeater. No matter how many reservations one may have regarding Leadbeater's multiple personality, it seems difficult to doubt that he had highly developed clairvoyance gifts – and he stated that this child had “the most profound aura.” bigger than I had ever seen.” That this was not pure caprice on his part is attested to by Krishnamurti's impressive gifts and thinking, which asserted themselves and unfolded after the age of thirty-five, once he let go of from the te'osofa sauna. The second reason is that from what is known of Krishnamurti's life, it seems impossible to locate a moment in which a great advance took place in his knowledge of the psyche and spiritual reality, and that he himself presents his knowledge as an “infused wisdom” that he had always possessed.

in this regard) that comes from creative moments, from "discoveries" made in previous existences⁸⁵⁴. Certainly, when something that we believe we have always "known" coincides with the ways of seeing that were more or less common in our environment of origin, it can be said that in no way does it have the quality of knowledge, that it is not part of a maturity. innate, but of the structure of the self, which is above all the work of the environment. On the other hand, when this knowledge distinguishes us from all the other beings in our environment during childhood, and is also not a fixed or capricious idea (which appeared we do not know when), but is confirmed and reconfirmed through experience, without a doubt these are unequivocal signs that indicate that it is an innate knowledge, which, furthermore, is not of an instinctive or collective nature, but individual, and that it emerges from a certain innate maturity that is strictly staff.

Furthermore, I am convinced that every being has such innate knowledge that distinguishes it from any other being in its environment, but that almost always remains more or less unconscious and uninformed, perhaps even uninformable. (Which does not prevent them from acting and being effective to varying degrees). That is one of the reasons, surely, why they are not easy to distinguish as such, and almost always go unnoticed by everyone⁸⁵⁵ .

The second forgetfulness that had clouded my vision of things is, in the particularly crucial case of self-knowledge, that we must distinguish between what can be called latent knowledge on the one hand, and active knowledge on the other. Latent knowledge is part of the maturity of the being. It is inalienable, indestructible. It is part of the very substance of the deep being, outside the reach of the maneuvers of the "I" as well as the external pressures that come from the Group. Both psychological and physiological mutilations do not affect him, nor does physical death. It is like the firm and living flesh of the immortal soul. It can and must grow and develop, and that is the task among all reserved for the soul, en route to its ultimate destinations. It can also, if the soul consents, stagnate for long years, and for entire existences. But he can never go back.

Almost all of a being's latent knowledge, and even all of it in the case of a newborn, is unconscious. Its true abode is in the deep Unconscious, in constant and intimate contact, without a doubt, with the unknown Guest⁸⁵⁶ – with God in us.

It is from there, from the depths of the being, from where he acts – when he acts. Depending on the state of the psyche, a latent knowledge may have risen more or less, as if by osmosis, to the upper layers of the psyche and permeate them more or less strongly.

It can thus access the conscious field, become more or more conscious knowledge.

⁸⁵⁴See in this regard the note "Mission and karma – or the apprentice and the Master" (no. 24), as well as the three consecutive notes "Creation and maturation (1)(2)(3)" (nos 48-50), and more particularly the first of the three.

⁸⁵⁵It would seem that in the case of my own person, innate maturity was relatively coarse, and that my current state of maturity and the knowledge derived from it, are largely the fruit of discoveries made after 1970 and especially after 1976, for a dozen years. I am not sure that I can formulate a single piece of knowledge that I would have had "always", and that I did not have in common with my parents (in whom it would tend to remain latent...). The only thing that comes to me in that sense is the knowledge of the role of the Mother archetype in the loving experience, which I have the clear feeling of never having "learned", of "always knowing". But I am convinced that this is a latent knowledge that is in no way personal, but is common to all beings without exception (including, I am convinced, animals and plants...). If I differ from others in this regard, it is that in my case that knowledge has been very present and conscious from the beginning of my love life (without being able to locate any particular moment in which that knowledge became conscious). . That is, I have confirmed, something very strange, due to very effective mechanisms of repression, linked to the taboo of incest. But the fact that a latent knowledge, common in this case to the entire species, has become fully conscious and permanently permeates all the layers of the psyche, can it be seen as a sign of a "maturity", of a quality of the psyche provided at birth and fruit of previous lives? I would tend to think so. In this particular case, the knowledge in question, never "learned" or "discovered", seems to me to be so inseparable from my psyche, that it would seem unthinkable to me that one day it could disappear from the field. of consciousness, as a result of unexpected repression under the pressure of unknown circumstances...

⁸⁵⁶See the note "The small family and its Guest" (no. 1).

less clearly felt and formulated, to which we subscribe with more or less reluctance or conviction. In the best of cases, we make it totally, unconditionally ours, with an act (which can be tacit, or clearly conscious) of knowledge and faith⁸⁵⁷.

Without a doubt, it can be said that latent knowledge is all the more "active", that it exercises a more creative action at that moment in our existence, as we have allowed it to permeate the layers closest to us. the surface, instead of keeping it prisoner in the deep unconscious. My personal experience suggests to me that there is a considerable qualitative "jump" in the effectiveness of such an act when a fully conscious act of knowing has been performed, carefully probed and formulated, so that that knowing has become fully conscious. conscious, and when it is also present as such at the moment considered⁸⁵⁸. The "active knowledge" to which I have just alluded is none other than latent knowledge in a state of action, that is, participating in a creative process, in the creation of a work (which can be situated both at intellectual or artistic level as well as spiritual or other level...).

The relationship between these two types, or modes of presence, of knowledge, the latent and the active, is none other than that between maturity and creation. I have touched upon it in passing many times in the pages of the Key of Dreams, and I have already stopped to examine it with some care in previous notes⁸⁵⁹. It is enough to remember that a very coarse state of maturity does not in any way prevent access to a state of intense creativity, and in extreme cases, reaching a spiritual creation at the peak of humanity⁸⁶⁰. Conversely and at the opposite extreme, a being with prodigious intellectual and spiritual means, arising from an exceptional maturity (innate or acquired, it matters little here), can, by his own choice and from a certain moment and for all time who pleases, lead a mediocre and spiritually sterile life. His wonderful means do not then serve as tools for creation (not even in an accessory way and without reaching the spiritual plane), but rather as fool-catchers to better offend others and himself, in a vain career of self-aggrandizement and self-glorification.

In Krishnamurti, it would seem that from birth he had an exceptionally rich, deep and delicate innate knowledge of the human psyche and soul – a knowledge that predisposed him to an exceptionally creative spiritual life, progressive discovery and realization. on, against all odds, a great mission – to be one of the great "enlighteners" in the progressive advancement of all of humanity. It was a latent knowledge, which only

⁸⁵⁷See the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 7).

⁸⁵⁸The "presence at the moment considered" of knowledge, as conscious knowledge, to which I refer here and which makes that knowledge "active", is not reduced to presence, so to speak, "mechanical". "only" that assures us the activity of memory, not even to the most subtle, most penetrating presence of a true memory of a certain privileged moment (that of an important discovery, it may be) in which that knowledge was actively present. Except in the case of knowledge that has permeated all the layers of the psyche to such an extent that it is permanently present and active (as in the example I evoke in the penultimate footnote), perhaps As necessary, for latent knowledge to become "actively present," there must first be a true "act of knowledge." This would have the effect, rather than creating truly new knowledge (it would then be an act of discovery), to somehow renew latent knowledge already acquired, making it actively present and conscious. This goes far beyond an effort to recall some formulation we have reached (which would simply be repeating ourselves). On the other hand, a new effort to capture in clear words the latent knowledge in question, already present in diffuse form, is often an effective way to "reactivate" it. A frequent (in my meditation practice) and unmistakable sign, which shows that the renewal has really taken place, is precisely the very clear feeling of not only having "rediscovered" such like an ancient knowledge, but of rediscovering it transformed by the preliminary work that has just been done, that has been deepened, nuanced, enriched,...

⁸⁵⁹See the three notes already cited "Creation and maturation (1)(2)(3)" (no. 48-50), and especially the second of those notes, as well as the note " Mission and karma – or the apprentice and the Master" (no. 24).

⁸⁶⁰The attentive reader who has already read the three consecutive notes on Solvic, from the end of last month (notes 115-117), will n° have understood that the "limiting case" that I am thinking of here is none other than that of Solvic, in the last weeks of his life.

He became conscious and active after the age of thirty-five. More "conscious", however, in this case, than truly "active", that is, "creative"; for by his own choice for the rest of his life, that conscious knowledge remained separate, mutilated from his true heart: the knowledge of himself. Surely there was a kind of latent and diffuse self-knowledge brought to him in his previous lives, and which especially told him that the famous process of flight, as a predisposition of the psyche, was so strongly implanted in him as in anyone, and that, in him as in everyone, its spiritually suffocating action could only be deactivated with a vigilant and uncomplacent gaze on himself. But throughout his life, it seems, this latent knowledge remained cornered in the deep Unconscious, for the benefit of a plethoric and invasive Image of himself, never examined or questioned. The "activity" of his deep intuitive knowledge of the psyche, instead of going in the direction of a spiritual maturation at the same time as the emergence and vigorous growth of a great mission, was always limited 'or (from what I can see) to "see through" the posturing and subterfuges of others⁸⁶¹, and more particularly and above all, of those who came to see him to talk to him about their personal problems⁸⁶².

When reading his accounts of these interviews⁸⁶³, one is impressed by his great acuity in always seeing where the fissure is, pointing his finger at the vanishing point, and also by an expression often remarkably concise and perfectly adjusted to say or suggest what is seen. At a certain level, this double act of perception-expression is undoubtedly a creative act; but, according to one memory, he constantly falls short of spiritual creation. The Incarnate Truth has spoken through the mouth of the Impersonal Master – but apart from that, nothing happens: the interlocutor leaves as he came (surely duly impressed by having heard and seen the great man work...), and the Master remains – the Teacher. There was no gift. And if, very exceptionally, there was movement, an impulse of gift, it came from the one who had gone to see the Master, and that gift that he carried with him was not accepted.

In spiritual action, to give as well as to receive, it is necessary that both, the donor and the recipient, be on an equal footing – that there be no pedestal. Only then does love act through both. Then he who gives, receives, and he who receives, gives, and both are transformed. God gives himself and receives from himself, through two beings who both participate in tacit communion with him.

861I have the very clear impression that throughout his life Krishnamurti was very careful not to "see through" the inauthenticity and the "escape" attitudes of those who were a part of his environment. I certainly couldn't have done it without. at the same time, "sense" himself, because those inauthenticity and attitudes, in him and those close to him, were necessarily closely supportive. In short, these close friends, like himself, were the famous "exception that confirms the rule", at the level of the realities of the psyche that he highlights in his "Teachings".

862Including in their lives, as a more or less regular ingredient, such contacts with strange people who came to consult them, is one of the numerous common traits between the characters shown by Steiner and Krishnamurti. With this difference, however, that in Steiner it reached an exhausting pitch – like a voluntary cross that had been imposed (which did not at all fit with the manners of a Krishnamurti!). At Steiner, in addition to personal contacts, there was an amazing correspondence – at times his parishioners took turns bringing replies to letters received to the postbox, in full laundry baskets! It was above all, it seems to me, sacrificing himself for a brand image that he liked. I doubt that this excessive correspondence, any more than all those interviews that devoured considerable energy, were anything other than a lot of wind for nothing, and a way of avoiding his own maturation.

863I think here especially of the three volumes of his "Commentaries on Life", which I have had to read at least two.

(132) Mutants (8): mutants and self-knowledge (February 22 and

23)864 It has been two weeks and three days since reflection has stopped on the two closely related cases of Rudolf Steiner and Krishnamurti. What distinguishes them, in my eyes, now, from all my other mutants is that they did not truly enter into the mission that awaited them to be created by them during a lifetime. Both of them allowed themselves to be "deviated", separated from the path of their mission, by the everlasting vanity, the desire for self-aggrandizement, which made them play a borrowed, highly fanciful, mystifying role. Both prodigiously filled with gifts, they could not, despite their lack of authenticity and mere "seriousness", fail to make notable contributions to human thought, which I have tried to sift into their plan. Therefore, it would be difficult not to count them among the great thinkers of our time – two great thinkers who have "gone astray"! But on the spiritual level, which is what truly matters here, I do not see any greatness in the lives of either of them⁸⁶⁵. Spiritual greatness is not in the gifts or maturity of the soul, but in the use that is made of it, and in the interior dispositions with which one directs one's life. However, we must not exclude that due to strange twists and turns his work ends up, in the next generations, contributing to the progress of our species, including on the spiritual plane (the only one that is truly essential for our destiny, and of the that the rest follows). But I have the impression that until now, this work has mainly contributed to the general confusion of minds. For the more powerful a spirit is, the more powerfully it spreads the confusion that is in it around it and in the World.

This confusion in both would not have been able to establish itself, nor, above all, last for an entire life, if there was an attitude, however modest, however coarse, of self-knowledge – which would dislodge at least the most enormous deceptions, the rudest. The process of deception, of flight, of closing your eyes to "suck your thumb" and gladly accepting the gross gratifications of vanity – only the attentive gaze on oneself deactivates it. And the reflection of these two weeks has come, above all, to illustrate in a striking way, in two particularly extreme cases, how in the absence of internal rigor, of discipline (however slight...) of knowledge of yes, the entire existence is invaded and devoured by the voracious process of vanity.

It is true that, among my other mutants, rare are those in whom I do not detect fickleness in self-knowledge. More than once, it seems to me that this absence is the deep cause of the main limitations of the man whose existence I was analyzing a little. But these "limitations," even if they restrict in a more or less draconian way the influence and scope of that man's mission, do not go so far as to erase it from his life, and make his existence a spiritual desert. . Or to put it another way: the ego's incursions into the domain of the spirit, carried out in favor of the absence of a watchful gaze, are occasional and limited, never reaching a state in which the spirit is totally invaded and dominated by the ego⁸⁶⁶ .

864Continuation of the previous note "Latent knowledge and active knowledge – or the pedestal and the gift." As this note picks up the thread of the overall reflection on the "mutants", it could also be seen as a continuation of the note "The Mutants (7): Freud – or the courage of lucidity" (not 121).

865I would qualify this statement for Steiner, for his life until the end of 1900, just at the age of forty. In him there was, in that first great period of his life, a great openness towards others, and (I have the impression) an authentic search for his way, fully assuming the spiritual loneliness of such a search. The year 1900 marks the turn of celebrity – she becomes a "vedette" within a powerful "spiritual" movement, with tens of thousands of fervent and gullible followers in the middle classes and even in the cream of the society. high society. It seemed to me to understand that then he also took the great turn in his spiritual life, when he entered into a borrowed role – that of a great starlet, precisely, or (in the jargon of those days) of a "great Initiate", even of "Messiahs" of modern times...

866I have the impression that the case of Gandhi in the last twenty or thirty years of his life should be set aside, when he was at the height of his political and statesman "career." The ego became very invasive, and I believe that Gandhi then stopped progressing spiritually. This does not prevent, it must be emphasized, that the level at which his political action was situated was infinitely above the most brilliant and most "honest"

Although sometimes distracted and sleepy, the spirit maintains its healthy reflexes or is guided by a healthy spiritual instinct, so that, roughly speaking, it remains the master. It is he who sets the course of the journey, in symbiosis with the infinitely discreet voice of God. And that and nothing else is walking along the path of your mission. That is fidelity itself. That is serving (often unknowingly) the designs of God.

Among my "mutants", then, which ones are those in which one perceives at least an attitude of self-knowledge? Without a doubt it is in Freud, and later in Neill, where I have found the clearest, most convincing signs of such inner discipline, of such rigor. It is Freud who has searched deeper into his psyche, to discover there and lay bare the same hidden mechanisms that he had first discovered in his patients, before revealing them to his friends. I have no doubt that the psychological insight of Freud and Neill, and above all the highly active quality of their knowledge of the psyche,⁸⁶⁷ springs from the knowledge they had of themselves, free of all complacency and all self-pity.

The absence of complacency is perhaps the first and most essential fruit of all, of an attitude of self-knowledge. I have also found that inner rigor in the work of Carpenter and in that of Marcel L'egaut. But I have the impression that in them self-knowledge remains at a rather superficial level, or more exactly: if they ever dare to walk through the depths of the psyche, they always quickly pass through the "bag of "the knots" of the conflict, of which they are at most content to note its existence in passing, without the slightest desire to stop for a moment. In these two men of notable inner autonomy, it seems to me that this is a sequel to the traditional attitude of spiritualists, which I have already had occasion to analyze⁸⁶⁸. I have the conviction, for my part, that spiritual life in general is called to deepen considerably with the overcoming of such an attitude of "as it is" in the relationship of the spirit with the psyche or the "psychic", just as in its relationship with the body, both traditionally treated as insignificant things. And it is notable that, at least as far as the relationship with the "psychic" is concerned, the path has been pointed out by Freud and Neill, neither of whom seem "spiritual" (and in their own eyes less than those of anyone else!). If the envisioned picture of the new spirituality includes, in addition to loving and uncomplacent attention to the psyche, an equally attentive respect for the body and a grateful assent to the loving impulse, then the names must be added. from Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter to those of Freud and Neill, among the first who showed and still show the way; nor do they, in terms of generally received criteria, seem "spiritual"! As if by chance, the four brave men I have just named are none other than the famous "breakers" (of the "wall of sexual repression"), of whom we have already spoken abundantly⁸⁶⁹. There they are, in the middle of the reflection, as precursors of a new spirituality. Should we be surprised? And in this unforeseen perspective, L'egaut (also recently named at the same time as Carpenter⁸⁷⁰) seems to me one of the most notable workers of a new spirituality, and very particularly, as the one who opens the way of another way of living the Christian faith.

In Gandhi's autobiography there is the same absence of self-complacency, that is, the same quality of truth, as in L'egaut and Carpenter - and it is this quality, certainly, and nothing more, that gives him all your interest! Unfortunately, as I have already stressed more than once, this healthy and life-giving trait of your person tends to disappear in the last two or three years.

of traditional style politicians. See in this regard the comments on Gandhi's mission, in the note "Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness" (no. 112), page 287.

⁸⁶⁷In contrast (if I'm not mistaken) with the cases of Steiner and Krishnamurti - see in this regard the last two paragraphs of the previous note.

⁸⁶⁸See the note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold" (no. 9), especially pages 17, 20, and also the sub-subsection "Bad company" (section 56, 70 , c)), pages ??-??.

⁸⁶⁹See especially the notes "The Mutants (5)(6)" (no. 112, 114), pages 292 and 295.

⁸⁷⁰I perceive a close kinship between the existences and missions of Edward Carpenter and Marcel L'egaut, which appears in the reflection for the first time in the note "Time of crutches and time of walking" (no. 75).

decades of his life, when his public career is at its peak.

In his biographical note on Riemann⁸⁷¹, Weber tells us that every night when he went to bed Riemann made an examination of conscience “in the presence of God” – and I trust that in that man it was not a vain formality. It must be regretted that in his short life, the depth that we glimpse in the man has not found visible expression in his work.

Finally, this means that there are six of our eighteen mutants in which we can verify the presence of an attitude of self-knowledge. Not bad at all, considering its extreme rarity! On the other hand, I have already had occasion to observe here and there the more or less total absence of any fickle self-knowledge in some of my mutants. I limit myself here to remembering them:

Darwin, Ramakrishna, Kropotkin, Steiner, Teilhard, Guruji, Krishnamurti.

Of the seven, only in Ramakrishna have I perceived some occasional signs of modest attempts at self-knowledge. Sometimes he talks about some of his experiences with great simplicity, without any desire to erase the small traces of human weaknesses. There is a sincerity there, a quality of truth, very close to the dispositions suitable for leading to a path of self-knowledge. However, he did not know how to free himself from the everlasting cliché (abundantly recalled around him once he was in the odor of holiness, and which he himself frequently returns to) of the ultimate “perfection” to which he is supposed to reach. the “perfect worshiper of God.” I have the impression that in the last years of his life, surrounded by general veneration and especially that of the disciples who attached themselves to him, he was constantly shaken between what his good spiritual judgment gave him. he said under his breath and the somewhat loud and unctuous veneration of which he was the object and which (he couldn't help thinking) must have been well deserved! This is how the Divine Mother wanted to play hide and seek with him, surely to test him. And since he had the right to Her express favors until his last breath, we must believe that He knew how not to allow himself to be swallowed up in the quagmire with which She had maliciously surrounded him⁸⁷²

(133) The mutants (9): the mutants and the opposing sisters (February)

26 – 29)⁸⁷³ In several previous notes⁸⁷⁴ I have successively examined the relationship of “my mutants” with sex, war, and the knowledge of oneself. It seems that the diversity of attitudes and opinions, vis-à-vis each of these important aspects of human existence, is comparable to what I had already observed in the temperaments, characters, social background, missions and destinies of those same mutants⁸⁷⁵. A few days ago I made, with some small schematic scribbles, a quick analogous assessment for other important questions, also neurologically linked to the Mutation that awaits us. These are the following: relationship with religion and religious sentiment⁸⁷⁶; with science; with the

871This biographical note is mentioned for the first time in the first note that talks about Riemann, “The Mutants (1). the mutant ballet; Hahnemann and Riemann” (no. 85), page 178.

872 I have already spoken of that “ci’enga” that often constitutes the circle of a Master’s disciples, in the note “The common places of the saints” (no. 113), page 294. However It must be added that in addition to this role, R^amakrishna’s disciples have played a surely more useful role in propagating his teachings. Thanks to his pious zeal I have had the great advantage not only of having heard of him, but of being able to get an idea of his mystical experience and his message, in the copious collection of par abolas and aphorisms available, one hundred years after his death, in pocket books and even in French, within reach of all pockets...

873Continuation of the previous note, “Mutants (8): mutants and self-knowledge.”

874These are the notes “The mutants (6): mutants and sex” (no. 114), “Assignment of a mission – or the “spiritual” before the flags...” (no. 119), “The Mutants (7): Freud – or the courage of lucidity” (no. 121), and finally the previous note that I just cited in the previous footnote.

875See the note “Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness” (no. 112).

876It is understood here that the terms “religion” and “religious sentiment” cover a multiplicity of different meanings, forming a “cloud of meanings” as complex as that of terms such as “spirituality”, “freedom”. , “creation”, “love” etc. We must especially distinguish the Churches and religious institutions, the teachings and values that they claim to promote, established in more or less fixed doctrines that are concretized in a

current civilization and its values ("culture"); with the question of the destinies of humanity as a whole, both in the long or very long term and in the next generations, even in the coming years ("eschatology"); with social justice; with education. Anyway, I have also reviewed my mutants to see if they have any intuition of a "science of tomorrow" or a "spiritual science". As I have already implied⁸⁷⁷, by that I mean a body of common knowledge, and a type of research that feeds and renews it, in which the means of extrasensory perception, intuitions of a strictly religious or spiritual nature and very particularly the exploration of the psyche from a spiritual perspective⁸⁷⁸, would have a place as crucial⁸⁷⁹ as the intellectual rigor⁸⁸⁰ and the meticulous methodology of the experimental sciences and the exact sciences, as they have been developed especially since three or four centuries ago.

As the incorrigible mathematician that I am, those "scribbles" took the form of a double-entry table, in which I put in "lines" the names of my eighteen mutants⁸⁸¹, and in "columns" the ten key questions that I just asked. enumerate. I have put the + sign in the box

lurgy that gives them a symbolic expression, and on the other hand the individual "religious experience" or "religious experience." These, depending on the case, can be more or less stereotyped and superficial, even totally rigid and false, or on the contrary be situated at the level of an authentic spiritual life, irrigating the psyche like life-giving blood, in a creative process of maturation and inner deepening. Religious experience is almost always expressed within the framework of a particular religious faith, which in some way serves as "language." But it can also be placed outside any established religion and find an entirely personal language. Such was the case of Whitman, of Bucke, of Carpenter, and also of mine (after October 1986). In the sense in which I use the term, religious experience as a "spiritual" experience is distinguished from other forms of spiritual experience by the fact that the perception of a living presence and action, that transcend all merely human presence and action (and that some would call the Presence and Action of God), play a central driving role in it – like a vigorous heart that drives the blood of spiritual experience to through all the "organs" of the psyche...

⁸⁷⁷I allude here and there to the necessary emergence of another form of science, and more particularly in relation to the person of Rudolf Steiner, especially in the two notes "The mutants (2): spiritual science (R. Steiner, T. de Chardin)" (no. 86), and "The chaff and the grain (1): R. Steiner and the science of tomorrow" (no. 124). See especially pages 179 and 326.

⁸⁷⁸What , according to me, distinguishes such an exploration of the psyche ("from a spiritual perspective") is that in the focus of the researcher's attention is his own psyche – the only one he has. an intimate and totally immediate experience. What makes such attention, directed towards one's own being, true and fruitful, is not any method. It is a rigor that does not arise from any rule or method (even if it could inspire us to develop our own methods...), but only from inner dispositions of truth. This exploration of the psyche does not make a clean sweep of the "psychic mechanics", brought to light for the first time by Freud, and which plays a dominant role in the middle and peripheral layers of the Unconscious. But although it is essential to "explain" yourself thoroughly with that mechanics in your psyche, and especially with the insidious and omnipresent action of the escape process, the wheels and gears and modes of action of that mechanics end for appearing as very accessory details, in the light of an illumination that comes from elsewhere. It is that illumination and that light that are essential. Just as the ranges and arpeggios and chords in which the virtuoso musician tirelessly exercises are also accessories, while the essential thing is in the changing harmony of the musical work that the ear captures and that our whole being revives...

⁸⁷⁹It would be fairer to say that the knowledge of ourselves, and the foreknowledge of truly human purposes that follows from it, will be like the heart and soul of the new science, to inspire its esp *ýritu*, its options, its orientations. Everything that is "methodology", everything that is situated on the level of intellectual focus, will be subordinated to that purpose (of a spiritual order) of intimate knowledge of ourselves and the "environment" that gives us surrounds – from the electron to the galaxy...

⁸⁸⁰Intellectual rigor in the full sense of the term is not in the methodical and scrupulous application of "canons of the trade" to this or that, dictated by this or that established method. On the contrary, it is essentially creative, and by its very nature goes beyond all methods. He is the one who constantly creates the methods appropriate to his needs. Furthermore, it seems to me like a kind of shadow or image, on the level of intelligence, of a rigor of spiritual essence. This rigor is nothing more than one of the aspects of the "dispositions of truth" that I have evoked in a previous footnote; one of the aspects of a passionate search to discern, step by step, the truth of things, inseparable from the intimate and changing perception that we ourselves have of those things and that we create throughout the work. In Cosechas y Siembras there are beginnings of reflection on rigor, especially in the section "Rigor and rigor" (CyS I no 26), and in the note "Deseo y rigor" (CyS III, no 121).

⁸⁸¹For the list of these eighteen mutants, see the beginning of the section "Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness" (no. 112).

of intersection of a line and a column when the relationship of such a mutant with such an issue seems "positive" to me⁸⁸², or also (according to my own lights) that it goes in the sense "eschatological" of the evolution of human society after the Mutation; that is, when it seems to me to be in accordance with God's designs. I put a +? in cases in which this positive character seems to me to give rise to certain reservations⁸⁸³, and on the contrary I have put ++ when that character is affirmed to such an extent and it seems to me that it has such importance in the existence of the interested party , that this aspect really seems inseparable from its mission.

I have prepared this table against a certain reluctance, realizing to what extent this type of supposed "mathematical representation" of an infinitely more delicate reality is not only crude, but even questionable. in its very spirit, and can be misleading. That is why I prefer to refrain from including that table here. It looks eerily like a table of (good or bad) "grades", and it has every air of making me relapse into the famous schoolteacher syndrome⁸⁸⁴! And yet, as rude and questionable as it may be, I have the impression that this table is useful to highlight and clarify a little that somewhat vague feeling of an extreme "diversity" of options and directions of attention between my mutants Thus, for each of them, the number of + signs in the boxes that form the corresponding line, and between these, the number of ++ cases, gives an idea of what could be called the "length" or "breadth" of your vision or (referring especially to the ++ signs) of your mission.

Among all my mutants, the one who has by far the broadest vision and mission is Carpenter: his relationship with each of those ten "issues" considered seems positive to me, and in five of them⁸⁸⁵ as "very positive" ++. At a good distance from him, Neill, then Freud and Felix, then Gandhi, Steiner, Guruji are part of the mutants of "broad vision", and at a good distance from them, Riemann, Kropotkin, Solvic, Krishnamurti, Darwin, R`amakrishna are part of those with "narrow vision"⁸⁸⁶ .

882In the rest of the sentence I try (in a necessarily summary and approximate way) to evoke the meaning that I give here to the term "positive." The continuation of the reflection will clarify this meaning better than theoretical explanations. It goes without saying that a "positive" relationship with the rubric "war" is, for me, an attitude of more or less unconditional rejection of war (and not an assent or acceptance of war). war!). For this reason, in the reflection that follows I will be led to see Neill's relationship with religion, or Gandhi's with science, as "positive", while in both cases the The attitudes of these two men are critical to the point of bordering on pure and simple rejection. But in both cases, contrary to the attitude of many other mutants vis-à-vis "religion" or "science", theirs follows from a penetrating and fair vision of some important aspects, at least, of the reality designated by the terms "religion" and "science." 883There are five

cases of a + sign?: Bucke's and Gandhi's relationship to self-knowledge, Kropotkin's to the headings "culture" and "education", and finally Krishnamurti's to education".

884In accordance with this syndrome (which in my case does not have to be demonstrated), I have not been able to avoid, in order to establish a kind of summary "classification" (see below), making the sum of the n' number of + signs that are in each line (like so many "notes" given to the different mutants!), or in each column (like so many "notes" given, also, to the different "r's"). "ubricas"). In these "totals", the ++ sign counts for two – but exceptionally I have put a +++ sign in the case of Solvic's relationship with the war. Anyway, I have counted for the cases marked with a +?. I ask the reader's indulgence for these little mathematician-schoolteacher games, to which one must be careful not to give any "objective" value.

885These are the five headings "sex" (which in Carpenter would as well deserve a +++ as "war" in Solvic! "religion", "culture", "eschatology", "justice" .

886More than one reader will be surprised, and perhaps shocked, to see described here as "narrow" the vision or the vision of some of these great men, whose "vision" However, it seems very vast, and no doubt rightly so. I myself cannot prevent a similar reaction, seeing myself describe as "narrow" the vision of a man like Riemann! But it must be remembered that the notion of "narrowness" or "breadth" (here of a vision or a mission), like any other notion, does not have absolute meaning, but It depends on the point of view from which you look at the thing. What is of a vastness beyond all words in one perspective, seems minute from another. Thus (speaking with knowledge of the facts) I can say that "mathematics" (and a fortiori "science") is of an extension, of infinite, inexhaustible richness – when looked at from the inside. When looked at from the outside, as expressing a certain aspect of the things we find in the Universe, and a certain way of approaching and knowing those things, it seems tiny. Insignificant, but not laughable – Insignificant, but nevertheless necessary and indelible, in the texture of the Universe.

By examining the various columns of the table one by one, one can get an idea of the extent to which one or another of the ten questions raised, from "sex" to "new science" (or "spiritual science"), is roughly privileged or, on the contrary, neglected by a majority of my mutants, in the set of those ten key issues that have caught my attention. The "culture" column is the one that wins: among my eighteen mutants, there are many (twelve) who are sensitive to the disease of civilization, and furthermore, for a good number (eight) of them it seems that a vigorous and more or less penetrating criticism of current civilization is part of its mission. This rubric "culture" is closely followed by "religion" and "science", which means that it seems to me that many of my mutants have a very noticeable "religious dimension", just like those who are either wise or scientific themselves, or they at least know how to appreciate the positive aspects (including the spiritual plane) of the scientific spirit, as it has developed for some centuries. These three headings "culture", "religion", "science" are clearly in the lead, followed at a good distance by the heading "sex", and "eschatology", itself followed at a good distance. distance also by "war", a rubric that marks the beginning of the "tail" of the procession of issues. This queue, formed therefore by aspects generally neglected (by my mutants) in the collective human adventure, includes the headings "war", "education", then (ex aequo) the two headings "justice". and "self-knowledge", and finally (in the end!) "spiritual science" (which, in principle, implies "self-knowledge").

Today I would like to comment on the headings "religion" and "science", and the headings closely linked "culture" and "spiritual science"⁸⁸⁷.

The mutants in whom I perceive a religious dimension that permeates their entire existence son:

Hahnemann, Whitman, Riemann, R^{amakrishna}, Bucke, Carpenter, Steiner, Gandhi, Teilhard, Guruji, L^égaut.

Among them, I have marked in italics those in which that aspect of his person seems to me to be an integral part of his mission. (Which is indicated with a ++ sign in the corresponding box of the table.)

Only in

Kropotkin and Felix

confirmed an attitude of more or less complete rejection not only of religious institutions, but also of religious feeling and "fact"⁸⁸⁸. They see in the religions established, both today and in their archaic form since the dawn of time, a kind of vast collective fraud mounted by the caste of priests (expressly constituted for this purpose), and in religious sentiment a desolating vestige of ancestral superstitions, destined to be dispelled by the lights of triumphant reason. In any case, neither in one nor in the other does this amount to automatic hostility, let alone malevolence, vis-à-vis people of religion (priests, etc.), or those who have a life. religious. They simply have a certain tolerant condescension with that type of aberration that is still so common, alas!⁸⁸⁹ among men.

⁸⁸⁷The case of Solvic must be left aside. From everything I know about him, it can be presumed that he only has a "positive" relationship with the rubric "war." That is why I am going to exclude him from the discussion in this note and in the following note, which will refer to the other seventeen mutants.

⁸⁸⁸As will be seen below, it would be appropriate to add Krishnamurti to them. But the "style" of Krishnamurtian rejection, and the reasons he invokes to justify it, are very different from those found in Kropotkin and Felix.

⁸⁸⁹The attitude I am describing is quite common in atheist media and even more so in anarcho or "leftist" media. However exaggerated and unrealistic it may be, it has been established as a reaction against the religious despotism of the Churches, which they are far from having admitted, even today, and for that very reason overcome. For me it is beyond doubt that this reaction was healthy at the beginning, both in Kropotkin and in Felix, as in the media they represent, and that it had a useful historical role to play. But two or three decades ago the pendulum

whose mental development still remains, at least partially, in the prelogical state of the caveman...

The cases of

Darwin, Freud, Neill, Krishnamurti.

I have the impression that Freud remains vis-à-vis the religious fact in a kind of prudent neutrality, and that even deep down, he was not clear about the place it had or should have in his own existence the Jewish faith of his parents and his Jewish ancestors. Neill's attitude is more blunt. He repudiated without any vestige of inner reserve (it seems to me) the emasculating religious atmosphere (Calvinist) that had surrounded his childhood. This very difficult obstacle, which he himself had to painfully remove, inspires in him an incisive and pertinent criticism of the harms of current religious education. But no more than in Freud, his feeling of discomfort, and sometimes of repulsion, vis-à-vis the dead and fossilized forms of religion (almost the only ones that still survive in our days) and that have an institutional existence or guarantee) does not go so far as to make him despise all forms of religious sentiment as a sign of superstition, or of a weakness or a disease of the soul. Furthermore, he goes so far as to dream of a "religion of the future" that would be totally different from everything he has known about the religions that have existed until today⁸⁹⁰. In essence, it does not seem to me to contradict any of the eleven "spirituals" mentioned above, and it would be clearly closer to them, and in a more solidly founded and less ambiguous way, than its predecessor. Freud.

As far as I know, Darwin was a "true atheist", as was more or less taken for granted in his time in the circles of "enlightened scholars". At the same time, it was inserted without any friction into the ambient Puritan society, where religion was part of the cultural "intangibles." Deep down, and without wanting to tell him clearly, he must have thought that religion, that was a kind of superstition, good for the common man and even indispensable for the maintenance of institutions and traditions; style "where would we end up...?!", and no other questions were asked. Darwin was a naturalist, and if as such he was interested in the expression of emotions in animals and in man, the human soul (assuming something of that kind really exists...) must well have been the last! of your worries!

And Krishnamurti? As strange as it may seem, in this man with aristocratic manners and tastes who, for half a century, was the favorite of an entire "spiritualizing" public that was constantly renewed, one finds an attitude very close to of the old anarcho fighters Kropotkin and Felix: a wholesale and unconditional rejection of every form of institution, teaching or (supposed) religious experience. (With the only exception, however, it must be remembered, of the teachings and experiences that emanated from his own person, promoted to the sole rank of Teacher...) Only the motivation of the rejection and the vocabulary used are different. Instead of superstition and a conspiracy of priests distilling a Machiavellian "opium of the people" behind closed doors, this time it is (more plausibly and less psychologically rude) of the desire for illusion of the "I" eager for security (which

History has reached the extreme point in its "anti-religion" movement, and has already retraced its path. It is time to finally arrive at a more nuanced vision of the religious fact.

Compare this situation with the somewhat inverse one, exemplified by Guruji's "anti-science" attitude (examined below), equally exaggerated and unreal, and which rests on an equal ignorance of the proper nature of the thing. rejected (here "science", while before it was "religion"). The "anti-science" reaction is also "healthy" by nature, and also now goes in the "sense of history" (I mean: in the sense of human evolution). But (as I will emphasize below), if it were imposed in that exaggerated form based on ignorance, it would not take long to lead to a return to the worst excesses of the religious despotism of yesteryear.

But returning to the anti-religion attitude of Kropotkin and Felix, the summary description I give of it takes up, more or less, that which I have already outlined elsewhere about my own dispositions before I was sixteen. eight years.

See in this regard the section "God for good reason – or the cascade of wonders" (no. 30), and especially the page ??.

⁸⁹⁰See in this regard the note "Neill and original sin – or myth as a message" (no. 90), especially pages 196-197.

found in the unconditional adherence to the supposed "revealed truths"), or the desire for self-aggrandizement through supposed "religious experiences" that are more or less unprecedented⁸⁹¹ .

In short, as mutants who have an essentially "positive" or "substantial" relationship with religion, I find, in addition to the eleven "spiritual" mentioned at the beginning, Neill as twelfth, while Only three of the mutants have a clearly "negative" relationship, a relationship of unconditional rejection, namely

Kropotkin, Krishnamurti, Felix.

In short, in Darwin and Freud I believe I see an attitude of prudent neutrality, which probably hides deep ambiguities, never truly elucidated by the interested party.

Let's go to the heading "science". First it should be noted that among my mutants there are five good-natured wise men:

Hahnemann, Darwin, Riemann, Freud, Teilhard.

For these "science" represents at least an essential ingredient of the culture and heritage of humanity, and furthermore, scientific work is an important part, even the main part, of their life and mission. 'on. There are six other mutants that seem to me to have a "positive relationship" with science:

Whitman, Bucke, Kropotkine, Carpenter, Steiner, L'egaut, F'elix.

Among these, Kropotkine must be set aside a little, who also has the temperament and stature of the wise man in the traditional sense. I have not included him in the group of the five wise men mentioned, since his mission took him along paths that distanced him from his scientific vocation, to the point that his break with this undoubtedly marks the culminating moment of his existence, at the same time as the entry into his mission⁸⁹². On the other hand, Bucke, Kropotkine, Carpenter, Steiner and (to a lesser extent) L'egaut have in common that, without being "wise" in the strict, "professional" sense of the term, their temperament nevertheless leads them towards a methodical reflection, in which scientific knowledge plays a more or less prominent role, while its main purpose is not what would commonly be called "scientific" , but rather "humanistic" or "is spiritual" (as is also the case of Teilhard, cited above). However, in L'egaut, the part that his scientific training has in his religious thought seems particularly minimal to me.

However, it plays an invisible role due to a spirit of rigor that, according to what he himself says, is directly inspired by the demands of intellectual honesty as they were still fashioned in the scientific world. at the time when he was a university student⁸⁹³ .

Each of these five men has the temperament and qualities of the "researcher", I mean: the scientific researcher. As for Whitman and Felix (who fit them on both sides in the list of seven above), nothing in their life or work suggests to my eyes any affinity with a somewhat scientific approach. They would rather be members of an "enlightened public", those who are curious and quite well informed about what, in the science of their time, seems to have a direct impact on the lives of people. people and about the destinies of the species. The knowledge they have of "science" and scientific work is that of a totally external view, seeing it above all through its "results", to which they adhere practically without reservation. For them, as for most of their contemporaries, science is the engine of "Progress", it is considered good in itself, and it would not occur to them that it could be different from what it is; The important thing, in short, is to find qualified drivers for that big and heavy "Progreso" car...

⁸⁹¹That vision of Krishnamurti is undoubtedly valid in the vast majority of cases, in the modern world and in men who adhere to a religious creed. But in matters of this order, it is a lack of seriousness to try to ignore or deny exceptional cases. These (I have the total conviction), however rare they may be, weigh infinitely more in the "spiritual scale" in the hands of God, than all the immense spiritual inertia of all the "inert believers" gathered together...

⁸⁹²See in this regard the note "The Mutants (3): a wind of justice and freedom (PA Kropotkin and AS Neill)" (no. 88), especially page 185.

⁸⁹³Remember that Marcel L'egaut was a university professor until the early 1940s.

On the other hand, I have the impression that this tacit acceptance of science as it now is, as the only thinkable type of "science", is common to the twelve mutants (5+7) which I just reviewed, but with the exception of

Hahnemann, Riemann, Carpenter⁸⁹⁴ y Steiner.

In other words, those four men are the only ones of my mutants in whom I believe I perceive some intuition or premonition of another science, of a "science of tomorrow" or "spiritual science," which for one or two centuries awaits its birth and growth. Surely that birth that had been pending for so long would finally occur, the day after the great Mutation...

Among the five mutants that have not yet been included in this flash magazine of the "science rubric," Ramakrishna and Neill are similar in the fact that they are totally neutral, and more likely, they are not They are not at all interested in possible questions "for" or "against" science. Finally, there are three mutants who can be considered resolutely "anti-science" (just as before we had found three "anti-religion"), they are: Gandhi, Guruji, Krishnamurti.

However, I have the impression that Gandhi's rejection of "science," which in him is on par with that of modern technological civilization, is not an absolute rejection. Rather, it seems to emerge that he has realized that in the current state of things, the evolution of science and technology is blind, totally ignorant of essential priorities.

These, on the other hand, can only be seen and understood in a light that does not come from science or technology, not even from human reason. In suggestive terms: in the absence of an adequate, spiritual "driver"⁸⁹⁵ for the Progress car, the engine of said car takes it on a destructive and, at the limit, suicidal race. It seems to me that Gandhi's attitude is like wanting to cut off the engine, waiting to (at least) find or awaken in the human being himself the "good driver." That task is for him the priority of priorities.

Finally, it seems to me that Gandhi's attitude towards science is only "negative" in appearance, and that it corresponds to a penetrating vision of the just place of science in human society, and of mortals. dangers that it makes the species run, as long as that place, a place of servant at the service of the spirit, is not assigned to it; a more penetrating vision, surely, than that of almost all the twelve "pro-science" mutants that we have just reviewed.

Among these, he would be closest to the attitude of Steiner, and especially of Carpenter, who seems to me more and more⁸⁹⁶ as the most profound critic of the modern world and of "civilization.", the most nuanced, and the one whose thinking is most solidly and meticulously founded.

Guruji's attitude, probably inspired by Gandhi's, is much less nuanced.

For him, "Science" is almost the incarnation par excellence of "Evil", and in any case the main person responsible for the ills of the modern world. In his eyes, the scientific spirit embodies "doubt."

⁸⁹⁴So far I have only had in my hands a very limited part of the considerable work of Edward Carpenter, and it would be an abuse to pretend that in what I have so far read, I have found truly convincing signs of that "intuition or premonition of another science", which is spoken of in the following sentence. The "in other terms" with which I chain it is therefore a bit abusive! It is a simple presumption on my part (it is only lent to the rich!) that Carpenter already had a certain idea of the "science of tomorrow"...

⁸⁹⁵As the rest of the paragraph will show, I do not understand the term "conductor" here in the political or sociological sense of a man. or a social class, which would hold the power of decision in a given society, but in the psychic sense of the instance established as a leader in the psyche of each human being.

⁸⁹⁶Lately I received a valuable package from London, sent by the bookstore "Gay's the Word", containing a stack of used Carpenter books, in old editions long out of print. I have begun to read "Pagan and Christian Creeds: their Origin and Meaning", which is an overall reflection on the "religious fact", from a perspective that is both evolutionary and "eschatological". I have seen enough to realize that it is exactly the book I was looking for, and precisely the type of reflection I intended to do from scratch, if I couldn't find the book "I needed." That is to say, my Carpenter price continues to rise!

That book appeared in 1920, when Carpenter was 76 years old. It is therefore a work from the evening of his life, in which he collects the fruit of the experience and reflections of an entire existence, among the vastest and most unique that there has ever been...

(the great black beast of the spiritual⁸⁹⁷!), which opposes as it should be to religious faith (which is presented as a sovereign good...). He considers Darwin as a kind of Machiavellian theorist, and almost as the one largely responsible for the "law of the jungle" in human society, which Guruji rightly opposes to the "law of respect" he taught. nothing for the Buddha and (it seems...) for religions in general. That exaggerated attitude of Guruji vis-à-vis science seems to me to have appeared at the end, in direct reaction to the shock caused by Hiroshima: an external "responsible" was needed, and "Science" was from then on (with the help of Gandhi's teaching) the great tailor-made culprit⁸⁹⁸.

Such a reaction against "Science" as a whole is surely healthy, since it shakes and questions the flattering submission to the values professed in the name of science and progress.

But it must be said that the "anti-science" clichés, although they are less common, are no more true or less "clichés" than the pro-science simplicity that has been filling our ears for one or two centuries.

But there is more. I notice that attitude that makes scientific thought a kind of incarnation of the Evil One very close to the pure and simple rejection of things as essential for man as intellectual curiosity, mere common sense and sound reason. on – at least from the moment that curiosity, common sense and reason confront things that rightly or wrongly such "authorities" have decreed as "spiritual" or "sacred". But I know well that God, who has deemed it good to instil in our soul the thirst for knowledge, and has provided it with common sense and rational faculties, does not fear or object to our making full use of them and as far as we can. they can take, either to know His works, or to know Him – even if it is by putting Him in doubt⁸⁹⁹. Doubt animated by a thirst for knowledge leads more surely to Him than a supposed "faith" in revealed truths, when this is nothing more than a covering or cushion (guaranteed) for laziness and abdication. on spiritual and intellectual. If such an anti-science and anti-reason attitude were to one day become general (God forbid!), that would be the triumphant return of the obscurantism of the Christian Middle Ages, with its innumerable procession of aberrations and crimes – the return of suffocating and weak despotism of supposed "religious authorities" over the human spirit⁹⁰⁰. Because of that greedy and infantile despotism of yesteryear, and because of its mediocrity of today and

⁸⁹⁷See the note "The clichés of the spiritual (2): stop! to doubt and security" (no. 52).

⁸⁹⁸I do not want to deny here the responsibility of "science", and more exactly of scientists, in the evils that afflict our civilization, among which Hiroshima and weapons of mass destruction are not the minors. Because of their selfishness and unconsciousness, scientists in general bear a large part of the responsibility, and I have no doubt that each of us, when the time comes, will have to answer for our part. That said, the question of responsibilities is too complex to be settled by pointing the finger "at" the alleged "culprit." I see responsibility practically everywhere. It is in the acceptance, out of selfishness, out of inertia, out of spiritual laziness, of what is unacceptable – and beneath its respectable appearance, consecrated by tradition, there is no worse, more atrocious bestiality, more unacceptable than war and everything that accompanies it. Whoever consents to war, consents to Hiroshima, and to the final super-Hiroshima that has been in preparation for a long time and to which all of us will surely be entitled, if God does not prevent it. And the higher a man is situated socially or spiritually, the heavier is the responsibility for his consent to the bestial and For me, Guruji's personal part in the Hiroshima holocaust is infinitely greater than that of the Lambda scientist, whose mental and spiritual universe is limited by the walls of his laboratory. Those who wield the sword will die by the sword. Guruji said yes and amen to the Japanese weapons that conquered Asia, and that is why he was one of those who brought Hiroshima. And his imprecations against "Science" and against "America" would have a very different weight and truth if, before pointing out "the culprit" among the rest (as we have all always learned to do) too well), he would have already known how to recognize his personal share of responsibility and that of his people in the unprecedented evils that struck him in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

⁸⁹⁹Compare the section "Spiritual knowledge: it does not exclude, it includes and clarifies" (no. 47), especially pages ??-??.

⁹⁰⁰This is associated with certain statements by Guruji that had already bothered me at the time. According to him, one of the obstinacy of a pernicious "individualist" ideology would be to believe that the choice of religion could be a "personal matter." But if it is not a matter of personal decision, it could only be that of the authority of the place, political or religious or both combined. And that reminds me that, like his predecessor Nichiren, Guruji's missionary efforts were first directed at the representatives of political power, beginning with the imperial family. For

Always, the Churches are as responsible as "Science" for the horrible despiritualization of the modern World; yes, co-responsible even for disastrous deformations in the spirit that has been established in the scientific world, in reaction precisely against the sinister obscurantism of said Churches.

The prophetic dreams and the metaphysical dreams of the past year leave no doubt for me that these are not, such a regression to an outdated and inglorious past, the designs of God. about humanity. What awaits us and calls us to be created is not a mutilation of one of the planes of human existence in the name of the other, be it that of the flesh, of creative intelligence, or that of a creative spirituality. It is not a question of denying intelligence in the name of the Spirit (as Guruji seems to suggest), nor of denying the Spirit in the name of intelligence (as a certain narrow "scientific positivism" wants, very far from the spirit of the great pioneers of the secular epic of Science...)901. But to achieve, through intense, patient and very often groping work, over lives and generations, a harmonious balance between these three planes of existence. And in the individual life of each one, it is part of the main task of the ruling, spiritual instance in man (whether it is called "soul", or "spirit", or "moral nature of man", or with any other name...) ensure that harmony in himself. But it is true that such harmony cannot be established until that instance, "the spirit", fully assumes its leading role, and assigns to the plane that I call "spiritual" an absolute preeminence over the others; Because only from that plane do we receive light on the worthy purposes of our human nature, on the globally fertile or, on the contrary, sterile, character of our acts and omissions, as well as on the true dispositions of ego. 'ism or truth in which we carry them out.

I do not believe that not a single one of my mutants would answer that necessary pre-eminence of the "spiritual" or "moral" plane in the human psyche, at least not in its substance, but in its formulation. The only ones in whom such an answer would be imaginable are Darwin, Kropotkin, Felix. But at least in the last two, it is very clear to me that the apparent divergence concerns more the words and the sense in which they are used, than the very substance of the things. For them, the words "reason" and "intelligence" include (among others) regions of the psyche that lie far beyond what is commonly designated by those names. The best proof is that the existence of these two men, who both appeal to "reason" alone, is as inspired by "the spirit" or by "the spiritual" as that of no matter which of my other mutants – as it could not be otherwise, since they are truly faithful to an authentic mission. That fidelity, which distinguishes such a mission from the often equally obstinate searches for the "I" and which is the only one that makes it fruitful, is not ordered nor can it be discerned by

He should have been clear that once the imperial family had been won over to the "true faith" of the Buddha and Nichiren, the rest of the Japanese people should follow in their footsteps – religion being not a matter. personal", but national. That takes us to the customs of the Middle Ages – when the ruler of a province decided to change his confession, it was evident that the entire town had to follow in his footsteps! This is not one of the minor contradictions of Guruji, who on other topics has an astonishingly delicate and at once daring sense of the needs of freedom on the spiritual plane. See in this regard the note "Fujii Guruji (1): – or the sense of the essential" (no. 60).

901We can distinguish three types of extreme imbalance in the relationship between the three planes of existence, carnal, intellectual, spiritual:

¹ o) Reject the flesh and intelligence in the name of the spirit. It is the attitude that has always been that of certain clerical obscurantism.

2nd) Renounce the spiritual being and the flesh, in the name of intelligence. It is the most common attitude for one or two centuries, in intellectual circles that consider themselves "enlightened", and where the studies and success to which they give access are seen as the reason for existence. o) Denying, or at least ignoring or extremely

³ neglecting, the spiritual being and intelligence, in the name of "the flesh", or, more generally, in the name of comforts and small tastes (both for the "flesh" as for the vanity) of existence. That is, more or less, the attitude of the "man in the street" or "Mr. less numerous).

mere "reason" (in the sense in which it is commonly understood). A faculty of discernment of a higher, more delicate order is required. If I see a deficiency in these two men, which they have in common with all those who claim a "rationalist" vision of human existence and the psyche, it is not the lack of a spiritual dimension in their existences (dimension that, on the contrary, is obvious – spiritual!); but rather because of a kind of "ideological blockage" (whose origin is undoubtedly found in very well-founded anti-religious reflexes) – a blockage that prevents them from discerning, within the wide range of faculties and instances that group under the term "reason", "superior" regions of essence different from the rest, and which for that reason should be clearly distinguished with a different proper name. (Like the name "spirit" I have chosen.)

I can only say two words about the "anti-science" attitude in Krishnamurti. To tell the truth, I do not remember having seen him express himself explicitly in one sense or another about science, so foreign it seems to his spirit and his concerns. On the other hand, I note that he uses without the slightest reluctance all the comforts of modern technology (with a predilection for luxurious cars...), and that (true to his great principle of "acceptance of the real" and "abstention from all choice") finds words of admiration even for the military jet plane, whose aggressive roar tears, for a few moments, the devout stillness of one of its high spirituality conferences. If, however, I have counted him (with Gandhi – without reason – and with Guruji) in the ranks of the "anti-science" clan, it is because of his resounding positions against thought in general. I remember that he presents thought as a faculty or a human activity that would always be "destructive" on the spiritual plane, which he expresses in his own language with peremptory formulas such as "where there is thought, there is no love", or: "where there is love, there is no longer thought"⁹⁰². In my first contact with Krishnamurtian thought (!), I was duly impressed by those strict formulas, which seemed like a kind of new Gospel (precisely something of which I must have felt the need then...) .

Today, like similar simplistic formulas about "God" or any kind of religious experience (other than your own), they seem to me what they are: the "threads" of a kind of fully assembled mystification, revealing its lack of "seriousness" when one takes the trouble to examine it with minimal care⁹⁰³. And this fact is so absurd, that Krishnamurti is here at the same time an "anti-religion" and "anti-science" apostle (and even "anti-thought" – except for the thought that manufactures shiny Cadillacs ...), illustrates in an unexpected way to what extreme degree he has taken this "idiot game"⁹⁰⁴ of crudely taking the wrong way, without further ado, everything that, in his eyes, seems to be an established value.

902As always, such Krishnamurtian simplisms contain a part of truth, but distorted to the point of making it unrecognizable. Here it would be the fact, well known to "spirituals" since always, that love (in the spiritual sense of the term), and more generally everything that belongs to the plane of reality spiritual, it essentially escapes thought, being of a higher order than thought. This does not mean that it is necessarily sterile for thought to turn towards spiritual reality to fathom it as best it can. The opposite is true. But this work of thought can only be fruitful to the extent that it draws on an authentic spiritual experience and is accompanied by a spiritual maturation, which cannot arise from the mere activity of thought. . As long as thought remains aware of its limits, without forgetting its own strength, which can be considerable, it can play a valuable, even indispensable role in some (and especially in myself), in inner deepening. Krishnamurtian "simplism" here consists of presenting a relationship of "subordination" (of thought to spiritual reality, which is of higher essence) as being at the same time a relationship of mutual exclusion, of antagonism. I have already had occasion to highlight the extent to which this a priori "anti-thinking", which I had tacitly made more or less mine, was an obstacle in my own path.

903This Krishnamurtian "mystification" is spoken of for the first time, and of Steiner's totally similar one, in the note "Facing brothers – or a godmother for two messiahs" (no. 123). This impression of a mystification is taken up and specified in the later notes (no . 125-131) dedicated to Krishnamurti, and more particularly in the first of them, "The Chaff and the Grain (2): Krishnamurti – or degradation of a mission."

904See, regarding "idiot game", the note that has just been cited, especially page 330.

(134) The mutants (10): reconciliation (March 1, 5 and

6)905 This reflection on the relationship of the mutants with the two "sisters in conflict", religion and science , has been much longer than expected. Four days full of reflection on the previous note, and yet I don't have the impression of having finished!

I would especially like to review those of my mutants who, instead of taking sides with one or the other of the two belligerent sisters⁹⁰⁶, find room in their hearts for both and who, without necessarily being blind to the very real misfortunes of Both would play a bit of the role of conciliators. They are soon found in my "table of missions", as those who have in the line that corresponds to them, in the adjacent boxes corresponding to the columns "religion" and "science", a + sign, even ++ But I see that this way of locating them is too simplistic. Among the mutants in question, Whitman and Gandhi seem to me decidedly too far from the same spirit of scientific search, to be considered.⁹⁰⁷

true "conciliators"; without taking into account Gandhi's marked partiality towards Sister Religion, who seems more like his ally in the dispute, almost throwing oil on the fire to stoke it! Finally, the seven mutants Hahnemann, Riemann, Bucke, Carpenter, Steiner, Teilhard, L'egaut remain as true conciliators.

Once lined up black on white, I confirm that they are, exactly, those who, due to their interior dispositions, their particular maturity and their temperament, are at the same time "religious" men in the strong and profound sense of the term, and "wise in the soul", when they are no longer so because of their social status and their profession. Among the ten "sages in the soul" that I cited in the previous note, only Darwin, Kropotkin and Freud are missing. And among the eleven mutants "religious in soul" that we had mentioned elsewhere (and twelve if we include Neill...), those who are missing this time are Whitman and Gandhi already named, Ramakrishna and Guruji (the great scourge of the science" ...).

When reviewing one by one the existences of the seven men named above as "conciliators", I think it can be said that each of them achieves in his person, much more than a simple juxtaposition of the two tendencies. in their nature that they would be foreign to each other, an intimate harmony between the two. As I previously stated when introducing Riemann among our mutants⁹⁰⁸, in each of them the religious man and the thinker are one. And in them the thinker does not distance himself from the "wise man", even there where his thought far exceeds in its themes what is commonly considered the domain of science.

If I have any reservations about that radical unity, it concerns only one of those men: Rudolf Steiner. I have already convinced myself⁹⁰⁹ that, lacking true fidelity during the last quarter century of his life, he was not fully a "religious man," nor a "man of science." Even less was he able to achieve the unity of both in his person. It is true that (similar in that to Teilhard de Chardin), the task that he had deliberately set for himself was that of a "conciliator" (as well as a renewer of the science of his time). And he certainly did not lack gifts, truly prodigious gifts, to carry out this great

905Continuation of the previous note "The Mutants (9): the mutants and the sisters facing "religion" and "The science"".

906Note that each of my mutants takes sides with at least one or the other of the two opposing sisters, with the sole exception of Krishnamurti (who is "against" anyway!), and Solvic (who never asked himself such questions...).

907In fact, every time it is a + sign and another ++, except in the case of Gandhi and Steiner (which is +,+) and that of Teilhard (which is ++,++).

908See the note "The Mutants (1): the ballet of the mutants; Hahnemann and Riemann" (no. 85), and especially page 179.

909See the two consecutive notes "Phantasmagorias of a seer – or clairvoyance and spirituality" and "Brothers in conflict – or a godmother for two messiahs" (no. 122 , 123).

task. If he failed, it was not due to a lack of energy, which was astonishing and even excessive. It was something very different that was missing. And if that energy was really spent and devoured, it is not for the benefit of the task that he had set himself, and that he did not know how to truly marry and elevate to the rank of mission...

Despite this failure for which he is solely responsible, Steiner is for me, with Hahnemann and Riemann (and perhaps with Carpenter910), a precursor of the "science of tomorrow"; of which he believed he had already accomplished in life, under the name of "spiritual science" or "anthroposophy."

On the other hand, I do not have the impression that Bucke, nor Teilhard, nor L'egaut have had any conscious premonition of the necessary emergence of such a new science. But such a conscious premonition, whether or not it has been formulated more or less clearly, seems to me that each of those seven men prefigures, through that unity realized in his own person911, the new science, the fully human science that the world needs – the which responds at the same time to the two aspirations deeply implanted in the human psyche: the spiritual aspiration, which makes us know our own nature and leads us towards the knowledge of God, and the intellectual aspiration, which makes us know the External world where our soul and our body live912.

Finally it has been a surprise that of my eighteen mutants, whose names were imposed on me throughout the reflection without any deliberate purpose of this or that, there are so many (almost half!) that can be seen as conciliators between opposing sisters, and that even, in one way or another, seem to me to prefigure the science of tomorrow. No matter how isolated each one is, in the midst of countless millions of indifferent people and those who have passively opted for the direction in which the cultural inertia of their environment drags them, each one of them seems to me to be a carrying goal. of promise, which shows us, if not a path (which we will have to open ourselves for generations), at least a direction: the direction of man

910(March 6) The "maybe" that I put in to keep myself calm, can be omitted. Yesterday and the day before yesterday I took time to read Carpenter's remarkable book, "Civilisation – it's Cause and Cure", which I recently received along with other used books from his pen (such as "Pagan and Christian Creeds", above-mentioned). In this book we find, together with a profound vision of the historical phenomenon that we call "civilization", and a sharp and verb-filled criticism of science in the sense in which we understand that term for two or three centuries, an astonishing perspective of the spirit of the "science of tomorrow". Without a doubt, this is also one of the great books of our time – fallen for more than half a century into total oblivion and, I am convinced, most transitory. The more familiar I become with Carpenter's visionary thought, the more the peremptory presentiment that I express at the end of the note "Edward Carpenter (2): – or Burial and Metamorphosis of a Living One" is confirmed (no. 97, p page 226)!

911As seen in the previous paragraph, Steiner must be set aside, who does not achieve this unity in himself. However, it "prefigures the new science" for other reasons – because of the "impulses" it has given it.

912By evoking here in one breath the human aspiration on the spiritual and intellectual planes, I remain silent on the plane of carnal knowledge that comes to us through the senses, intimately linked to the previous planes of knowledge. In Carpenter's prophetic vision of a new science (mentioned in the penultimate footnote), that essential dimension of our knowledge of the World is not neglected. On the contrary, Carpenter insists on the spiritual dimension of sensory perception, which according to him is called to be refined to the point that all the senses are sublimed and united in a single sense of perception. cosmic, of spiritual essence. He emphasizes in this regard that the "civilizational" state of humanity (whose duration extends several millennia, and which is now coming to an end...) is distinguished from the so-called "savage" or "barbarian" state(!), among many other distinctive signs, due to an extraordinary regression in sensory acuity, which goes hand in hand with a more or less marked break with the natural environment (which nowadays tends more and more to disappear...). According to him, this regression would not be destined to be definitive and irremediable, it would simply be part of the symptoms of the "childhood illness" (called "civilization") that we are experiencing. We would be called to rediscover all the fineness of lost sensory perception, as well as the awareness of our ties with the natural environment and the Cosmic Whole, as one of our essential and neglected means of exploration and of knowledge of the world, inextricably linked and perhaps (ultimately) indiscernible from our intuitive faculties, both intellectual and spiritual.

The recovered Unity of the man of tomorrow, of the man who has overcome his childhood illness, would consist of that indissoluble unity between the three planes of knowledge, at the same time as the consciousness of the radical unity of the individual man with the humanity and with the Cosmos.

fully human, and towards a "civilization"⁹¹³ worthy of the end of man.

(135) The mutants (11): the mutants and the crisis of civilization – or the sick man and his cure...

(March 1, 5 and 6)⁹¹⁴ The question of the reconciliation of religion and science, even their reunion, is one of the key issues in the crisis of civilization that intensifies from generation to generation, and that is now approaching the point of explosion – and the great Mutation. To put the finger, in modern man, on that split between religious sentiment and intelligence, between faith and reason, is also to expose one of the innumerable diseases that corrode our civilization; the main disease, perhaps, from which the others emerge and are so many signs and symptoms. Now I would like to review those of my mutants who have felt this profound illness – those who, at least, have made the criticism of their (our...) time.

One would expect that the seven men called "conciliators" between faith and reason are part of those who have felt the disease of civilization, and the crisis towards which it drags us and in which we are all totally entangled for almost a century. However, I would hesitate to affirm it for Riemann, for Bucke and for Teilhard. Except for a reservation for Teilhard, I have the impression that these three men each identified without any reluctance with the civilization of which they felt they were a part. It would almost seem, when reading Bucke's main work, that he had not even noticed (any more than Whitman) the ditch that had been dug and widened between what he would have called without a doubt "the moral nature" and "the rational nature" of man. In him, that pit, visibly, did not exist and undoubtedly had never existed, and he had to presume that the same thing happened in every cultivated man. I would tend to think that Riemann saw deeper, but I am not aware of him expressing himself on the But he had to realize to what extent his own philosophical reflections (and in a way, it seems to me, even more radical than those of Bucke later) went against all the reflections acquired from the scientific intellectuality of his time. No doubt for this reason, these fragments were not found among his papers until after his death. It is almost a miracle that Heinrich Weber, who was in charge of preparing the publication of the volume of complete works, had the intelligence and scrupulous care to include these fragments. But without a doubt Riemann did not have the fighting temperament required to think about assuming the role of critic of his time.

As for Teilhard de Chardin, he surely saw more clearly and more painfully than anyone else the split between science and religion. His great mission, in his own eyes, was to put an end to it. But nevertheless I do not see him as a critic of his time. More like a close relative full of good will, deeply devastated to see the sisters Religion and Science on the warpath, and who does what he can to try to reconcile them, but above all without hurting the susceptibility of one and another. Delicate attempt! A modest veil, in any case, over everything that has been wrong and continues to be very wrong in both cases (with which volumes can certainly be filled but which is better to ignore...): lying, faint-heartedness , the sectarian narrowness, the greed, the betrayals... – no, everyone is gentle, everyone is very good, I swear! And since this is so, there is no reason not to reconcile...

Another doubtful case (I have marked it in the table with a +? sign as it should be) is that of Kropotkin. It can be said that he was a critic of his time, and even of all times

⁹¹³Of course, here I take the term "civilization" in a broader sense than it is generally understood, and that is what Carpenter also gives it in the aforementioned book. (See the previous footnote.) In reality, that "civilization worthy of man" will differ as much from the one that is about to collapse, as it differs from the society called "primitive" or "savage"...

⁹¹⁴Immediate continuation of the previous note "The Mutants (10): reconciliation". The separation into two different notes was done later.

called "civilized", taking part against social inequality and against the exploitation of the poor by the rich. He also saw that the attitudes that make this iniquity and exploitation possible are instilled from childhood by an ad hoc education of both the rich and the poor.

However, his criticism of education remains superficial. Essentially, I believe, it is limited to answering the inequalities between the education of the children of the wealthy classes and those of the dispossessed classes. On that subject, with the system of generous scholarships and all that in both the East and the West, in our days we should be completely satisfied! However, there are much deeper things that go wrong in education – including that which he himself, prince and son of a prince, had received. And he never realized, much less did he get rid of, everything that that education had in common with that of the last of the brats in a shanty of his time or now. Nor have I found any trace in him that calls into question the spirit with which scientific work is carried out, in which he took part without reservation.

If a reproach must be made, it is only that science is in the hands of the rich, it is accessible only to the rich, and that it benefits the rich above all. Also in this aspect, the state of things in the USSR (where there are no longer "rich") would have to satisfy him. And yet...

Therefore, if I abstract from Kropotkin, I find that mutants "counter cultural tatars" are the following ten⁹¹⁵:

Hahnemann, Carpenter, Freud, Steiner, Gandhi, Neill, Guruji, Krishnamurti, L'egaut, F'elix,

among whom there are therefore four of the "conciliators" already named (Hahnemann, Carpenter, Steiner, L'egaut). In each of these ten men, the vision of the shortcomings of our civilization seems to me to be clearly more penetrating than that of Kropotkin, in whom in this aspect I see more generous enthusiasm than depth of vision⁹¹⁶.

Apart from Freud, Neill and F'elix, the other seven "rebellionists" are part of the "religious" men among the mutants⁹¹⁷. This is associated with the fact that the main evil of the modern world can be seen as its despiritualization⁹¹⁸, which has been accentuated from generation to generation, and is undoubtedly about to reach its lowest point. , the most extreme deterioration⁹¹⁹

⁹¹⁵As will appear towards the end of the reflection in this note, it is convenient to add Solvic as the eleventh "contestator".

⁹¹⁶Perhaps it is not useless to remember that, leaving aside the "contestation" in the field of social injustices (in which Kropotkin placed), and the occasional "return to nature" fashions (of which find echoes in Carpenter's aforementioned book "Civilisation...", published in 1889), "cultural contestation" was something very rare before 1968. It was much less obvious to realize it, say in the last century, until To what extent modern civilization "failed", that today it is in the final state of its decomposition. Among the "revolutionary" thinkers of the last century, I only know one whose critical vision of modern civilization has, in my opinion, the quality of depth that I think Kropotkin lacks: he is Friedrich Engels (1820-1895).

(Leaving aside, of course, Carpenter...)

⁹¹⁷I have tacitly counted Krishnamurti among the men described as "religious," being aware of the extent to which this is a questionable way of seeing. It would be difficult for me, based on what I know about him, to say if he had during his life, and especially in the last fifty years, an authentic religious experience. It is not very clear for Steiner either, but at least in him there was an attitude of respect vis-à-vis the "religious fact" and the religious feeling in others.

⁹¹⁸At the beginning of this note, I suggested that the "split" between religious sentiment and intelligence, between faith and reason, was "the main disease" of our civilization. But it can be considered that this is simply one of the ways of grasping "de-spiritualization", which I now speak of as "the main evil".

⁹¹⁹I distinguish the disaffection of the majority towards all forms of religiosity from the "de-spiritualization" of which I speak here, although they are undoubtedly closely linked. For that one (as I have already noted elsewhere), the extreme position of the "pendulum of history" was reached two decades ago, it seems to me, in the sixties. But although the need for some form of religion or "spirituality" has already begun to be felt with more or less acuteness, at least within a certain cultural minority, the process of interior deterioration is still It continues inexorably, even (I have noted more than once) in those who adhere to some form of "spirituality." In my recent correspondence and my telephone conversations with F'elix and Mati, I have been able to realize that he, and his wife Mati, also feel this growing deterioration of mentalities, that erosion

So it is not surprising that the most sensitive are the “spiritual” ones. I would add in this regard that the defects perceived by the “non-spiritual” Freud, Neill and Felix are, too, rather shortcomings on the spiritual level (although they would not give them that name).), than in the possession and correct use of merely rational faculties. I suspect that a more detailed examination of the visions of these ten men on the “problem of civilization” would show that it really is there, in a confirmation of that essential lack on the plane that I call “spiritual”, where the main point of contact between them is located.

It is not about making this “more detailed examination” of the contribution of these men to this problem of civilization here, and I will simply limit myself to some comments. I have the impression that each one of them, due to their particular perspective, makes a contribution that is not found in any of the others. The only exception, perhaps, is found in L'egaut's approach, which seems to me to be completely covered by the much broader approach of his predecessor Carpenter⁹²⁰.

Hahnemann's perspective is above all that of the doctor, noting the pretentious and brutal negligence, the absence of any feeling of compassion and often of simple decency and honesty, in the medical profession that existed. He had been chosen, and striving with all his heart and all his intelligence to remedy it. He pays his attention above all to the needs of the body, taking great care, however (far ahead of even the medicine of our time, two centuries later!), not to dissociate them from those of the body. psyche and soul. Freud's perspective is also a doctor's perspective, but he places his main attention on the psyche and on the deficiencies (apparently irremediable in essence) that seem due to its very structure and its inveterate ways of thinking. functioning. Freud's radical pessimism seems to me to be the “price” he pays for his lucidity, which is also to say for his fidelity. It is in that lucidity, in that fidelity in the face of and against everyone, where its singular greatness, of spiritual essence, resides. While he excluded from his vision of the World and of himself the different illumination that comes from the invisible presence of a spiritual reality, his very fidelity locked him in that pessimism, of which (no more than a Marcel L'egaut half a century later⁹²¹) did not try to escape. They will reproach him, especially those who are blind to that authentic greatness, those who have never found (not even through the gap that he has opened...) the depth of the gaze nor the courage to see what he dared to see, alone, and to face it without dodging or cheating...

Gandhi undoubtedly went much further than any of the other mutants in rejecting technical civilization and its intoxicating comforts. Perhaps, Carpenter aside, he has perceived better than any other mutant the exorbitant price of such “comforts” – the extent to which the race on which this civilization is taking us is destructive of the most valuable. that is in man. Guruji made Gandhi's vision his own, undoubtedly in a less nuanced, more radical way. In return, at the end of his life, he knew how to overcome Gandhi's fundamental ambiguity vis-à-vis the war. In the last forty years of his life, he became an unconditional apostle against the cancer of military violence. In that, his mission and his cultural criticism are similar to Carpenter's. On the other hand, he has a dimension of urgency that is unique among mutants, since only he clearly sees the ordago (which had escaped him, it seems to me,

even in the simple feeling of decency, even in the elementary reflections of honesty in people, although they would not dream of describing it as “spiritual” deterioration.

920Of course, here I only consider the critical aspects of a thought about our civilization, in which Carpenter goes much deeper, covering considerably broader ground, than L'egaut. On the other hand, it is evident that on the “positive” level of a religious path and thought, fruits of a religious experience no less original in L'egaut than that of Carpenter and in many aspects totally different, L's contribution egaut is not “covered” by Carpenter's or anyone else's. It is unique, and irreplaceable.

921As we will remember below, without avoiding this “fundamental pessimism”, Marcel L'egaut nevertheless manages, at a deeper and more essential level than that of mere thought, to transcend it with a joyful strength that is foolproof. ..

even to Gandhi): now, we must change – or perish (in an unimaginable nuclear holocaust)...

The perspective of Neill and Felix is, above all, that of the educator. They are part of those who have clearly seen that education serves as a “matrix” to shape the spirit of a civilization. And it is there, surely, where their main, irreplaceable contribution is found – both perceive with extreme acuity certain deficiencies in education, and each one remedies them in his own way, in his own field of action. 'on. I have already sufficiently highlighted elsewhere the astonishing complementarity of their respective contributions⁹²², so that it is necessary to return to it here.

We find ourselves here again, side by side, the two “confronting brothers”, Steiner and Krishnamurti. His contributions to the problem of civilization seem to me to be of a very different nature. At the level of a simple critique of civilization, Steiner's vision is very fragmentary and, it seems to me, quite superficial. He unreservedly shares most of the cultural clichés of his time, except those that result in the unconditional adulation of science. And if the spirit of science of his time answers, properly speaking it is not from a spiritual perspective (as is the case of Carpenter, and to a lesser extent of L'egaut), but rather intellectual: of plora only a certain narrow-mindedness of the official scientific view, and I wish it did not exclude phenomena that appear to be of an “immaterial” nature. Nothing in common with Carpenter's criticism of scientific knowledge and the spirit that presides over it, a much more penetrating and radical criticism⁹²³. Thus, I see Steiner's contribution not in its critical approach, which is relatively anodyne, but in its positive contributions, which are so many beginnings towards a “science of tomorrow.”⁹²⁴ Unlike Steiner, Krishnamurti totally ignores everything that is little or much related to “science”, in the absence of the slightest interest in learning about it. (The laborious prestige studies suffered in his adolescence eradicated in him all traces of healthy curiosity...) His contribution is above all critical: as I have already stressed elsewhere⁹²⁵, he was a great demystifier of some of the main clichés that run through the modern world, both in the so-called “intellectual” media and in those who announce “spirituality”. But, eager to replace with his own mystifications those that he had taken as the target of his criticism, no more than his brother competitor Steiner, he did not know how to embody in his person an outline of the new man.

And finally, there are Carpenter and L'egaut, whose missions, we have already seen⁹²⁶, are very similar. From the perspective of the “problem of civilization”, I see two new common aspects appearing in their missions. On the one hand, both insist on the importance of a balance between intellectual or artistic activity, and manual work and outdoor activities that allow an expansion of the body and senses in parallel to the exercise of the intellectual faculties⁹²⁷. On the other hand, they have in common with Guruji that his view of modern civilization is included in an “eschatological” vision of the ultimate end of the human adventure. In Guruji, this vision of the “end” is clouded by a suspense, a doubt: will man change, will he finally commit to the path of respect taught by the Buddha? – or will he perish without remission from the violence he has unleashed? This element of uncertainty may be “cultural”, since the Buddhist faith knows the law of karma, that of the causes and effects that link spiritual realities, but it does not know God and His Designs, nor Grace. In L'egaut, on the contrary, eschatological hope, felt as impossible and madness, and yet sustained and confirmed (in a low and discreet voice...) by a spiritual experience that continues (with its weak times and its strong times) and is renewed throughout a lifetime of fidelity in the same way – that

⁹²² See the note “Felix Carrasquer (4): libertad-Summerhill and libertad-Vallespir-Monzón” (no 106).

⁹²³ See in this regard a note at the foot of page 365.

⁹²⁴ See the note “The chaff and the grain (1): R. Steiner and the science of tomorrow” (no 124).

⁹²⁵ See the note “The chaff and the grain (3): Krishnamurti – a balance sheet” (no. 126), especially page 337.

⁹²⁶ See the note “Crutch time and walking time” (no. 75).

⁹²⁷ In this aspect, Carpenter's vision goes much further than that of L'egaut. See a note at the bottom of page 365.

Hope resolves this radical pessimism⁹²⁸ in a harmony almost “against nature” – an “unthinkable”, unexpected harmony (and yet called in secret...) – in the clear and serene harmony of faith in what invisible and in the unfathomable creative action of Grace, which ceaselessly supports and miraculously perfects the spiritual work of man...

Carpenter decided to get rid of the harsh restrictions imposed by belonging to a Church and accepting its Law⁹²⁹. Thus, the kind of seemingly hopeless inner tensions that marked (seem to be) L'egaut's life until the end of his life, 930 were resolved in Carpenter when he was still in his thirties. He had half a century left to live – fifty years of extraordinary wealth and fertility, such as very few human existences have ever known! That is, without a doubt, the reason why his vision of the World and human destinies is free of all pessimism as well as all uncertainty, such as those that mark the vision of L'egaut or by Guruji⁹³¹. There is in him a kind of radiant security, the source of which, without a doubt, is the enlightenment he had at the age of thirty-six. According to his own testimony, that experience, and the lessons that it could not fail to inspire in him, fertilized his entire subsequent existence. Without a doubt, his eschatological security comes from there, by direct revelation – just as in my case (but at a much more advanced age). While to all appearances, none of that was granted to Guruji, nor to L'egaut.

During the previous reflection, the idea came to me that it would be necessary to count, among the “cultural protesters”, Solvic, who I had thought convenient to exclude from the discussion in the two previous notes (on the relationship of mutants with religion and science). It is true that as far as I know in all probability, there was never a reflection in Solvic on the culture of his time, much less a written message that attests to such a reflection, which could have exercised an action. more or less visible in others, in a more or less extensive circle, as was the case with each of the ten men that I have reviewed. But there are other ways of expressing a “reply,” let's say, or a distancing, a radical rejection, that are not the activity of reflective thought and its consecrated modes of expression, such as the spoken word or writing. It is true that as far as we know, Solvic's rejection refers to a single aspect of cultural delirium – the warrior delirium. It is the most atrocious, the most insane of all. And yet it is one in which the apathy of the majority, even of my mutants, is the most total, an apathy that (at least for me) surpasses all understanding... The open eruption of all the bestiality, of all the human ignominy so long drained and accumulated to the breaking point, as in an immense and nameless internal abscess, in the deeply sick soul of each one...

⁹²⁸This “radical pessimism” of L'egaut seems to me close to that of Freud (evoked above), and comes from the same rigorous lucidity. As “transcended” pessimism, it is evoked for the first time in the note “Teilhard and L'egaut – or the problematic Parousia” (no. 87), especially page 183.

⁹²⁹See in this regard the biographical indications that I give in the aforementioned note 75 , especially page 154.

⁹³⁰That particular circumstance, those “impossibilities” in which L'egaut, out of fidelity to his singular path, chose to allow himself to be enclosed in some way, seems to me to be the psychic source of his strange notion of “lack of being” – one of which he puts at the basis of his vision of spiritual life. (On the same level, almost, as “faith in itself” and fidelity...) I plan to return to this point in a later note, dedicated to L'egaut's mission.

⁹³¹That “pessimism” in L'egaut, that “uncertainty” (or that “suspense”) in Guruji, are however confined to the superficial regions of the psyche, which are directly subject to the activity of thought. There is no doubt that in the deepest layers they have the same total strength as Carpenter, rooted in the same unformulated knowledge, whose source is beyond thought. In both of them, and just as in Carpenter, that joyful strength is expressed by the “radiant security” that I am going to evoke in Carpenter, perceived by many of those who approached him. In direct contact with Guruji, and (in a more contained tuning fork...) in certain passages of L'egaut's work, as well as in my brief meeting with him last year, I myself have felt that inner radiation that is not that of thought. Thus, it is worth remembering that the differences that I have just pointed out between the basic tonalities of the visions of Carpenter, Guruji and L'egaut are differences in the “form”, in a certain way, which takes on a “same” faith. They do not truly affect the “substance”, the intimate nature of that faith. This has nothing “pessimistic” or “uncertain”, but in each of them, beyond all doubt, it is a constantly renewed source of joy and admiration.

The act with which Solvic says “no! ” to that abject way of cleansing the abscess by feeding it with torrents and swelling it so that it bursts – that act is infinitely more total, infinitely more complete than any thought, any reflection, no written or spoken word. Such an act, like the fully accepted death of Jesus, surpasses all the books that have ever been or will be written. In this context, it also appears under the illumination of an act of rejection, of denial. But that is not its true nature, it is only a tiny part. It is an act of total fidelity to what is best in him, and to what is best also in you, in me and in each of us. Fidelity until solitary, ignominious death, calmly accepted, in the incomprehension and contempt of all...

That fidelity is what is essential in the new man. Everything else follows by itself, each thing in its own time. Because of that fidelity, in our cowardly, bloody, delirious century, and with a perfection that surpasses all expression, Solvic now embodies the man of tomorrow. Man finally cured of that painful and tenacious childhood illness, undoubtedly necessary, to which we have given the pompous name of “Civilization”.

(136) The mutants (12): the mutants and the great hope

(March 8-11)932 In the reflection of the previous note, I have noted in passing the tonality “is catholic” in the vision of modern civilization in Carpenter, Guruji and L'egaut. Seeing with greater or lesser acuity and in a more or less comprehensive or partial way the illness of the modern world, each of them understands that this illness would have to be overcome by a profound transformation of man himself, and that Only in this way could it be overcome. Furthermore, the very meaning of the history of humanity, and the meaning of the “civilizational” state through which it has passed and which is about to come to an end⁹³³, is to contribute to preparing this transformation. of man, in his relationship with himself, with human society seen in the dimension of all humanity, and with the great Brotherhood of all living beings and the Cosmos.

As for the way in which this transformation is carried out, its duration, and when and in what form it may begin, one day, under the acute and sudden form of some “Parousia”..., none of those three men nor, I believe, any living soul to this day, would dare to want to predict it! But in Carpenter and in Guruji the note of urgency, the feeling that it is absolutely necessary that this transformation begin very soon, otherwise the disease will be fatal – that feeling is decidedly very clear. Certainly clearer, even more pressing in Guruji, in the sinister light of the Hiroshima explosion. But since the 80s of the last century, in the sudden and penetrating light that came to him from his enlightenment (in 1881), Carpenter believed in the arrival of a new time very near – the kingdom of what, Like Whitman, he called with the name, then rich with deep resonances and hope, of “Democracy” 934. And very similar dispositions of joyful, jubilant strength are noted in Whitman, in the first edition of his “Leaves of Grass.” ” (in 1855), and especially in the long and notable Introduction that opens that pamphlet⁹³⁵. The feeling of cosmic force, of limitless vision of the new man who had just been born in him filled him with such exuberant security that he almost believed that “the greatest of poets” would be enough. He, newly hatched, would make himself known to America, the Beloved, so that the great Change of the Times would be unleashed by itself! That this exultant security was not simple euphoria, a fire of straw without tomorrow, but a powerful and indestructible fire arising from the depths, is demonstrated without the possibility of a doubt by the testimony of his life in the thirty-seven years that he 'un were granted to him. And it was no other way for Carpenter

⁹³²Continuation of the previous note, “Mutants (11): mutants and the crisis of civilization – or of the sick man and his cure.”

⁹³³In any case, not in L'egaut's vision, as I will recall below.

⁹³⁴I expand a little on the meaning of that word “Democracy” in Carpenter's pen, in the note “Edward Carpenter (1) – or the child's gaze” (no. 96), especially in a note at the foot of the page 218.

⁹³⁵I talk about that Introduction to the “Leaves...” in the note “Walt Whitman (1) – or wedding of a poet” (no 76), especially pages 159 – 160, and in the note “Walt Whitman (3) – or predilection and vision” (no 80).

twenty-six years later, after his enlightenment and for the next forty-eight years of his life. No more in him than in Whitman, nor even than in his great predecessor Jesus, the visionary depth of the gaze nor the greatest favors of Heaven protect man from error (and especially from errors of date. ...936), nor the detours, the suffering and the death...

That strength and that ardor, which takes the naive form of a joyous optimism that does not mitigate any doubt, are associated in me (all proportions preserved) with my own dispositions in the years 1971, 72, at the crest from the wave of my surviving activities⁹³⁷. However, the lesson of the events was so severe that that “great hope” that then sang in me, in unison with thousands of other beings, was soon knocked out and even, according to all accounts, appearances, dead and buried⁹³⁸. If, however, it ended up being reborn from its ashes last year, it was not because the lesson of (external) events has changed in the slightest – quite the contrary! But because I have been favored (and only God knows why...) with undoubtedly much clearer revelations, about a closer and clearly designated future, than those had by Whitman, or Carpenter, and even (yes!) Jesus himself (like you and me, son of God...).

In L'egaut, on the other hand, such a feeling of urgency seems totally absent⁹³⁹. As if he had, despite himself, kept from taking note of the fever of the times, of an acute and galloping morbidity that, this time⁹⁴⁰, has taken over the entire planet. Reading it, one would say that the evolution that he senses with such fineness, with such acuity, would take place as in the past, very slowly, over endless millennia and tens of millennia; and that he does not see the precipice that opens at our feet right in front of us, to which we are going straight⁹⁴¹ – and that if humanity still survives from today in fifty years, it will be by a miracle of miracles as no other there has been no other in our long and strange history...

To conclude the reflection on my mutants “in general”, I would like to quickly review to those in whom I find that same hope, or perhaps that same faith, in a dark and profound evolution, which continues, no one knows quite where or when or how, and that one day near or far will end up giving birth, at last, to the “new man”; the free, loving, creative man, the man who will no longer be the plague of Creation, but rather its radiant coronation⁹⁴². These are, I believe, the following ten men:

⁹³⁶See, regarding the greatest “date error” in history, an error that (at least according to the testimony of the Gospels) seems to be the work of Jesus himself, the note “When you have understood the lesson” on – or God's Great Joke” (no. 27).

⁹³⁷These activities are evoked for the first time, in passing, in the section “The turn – or the end of a drowsiness” (no. 33), and in more detail in the first five sections (nos . 57-61) of chapter VI.

⁹³⁸See, in the chapter I just cited, the section “A Charrúa named Esperanza” (no. 59). 939 (March 23) There really is a “sense of urgency” in L'egaut, but it only refers to the fate of the Christian Churches and Christianity, and ignores questions of mere survival of the species.

⁹⁴⁰I write “this time” in opposition to the numerous episodes of the end of civilizations that the history of the last six or seven millennia tells us. Viewed on a planetary scale, each of these civilizations remained tightly confined, and their excesses and their process of decomposition did not endanger the global balance, even the simple survival, of our entire species.

⁹⁴¹That same image imposed itself on me again a little further down, in relation to Teilhard de Chardin's message. It flashed before my eyes hundreds of times during my years of anti-militarist and ecological-cultural militancy within the Survivir y Vivir group. This makes me think of an interdisciplinary colloquium that took place two or three years ago (they sent me the program), in which the prospects for emigration of the human species “to Space,” the questions of biological and psychological adaptation that this posed, etc., in a futuristic perspective for the twenty-first century. But I trust that before the year 2000, those who are then alive (including the participants of said brilliant colloquium, if they have not fallen through the great hole that opens before their noses...) will not even You would believe the degree of delirium that our distinguished scholars and our official science reached – a delirium more delirious than the most delirious aberrations of the scholastic age...

⁹⁴²See the first attempt at a reflection on the “new man” in the section “The new man – or the surface and the depth” (no. 61), in the cited (for my surviving activities) Chap. Title VI.

Whitman, Bucke, Kropotkin, Carpenter, Steiner, Teilhard, Neill, Guruji, L'égaut, F
 'elix943 .

However, perhaps it would be more fair to say that in a more or less conscious or more or less discreet or hidden way, that hope or that faith lives, without exception, in each of my mutants. Isn't that great hope, after all, the only one that gives meaning to your mission? Where would they row towards, if not precisely towards that new man who is sought in them through them? But often that hope remains hidden, as if ashamed of itself because it seems so absurd and crazy, covered by more or less heavy or thick layers of mental habits, of cultural conformism (as in Darwin), of materialistic pessimism (as in Freud) or spiritual laziness (as in Krishnamurti). I have not perceived any eschatological note, no matter how explicit it may be, in the life of Hahnemann⁹⁴⁴, nor of Ramakrishna, nor of Gandhi. In Riemann, on the contrary, we can presume that his vision of the spiritual dynamics in matter had to imply for him, at least and as something evident, an ascension of man (and of any other being). towards a higher and higher state of maturity.

But the fact that a hope or an expectation, and especially when it is of that magnitude, becomes fully conscious and is clearly formulated and professed, gives it a new dimension and effectiveness. That's why I think it really makes sense to set aside the ten men named above, to see and compare how the great human hope is expressed in them.

However, I would set aside the case of Rudolf Steiner. Eschatological accents are sometimes found in him, especially when he implies that his mission would be to help "the West" find itself (without thereby renouncing his own heritage in favor of a spirituality of import). , etc...). I feel unable to decide quickly to what extent such language is part of a messianic pose taken from the usual Steinerian-Theosophical hocus-pocus, and to what extent, on the contrary, it comes from a vision or an authentic hope. But in the absence of a lucid perception of the deep and irremediable evil that corrodes our civilization, if there is an eschatological vision, it (it seems to me) in Steiner can only be superficial and clouded. by egotic desire. I doubt that it has anything to teach today's man, on the verge of mutating.

The visions of human destinies of Teilhard and L'égaut seem close to me in this, that both are situated in the exclusive perspective of a very slow evolution, which continues in fits and starts without major shocks or moments. , nor especially of accidents or great events, over millennia, if not millions of years. There is certainly (at least for Teilhard) the famous Parousia so highly considered⁹⁴⁵. But it is relegated, at a good time, to a distance to such a colossal point (wonderfully suggested by its famous "Omega point"...), which is like a noble and erudite way of saying that one no longer believes in she! Apart from that, Teilhard develops the evolutionary perspectives of future humanity in volumes, he seems to be, and with the authority, of great weight in the current world, which gives him his undeniable quality as a wise paleontologist, of which more serious, of recognized prestige and all that. No doubt for this reason, apart from the qualities of eloquence and nobility of style, after his death his name and that of said "Omega point" have been surrounded by a halo of almost religious prestige; the combined prestige, in short, of the "great mystic" (an outdated notion but whose value is increasing...) and

⁹⁴³I have marked in italics the names of the mutants in whom the "eschatological" dimension of their message seems to me to be an essential aspect of their mission.

⁹⁴⁴Of course, Hahnemann was animated by the faith that the barbaric medical practices of his time would soon disappear, and that the humane and rational medicine he had created would take the place of official medicine of his time. If you raised your head today, almost a century and a half after his death, your eyes would turn red when you saw the extent to which, although medical practices have changed, the spirit that prevails in the practice of medicine he continues to be so subhuman, with nothing in common, certainly, with the one who encouraged him...

⁹⁴⁵See the note "Teilhard and L'égaut – or the problematic Parousia" (no. 87).

of "science" (the real science, with titles and scholarly publications that support it...).

But what gives Teilhard prestige today is also his limitation. By its very nature, the scientific vision is infinitely too narrow to be able to give us an adequate vision of what is before us and awaits us – of what is essential, of what will require the totality of the creative means of each one, so that it is carried out between the convulsions and pains of childbirth. It is infinitely below the needs of the moment. And that is so, even if an authentic mystical or religious experience is added, when it is (as was the case of Teilhard) incubated in a religious "closed glass" no less imprisoning than the closed glass. of the wise man Two closed glasses placed side by side will never replace the day after the brackish squalls of the high seas! A vision of the future in which the impulse of sex is modestly ignored, in which the worst abominations of the present (and the deadly violence of war, and social injustice, are not the least) are politely evaded, in which "sin" is the usual rhetorical figure in religious discourse and in which not the slightest hint of a sober and oh how urgent self-knowledge – such a vision, in My humble opinion, it is a greenhouse plant, abstract, chlorotic, good for decorating libraries and living rooms.

Without a doubt, this vision has something to enchant the scientist who lacks a bit of "humanism" and even (why not!) religion, with something to enthuse the seminarian thirsty for a breath of somewhat fresh air in the usual sermonizing, with which to adequately garnish the cultural baggage of the "discreet man of the twentieth century." But that baggage, like any other light or heavy baggage, will fly away with the first gust of the Tempest! That vision does not go out to meet any spiritual urgency, it does not hear or feel the crackling of the flames, just as the scientist, the seminarian and the discreet man do not see, feel or hear the near end. While they are ecstatic with the Omega point at the end of eternity, the World that surrounds them and their very being (for more than one) finishes rotting and collapses and is consumed. With one foot already in the void, there they are about to sink, headlong and without remission, into the last Shit...

No, although he sees the pressing deadline no more than Teilhard, L'egaut is of a very different temper! Like Teilhard, he had the right to both incubators, in the chapel and in the laboratory – and he had the guts to part with both at the same time. Thus its message is something very different from a timid patch on a noble language. A warm and new blood is felt circulating in him.

Generous and tenacious attempt, many times groping due to wanting to be rigorous, of a new spirituality that we would look for in vain in Teilhard. Or am I decidedly unfair? Without a doubt in Teilhard we find an attempt that, starting from the solid established values of the holy Catholic Church, dares to add to them (despite the threats of symbolic pyres) the no less solid established values of the new Scientific Church, directing a new look at the old Darwinian theory of Evolution (which was sorely needed). Without a doubt that was, in the boring millennial ecclesiastical winter, like the signal that precedes a first snow daffodil, providing a timid note of hope among gloomy and gray snows that seem eternal.

L'egaut, on the other hand, is already the generous impetus of spring! It is, after a heavy sleep of ice of almost two thousand years, the powerful renewal of life that springs back. The spirituality that is "invented" and that lives and witnesses in the evening of its life with the force of a spring, is not that of yesterday, it is not for a million years from now, nor a thousand or a hundred years. It is from today and for today – a new beginning. Because of that quality of renewal, of a new beginning, of creative inventiveness – because of the solitary step, daring and circumspect at the same time, on which no human foot has trodden before us – that is why this spirituality of today, this daring adventure of today, already carries within itself the fullness of the spirituality of tomorrow. That is why today it already prefigures the near days and the distant days, and the very distant days of our promised Glory.

Because of that fullness of life in L'egaut's existence, I feel very close, once again, to his great predecessor Edward Carpenter (whom he undoubtedly never knew, not even by name). Also close, at the same time, to his immediate predecessors, Whitman and Bucke. If he separates himself from those three men it is above all, I believe, because of his decision to remain faithful to his Church, to "carry it."

all his life, like a heavy cross. And no wonder his step is heavier!
And yet, in that freely carried cross, he found a singular richness that no one before him had been able to find...

But now I would like to dwell a little on these three men with deeply related missions,

Whitman, Bucke, Carpenter.

Leaving aside their ties of friendship and spiritual affinity, they also resemble (and differ, I believe, from my other mutants) in this, that in them the great Hope takes, from the outset, rather the form of a intimate security, of inalienable knowledge. That common tonality is clearly not a mere matter of direct influence that would have passed from Whitman to some "disciples" who piously take up the Master's message. Rather, it springs from a common source, infinitely beyond all human "influence." These are "illuminations" that were granted to each of those three men, and that I have already evoked more than once⁹⁴⁶ because that moment, in the life of each of them, was capital: the birth in them of man new, and with it, of the new vision. It was in the light of dazzling, radiant, inexpressible revelation that each of those three men "knew" his mission, more deeply and more completely, surely, than if God in person had come to him. explain it to them with clear and explicit words. God, indeed, really "came" then, and manifested Himself to each of them, and in a way that this is the only one, with God, to know⁹⁴⁷. But His Word was not an audible or written word, but rather fluid vibrations of loving light, which bathes and passes through and washes the interior and animates all things...

Those Sows of God in the soul of each of those three men, welcomed in the soil of a secretly transfigured life, germinated into rich, magnificent harvests. And the vast and luminous vision of human destinies that was born from them is not the least of its fruits. What in those graceful brothers is direct vision, intimate and irrefutable knowledge, may it serve all of us as food for the immense, unthinkable Hope! May it inspire each and every one of us in the great Adventure that calls us (in a very urgent and very low voice...) – an adventure worthy of them and of us! And worthy of Him who lives in the deepest part and who calls...

In the vision of human destinies from Whitman to Bucke to Carpenter, I perceive a striking progression in acuity, subterranean extension, depth. This is undoubtedly directly linked to the fact that in both Bucke and Carpenter, both nourished and inspired by the generous and powerful vision of their mentor, there was a systematic, patient, stubborn work of reflection. , according to their predispositions as thinkers more than poets; the kind of work that was always absent, I think, in Whitman's life. Poet and visionary and man intensely and fully alive, without being a thinker himself, he was

946They are spoken of for the first time in the first paragraph of the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the other reality" (no. 74), pages 147-149. In these three men, enlightenment occurs around the same age of 35, 36 years. The most basic psychological common sense shows that that moment in the life of each of those men, a crucial and fruitful moment beyond words, has nothing in common with the phenomena. less than suggestion or autosuggestion. On the other hand, these illuminations appear in a totally different way in those three men, according to what we know. It should not be excluded, on the other hand, that the profound action exerted on Bucke, and later on Carpenter, by reading Whitman's work, may have played (as Bucke himself presumes) a role in the appearance of illuminative vision. In accordance with the cultural environment of their time, those interested were not inclined, it seems, to see in this extraordinary event in their life the action of a ("divine") intention on them, but rather the result. of the play of certain cosmic or spiritual forces, more or less impersonal. But in the light of my own experience of the Action of God in me, the active presence of an intention of God, which is concretized in irrefutable Acts of God, has no doubt for me

947In the case of Bucke and Carpenter, God manifested Himself (in Bucke's expression) as a "loving Presence," but in a way that made Him perceived as a transpersonal Being rather than staff. It was a kind of "immediate perception", direct, very intense of God, very different from the way in which God made himself known to me in dreams, personified under the most diverse faces...) See also the comments in the previous footnote).

made to inspire thinkers; to those who themselves are very alive, men who vibrate with the same winds as him. Thus he himself was one of those seed-carrying winds that crossed the lives of Bucke and Carpenter, and at the end of his life, that of Traubel⁹⁴⁸. I couldn't have dreamed of better relays! And if those three men, unlike Whitman who "survives" today because of his ambiguous reputation as a great poet (in short, because of a kind of misunderstanding!) – if today they are more or less buried in the forgetfulness, there is no doubt that the time is near when deaf ears will open. Then you will finally hear the true voice of Walt Whitman, just like that of his brothers and heirs, who have known how to take him further and bring to full maturity the great Message of freedom and destinies. of the man.

I do not have the impression that Whitman's vision, as it emerges in the "Leaves of Grass" of 1855, to sweeten immediately and mature in the years rich in suffering of the civil war, was later It is nuanced and deepened by his contacts with Bucke, Carpenter and Traubel, with whom he nevertheless had a warm sympathy. Each life's desire is enough! On the contrary, between the thoughts of Bucke and Carpenter (only seven years younger), a fruitful exchange is noted in both senses. Bucke was visibly impressed by Carpenter's depth, which he felt instinctively (I think) without ever following him. He guessed in him a man of comparable stature to Whitman (who, in his eyes, was the greatest man that the "human race" has produced up to the present...). Of the extraordinarily vast work that Carpenter was called to decant into his being, Bucke only knew a relatively modest part, which he cites profusely⁹⁴⁹ in the copious chapters that he devotes to him in his greatest work, "Cosmic Consciousness." ". As for Carpenter, it seems that he endorses, "as if he had always known it," Bucke's evolutionary vision of human destinies, a vision long matured by him in the 90s of the last century. But to tell the truth, remembering now my recent reading of Carpenter's book, "Civilisation – it's Cause and Cure" (published in 1889), I cannot help but notice that Bucke's vision, and even with a breadth and a depth that surpasses it everywhere, is already included in its essential features in what is outlined in broad strokes in that capital book for our time; a vision that must have been shed from the mists in the intense years that followed Carpenter's enlightenment in 1881. In this new light, Bucke's work seems more like the applied and conscious work of "good student"⁹⁵⁰, which he develops at length, with great care and relying on a vast culture, both humanistic and scientific, one of the wide range of innovative ideas outlined in that collection of essays by Carpenter, from

⁹⁴⁸I mention in passing Horace Traubel, among the cases of cosmic enlightenment reviewed in Bucke's book "Cosmic Consciousness", in the note "The ancestors of man – or on the way to the Kingdom!" (no. 81), page 169.

⁹⁴⁹I remember that thanks to those quotes, which hooked me a lot from my first reading of Bucke's book around 1972, 73, that is how Edward Carpenter caught my attention, in which he presented a man called, perhaps more than any other, to "enlighten" modern man. The books cited by Bucke are "Towards Democracy", "Civilisation – it's Cause and Cure" and "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta". (This last book, which I have not yet had the fortune of holding in my hands, is an account of Carpenter's trip to India in 1890.)

⁹⁵⁰However, that is not the tone in the aforementioned note on Bucke (no. 74), especially on page 148, in which I speak of a "visionary," of a "prophet," of a vision that far surpasses. .. the mere reason...". I don't have to retract anything in those impressions. Everything depends on the point of view! Looking at Bucke alongside the first famous sage or philosopher who passes by, one must note his exceptional stature, which elevates him to the level of a truly great mission. When you look at him next to a Carpenter or a Walt Whitman, his dimensions seem modest, those of the "good student", even almost "schoolboy"; and it is part of his exceptional "size", of the truthful quality of his gaze, that he was the first to perceive that difference in dimension. Furthermore, it is clear to me that he did not realize that the master idea of his message was already found in Carpenter's little book, "Civilisation – It's Cause and Cure", in a certainly less form. detailed, less explicit. If (without him realizing it) that idea really hatched in him with the reading of that book, it can be said that due to the maturation work that was carried out in him, around that idea as a soul of the great message, 'this became as "his" as an idea can be "ours"...

modest appearance; a book today more current and more ardent, even more impressive (if possible) than in the last century when it was published, with its spontaneous, sacrilegious candor – launching with grace and with a childish laugh at the heart of the great problems of our time and of all times...

By a strange irony, Bucke's work, an almost schoolboy's work in relation to the creative spurts that are perceived on each page of "Civilisation – it's Cause and Cure", is the one that was first It was exhumed twenty years ago (in 1969); while Carpenter's radical, deeply innovative book today still remains buried in the quagmire of oblivion. Certainly, since Bucke's book refers to an infinitely distant future, it bothers infinitely less than a daring childish look at the untouchable 'Idols of today, and at the fate that awaits them⁹⁵¹! But I shouldn't complain. Isn't it thanks to Bucke, and thanks to the exhumation of his patient and loving work, that during the last few months I have been able to go back from said "student" to "teacher"?! This is how I began to discover the man and the thinker who, more than any other, prefigures in my eyes and announces the Mutation of the Times.

If Carpenter's vision of human destinies is so rich and so penetrating, if in my eyes it has such a quality of immediate inspiration for each person's life, "here and now," it is because it springs spontaneously. yearly of a no less rich and no less penetrating vision of the present, as well as of a long and heavy past of which we are the heirs; a vision nourished by the experience of a life itself prodigiously rich, intense and fully lived. His vision of our destinies is creative, because at the level of an exploratory and vibrant thought, one with man and his life, Carpenter has incarnated in his own person and with a perfect, perhaps unparalleled, fullness, his own vision. We are intensely alive to the "new man", the man of tomorrow. In none of the other men that I now review, nor in any other being that I know, although each one contributes a unique tonality and sound that is typical of his being, do I nevertheless detect such fullness, such a broad unity and rich between innovative vision, a thought that is at once childish, daring and rigorous, and a fully human life, courageously assumed and lived. There where each one of the others seems to me like an instrument of beautiful sound and beautiful presence, I feel in that blessed man the subtle and intimate harmony of an entire orchestra of chamber music, of an inspired group of fine musicians dedicated body and soul to their art and delicately in harmony with each other. And we all have every reason to be excited and grateful to a world in which we can sometimes listen to those who are silent and listen, such exquisite harmony...

Among the ten mutants in whom the great hope in the human future is clearly seen, I have evoked in the previous pages those that in my eyes give the impression of "spiritual"; those whose life, thought and very perception of things are impregnated with a "religious" tone and light. I still have to talk about Kropotkine, Neill and Felix.

Even if it is due to my ignorance, I see little to say about them. At least, I detect obvious affinities between what I guess about the vision of human destinies in those three men. In Kropotkine and Felix, "eschatological" expectations are inseparable from their libertarian ideals, and from the conviction that a favorable change in social conditions and in the structures of society (and especially in the structures of decision), will finally allow all men to achieve a flourishing hitherto ignored (except in some exceptional beings, only among the favored classes). This expected change in society would be, first of all, the end and the fruit of the struggle of the working classes themselves, for their rights and for the establishment of a more just society. Kropotkine, with the majority of the revolutionaries

⁹⁵¹On this fate and Carpenter's vision on this subject, see the note "From Whitman-the-father to Carpenter the-son – or the epic and the Trash Can of Progress" (no. 98).

of the last century, he was animated by the conviction, fused with his revolutionary faith, that great changes were imminent.

In F'elix, who has the perspective of more than half a century and who had to draw, whether he likes it or not, the lesson of several aborted revolutions, and above all of the bleeding epic and the failure of the revolution. In Spanish, it seems to me that these provisions are more nuanced. I seem less convinced that such a free and fraternal society would be the almost automatic result of an armed victory that, in the end, would be due to the forces present that would fight in the name of "good" ideals political (say, libertarian ideals). Like Neill, he realizes that the inveterate habits of behavior, of thought, the type of relationship that the being maintains with the world around him, with his neighbor, and with his own appetites and impulses always selfish, always camouflaged – impulses of dominance, submission, appropriation... – that all of this is much more complex and elusive, that it sinks too deeply into the human psyche (at least in our current state of evolution), so as to be able to expect to see it transform as if by magic, be it "revolutionary" or any other⁹⁵². From this light, precisely, Neill and F'elix saw the primary importance of education, and due to the educational bias, both, with bare hands, attacked the "problem of civilization."

However, without both, I believe, having any illusions that the mere dissemination of "just ideas" and "good methods" on this issue (no more than on the issue of political power) ... would solve the problem and would pull out of the hat (from the hat, this time, of the "educator", who takes the place of the "revolutionary") the famous "new man" – the liberated, fraternal man and without fear, enamored of human cooperation and justice. For what acts, what creates (and also what resists...), are not the ideas and methods, no matter how fair, no matter how generous, no matter how brilliant they may be, but rather the men – the men as they are now. And where then are the "new men" in education, whose loving and insightful work would provide that "new education" of such burning need; those who will "educate" in freedom and for freedom the countless millions of beings who lack true education? And who will "educate" the teachers? And where is there among us who, in more ways than one, is not himself "at fault", who did not first have to learn and grow, to burst the seams of a suit? narrow, before being fully suitable to teach, to "educate"?

I think that Neill, more acutely than Felix, was aware of his own limits and of that fundamental, seemingly hopeless dilemma. Thus his faith in the future of man, even more than that of Felix, seems to me to be a "naked faith": a faith "despite the evidence," a faith that renounces clinging to "reasonable reasons" to justify it. And it is surely no coincidence that in Neill, whose reservations vis-à-vis "religion" are no less strong or less solidly founded than in Felix, quite the contrary – that in him that "Faith against all odds" has, against all expectations and as if to top off the "irrationality", religious overtones. And that fundamentally pragmatic and non-religious man is not there, a tenacious fighter with his feet in reality, dreaming of a "religion of the future" that would be another⁹⁵³, a religion that would not It would be as it was for long millennia, an instrument of repression, but rather the spontaneous and joyful expression of freedom...

(137) The sun is the center – or the mutant-thinkers

(March 16)⁹⁵⁴ I have n't worked on the Key of Dreams for four days, at least not

952Such transformations of the psyche are always the work of creative processes (on a spiritual level, what is more). Now, by its very nature, no creative process can be triggered by causes purely external to the psyche. It certainly happens that a shock or other external event is the occasion that triggers a creative process through a creative response of the psyche. But the external event is never sufficient cause for a creation, an irreversible interior transformation, an intellectual or spiritual maturation.

953See the note "Neill and original sin – or myth as a message" (no. 90), especially pages 196-197.

954Continuation of the previous note "The Mutants (12): Mutants and the Great Hope – or Naked Faith."

directly. There was work in the garden, various mini-tasks (a thirty-year-old typewriter that I had to replace, alas), and above all, some dreams "not like the others" that required me to write them down and work on them a little. At the beginning of the month, on March 2, a whole series of clearer dreams began, more prominent than almost all I have had for a year. Among them were several that, at first glance, seemed like prophetic dreams. This is not the time to let them go as if nothing had happened! I even think I now have the exact date of the big Day. But this is not the place to expand on that topic. Rather, it is time to resume the thread of my reflection on mutants and, if possible, bring it to a good conclusion.

Before leaving this topic of metamorphosis, I would like to pause a little, in turn, on the missions of three of my mutants: those of Darwin, Freud and L'égaut. We have already talked about each of them more than once in the pages of *The Key to Dreams*, and even about Freud and L'égaut, before I thought of talking about "mutants." I have spoken here and there about Darwin and Freud as well-known figures in the history of thought, without stopping to explain why their missions seemed important to me, from the particular perspective, especially, that I have. in this book: that of a mutation, the passing of a crucial threshold in the history of our species. As for Marcel L'égaut, the encounter with his thoughts last June of course had a lot of repercussions, and almost immediately, on the writing of *The Key of Dreams* (something clearly visible from the cap title III). Afterwards I have had numerous occasions to refer to L'égaut's vision and to explain, sometimes tacitly and sometimes explicitly, about this or that aspect. This is all the more reason, with the perspective of almost a year, to make an overall outline of what I now see of L'égaut's vision and message, and, more particularly, of what I owe him.

For each of these three men, it is understood that the perspective that I am about to draw of their missions does not claim any historical objectivity (assuming that such a thing exists), nor to take into account all the aspects of their work that some might consider (and often rightly so, surely) as important. For Darwin and Freud, I would also need a competence that I am very far from having, and that I have no desire to acquire.

It would probably take years! For me it would be above all trying to unravel in broad outline how the work of each of these men has contributed, directly or indirectly, to my own vision of man and his place. in the World – or about myself, and my place in the world of men and in the Universe. However, also with the implicit intention that there must be a relationship between the role of his work in my vision of things, and the role it may have in the vision of others, eager like me to understand the World and themselves, and in the collective knowledge that our species has of itself, its past and its destinies.

All three, Darwin, Freud and L'égaut, are for me thinkers: men who have arrived at a certain vision of the World, or a vision of a certain important aspect of the World, appealing (among other means at our disposal) 'on' to the work of thought. Among my mutants, I see eight who seem to me to be thinkers in that sense, in the full sense of the term. Are:

Darwin, Riemann, Bucke, Kropotkin, Carpenter, Freud, Teilhard, L'égaut.

Note that I have not included Hahnemann, who is nevertheless a great scholar. It is also certain that the activity of the wise man or scientist consists, first of all, in a "work of thought." But, except in exceptional cases, the work of the wise man is not directed towards what could be called an "understanding of the World", for him it is not the means to form such an understanding or vision. And conversely, it is rare that in a being, his vision of the World, whether crude, even totally incoherent, or very integrated and profound, is the product (even if only partial) of a work of thought, consciously carried out. That was not the case with Hahnemann, I think, nor with any of the other ten mutants that I have not included here among the "thinkers." This does not mean that such work is totally absent in their life, nor that in some of them there is not vigorous, very affirmed and vigorous thinking. But rather than in the formation of that thought, or that look at the World and its expression through language, work

of thought (with which it, in some way, ceaselessly gives birth⁹⁵⁵ and renews itself⁹⁵⁶) is absent, or plays a merely episodic and blurred role. In them, the force that drives the formation and growth and flowering of thought (that is, of a certain type of knowledge, and the expression of this through language) is located almost totally outside the same thought.

This seems to me to be especially the case of Rudolf Steiner and Krishnamurti, who have nevertheless written many books, and who have played a role, each in their own way, in the history of thought⁹⁵⁷. For these reasons they are generally considered "thinkers"⁹⁵⁸, and rightly so when that term is taken in the looser sense of "someone who writes books where there are thoughts of their own"; understanding, eventually, that these are thoughts about the World or about human existence, and thoughts that are new, or at least original.

It seems to me that the thought of Bucke, that of Kropotkin, and even that of Teilhard (of course abstracting from his properly scientific contributions to paleontology), is essentially contained to a large extent in that of Carpenter., which overflows them everywhere. Thus it seems useless to me to return again to the missions of Bucke, Kropotkin, Teilhard. As for the vision of Carpenter himself, due to its breadth and depth, it seems to me, more and more, of a global dimension that I have not found in any other. This is not something similar to "interdisciplinarity", a brilliant juxtaposition of competencies and even original and fruitful points of view, from multiple directions at the same time. It does not start from a chaotic multiplicity, to reunite it for good or bad in a unity that satisfies "the spirit" (read: thought...). Rather, it starts from an essential unity, already intimately "known" at a level far beyond the thought and the words that express it. That intimate knowledge of the unity of being in itself, and of its indissoluble unity with the entire Universe of things both living and supposedly "inanimate" – that is what, like a burning sun in the center ultimate of being (returning to its own terms), can illuminate the entire Universe of visible and invisible things with its light, in the same midday light that illuminates all things as in the same glance. That sun, that divine interior incandescence, manifested itself to him at the age of thirty-six (in 1881). The word "enlightenment" says exactly what it should say! Perhaps it can be said that the forty-eight years he had left were spent directing his gaze in turn at every azimuth of human existence⁽¹³⁸⁾, illuminated by

955N. T.: In French, thought ("la pens'ee") is feminine.

956This image of thought that "gives birth to itself" ("somehow"), even in the extreme case of purely intellectual work such as mathematical work, undoubtedly corresponds to a superficial apprehension of the processes of creative thinking. The fertile matrix that ceaselessly gives birth and renews formulated thought, throughout what I call "the work of thought," is surely beyond thought and the language that expresses it, even more thus beyond the gaze of man (at least in its current state of evolution).

But it is true that the work of fully conscious thought, carried out with continuity, moved by the desire to understand and driven by the spontaneous rigor that springs from that same desire - that work acts as a powerful stimulus for true insights. work of enlightenment of the dark matrix where thought is born, no one knows how...

957With the exception of Guruji and Solvic, it can certainly be said that each of my mutants, including those who today remain virtually unknown, has played a role in the history of thought. They have contributed something new, and valuable, to what can be called the "collective thought" of humanity. Furthermore, I believe that the same is equally true for every great writer (whether well known or virtually ignored by the public).

958In my list of mutants (in the note "Mutants (5): the range of mutants – or diversity and greatness", or n¹¹²), I call Krishnamurti a "religious thinker". The other mutants who were entitled to the nickname "thinker" are Carpenter, Teilhard, L'egaut. I remember that when writing that list, I myself was not very clear, in the heading "profession or main occupation", which mutants I should present as "thinker". I did it a little "by eye". Now, thanks to the reflection carried out in the meantime, it seems to me that I see things more clearly. But even in last month's reflection ("Mutants (8): mutants and self-knowledge", note no. 132 of February 22, page 352) I say, speaking of Krishnamurti and Steiner , that "it would be difficult not to count them among the great thinkers of our time."

that same light and linked by it to the same center of incandescent life. And really it is the same light, the same life that is felt beating through his works, just as through his amazing life, of such prodigious richness in its "poverty" freely, joyfully chosen, in the trail of its illumination.

Perhaps it can be said that it is due to the more or less dazzling manifestation, through more or less opaque screens, of that inner sun, of that central Incandescence, of That or He who (with more discreet tuning forks) manifests as "the unknown Guest" in the depths of the soul – which is why and nothing else why those I have called (half jokingly) "mutants" become They distinguish them from the common mortals; thus differing in that from those who, for reasons that escape us (and perhaps always escape us), have not yet "mutated", those who have not yet manifested at the level of a mission accomplished throughout a life, the presence in the heart of your being of that burning Sun common to all beings.

In some "mutants," such as Whitman and Guruji, the outward manifestation of that fiery inner sun may be no less than in Carpenter. But I do not know anyone who, like him, with such loving attention, such joyful concern, has taken care to illuminate with that unifying light, in the same perspective that is both "cosmic" and intimately personal, so many regions of human existence. Because of that particular quality of Edward Carpenter's own person and of the vision of the World that his life and work testify, it seems to me that more than any other he is like an "Illuminator", like an "Indicator of Direction"⁹⁵⁹, for today's men, about to mutate. Or, perhaps more accurately: for the men of tomorrow, after the great Leap – when they suddenly find themselves naked, helpless, in a World they will no longer recognize. Before that Day (from which we are no longer separated by more than a few years), there is little chance that, except for a very small number of men who are already wide awake, his voice will be heard. . (No more than mine being heard...)

Be that as it may, this book is not the place to stop any longer than I have already done and echo or take over that great and warm voice. (Which already seems more familiar to me, closer than that of any other man today...) Without a doubt, in the coming years and before the great Day, I will have ample opportunity to do so, for my own benefit and for the benefit of readers who have not yet been able to hear it directly.

To finish this brief preliminary review of the "thinkers" among my mutants, it remains for me to say a few words about Riemann. To achieve even a partial understanding of the laconic philosophical fragments that he has left, to an understanding that is in relation to what my own experience and my own perspective teach me, I feel that it would require considerable work, which I cannot even dream of dedicating now. From what I can see, those thoughts of Riemann, lapidary summaries or beginnings of more leisurely reflections of which there are no more traces, are not of a nature that illuminates us in the acute state of transformation that the humanity is about to go through, and when the time comes to face, the most urgent spiritual imperatives. On the other hand, I have no doubt that within a generation or two, Riemann's intriguing suggestions, and especially those on the very nature of thought and creative processes, will be probed with all the persevering ardor they require. , and carried out until their complete fruition. To each station the jobs that concern it!

(138) The Illuminator

(March 17 and 18)⁹⁶⁰ Between the "azimuths" (or the "regions") of human existence that

⁹⁵⁹I think here of the English term "Way-Pointer", or the German "Wegweiser". This is someone who indicates a direction, not a path. The path does not yet exist, nor do the roads. It is up to us to invent them, unravel them, trace them, test them, rectify them,..., throughout lives and generations...

⁹⁶⁰See the reference to this note in the previous note, "The Sun is the center – or the mutant-thinkers", page 380.

Carpenter probed by living them, or by exploring them with a penetrating gaze, I have been able to note the following: sex, and the carnal world of the senses and perceptions; religion and religious and mystical experience; science: that of origins and the past, that of our time, that of tomorrow...; art and its relationship with life; the creative processes in the psyche and in the Cosmos, and especially in Evolution; morals, customs and habits in human and animal life; society and its evolution; social movements and the fight for social justice (a fight in which he himself was actively engaged); the defense of conscientious objection and the fight against war; the criticism of the judicial and penitentiary systems and the "defense of criminals"; political economy; the relationship of man with the earth and the animal and plant world (recognizing in the practices of vivisection an ignorant and barbaric transgression of the cosmic laws that link man with his animal brothers); relationship of man to his work and to the product of his work, relationships of the producer with the user-buyer; deep sense of the common background of the great myths that we find throughout all religions, as many other aspects of a "universal religion", of which the innumerable religions and beliefs that have proliferated and proliferate in the Earth are so many different concrete forms, closely related to each other; history of religion, and of science and art (born from religion in its original state), in an evolutionary and eschatological vision of the future of humanity and the destinies of the soul of each one...

They have something to attract the dimensions of that vision that are deeply one, and also one with the very life and the most intimate perceptions and emotions of the one who sees (and strives to share his vision...). That does not mean that it is not, like all human vision, also subject to its own internal limitations: some parts of the vast panorama remain blurred, even clouded, by ignorance not clearly recognized, by cultural prejudices not perceived. .

In relation to the vision of a Freud, a Neill or a Krishnamurti, the great gap in Carpenter's vision (and also the only one that I have found so far), is that he has not seen in the life of man (in the present state of evolution) the process of flight, in all its scope and omnipresence. His vision of the conflict in the psyche, of the modalities of its insidious and incessant action, remains blurred and superficial, as does that of the repression (especially sexual) suffered since childhood, and of the process by which repression creates evil. In general, it seemed to me that his knowledge of the middle layers of the Unconscious, of the "big Shit" in short (discovered earlier by Freud, whom he also manages to quote), remains more than crude. It seems that he barely suspects its existence!

On the other hand, Carpenter has a delicate and secure intuition of the deep layers of the conscious Intuition (an intuition that completely escapes Freud, Neill and even Krishnamurti). It also has, above all, a deep vision of the origin of "Evil" in human society, and its role and meaning (as a necessary "childhood illness", precisely!) in the evolution of humanity. Carpenter is the first and only thinker in whom I have found such understanding, who answers the undoubtedly most poignant question that the thinking man is led to ask about himself, and about the World in which he lives. who lives⁹⁶¹. Two or three weeks ago, I was still in more or less complete darkness on this subject. Now I feel that this darkness is finally about to dissipate, after my reading of the capital book "Civilisation – it's cause and Cure"⁹⁶². If (in the previous note) I called Carpenter an "Enlightener" of the modern World, it was not in vain!

(139) Darwin – or the Adventure of the Species

961I evoke this "question" in the note "Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma", (no. 41), under the name "the enigma of evil", (page 70).

962I evoke that reading in the note "The Mutants (10): the reconciliation" (no. 134), in two footnotes.

(January 24-25 and March 19-20)963 If I have included Darwin among "my mutants", it is because of the profound influence that his theory of Evolution has exerted on the history of thought, and more particularly, about the conception that man has of himself, of his history and of his place in the kingdom of the living. Surely there are few men, in the course of our history, who have exercised an influence of comparable scope. In modern times I hardly see Freud (whose influence seems to me deeper and more crucial). It is true that from the spiritual point of view, which is mine here, this exceptional role of Darwin does not necessarily imply that it is justified to see him as a "mutant." However, after I decided (a bit "randomly", as with Hahnemann, at a time when I still knew almost nothing about him) to include him in my list of mutants, I have decided I have obtained some books by him and about him, and thus I have had the opportunity to get to know his work and his person a little better. I would now like to try to place them briefly.

Of course I am interested in situating his work not in a "scientific" perspective in the narrow sense of the term (which would also escape my competence), but in a "philosophical" perspective. office." What interests me here is not more or less technical and specialized knowledge of a naturalist, in addition to being a geologist and paleontologist, but rather a vision of the World and the man in the World – a vision that concerns us all, and (in principle at least) accessible to all.

From this perspective, I believe that Darwin's main contribution is to have made the Evolution of living species in general, and of the human species in particular, an already irrefutable reality.

For more than a century, this reality has been part of the "cultural baggage" of every person, no matter how uncultured. And above all, it is present, whether one likes it or not, in any reflection on long-term human development, whether it is a past that is lost infinitely far away in the mists of time, or the destinies that befall us. they await (barring setbacks!) and that call us, in a future no less drowned in mists.

When thinking about Darwin and Evolution, you immediately think of the Tree of Evolution (also called the "phylogenetic tree") – that gigantic "Tree" made up of all the plant and animal species present and past, arising from each other from the same common trunk that represents innumerable generations of original species of unicellular beings; a Tree in which our fragile and haughty species is one of the last twigs in an exuberant proliferation of stems, branches, twigs and buds that have sprouted one by one and have grown and branched to infinity through over thousands of thousands of thousands of years. That powerful mental image of the Tree also gives us a striking perspective of the essential unity behind all known forms of life on earth, and of the incessant creative process of growth and transformation that acts in that infinitely diverse, prodigiously rich unity of the living. And the one who, beyond a very cerebral "cultural baggage", has fully seen and felt that unimaginable unity and yet now very tangible, irrefutably real; whoever understands that our species as we know it today (and at a very bad time...) is, like any other in the proliferation of the countless living species, the result of a very long evolutionary path, which has continued for billions of years through a prodigious number of creative moments (or "mutations"), beginning with the most primitive original species of all, whose individuals, instead of being men and women, each one is reduced to a single living cell (like a first sketch of Man who was already outlined on the horizon of times still infinitely distant...) – in that the eyes are prepared to also open themselves to the logical consequence, for times not yet consummated, of that vision of a vertiginous past. For every present is called to be passed and take its place

963Continuation of the previous note "The Illuminator". The first draft of this note is from January 24 and 25, and was written during the writing of the note "The Mutants (5): the fan of mutants" (no. 112) , from January 24-26. So it was a question, incidentally, of explaining to myself why I had included Darwin among my mutants. Instead of a few lines or a page or two, it was eight pages, so I made a separate note that I planned to insert in the next few days. Better late than never...

as a stage in the same processes of becoming that we can observe and contemplate in past history. The Evolution that we see taking place over durations that confuse the imagination, so much so that they exceed the human scale – that immemorial creative process has not stopped neither yesterday nor today, as if by enchantment!

Even at this moment when I write these lines, and while on this land the mosses and the blades of grass and the bushes and the trees germinate and grow and the beasts of the earth and the waters and the beasts mate and proliferate. the air, the Tree of Life grows and sprouts and unfolds under the impulse of the same sap that rises from the dark backgrounds of eternity. If there is a force that acts in the living world and that we can reasonably expect to continue and will continue to act forever and ever (while peoples and empires and religions and continents and the same species They pass like the sand passes under the wind...), that is the Force that works in Evolution, it is that powerful rise of the Sap that has not ceased to act and create, since the infinitely distant day in which life timidly began to germinate at the bottom of the waters, on a naked planet. And if from a primitive cell, with the crudest genetic baggage, and through myriads of diverse forms, man as we now know him has gradually been outlined and has been painstakingly formed (for the best and for the worst...), in what then do we, men of today, suspended between two eternities, in this smallest moment dragged by the incessant current of becoming that takes us forward – in what Are we called in turn to transform ourselves?

This vision of Evolution, of that Tree of Life which, embracing all the multitude of species, grows and sprouts and unfolds from the origins of the Living World and which at this very moment continues to grow and sprout in an endless ascension whose laws and purposes escape us – this vision is the only one that matters to me. A vision so simple that a child can understand it!

(And he will understand it and make it his own better and more fully, surely, than the majority of adults in this time of darkness...) Ultimately, the details that fill out the picture matter little. . I myself would be unable to name some of the main stages in the winding path from branch to branch, which leads from the common trunk to us: such sponges or such corals or perhaps such fish, or such a line. of mammals... I have not yet had the curiosity, I admit, to go look for a reference work to inform myself of the state of the art on this topic.

In Darwin's time, furthermore, only small parts of the Tree were known, and they were probably very far from being able to assure that it really was a single Tree, and not an entire Forest - which There is only one trunk, and not two, or a hundred! But at least, with the publication of "The Origin of Species" in 1859 (four years after Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"...), the kickoff was done: Evolution on was a visible and tangible reality, presented with an impressive luxury of detail. Due to the internal logic of the investigation, once they had seen the branches and certain ramifications that related them, they could not help but go back little by little to the trunk and, over time, unravel an image of more or less coarse or 964 more or less detailed set of the entire Tree of Life

964Before the impressive rise of molecular biology in the second half of this century, the only known means of determining the affiliations between species and, with that, of tracing parts of the phylogenetic tree, was the study of fossils (paleontology). Based on a prodigy of ingenuity, it was possible, over the course of a century, to roughly determine the structure of the Tree. This knowledge was considerably refined thanks to the methods, much more powerful in what concerns currently living species, of molecular biology, based on the study of kinship relationships between certain organic macromolecules. anicas (proteins), which are found in similar forms in the species that belong to a given large group, and even in all of them. It is notable that by two totally different methods, and except for minor corrections in the "paleontological" table, the same drawing of the Tree is reached (but much more detailed with the molecular method). Its existence is no longer hypothetical: it is one of the most solidly established facts in science! While "Darwinism" in the narrow and technical sense of the term, as an attempt at a mechanistic explanation of the evolutionary process, remains a hypothesis, and which has very little chance of ever being proven, since It is common sense that it is false (and even, taken literally, crazy...).

The mechanisms that Darwin highlighted (those of "natural selection" and "sexual selection" especially), which come into play in the formation of new species from old species, however interesting and important they may be, may seem to the wise naturalist, they seem relatively secondary to me from a 'philosophical perspective'. In accordance with the spirit of his time, and as a reaction against the secular dominance of a tyrannical and petty religious thought, the mirage that obsessed Darwin and most of the wise men of his time (and even of today, with the help of human inertia...) was to have a totally "mechanistic" "explanation" of all observable phenomena, including the process of Evolution. In the manner, a bit, of the operation of a watch, through gears; only a little more delicate, since it was clear that the "laws of chance" would have as much voice in the chapter as the mathematical, physical, chemical, physiological, even psychological. In the last century, and to an even lesser extent in our century, this "mirage" (as I have just called it) was "fertile" (as was also fruitful, in its time, the equally impossible search for famous "philosopher's stone" that would turn lead into gold...): led the wise men to reveal mechanisms and study them closely, wherever they could, including the life sciences; mechanisms that it was surely necessary for us to discover one day, if only to give us a realistic idea, one day, of exactly how far the domain of "mechanics" extends. (including that of chance), and where exactly is the point (if it can truly be located) where a creative Intelligence and Intention enter into the picture...

That, however, under the simplistic form of the mechanistic creed, what was being pursued was really a mirage, and that one had to be blind (if not insane...) to believe it, or to pretend to believe it. believed (since there is no one who can "truly" believe it...), it is a mere matter of good philosophical sense (or healthy instinct). Of course neither Darwin nor anyone in their right mind would pretend, seeing (say) a painter who paints a painting⁹⁶⁵, that this is only a purely fortuitous game of anatomical and physiological mechanisms and (on the side of the cloth and the brush) physical and mechanical, unfolding at random, or the stochastic result of a whirlwind of atoms and electrons; which would therefore be a process without relation to a purpose, with an intention that were present in the painter and that would act, at all times, to be translated into his work as it progresses and that the same purpose evolves and matures. The material means, such as fabric, brushes, tubes of paint... or bones, tendons, nerve cells..., as well as the "mechanisms" in which these "means" are inserted and the "laws" that govern them appear here as subordinates, as instruments of the creative purpose that acts before our eyes. And if the paintings (and even the worst rubbish!) that adorn our apartments or the walls of our museums pass for being creations, it would be difficult to deny that quality to the prodigious Living Altarpiece that is the flowering and evolution of life on our earth, from its initial amorphous state of a boiling and desert planet (like a virgin canvas waiting for the Master's brush...); a truly masterful Work, the Work of works, of which those masterpieces and all human works are, after all, nothing more than tiny and sporadic marginal manifestations⁹⁶⁶!

Only in the details about the topography of the Tree of Life, or about certain ecological or molecular mechanisms that act in the sprouting and development of its new branches, I am not particularly interested, in this vision of Evolution to which Darwin's name will always be linked, in clarifying the part that he himself contributed, and what in his time was already

⁹⁶⁵Of course I could also have given the example of a musician composing or playing music, or of a scientist developing a theory (for example Darwin himself writing the Origin of Species...): or even, it doesn't matter, any human or animal activity in which the presence of a purpose, the only one that gives meaning to that activity and which is its true "cause" (final), is evident to everyone.

⁹⁶⁶Compare this reflection with those made in the sections "The Creator – or the canvas and the paste" and "The waterfall of wonders – or God through sound reason" (nos. 24, 30). The evolutionary vision is also evoked in the note "Richard Maurice Bucke – or the apostle of the other reality" (no. 74).

more or less "in the air", before the publication of the "Origin of Species"⁹⁶⁷. What is certain is that at the time when this masterful synthesis appeared, the times were ripe, in the scientific world and in a large audience of "enlightened people", to receive it with open arms.

There was then, in the intellectual world, a great fermentation of spirits around the idea of transformation. For a century, it was already being discovered that our good old Universe, and at any level one looked at it, far from being immutable as had always been believed, on the contrary, was transforming without stopping. Everything that our inveterate habits of thought, and the ridiculous duration of a human life, had presented to us as fixed and solid as a rock, suddenly began to move and flow, like a Unattainable river without beginning or end! On the firm and hard land that we inhabit, mountains are born, rise and disintegrate or sink to disappear into the sea; The sea extends, deepens, then retracts and dries up to give way to the desert, conquered in turn by the savannah, followed by forests that seem eternal like the mountains of before. These disappear in turn, polished by glaciers or submerged by waves. The same on a cosmic scale. Kant (1724-1804) taught that the entire Universe had been born and was transformed under the action of physical forces and immutable laws (thank goodness...) that we should be able to discover and formulate.

History showed the spectacle of the birth, rise, decline and death of languages, beliefs and cultures, of peoples and empires. Since Buffon (1707-1788), in short, natural history suggested (without daring to say it too clearly...) that living species also evolve and transform into each other, according to mechanisms that remained They were mysterious and that we could hope to clarify. And when we talk about "species", we cannot help but think of that species that is somewhat different from the others, which is ours; and the Church to be alarmed and many honest people to riot, in the name of the holy Scriptures, of Religion and of Morals...

Yes, the "Origin of Species" came at a good time. "Everyone" already knew that Darwin (who was then 50 years old and had had time to make a statement) was up to something important. On November 24, 1859, 1,250 copies were published, and they were sold the same day! We are decidedly far from the glacial, even offended, reception that Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" had four years earlier, of which barely a hundred copies were sold in X years. And something very similar with "Towards Democracy" by Edward Carpenter, fifteen years after the great happening of the Origin of Species. No, not everyone is allowed to swim against the great current, nor to be fragile buds from which tomorrow's branch will sprout...

Without wishing to minimize the originality and powerful vision of Darwin (or also, what would rightly be called his "genius"), one cannot, however, fail to note that his work and his mission on consisted much more in giving a masterful expression to what, already in his time, was fermenting in the spirits and required expression, than in launching himself far ahead, as a solitary pioneer, and trying badly. that well after taking his annoying and reticent fellow men to those

967On this topic we must mention Lamark (1744-1829) as a direct precursor of Darwin, and Alfred Russel Wallace (1823-1913), English naturalist who developed (among others) a theory of selection natural independently of Darwin and at the same time. I have the impression, from the little I know about both of them, that they are two wise men of remarkable originality and depth, and of a stature completely comparable to that of Darwin. If for the general public the name of Darwin is the one that, for more than a century, has been linked to the idea of Evolution, while those of Lamark and Wallace are relegated to relative oblivion, it is undoubtedly because Darwin embodies the mechanistic vision of Evolution, which has had the favor of the scientific world until today, while Wallace, like Lamark, at the risk of going against the current of the dominant trends in The scientific world could not help but feel, in the unfolding of life on earth and in the transformation of some species into others, that it was not the play of blind mechanisms that acted, but rather a creative force of nature. spiritual. Thus, it does not seem to me that it is totally excluded that in the next generations, rectifying the shot, both the names of Lamark and Wallace and that of Darwin will be associated with the fundamental discovery of the fact of Evolution. Furthermore, it was Wallace himself who gave the now consecrated name "Darwinism" to the theory of natural selection that until then was called "Darwin-Wallace Theory," by choosing it as the title. of the work (a classic on the subject) in which he exposes that theory. Customs have definitely changed a lot in a century...

new lands that he was the first to set foot on. In that, it seems to me, Darwin clearly departs from the other men on my list of "mutants"⁹⁶⁸. Certainly, there was no shortage of fierce opponents of his theories, and long after his death the fighting raged. But even those battles were for him a sign that his work had hit its target, overwhelming proof of success and notoriety. Rarely has a capital work in our history been received with such ardor (for "pro" and "against"), rarely has a wise man received such exalted encouragement from his contemporaries.

Who among us, dreaming of a "greatness" of which our own lives often seem so desperately lacking, would not dream of exchanging their mediocre existence for the great, magnificent and intoxicating adventure of a Darwin, hailed in life as the great Prometheus of his time!

It is true that these are not the effluvia that surround the spiritual adventure, quite the opposite. That adventure is heavy to bear. Nobody, so to speak, is a candidate to assume it. If Darwin's adventure nevertheless has a spiritual dimension, it is (I believe) at the level of the future of our entire species, as an outstanding episode in a collective path, and not at the level of his own personal adventure, of his own maturation. On. To be a spiritual adventure and not just an intellectual one, it lacks the double dimension of loneliness and risk, which permeate the spiritual adventure from part to part: the risk (in terms of human reason) of an irremediable failure and, even worse, the vanity of the mission – a solitary voice that cries out in the desert, a reckless wave that crashes against the inert, immutable, haughty cliff of everyone's indifference . It is in the solitude of the being, that decants within itself a knowledge that is the only one that dares to sense the price; alone in the face of an obtuse, impermeable, indifferent, surly world; alone in the face of the voice of doubt (oh how reasonable!) that comes, like an insidious echo, to echo the indifference and contempt of all for the most valuable thing it carries – it is under the painful tension of that emptiness, stretched to the extreme towards a dark and impossible realization, where the true mission – the only one that it has the quality of a spiritual work.

Thus, in Darwin's work I see this apparent paradox: it marks an important stage in the spiritual adventure of our species, in groping search for knowledge of itself and its destiny, without, however, having, in the very life of its creator, quality of spiritual work!

To put it another way: I doubt that with that work Darwin matured spiritually⁹⁶⁹.

(While there is no doubt that at the level of an intellectual understanding of the World, including an understanding of the path of his own thought and of scientific thought in general, Darwin has learned enormously throughout his work of a lifetime).

Just as Freud himself (who is three years old when the Origin of Species appears) was too late, Darwin is careful to limit himself to the terrain considered solid and safe in science: he gathers and orders a vast range of facts, advances hypotheses to "explain" them, supported by more or less conclusive arguments or partial evidence. In doing so, he does not ignore, however, that the picture he is drawing has a scope that far exceeds that of a scientific discipline, the fiefdom of a handful of specialists. He has provided materials, he has started a vast building – let everyone do with it what they want! And in the following decades, there was certainly no shortage of them. Rarely would a scientific theory, and also a very technical theory, have been so used in all sauces, including and especially the least recommended ones. They have wanted to see in the "laws" of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest" a "scientific" justification of extreme competitiveness, relentless brutality and

⁹⁶⁸It is appropriate to make a partial exception with Krishnamurti. No more than Darwin, he did not have to make his way through an indifferent or hostile world, and by a long shot! On the contrary, it is very clear that Krishnamurti's most penetrating views were by no means "in the air" (and they are not today), as Darwin's were.

⁹⁶⁹See in this regard the brief comments on Darwin in the note "The mutants (9): the mutants and the opposing sisters" (no. 133), page 358.

even wars and holocausts, which are still the rule and law in most human societies and human groups today. Just as in the good old days, under the staff of the holy Churches, it was the everlasting "will of God" that was supposed to sanction the innumerable iniquities and barbarities that filled society, now that it is finally We were about to overcome superstitions and piousness (Progress does not stop!), it is Science that should replace the offices of the good God: Darwinism, at a good time, came in handy to revive the famous "Law of the strongest" so universally esteemed!

Thus it is not surprising that for a Fujii Guruji, whose mission is to respect all beings and all things, Darwin's name is synonymous with "law of the jungle", and embody the deeply evil aspect of the triumph and cult of "Science", and of a certain spirit that boasts of that name and that he rightly denounces⁹⁷⁰. He is not the only one, on my list of mutants, who has not been able to stop dealing with Darwin's thinking and its immediate consequences. Thus Kropotkin, inspired by Darwin's ideas, contradicts the well-thought-out "Junglist" interpretations in his eloquently named book "Mutual Aid – a Factor of Evolution". It shows that within the species of higher animals, mutual aid is a law of nature and a factor of evolution no less important than competitiveness, which Darwin highlighted⁹⁷¹. In many pages of his beautiful book it is vividly noted to what extent the man of heart (as much and even more than of reason) that Kropotkin was, was sensitive to the silent and intensely active presence of a force of spiritual essence in animal life. (Even if he was careful not to formulate in those, almost "religious" terms, that breath of mysterious solidarity that he perceived so vividly...)

Even more than in the case of Kropotkin, the messages of RM Bucke and Teilhard de Chardin are almost unthinkable outside the evolutionary framework provided by Darwin. Also Freud, and even more so Rudolf Steiner, were familiar with Darwin's thought. It is true that Darwin's name was on everyone's lips in the cultured world, at the time when both studied and became imbued with the spirit of their time.

Finally, Edward Carpenter, who beneath his always modest and unpretentious appearance had a scientific and humanist culture impressive in its extension and solidity, was also aware of the ideas of his prestigious somewhat older compatriot. . (He is fifteen years old when the Origin of Species appears.) Given his extraordinary inner autonomy, it hardly needs to be said that he did not allow himself to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the scientific avant-garde of his time for "Darwinism." ". He clearly saw to what extent the attempts at mechanistic "explanations" of Evolution totally fail in essentials. I truly felt "with my guts", in this case it must be said, the extraordinary fact of Evolution, as a creative process that has developed at all times, like an endless Genesis that began long ago. before the appearance of organic life on earth, when matter silently prepares to receive and carry it, work that continues to be carried out through the vicissitudes of the history of men and their long journey until today, and that pushes us forward towards our unknown (unimaginably glorious) destinies for all eternity. That vivid perception of the fact of Evolution, and of the sense of the cosmic unity of human life with all life

⁹⁷⁰Regarding Guruji's attitude towards science in general and Darwin in particular, see the note cited in the previous footnote, especially pages 360-362.

⁹⁷¹It is surely no coincidence that Darwin, who (unlike his compatriot and contemporary Carpenter) was part of society and totally shared the social prejudices of his time, highlighted competitiveness as the main factor in Evolution, in a society itself fiercely competitive. Here we can clearly see how a spiritual immaturity, a lack of inner autonomy in the face of a "spirit of the times" that then permeated all mentalities, has a profound impact at the level of scientific work.

Although he was a genius, spiritually he wore the same earmuffs as everyone. And it is not a coincidence that his theory has served above all (outside of the natural sciences) to justify the existing barbaric social order, and that his name has been at the zenith of glory for a century, while that Carpenter's, after half a century, is practically forgotten...

vegetable and animal and that of the Universe in its entirety, are at the very heart of his vision of Man, of his place and his destinies; the “true man”, the man fully conscious of his unity and his divine nature, which is the last culminating point of the eternal movement, eternally resumed and never finished of Creation⁹⁷².

(140) Freud (1): the Unconscious – or discovery of the House of Fools (March

21-22 and 25-27)⁹⁷³ A year ago my dispositions towards Freud were rather cre ethics. It never occurred to me, it must be said, to include him in a reflection, and my impressions of him were superficial. Rightly or wrongly, for me it was an “established value” on a topic that I myself had dedicated myself to long after 1976: the hot “topic” of the psyche. That topic had nothing academic for me, a topic of “interesting conversation”, oh no! Nor was it simply a topic of research, like mathematics before, in which a curiosity, a thirst for discovery, had been invested. (Although that thirst was very present.)

It was about, to begin with, getting to know me. And trying to “know oneself”, or at least know oneself as much as one can, is not at all the same as knowing (let's say) mathematics, or “doing math”, or this or that⁹⁷⁴. There are common points, that is a fact. But in its essentials it differs from any other human endeavor. And without a doubt this is the least requested of all!

I was under the shock of an acute internal crisis⁹⁷⁵, in which the very meaning of my life seemed to be suddenly shipwrecked. Neither at that time, nor in the following years until last year, would it have occurred to me, in that work, to deliberately use or be inspired by any bookish knowledge, nor to worry about whether someone before me ѕ had dedicated himself to a work of this genre (I shouldn't have been the first...), and in that case, collect the echoes. Some years before I had read Freud sporadically – obligatory culture! But later, when I thought about it, it seemed so far from everything that my own long-meditated experience taught me, beginning with that of the first dream (a dream messenger of happy memory!) that I took the trouble to look at⁹⁷⁶ and suddenly my life was transformed – it was as if we belonged to two totally different worlds. Surely, I told myself, Freud always looked at the psyche from

972This evolutionary vision is presented as if in filigree throughout his book “Civilisation – it's cause and Cure” (published in 1889), in which one chapter is explicitly devoted to Evolution. on. Carpenter is inspired by the thought of Lamark, of which he speaks warmly, more than by that of Darwin, who enjoyed public favor at the time (and still does after almost a century and a half). I will surely have to return to the vision of Evolution that Carpenter develops in that book, without being intimidated by the fact that he himself was not a naturalist, and letting himself be guided by his own experience of the processes. creative in human life as well as in plant and animal life. I hope and believe that this vision of Evolution, free of all technicalities, will be a source of inspiration for future generations, also including naturalists. It is time for a wind from elsewhere to burst into your laboratories and your museums! As for the book “Civilisation...”, a compilation of inspired meditations on a childhood illness called “Civilization”, it is in my eyes (and at the risk of being called anything...) a no less capital book. in the history of our species than Darwin's Origin of Species. Darwin's work closes in some way the past Age (which I sometimes call, with a bit of irreverence, “the Age of the Herd”). That of Edward Carpenter, like those of Whitman, Freud and Neill, already prefigures and opens the New Age. 973this note, as well as the two following ones, can be seen as a continuation of the previous note on

Darwin. Initially they were planned as a single note, titled “Sigmund Freud: three great ideas.” As its length seemed prohibitive, I ended up dividing it into three separate notes, which correspond to the three big ideas referred to in the initial title. The first draft is from March 21 and 22, the clean writing from the 25th and 26th, and the footnotes from the 27th.

974For the relationships between these two types of research, see the reflection in the two sections “The Forbidden Fruit” and “The Solitary Adventure” (no. 46, 47) in Harvests and Sowings (part I).

975This healthy inner crisis took place in October 1976. At that moment, the episode of the discovery of meditation took place, and two days later, the episode of the “reunion”. On this topic, see the subsection “The forbidden fruit (1): resistance and suffering of the creator” (no. 56, 60), especially pages ??-??.

976It is the dream evoked in the first paragraph of The Key of Dreams, and which led, a few hours later, to the “reunion” (with the soul) to which I allude in the previous footnote.

the outside, as a "clinician", or as a "thinker"⁹⁷⁷, and he only saw what he had decided beforehand that he would see in her.

A keen theorist, yes, who had never experienced an interior transformation, the sudden passage of a "threshold", of an invisible locked door that suddenly opens up a great, unsuspected interior world. ... A man like everyone else, with those monumental earmuffs that often prevent him from seeing the simplest things, the most essential, earmuffs that, no more than the first one who passes by (that's how I it seemed), he did not seem to suspect the existence...

All those point-blank impressions still seem partially founded to me⁹⁷⁸. They respond to a certain point of view to look at Freud's work and person, a point of view that goes hand in hand with a state of great ignorance about him. What most limited my vision and prevented me from grasping the essential, apart from this almost total ignorance of Freud's person and life, was the complete absence of historical perspective. While I judged Freud from above, my thoughts and my vision of the world were impregnated, without knowing it, with the fundamental ideas that Freud had been the first to unravel, in total intellectual and moral solitude, and in affirming in the face of an indifferent and hostile world first, and then offended and contemptuous.

Some of his ideas (in such a diluted form, it is true, that they seem emptied of all their original force...) have long been part of the cultural "air of the times," which I have breathed since my childhood. Thus the fundamental idea of the existence of an Unconscious, or that of the omnipresence of the erotic impulse, both in the origin of neuroses and in artistic and intellectual creation, and even in religious experience. These ideas (or better, those fundamental facts for an understanding of the psyche), and others, such as the role of dreams as the great revealer of unconscious psychic life, I could not help falling into them without having searched for them, during my pilgrimages through myself. In doing so I was far from thinking of a certain Freud, of whom one or two books withered among many others on some shelves, under a rarely disturbed layer of dust. But I begin to realize that without me thinking about him, his intrepid and stubborn work, carried out throughout a life against all odds long before I was born, never stopped assisting my own solitary labors.

During the reflection carried out in *The Key of Dreams*, is when my relationship with Freud and the image of him that made me finally changed. The first occasion on which I evoke Freud's thought is at the beginning, on the same morning of the day I begin this book, when writing the note "The role of sleep – a tribute to Sigmund Freud"⁹⁷⁹. I still remember well how, when writing what should have been a laconic footnote, at first I had a tendency to treat Freud disparagingly, because of the ridiculous function, that of gratification, which attributes to sleep as its sole and only function⁹⁸⁰. Once I put black on white, I felt

⁹⁷⁷That is the impression that is expressed, in passing, in the parallelism that I establish between Freud and Neill in the note "Neill and the beyond the Wall – or thought, and being" (no. 89) , in which Freud is supposed to represent "thought," and Neill "being" (pages 192-193).

⁹⁷⁸My main reservation regarding these "partially founded" impressions, leaving aside those that I am going to formulate further down in the text, is that it is not absolutely accurate that Freud "only saw what he had previously decided that would see". With those dispositions he would not have been able to make the amazing discoveries he did! On the other hand, once those crucial discoveries were made, and once he had developed a theory tailored to obtain a clinical method, he had a tendency, I think, to cover everything with it, and not to see the facts more clearly. so through their theory, even when they were reluctant to enter into it.

⁹⁷⁹It is note no. 6, dated May 1, 1987. It refers to the section "All dreams come from the Dreamer" (no. 4), of the same day.

⁹⁸⁰This deliberate purpose of reducing the function of sleep to the search for a kind of "gain" (egotic or erotic) for me is associated with Darwin's deliberate purpose of see "competitiveness" as the great engine of Evolution. I think I see there the common mark, in both of them, of the spirit of their time, which is also that of our time; a spirit that highlights the values embodied by the ideas of profit and competition, and that is insensitive to the nature of creative processes and spiritual realities, of an order totally foreign to all profit, to all competition. Furthermore, I have the impression that in his work as a doctor, and especially in his work on dreams, Freud's deliberate purpose is practically a dead letter. For practical purposes, everything happens as if Freud attributed to the dream the crucial "function" that really is its own: that of being a "messenger."

However, something was wrong in what I had just written. In a sudden flash, without reflection or anything, I must have glimpsed who Freud⁹⁸¹ was. After all, I well knew that in the adventure of discovery, mistakes are always, always part of the itinerary! Without them, would there still be adventure? And even the most colossal errors do not diminish in any way the greatness of the pioneer who, the first, has opened the great gaps. Only he, who had seen something (an entire unsuspected world!), where no one had seen anything for millennia – only he could make those mistakes (like other so many fertile provocations to be revealed and overcome...), there where no one else could even dream of opening their mouth to venture the slightest approximation, the slightest idea, about something that still exists! It didn't exist!

Thus, I hasten to add a last paragraph to my peremptory note, as a kind of honorable amendment. It was the "homage to Sigmund Freud", the tribute to the great pioneer in our understanding (among others) of sleep, and his irreplaceable role as interpreter of the Unconscious. Once the paragraph was written, I myself was surprised by its almost dithyrambic appearance, after two pages of rather sarcastic tonalities. But I trusted what had come to me as if by infused science, even though I knew nothing! It was only from the month of October, taking advantage of the mid-lumbago period, when I had time to do some research on Freud. I was rewarded, discovering in him one of the deepest, finest, and also most honest men that I have ever encountered; one of those, I think, that I would not get tired of frequenting (if God still gives me the time to read it⁹⁸²). And I also had ample opportunity to convince myself that my May Day "dithyramb" was not out of place. I just reread it, and I don't see anything to correct.

I have already expressed myself more than once, in the pages of this book, about the scope and meaning of Freud's mission⁹⁸³. Here above all I would like to review the most important ideas about the psyche (according to me) to which his name will remain inextricably linked.

Of course, I would be unable to enumerate, much less evaluate, his contributions to psychiatry, which for me is unknown territory. Furthermore, I am not particularly interested in the psychology of the mentally ill (although I have had to face it), but rather that of "everyone" and, more than any other, that of my modest person! But I have not finished separating my topic from that of psychiatry, when the thought is already imposed that deep down "everyone" in the modern world is, more or less, "mentally ill." Modern man is psychologically ill⁹⁸⁴, unbalanced in a thousand ways. (And I don't pretend to be a

of the Unconscious." But in his theoretical thinking, he tends to consider this "messenger" quality of the dream as a secondary circumstance, as a kind of happy coincidence in short: that due to this search for gratification at any price, the Unconscious (like a mouse attracted by bait...) he was providentially handed over to the analysts on the lookout...

981A careful reading of CG Jung's autobiography, in which he, as if nothing had happened, systematically strives to criticize Freud, had already had on me the opposite effect of the one sought: those childish maneuvers made me They revealed for the first time, so to speak in the negative, the exceptional stature of the man that Jung, who was greatly inspired by him to say the least, strives to lower with airs of paternal condescension. That reading, and the reflection made with notes of readings for a month (from January 16 to February 15, 1985), constituted an unforeseen intermediate in the writing of *Cosechas y Siembras*. I hope to one day bring to a successful conclusion that reflection already begun, and publish it as a fifth part of *Cosechas y Siembras*. See also the later note (inserted in chapter IX, from May of last year) "Witness for the prosecution – or the ill-loved master" (no. 982The day after).

writing these lines, interrupting for two days the writing of *The Key to Dreams*, I took time to read an interesting compilation of more or less autobiographical texts from the pen of Freud , published as a paperback at Fischer Verlag: "Selbstdarstellung – Schriften zur Geschichte der Psychoanalyse" (1971), with a sensitively and intelligently written introduction and annotations by Ilse Grubrich-Simitis. She is also co-editor, with Ernst and Lucie Freud, from a very interesting biography with photos of Freud – the first biography of Freud that I had in my hands, last October! ("Sigmund Freud – sein Leben in Bildern und Texten ", Suhrkamp Verlag.)

983For the main passages in which I express myself on this topic, see a note at the foot of page 286, 984That is not something special about "modern man." This "childhood illness" has lasted for millennia! But this disease is now in its final state of crisis, and today's man is surely sicker than he ever was in the past.

exception to the rule, if not the most because I am on the path to recovery...) I don't know if Freud has ever said it with such crudeness: that we were all mentally ill . But even if he kept from saying it in those terms (maybe not even in his heart?), he knew it better than anyone, of course. Without a doubt, this is nothing more than another way of expressing what in the Jewish religion of their ancestors, as well as in the Christian religion (and to make matters worse in many others), is expressed with the term nebulous and heavy. loaded with "original sin". But Freud dared to go beyond this nebulous language that very often eludes and exorcises, because it does not lead us to face the facts. If there is anyone who has dared throughout a lifetime to confront them, the hidden and disturbing facts that everyone always avoids, it is him. That is its greatness.

That disease of modern man, or simply of "civilized man," that Freud discovered, can be called the fear of knowing, and above all the fear of knowing oneself⁹⁸⁵. For him, this disease is congenital and irremediable, inseparable from the human condition. Has there been a living soul, since there have been men on earth, or at least since man has developed a conscious thought capable of understanding himself – has there been only one that is exempt? Freud spent his life probing this illness in every sense, and revealing and studying its thousand and one symptoms, from furious madness to the most anodyne facts and gestures of everyday life, the thoughts more fugitive, the dreams more evanescent... He tried harder than better to unravel its general laws, its more or less removable mechanisms, of more or less predictable evolution. . At some point he must have been proud of having achieved it, of having finally made the inventory; Just as Darwin before him must have prided himself, at times, on having grasped the "trick" that made (like an immense mechanical clock...) tick that grandiose Evolution of which he himself It was (in his own vision) a tiny gear, making its erratic movement before stopping forever and ever.... But surely, in the moments of greatest clarity, both must have felt well that neither Evolution, nor the human soul, can be captured in the meshes of ideas and words, they cannot be described by the stroke of gears...

Freud's contribution to our knowledge of ourselves seems to me to consist, essentially, in three great ideas, or rather, in the discovery of three fundamental facts about the human psyche. They are also, it seems to me, the three main facts that are at the basis of all knowledge, however shallow, of ourselves. All of his subsequent work⁹⁸⁶ consisted above all in developing these ideas in a systematic and rigorous way, and in making a first prospectus of that new world that they open to us in the knowledge of man and ourselves. Along the way, he could not stop raising new theories, and even erecting dogmas that he would have liked to be intangible.

Theories and dogmas pass, one after the other like different envelopes, of fresh and broad things, whose role is to nourish and protect. Over time they become narrow, dry out, and eventually fall off on their own to be replaced by new things that have formed in the meantime. Great ideas remain. Full of life, they grow, sprout, give birth and transform while always remaining themselves...

Freud⁹⁸⁷'s first great idea refers to the Unconscious. First of all, the existence

985There has already been a little talk everywhere in *The Key of Dreams* about that fear and its many faces, and the flight from reality that it drives. We encounter it every moment in daily life! I touch on this topic from the first page of this book, and I find myself confronted with it throughout Chapter I, dedicated to the messenger dream. See more particularly the end of the section "The messenger dream – or the moment of truth" (no. 5), especially pages ??-???. See also, in the following chapters, the sections "Man is creative – or the power and fear of creating" (no. 44) and "The most absurd fact" (no. 56, 7 to).

986Let's say, his work from 1900, after the publication of his book "*The Interpretation of Dreams*", where his master ideas already appear very clearly.

987If I speak here of "Freud's first great idea", it should not be understood in a chronological sense, but rather a logical one. The order in which I describe Freud's three great ideas also corresponds (I only realized later) to the chronological order of my own itinerary. (I discovered the Unconscious in me in 1976, the omnipresence

itself of an Unconscious – of a vast submerged part of the psyche, hidden from the conscious gaze. On the other hand, the omnipresence of that Unconscious: the Unconscious is everywhere, from the small acts and gestures, the attitudes and behaviors of everyday life, to the fundamental choices (both conscious and unconscious) that direct and shape our existence.

A supposed knowledge of the psyche that ignores the Unconscious only has knowledge of the name. I dare say that before Freud discovered the Unconscious, there was no knowledge of the psyche worthy of the name, not even the beginning of an understanding of the smallest psychic facts. It really is something absurd⁹⁸⁸, something unimaginable that it has taken all that time before man finally begins to stammer the first ABC in the knowledge of himself: that he finally has knowledge of the existence of an Unconscious – of the depth of the reality that is hidden behind the laughable screen, behind the three-to-a-quarter façade that “naïve” conscious knowledge presents to us. Some say that Freud was the first to found a psychological science. Others claim that Freud's psychoanalysis “is not scientific” (and Freud and his followers go out of their way to refute them...). But I care little about whether Freud's great discoveries, starting with the Unconscious, are “scientific” or not. They reveal to us a reality infinitely more important and equally tangible than anything that has ever sailed under the name of “science.” If they are not scientists, so much the worse for what we call “science” today. If it is incapable of assimilating the fundamental facts of the psyche, it is because it has already dried up and is condemned to fall shortly and disappear, like a dead pod that is overtaken by time, which has stopped nourishing and to protect. Let it fall!

To fully see the existence of the Unconscious and its omnipresence is also to see the “escape process” in all its unimaginable scope⁹⁸⁹: there is all that immense submerged part of the psyche, which we have decided to ignore to anyone. price⁹⁹⁰, and that “acts” in us, like a drifting ship stirred by the eddies of the depths, or a puppet moved by invisible strings that is very secretive. Thus we guard against knowing the true motives of our actions behind the façade of noble appearances. Just as we also keep away (except when it is convenient for us by chance) to know what we nevertheless clearly perceive, and know perfectly (playing idiots...)

That “idiot game” so widespread, in that immense House of Madmen that is the World of men (God knows since when...), it seems that Freud was the first to take note of it in all its unimaginable acuity. Blessed be he, for daring, alone, to believe in the testimony of his healthy faculties! It's not that his faculties were different or better than everyone else's. In his time and in all ages, there were thousands or perhaps millions of beings no less gifted than he. The point is not to have eyes, you need to use them. From the moment it comes to looking at what is happening in oneself and in the people around us, everyone rushes, as one man, to close them. How can we be surprised, when we see the desolate spectacle, and the role of leper, of scarecrow, in which he found himself for the mere fact that he had his eyes open and was looking – how can we be surprised? that his view of the world has been somewhat “pessimistic”! And rightly so, I would like to see someone else in his place, cleaning those casts that no one had ever cleaned.

of Eros in 1978 and 1979, and finally the fact that all dreams have a meaning and that their role is to reveal our unconscious life to us, in 1982.)

988I expand on this “absurd” impression in the aforementioned sub-subsection (in which Freud is also considered the first to feel it...), “The most absurd fact” (not 56, 7 a).

989See the text cited in the previous footnote, as well as the references in a footnote on page 392.

990The “submerged part” that we are referring to here is, let it be understood well, the superficial and middle Unconscious, that is, the great Storage Room or the Trash Can, the Tailor's Drawer where everything that displeases and bothers the “I conscious.” This is above all what Freud saw in the Unconscious, the great focus of infection in short, before which he saw himself in the role of doctor, in charge of remedying it for better or worse. It should not be confused with the deepest layers of the Unconscious, which is the seat of all the creative processes of the psyche. (While the middle Unconscious can be seen as the seat of “psychic mechanics”, and more particularly of escape mechanisms.)

before him. It took a lot of courage, yes, not to "crack" – not to quietly close his eyes, like everyone else, and stop "overcoming"; or literally, as many others had already done (for example his clients), pretend to be crazy, allowing himself a tour of the asylum. But (praise be!) he stood his ground...

(141) Freud (2): Eros is everywhere – or the acrobats and the warrior⁹⁹¹

The second idea of Freud that I would like to evoke refers to Eros, the erotic drive or the sex drive, or also (as he called it) "the libido." Unlike the Unconscious, which no one had ever pointed out, Eros had not gone completely unnoticed. Hadn't it been thousands of years since poets sang about the eyes of the beloved, and sometimes even the neck, but without daring to descend any lower? Sometimes some sad deviant (among whom Plato, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Shelley, Whitman, to name a few...) even sang the charms of male loves. And after playwrights, comedians and novelists compete to paint human existence for us, the crux of history, a hundred times against one, is always whether the hero will marry the heroine, or whether one or another or both at the same time will not rather die of love.

For the historian, for the detective, it is also similar: the "cherchez la femme" is the basic thing of their art! As for Science, the last to realize something, if it did not ignore certain anatomical organs with Latin names with a guarantee of toilets, it did not deal with the erotic drive in the being. human (oh – just a moment!) other than with closed lips and a nose clip. These airs must have been part (according to the Unconscious!) of the heavy Judeo-Christian heritage, perhaps unauthorized, but no less active.

Freud was the first wise man, or at least one of the first⁹⁹², to remove the nose clip and take the trouble to look carefully (and if necessary sniff...), without sparing time and trouble. In revenge, he shielded himself, like his medical colleagues, anatomists and physiologists, with an erudite language, tailored to size and duly boring and impermeable to the layman.

It is easily understood that for him, as a doctor and scholar, this was a mere matter of survival. With the help of human inertia, this scholarly and insulating envelope remained attached to the Freudian heritage for a generation or two after Freud's death (in 1939). It's just starting to break off and fall. (Now an esoteric jargon takes over from the scholarly jargon.)

Freud's great new idea about Eros, and his first great discovery about the psyche, is the omnipresence of Eros. This discovery is also, as it should be, the one that was going to cause him the most problems. Even today, one hundred years after that crucial discovery, those problems are far from over. Certainly, they had realized for a long time that even where it does not appear, as soon as one looks closer, one sees that Eros shows his ear (or his quiver...) . It was a bit of a policeman's secret that the insolent boy had a tendency to sneak in even there (and especially there) where his presence seemed out of place, and sometimes (gasp...) even in the confessional and the priest's bed, and even (oh sacrilegious!) even

⁹⁹¹Continuation of the previous note, "Freud (1): the Unconscious – or discovery of the House of Fools". See the note at the foot of page 389, at the beginning of said note.

⁹⁹²Here it is appropriate to mention above all Havelock Ellis, a contemporary of Freud (1859-1939) and three years younger, and a doctor like him. His monumental "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" (in seven volumes) was published between 1897 (the year in which Freud made his first self-analyses and discovered the Oedipus complex in the process) and 1928. Furthermore, in Last century there was a whole group of authors, especially in Germany, most (I think) without a particular scientific vocation, who wrote on the topic of sexual inversion, and who Edward Carpenter quotes abundantly in his own book on that subject, "The Intermediate Sex" (and especially in the copious appendix to that book). These are KH Ulrichs, Dr. Albert Moll, Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, Otto Weininger, O. de Joux, and finally (in England and in addition to Carpenter) the poet J. Addington Symonds (1840-1893). I just saw (in the Webster Biographical Dictionary) that he is also owed a biography (which I had never heard of) of Walt Whitman, published in 1893, the same year of the death of Symonds and a year after the death of Whitman. It is truly strange that Whitman's later biographers seem to completely ignore Symonds's biography, as if by common agreement...

in the dreams and visions of the saints. But those types of observations, those forebodings and those suspicions were sporadic, epidermal. They were nothing more than small (and sometimes big) "pranks", in short, of the unbearable scoundrel of the quiver, which once met in passing they were quick to forget; the exceptions at most (a little scabrous, a little mischievous...) that confirmed the rule: Eros acts in the bed of the spouses, to create offspring in order to perpetuate the race, and period, that's it!

With Freud, the song is very different. Rather, it would be the opposite "rule", and almost without exception: Eros is everywhere⁹⁹³ – and especially where one least expects it. It is present, in raw form or in "sublimated" form, in all the facts and gestures (so to speak) of psychic life. The more important these actions and gestures are, the more certain you can be that Eros is lurking there and pulling the strings, often incognito. That is at least, roughly speaking, the vision of Freud himself. (And except for nuances⁹⁹⁴, I subscribe entirely.)

It must be remembered that other men, very few men and isolated ones it must be said, had felt this same crucial fact in human existence long before Freud and had expressed it forcefully, each in his own way and in his own way. language, in the light of his own experience. I think here, of course, of my two "mutants" Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter⁹⁹⁵. I have had ample opportunity to evoke that aspect, a crucial aspect among all, of their missions⁹⁹⁶. Both had felt in Eros, in the drive of sex, the great vital force that pulsed through their own being as through everything⁹⁹⁷. Carpenter saw very clearly, furthermore, to what extent in "civilized" man, and even more so in modern man, this drive, forced to open a dark path through underground pathways, In other words, it had deviated, degraded, to the extent that it was castrated from its regenerative, creative cosmic quality. Because of that lucid vision of what is perhaps the greatest flaw of what we call "civilization", he was already very close to Freud. But it is likely that Freud was unaware of everything about Whitman and even Carpenter, whose names he undoubtedly never heard pronounced. Furthermore, the approach of the psychiatrist Freud is as different from that of Whitman as it is from that of Carpenter, whose knowledge of sex is

⁹⁹³Note that "Eros is everywhere" already appears as the subtitle of the first "copla" of the "ABC of sex (in five couplets)" (note no. 100), in which I try to give an idea of the Edward Carpenter's vision of sex, a vision that in some aspects already prefigures that of Freud.

⁹⁹⁴The main "nuance" that I would bring is that you are better in the nature of what I call the "I" or the "ego" (or "the Patron", or "the Intendant" – v' ease the note "The little family and its Guest", not 1) pulling the strings, even if you have to use the brute force of Eros to make your Circus spin; but more than once it happens, in that game, that he is overwhelmed by the unexpected fierceness of Eros! I see the roles of Eros and the ego (aka "the Patron") inextricably mixed, but the two characters are very different, you represent forces of a totally different nature. If, as Freud confirms, Eros plays such an invasive role in the Unconscious, it is because the ego, in its desire to use it for its purposes, relentlessly closes its avenues of spontaneous expression. Eros is not invasive by nature, it becomes so under the effect of the repression exerted on it by the ego. Rather, it is the self that seems invasive by nature to me, at least in the "civilizational" state of humanity (a state about to come to an end...). It even seems to me that this invasive character of the self is the key symptom of humanity's "childhood illness." It is the self, a reflection of Society, that is sick, and not Eros, whose roots go much deeper than any society, further than the human species itself.

⁹⁹⁵It is advisable to also add Schopenhauer to them. I learned, very recently, of an astonishing passage from his pen, cited in extenso by Ilse Grubrich-Symits in the compilation of Freud's texts cited in the previous note (footnote on page 391). , loc. cit. page 229. It is taken from chapter 42 ("The life of the species") of the treatise "The World as Will and Representation". It seems that this penetrating passage, about the omnipresence of sex behind all the veils with which it is covered to hide it, is unique in Schopenhauer's work. In this Schopenhauer separates himself from men like Whitman, Carpenter and Freud, each of whom has made his mission to make known a new vision of sex, and who have faithfully carried out that heavy mission all their lives. 'on. See the note "Emergence of the ABC of sex – or learning that the earth is round..." (no. 99).

⁹⁹⁶See especially the note (no. 99) that I just cited, as well as the notes "Two Prometheans for a Mission" (no. 78) and "Edward Carpenter (1) – or the child's gaze" (no. 96).

⁹⁹⁷Compare with the section "Eros – or power" (no. 39).

⁹⁹⁸On the other hand, as I have already pointed out, Carpenter had little or a lot of knowledge of Freud's work (12 years his junior), and occasionally cites him in his latest books. For the relationships between Carpenter's thinking and Freud's on the topic of sex, see the reflection in the aforementioned notes (nos. 99, 100) on the "ABC of sex."

deeply rooted in his intimate life, it is not certain that if Freud had known the work of one or the other, he would have known how to feel the convergence of his mission with theirs. His point of view as a psychiatrist; his crude and cold illumination with a thought that is prohibited from being anything other than "scientific" according to the canons accepted in his time, strongly internalized by him; its deliberately technical and abstract language, made to create an infinite distance between the spirit that probes and the reality probed; In short, the public to which Freud addresses, made up of his medical or learned colleagues or, if anything (and in a second moment) by the most enlightened intelligentsia of his time – all of this differentiates the Freud's work from that of his two great predecessors, that his contribution and theirs are cut as little as possible for two vast and penetrating visions of a single and the same reality.

But the essential originality, the radical novelty of Freud's approach to sex, is that Freud knows how to look at the psyche from a somewhat "submerged" point of view – the point of view of the Unconscious. This plays a role here analogous to that of the famous "fourth dimension" in physics. What before Freud had been taken as "the psyche" now appears as only the surface, like the thin skin of a juicy and deep fruit, whose interior is that Unconscious that had always been neglected to notice. Or rather, it is like the surface of a modest pond, beneath which a bottomless ocean would extend to infinity! And what had been noted before Freud as the more or less erratic eruptions of Eros in human existence, now appears as the sporadic efflorescences, on the surface, of processes and events that develop in the more or less remote depths of the Unconscious. And if, as has just been said, the Unconscious is everywhere in the life of the psyche (certainly including everything that is visible on the screen of consciousness), Eros alias "Sex" is everywhere. the unconscious. And for Freud that "for everything" is practically without exception.

Even today⁹⁹⁹ I hear Freud called everything (sexually obsessed, neurotic, stupid sectarian, irresponsible whose influence would have done incalculable harm...), so much does this capital discovery continue to shock minds, including the most illustrated. Such is the price of the very rare courage of lucidity! The more crucial a discovery is about our knowledge of ourselves, the more it affects us neurologically, and the more infallibly and lastingly it must trigger such reactions. Even before Freud, Whitman and Carpenter and other courageous precursors of the new vision of sex¹⁰⁰⁰ they had to face such storms, without losing their courage they did not allow themselves to be derailed. That is their common greatness, that is why we will be their debtors forever and ever! But no one knows better than Freud to what extent any rational discussion in response to such reactions is wasted time. For even if they are presented with the appearances (always lame...) of rational arguments, the origin of these reactions is alien to reason and is located in the murkiest regions of the Unconscious. Any discussion about an issue that requires taking into account the action of the Unconscious (therefore about no matter what issue that affects the human psyche more or less), between people who have never If you have bothered to probe the underground stables of your own psyche, it is simply noise for nothing. It is like colorblind people discussing colors, deaf from birth discussing music, or high school students who have not understood the first ABC of algebra and who, because they had a book by Riemann in their hands, became confused. understood air to talk about Abelian integrals. Great ideas, those that go against the most inveterate habits of thinking and, furthermore, of feeling, do not end up spreading by dint of discussions.

⁹⁹⁹Instead of "still today", perhaps it would be more appropriate to write: today more than ever in the five decades that have passed since Freud's death. I have seemed to feel the signs of a kind of unconditional and good-natured "anti-Freud reaction", which goes so far as to throw the Unconscious overboard (as a morbid and non-scientific speculation). and sleep (as meaningless "psychic waste"). Freud seems, in short, a kind of trash-picker who is a bit perverse in his underbelly. These signs of a regression towards the platitudes of "psychology" from a century ago would seem alarming to me, if I did not know that they are part of the ultimate state of cultural decomposition that precedes the great renewal. on...

¹⁰⁰⁰For some of these predecessors, see a note at the bottom of page 394.

progressively, and eventually becoming an inalienable part of common knowledge. It is due to time. God, who has been creating the World for ten billion years and who is far from finishing it, is a very patient God. And we men, His collaborators and emulators (at least those of us who have entered into His mission...), greatly need to learn to be patient like Him.

Even among those who have a true knowledge of the Unconscious, based on first-hand and well-traveled experience, there are those who at times find that "Freud exaggerates" with his insistence on sexual motivation. With Freud, some say, there is no way to smoke a cigarette without seeing malice! Or again, such a psychiatrist would claim, perhaps rightly, that he has cured neuroses whose analysis (according to him) revealed an origin that could not reasonably be called "sexual"; while Freud is categorical: all neuroses would have a sexual origin. I myself have sometimes had the impression that I was exaggerating and at times, I admit, I have felt irritated. Now I tell myself that, given the circumstances, it could not be any other way. Freud was not the good God incarnate. He was a man like you and me, subject like everyone else to the laws of action and reaction. He had to act under prodigious psychic pressures that weighed on him to stifle his work. For very long years he had to carry out his work in total solitude, ignored by everyone or treated with condescension, like a storyteller with undesirable inclinations; waiting, as soon as his ideas began to have any audience, that a storm of virtuous and indignant indignation would descend upon him. With its mores and its less, that storm followed him throughout his life, it was the price he had to pay for the heavy privilege of dedicating his life to developing priceless knowledge that no one, deep down, wants. He had to put on armor, or be crushed. He put on his armor. A man of extreme finesse, under the pressure of blind contradiction, often malicious, rather than give in, rather than sweeten his message with a seductive dance to conquer an audience (like others less honest than it didn't take them long to do it, while they decorated themselves with their laurels...), hardened. It was not the time for serene nuances, but for combat! To carry a message of that magnitude, a dancer or an acrobat was not needed, but a warrior.

At the level of intellect, the creative act par excellence is the one that discovers the great laws that govern the World and existence. Once the law is discovered, it is only a matter, with patience and over generations, of circumscribing its limits, of inventorying its exceptions (if there are exceptions). These limits and exceptions, even if they had not been foreseen by the one who discovered the law and was the first to sense its scope, do not diminish even one little the greatness of the act of discovery and the fidelity to carry it to completion. . On the contrary, they follow from that act. The knowledge we later acquire about the limitations of the law is a progeny of the initial act of discovery. It takes great ignorance about the essence of creation not to feel such evidence.

Perhaps nowadays an experienced psychiatrist, working in calm conditions with a secure clientele, will find with complete impartiality that one neurosis out of a hundred, or even (but I doubt it) one out of ten, is not of sexual origin. . One hundred years ago, when Freud became a psychiatrist (he had to earn a living!), neither he nor anyone else had the slightest suspicion that neurosis could have a psychic origin. sexual. See that the majority of neuroses are of a psychic nature, and not organic or physiological as was claimed by the unanimous consensus of the doctors of their time (according to the everlasting m'axima: "look for the mechanics!"), was already a great discovery. One of the greatest without a doubt and (placed in its context) one of the most daring in psychiatry. Discovering, furthermore, that "psychic" neuroses are (in general) of sexual origin, is a much deeper, even more daring, discovery.

Freud paid to know it. He had ample opportunity to feel all the prodigious power of the taboo of sex weigh on him. In the spiritual history of our species, this is, without a doubt, one of the most heartbreakingly, most crucial acts of knowledge, perhaps the most decisive advance¹⁰⁰¹.

¹⁰⁰¹The "most decisive advance" at least in the history of knowledge. See the reflection in the note "Two

A Promethean advance, yes, the first great step in the discovery of the psyche, the unknown Great De. After that, the rest would be in addition, almost by itself, by the logic of a "normal" creative thought¹⁰⁰², both in the work of Freud himself and in that of his successors. Sores. (Including those who, comfortably installed in the gap he had opened, later looked over their shoulders¹⁰⁰³.) There are, among others, the nuances that must be made to Freud's master ideas. It is up to us, his heirs, to highlight the exceptions to the "rules" (sometimes a little blunt, even frankly false) that he had believed he could enunciate...

(142) Freud (3): The dream, messenger of the Unconscious – or the pod and the fruit...¹⁰⁰⁴

Let us turn to Freud's third crucial discovery, inextricably linked to the previous ones. It refers to sleep. (The same thing, then, which is supposed to be the object of this book called *The Key to Dreams*, and which after nine hundred pages seems rather forgotten!) A topic, if ever there was one, that was not at all in accordance with the pure and simple scientific spirit of its time (or ours)! (Of which, however, he was very impregnated like any other "up-to-date" wise man of his time.) Perhaps it was to compensate for the regrettable impression that he could not fail to create in people by something so inconsistent, impalpable, far-fetched (to say the least) like the dream, which is why Freud was careful to distance himself in such a categorical and systematic way from the traditional ways of seeing and feeling the dream, its nature, its role, its scope. These are all superstitions! He, Freud, was going to do a scientific work, that's what it says! And surely his theoretical work on sleep, and perhaps even his work as a doctor¹⁰⁰⁵, has suffered from this deliberate purpose of making a clean slate, of repudiating ancestral intuitions en bloc; the "same" deliberate purpose, I believe, as the one that made him almost totally ignore the existence of another Unconscious, of a "deep Unconscious", located beyond the one he had already discovered, of the great Trastero, a great dumping ground for farces and mischief, which he had set out to explore...

Prometheans for a Mission" (no. 78).

¹⁰⁰²The day after writing this line, I read the compilation of Freud's "autobiographical" texts commented by Ilse Grubrich-Symitis, mentioned in a footnote on page 391. Afterwards it is from that reading that I think I see Freud's itinerary more clearly. The moment in which he begins and deepens what he calls a "self-analysis", that is, when he begins to know his own Unconscious (in 1887), seems to me now to be even more neurological than that (evoked in the main text) in which he discovers the psychological and sexual origin of neuroses. It is true that this first discovery is what was going to guide him "logically" when faced with the option of verifying "objective" discoveries in his own person, that is, to begin to know himself. But it is that step, which had to be taken, that was going to set in motion the most vehement resistance. It seems to me that this was the most decisive test of his fidelity to his mission. Only by crossing it was his adventure going to leave the plane of a medical or scientific vocation without further ado, to take on a unique spiritual dimension. It was also through this act that his knowledge of the psyche "in general", acquired by observing others (and especially his patients), was to have much deeper roots than any merely practical or intellectual knowledge. From now on he will merge with him, he will have the quality not only of simple "knowing", but of a new maturity – new in himself, and new in the human species. Then he crossed a threshold, which he was undoubtedly the first man to cross. Then the Sigmund Freud we know was born, called to forever enter the history of the human spirit.

¹⁰⁰³I think here particularly of CG Jung, who today more than ever plays the role of a kind of pope of a highly erudite and scientific, and odorless "spirituality" to pleasure...

¹⁰⁰⁴Continuation of the previous note "Freud (2): Eros is everywhere – or the acrobats and the warrior." See a note at the bottom of page 389.

¹⁰⁰⁵However, I suspect that his work as a doctor has suffered from these "deliberate purposes" less than one might think. After all, if despite his bad reputation among scandalized colleagues, patients flocked, it means that at least among them (and that's what counts!) he had to go through a good time. Edic. But I suppose that in his work with the sick he had to follow his immediate intuition, illuminated and guided by some of his master ideas, rather than the letter of the theories he had developed. Compare with the comments on Rudolf Steiner in the note "The chaff and the grain (1): R. Steiner and the science of tomorrow" (no. 124), especially page 325, and also with a note at the bottom of page 390 (about the limited function that Freud assigns to dreams, without his work on dreams seeming seriously affected).

But these observations are also incidental. My purpose here is not to put my finger on Freud's earmuffs (he had his own like each of us), but to bring to light his great discoveries. Freud's great discovery about dreams is that dreams are the messenger par excellence of the Unconscious. And to tell the truth, his discovery and his exploration of the Unconscious are inseparable from his discovery of that role of dream¹⁰⁰⁶, and from his systematic exploration of dream and the language of dream. If Freud acquired something more than a vague intuition about the bare existence of that famous Unconscious, as elusive, as elusive (one might believe) as the atoms and electrons of physicists, if in this subject was able to develop a deep knowledge and a lively, precise and delicate intuition, it was thanks to his tireless work, constantly taken up and never finished, on dreams: first on the dreams of his patients, but later it is also (and this is a crucial turn in his work) about his own dreams. The very heart of his new doctrine is his theory of sleep. The book that he considers the masterpiece of his life is "The Interpretation of Dreams", where he exposes that theory. A book, he said, like a man only writes once in his life...

That book is from 1900, the first year of this century. Freud was forty-four years old. Forty-four years well spent! During the previous four or five years he had unraveled the master ideas that he was called to contribute to the World. He would spend his remaining thirty-nine years tirelessly developing those great force-ideas, which at that moment he was still the only being in the world who sensed all their immense scope.

Today, as before, it is a fascinating book, with an extraordinary wealth of ideas, penetrating observations, and also concrete examples, judiciously commented. No one doubts that it is the appearance of that book with an unusual title (an appearance that went almost unnoticed in the scholarly world...) that marks the birth, with the century, of a "science of the psyche" worthy of that name. (And I hope, in the coming years, to find free time to reread it, and this time in its entirety!)

As for the "theory of sleep" itself that he develops, it is not surprising that it has aged a lot. It was one of the pods, the first, that surround a great living and fertile idea, or a living bundle of such ideas. The pod dried up and is dead, and will be followed by others that will also dry up and fall in turn. No theory exhausts a great idea, no book or library will ever contain the ultimate secret of sleep! And the understanding of dream that I propose in *The Key to Dreams*, which I have carried and matured in my life over the last twelve years, is no exception. It is one pod among others, also destined to die and fall.

The fertile idea, like a grain from which a stem will emerge, then buds that will unfold into leaves and flowers, each one ripening its fruit to sow other grains in the wind – it does not die. It is her nature to grow and transform, without ever ceasing to be herself. Through its growth and metamorphoses, like the soul of the one who conceived it, it is immortal.

(143) Freud (4): repression, resistance and the game of idiots... (March 30 and

April 1-2)¹⁰⁰⁷ In the three previous notes, dedicated to Freud, I certainly do not claim to have made a summary, however succinct, of Freud's thinking on the psyche, only of the main notions he introduced to capture psychic reality. I have limited myself to highlighting in turn three great ideas of Freud, which seem to me to be particularly fundamental for the understanding of the psyche. It is certainly not an exaggeration to say that the rest

1006 See the note at the foot of page 390 that I just cited.

1007 Continuation of the previous note "Freud (3): the dream, messenger of the unconscious – or the pod and the fruit...". This note and the following one were written in one go, the first draft on March 30, in clean type on April 1, the footnotes on April 2. The separation into two was made after the first draft.

For the main topic of this note, namely "resistance", I also refer to last year's reflection, in the section "The forbidden fruit (1): resistance and suffering of the creator" (no. 56, 60).

Freud's discoveries and the notions he introduced are directly related to at least one of these master ideas¹⁰⁰⁸, either because they follow directly from it, or because they specify and complete it. Today¹⁰⁰⁹ I would like to develop some "Freudian" complements in that sense, placing them at the same time in my personal experience.

With regard to these three great fundamental ideas (about the existence of the Unconscious and its omnipresence in psychic life, about the omnipresence of the erotic drive, and finally about the role of dreams as the indispensable revealer of the Unconscious), I can say that since twelve years ago meditation entered my life¹⁰¹⁰, I had ample opportunity to verify day after day its validity, both throughout from the same work of meditation as from the daily observations of daily life. These "ideas" were imposed on me, not from theoretical readings by Freud or others, but at the beginning as irrefutable realities, which were revealed in contact with the same psychic reality, both in myself and in others. the rest. Ignoring them, as practically everyone ignores them today¹⁰¹¹, in everyday life and especially in one's relationship with oneself, is a bit like believing that one uses one's eyes when one manages to "see" without perceiving the relief and depth that structure the field of vision, nor the color and the infinitely varied intensities of light and shadow, nor, finally, the incessant movement and size relations of the things perceived. Taking into account the Unconscious is how our vision of the psyche acquires relief and depth, the presence of the drive adds lights and shadows and the entire range of colors, and is the message of the dream. Not the one that informs us of the psychic dynamics and gives their proper place to the essential and the accessory. To ignore these fundamental "three dimensions" of the psyche is to be content, to apprehend what happens around us and in us, with flat, grayish and rigorously static clichés. That was my own case for most of my life. I ended up getting tired (better late than never!) and finally deciding to make full use of my healthy faculties...

I have already pointed out that seeing the Unconscious is also seeing the process of escape¹⁰¹². I have not come across that term¹⁰¹³, nor any other more or less equivalent one, in Freud's pen. Perhaps it is because of the concern of not shocking his interlocutors more than he was already forced to do to get his message across; Or because the term "escape" does not have the "scientific" connotation that Freud liked so much? Instead he speaks of "repression": the Unconscious that he had discovered, and that questioned him incessantly, is made up of everything that "the self", reigning as master over the field of consciousness¹⁰¹⁴, does not let it appear, for all that has

¹⁰⁰⁸Furthermore, I cannot conceive of a somewhat profound reflection on the psyche that ignores the three master ideas in question, whether from Freud himself or from anyone else!

¹⁰⁰⁹This "today" has ended up stretching out to an entire week. The "complements" in question are part of this note and the two following notes, and each one takes up some "complements" to one of those three "master ideas."

¹⁰¹⁰I remember that by "meditation" I mean a work of self-discovery, which in my case is always writing. On the topic of the entry of meditation into my life, see the section "The forbidden fruit (1): ..." (no. 56, 60) cited in the first footnote of p. agina. He pointed out that regarding the existence of the Unconscious, he had already had ample opportunity to verify its existence in others since the previous years, through the "escape process" made evident by Krishnamurti. But like the Master himself, he saw the escape only in others, so that this realization, repeated a hundred times, remained spiritually sterile.

¹⁰¹¹Of course that "ignorance" does not refer to what happens on a conscious level. The Unconscious knows perfectly well the existence of the Unconscious, both in oneself and in others, and takes advantage of that knowledge with mastery...

¹⁰¹²See the note "Freud (1): the Unconscious – or discovery of the Asylum", page 393.

¹⁰¹³"Flight" is the term that Krishnamurti introduced, and it says well what it has to say. Here and in what follows, by "Unconscious" I mean the Unconscious discovered by Freud, or the superficial (or "subconscious") and middle unconscious, excluding the deep layers of the psyche (or "deep unconscious"). Realizing in oneself this Unconscious, the great Dungheap, is the first step, the decisive step, in the adventure of self-discovery, it is the one that brings into play the entire arsenal of resistances that we are going to see. There is nothing in common between an even theoretically perfect discourse on the Unconscious, and the decisive act that is that step. Visibly the majority of psychoanalysts (with Jung at the head...) never gave it.

¹⁰¹⁴Almost always, although it is not in the immutable nature of things, the self "reigns as master over the field

"repressed" out of conscious gaze, out of the light of day. All those things that are undesirable, or too desirable but shameful to be displayed in full light, the ego keeps repressed in the Unconscious for better or worse, winning the game over the other forces¹⁰¹⁵ that tend, on the contrary, to grant them a more or less expressive expression. less clear (like prisoners locked in dungeons, who insisted on making their presence known by banging messages on the walls of their cells or on the pipes...), or even bringing them to light. "Flight" is that amazing deliberate, practically universal purpose that emanates from the self, to ignore certain things that happen in us; almost everything, so to speak, everything that goes a little overboard, that does not conform to the usual clichés about oneself, including the most flagrant, most enormous things, those that literally they jump out at you. Must see! But it never fails...

It is always about things that we actually know very well, but "we suck our thumb": it is unconscious! And "with the best faith in the world" we play those who know nothing. In short, the process of escape consists of "playing idiots" with a disarmingly candid air, of which we are the first to be deceived. But if we stick with such force to that game, sometimes at the cost of bursting or, if necessary and there is no lack of means, of bursting the whole world, it means that someone in us cares. And now I often realize to what extent the cheetah delights in remaining silent in that game, deceiving as much as she can...

It seems that Freud was the first man in the history of our species to see clearly that truly absurd game, always, always looking like that; the first who found himself alone, with his eyes wide open, and dared to be aware of that amazing spectacle, to believe the testimony of his eyes in a world of beings who live blindly. And what he saw, he couldn't stop saying it, without sugarcoating the pill. That was his mission. They did not forgive him, and today less than ever. That was the price he had to pay, and he knew it better than anyone.

It seems miraculous to me, although no one, so to speak, has truly understood or seen what he saw (psychoanalysts no more than others...), for almost a century his thought has spread and it spreads incessantly, as if by a secret osmosis, in the great shapeless sponge called "Culture."

What he saw he said in his books, with clarity and frankness, without hiding anything and without looking at the price. But in his daily life, surely, he must have learned to look while remaining silent...

It must be more than strange to witness the same act of repression, at the very moment when conscious knowledge suddenly disappears through the trapdoor, as if by enchantment. It would seem that by its very nature this act will always escape the gaze of the observer. Can it be instantaneous? Or does it always take days or months, even years? I don't think I ever observed it while it was being done, neither at the time nor with a later memory¹⁰¹⁶.

It would seem that it can only be verified later and indirectly, by the accomplished fact – by the

of conscience." The true governing body of the psyche, "by divine right," is not the self, but the spirit. (See in this regard the note "The small family and its Guest", no. 1.) If it is faithful to such a function, at least it will have a voice in the chapter, and sometimes, when necessary, bring to light the desires, actions, motivations, memories, etc. that the self wanted to keep hidden. However, I doubt that, in the current state of psychic evolution of humanity, there exists or has existed a single being in which the spirit, that is, the true self, has complete dominion over the Unconscious (medium). That would practically mean that this Unconscious, to which we would have access at convenience, would no longer exist as such, in the sense in which Freud and the psychoanalysts understand it. It would no longer be the "chamber of horrors" locked and with bars, but rather a comfortable, more or less orderly attic, where the children go to play... Here and later I take the term "the self" as a synonym for "the ego" (see note 1 cited above). It is understood that this self is present in both the Conscious and the Unconscious (excluding, of course, the deep Unconscious).

1015These forces can spring either from Eros, or from the soul (and more precisely, from the spirit, or from the child within us), or from the Host, that is, from God, or ultimately from the self itself. . Indeed, the self is not a monolithic force, as its personification might suggest, but is divided within itself (just as a person is divided). It may very well happen that some egotic desires tend to make certain knowledge conscious or conscious, and other desires tend, on the contrary, to repress it.

1016Understand well that memory not only records the perceptions and movements of the psyche in the conscious field, but also at all levels of depth of the psyche. When we evoke a memory, or a

disappearance of what was previously known, or the ignorance of what is often obvious. That realization is certainly easier in others than in oneself! On the other hand, in the work of self-discovery, and also in the relationship with others (from the moment we recklessly began to want to draw attention to what must remain hidden), at every step we face resistance. That is the name, surely, that cannot fail to impose itself on anyone who has encountered them, whether in others or in oneself (assuming that one ever becomes aware of it...). These are forces, practically always unconscious, that oppose every action and every provocation (whether voluntary or not) that tends to make repressed knowledge conscious. It is, if you will, the effect of the same force of repression, but in a state of particular excitement, aroused by the intervention of everything that could have the effect of "letting go of the tongue", or of discover the cake a little.

When it happens in others, the infallible sign of resistance in action is the characteristic impression that the other is "playing idiots." Experience a hundred times, repeated a thousand times, has ended up teaching me that in such a case it is useless to insist¹⁰¹⁷! When it is in myself during meditation work, it is a no less characteristic feeling of inertia, of heaviness. One feels very stupid and stupid, without being able to say exactly how or why, with the indefinable impression of going around in circles, even of being content with words. It's useless then to keep going around like this, surely there is a small circus hidden there!

It is time to stop along the way, to look at what is happening right in front of our nose, at that very moment! That is when one is caught in the flagrante delicto of the greatest ineptitude, and when one bothers to look closely, one is sure to always learn something new, and precisely the most interesting things!

It was only in 1980, almost four years after having discovered meditation, that I began to realize the insidious and persistent presence, practically omnipresent, of forces of resistance in the work of meditation. 'on. It was after having decided, by a sudden inspiration, to take an excursion through my childhood, and after bringing to light, for a few weeks, crucial and ignored events of my first eight years of life. It is not that resistance had been absent in the previous four years. But except on rare occasions when I had to face them, so to speak, hand to hand¹⁰¹⁸, I didn't notice anything. If I had been more cautious and less naive, I would not have waited so long before returning to my childhood, an entire life buried. During those four years I acted as if that childhood did not really affect me, as if taking care of it had been almost foolish, a way of avoiding (how good!) all those things that were so current and pressing, that would demand all my attention! The best of all is that just as before (before October 1976) I was convinced that everyone had an Unconscious (and not raising worms...) except me, and I knew by heart¹⁰¹⁹ that the Childhood years play a crucial role in the lives of

memory is presented to us spontaneously under the effect of an unconscious movement, what we capture depends, as with the perception of present reality, on our dispositions at that moment. With dispositions of attention, of receptivity, of truth, we can very well remember thoughts, feelings, emotions, etc. which, at the time they took place, were totally unconscious. Thanks to that, above all, we can make our own, assimilate the substance of our past experience, no matter how distant it may be in time, and make it mature spiritually...

1017 Of course the situation is very different in the relationship between doctor and patient. There the patient goes to see the doctor of his own free will and pays him to help him cure certain annoying symptoms, and ends up understanding that he will not succeed without facing the resistance that opposes the treatment. .

1018 I have spoken in The Key of Dreams about two of those occasions, which took place with an interval of two days in October 1976, with the discovery of meditation first, then with my first work on a dream, culminating, after four hours, with the "reunions with myself." In both cases, the resistance against the progress that concerned me took the insidious form of the "voice of reason", trying to dissuade me from persisting in this way in wasting precious time cutting I don't know what. e hairs in four. See in this regard the section "The Key to the great dream – or the voice of "reason", and the other" (no. 6).

1019 "From memory", that is, giving faith to what he had "learned" in the readings, or through conversations with a psychoanalyst friend. That remained in the form of a very verbal and platonic "knowledge", which I had never

each one – except once again in me, the great exception that confirmed the rule! Such was my intimate conviction for four years, that I would have refrained from saying much openly. In short, even after the great turn of 1976, and in the absence of a healthy distrust vis-à-vis myself (or at least vis-à-vis an ego as strong and devious as always...), I continued I was “playing idiots” in many ways, like everyone else.

I learned something in 1980, when I faced resistance day after day, victim of a mysterious inertia, fatigued as if through quicksand that incessantly swallowed my trail, for weeks and months. But it would be false to pretend that after that Long March through the desert he never played idiots again. (If I realize it at the time, of course, except in rare cases.) And it will possibly happen to me again in the future. (And maybe, who knows? when writing The Key to Dreams, or one of the books that follow it. Even though I have no doubt that those books are written under the instigation of God and with His collaboration!) What is certain is that neither the practice of meditation on myself, nor the unexpected entry into my life of the good God in person, starting in November 1986, have deactivated in me the everlasting mechanisms of resistance that push me (when I am not on guard) to play idiots with myself (who knows nothing) and with the good Lord (who has already seen it). many times!)

Furthermore, I doubt that there is, or has ever been, a living soul in any other way. All the observations that I have been able to make so far, both among those I know personally and among those I know through his written work, agree and make me suspect the opposite.

(144) Freud (5): incestuous impulse and sublimation¹⁰²⁰

When you think about Freud's ideas about sexuality, the key words immediately come to mind: sublimation, infantile sexuality, Oedipus complex. And they really are among Freud's most important discoveries. However, in my own experience of self-discovery, and in my vision of existence that arises from it, only the first of the three has played an important role. The fact that my attraction to Mathematics has a “carnal” dimension, that it is of the same nature as that which women have exerted on me, was revealed to me in 1978 (two years after the discovery of meditation). It was a totally unforeseen discovery, something astonishing, whose full scope was far from being measured¹⁰²¹. With the passage of time I realize that on an unconscious level I must have been prepared by outside influences, and especially, a few months or a year before, by reading Walt Whitman that I have evoked elsewhere¹⁰²². But surely also because of what I had already read or heard a few years before about Freud's ideas about what he had called (I think the first) with the very eloquent name of “sublimation.” on” of the sexual impulse. This also reminds me that my mother, who often had a great nose for things of sex, disconcerted me one day (I was still a teenager) by making me understand that the emotion The religious instinct was not as far from the erotic impulse as we generally like to believe¹⁰²³.

As for infantile sexuality, in its established and even invasive form that (in Freud's view) is inseparable,
reveals Freud, and regarding the “Oedipus complex”¹⁰²⁴

bothered to examine...

¹⁰²⁰Continuation of the previous note, “Freud (5): repression, resistance and the game of idiots...”. See a note at the bottom of page 399.

¹⁰²¹For that episode, see the note “Invisible seeds – or the keys to the Kingdom” (no. 84), page 174.

¹⁰²²In the note I just cited (previous footnote).

¹⁰²³It is somewhat strange that I, who have forgotten so many things that now seem important to me, have kept such a clear memory of that small episode apparently without consequences. I was surprised, in front of my mother, looking at a photo of a group of sculptures that represented (if I remember correctly) the great prophets of Jewish history, to see one in an attitude that seemed curiously contorted to me. Now I tell myself that the artist must surely have represented him as a dancer in a trance state. It was then that my mother made this observation to me, without me fully understanding what the matter was about...

¹⁰²⁴In the Greek tragedy (by Sophocles), Oedipus kills his father and marries his mother, almost by carelessness (by

No wonder they haven't played a role in my own adventure of self-discovery. In fact, for once I pretend to be the exception that proves the rule: no Oedipus complex in my case, sorry! I know very well that if Freud were here and read me, he would not believe me, the one who had sworn that this rule had no exception. And even without being so blunt about the rules, it is a fact that you have to be very cautious when someone claims that they are different from others, when it comes to the knots of the Unconscious. Almost always it is nothing more than a sign that you have never bothered to go look. But as for looking, I can well say that I have looked, and not even a little for show. And from the material I know, including hundreds of dreams from which I think I have grasped the essential message, and hundreds more that I have noted down (and often probed) with the greatest care - all of this is rich and coherent enough to allow me speak here with knowledge of the facts. It turns out that in the first five years of my life I had the great and rare luck of being educated in an atmosphere of freedom, exempt, so to speak, from any trace of repression linked to sex, the body and its functions¹⁰²⁵.

Thus, in my identification with my father there was no trace of ambivalence, of a hidden ingredient of rivalry, no matter how minute or hidden it may be. And my carnal and emotional tenderness for my mother could be expressed without any inhibition. The very difficult situations, of a traumatic nature, that I had to face in my sixth year, and that I ended up discovering in 1980 (at the age of fifty-two), were of a nature unrelated to sex (at least as far as I'm concerned), in the sense that Freud himself would understand it.

These findings also agree with those of Neill. (He is not suspected of a deliberate purpose contrary to the ideas of Freud, from whom he drew so much inspiration!) Neill had already observed that all of Freud's psychology, or at least his ideas on infantile sexuality, , and about the "complexes" in adult life that originate there, only apply to the adult or the child who has been subjected to the usual repressions, and especially to sexual repressions. The mechanisms highlighted by Freud with such rare courage and insight do not appear, or disappear¹⁰²⁶, when the child is educated in a climate of freedom. With this understanding, the fruit of a long educational experience, Neill's work completes that of his great predecessor in a particularly neurological way. That is, it seems to me, another great advance, of a scope comparable to that made by Freud, who prepared it.

In my case, it is true, from the age of six I was educated in the repressive environment

not having had the pleasure of knowing his father or mother). Without a doubt, Freud must have thought that the understood, "unconscious" meaning of the tragedy, Oedipus, was not as ignorant as he made himself out to be. The fact is that Freud was inspired by the legend of Oedipus to call the "Oedipus complex" the permanent conjunction of two desire-forces or impulses, almost always both unconscious:

1o) Carnal desire for the parent of the opposite sex.

2o) Antagonistic impulse of rivalry vis-à-vis the parent of the same sex, and (in the limit and to compensate) desire to kill him.

This complex, according to Freud, would be the origin of most (even all?) of psychic neuroses, whose symptoms would represent a very deformed symbolic satisfaction, and always unconscious, of the repressed desires (for sexual possession of one of the parents, for violent death of the other).

1025I evoke the first years of my childhood in Cosechas y Siembras, in the note "Innocence" (CyS III, no 107).

The only reservation I would make about the absence of all repression "linked to the body and its functions" refers to "cleanliness" habits. My mother was proud to have instilled in her remarkable son a virtuous aversion to his excrement, long before the usual age for that sort of thing. I have good reason to think that this was not as beneficial a success as imagined.

1026As Summerhill's experience shows, when these mechanisms already act in a child subjected to the usual repressive education, they end up disappearing after a more or less long time (of the order, in general, of a few months only, but it can also last for a year or two), when it is transplanted to a climate of freedom. Of course, the sooner the better. The outcome must become more problematic, I imagine, as the child approaches the critical age of puberty. In the most difficult cases, Neill complemented the action of the Summerhill environment with a psychoanalysis cure, of which he himself was in charge of course, and with an unusual mastery (we can trust it). When the analyst has a "feeling", it turns out that the psychoanalytic treatment "passes" much better in children than in adults, where resistances have had time to harden over a lifetime.

ual, in a petty-bourgeois environment that is very conformist in many aspects, and especially in relation to sex. I have carried the consequences for forty years, and my children with me.

But when repression entered my life. The golden age of infantile sexuality “à la Freud” had already passed. It was decidedly too late to develop my “Oedipus” like everyone else. And this is how I continued to be a kind of abnormal, decidedly, in the world of men....

That does not prevent me from having the opportunity again and again to confront, very reluctantly, the famous complex, or at least one of its aspects, namely: the antagonism with the father. It was always in the role of father, or more exactly, in that of “substitute father.” I only realized it clearly very late, in 1984 (less than four years ago). It was when writing *Harvests and Sowing*¹⁰²⁷ that I was led to explore my _____, relationship with my students and former students. That was time or never! Then I realized that, unfortunately for me, I had the dream complexion and the ideal “fluids” to get me adopted – as an adoptive father! If my hair has grayed prematurely, don't look for another cause. Based only on my personal experience, this particular circumstance makes me suspect that in our macho society, this very airy complex must be at least the general rule, and the exceptions very rare. Furthermore, I would tend to trust Freud, who surely did not invent his complex, any more than he invented the Unconscious. And if you thought you saw Oedipus everywhere, it is because he really must have been there very often.

However, there are two things, in my experience, that do not seem to agree well with the Oedipal scenario so dear to Freud. One refers to my experience with my own children. Certainly the signs of hostility have not been lacking and have not disappeared even today, very late in his adult life. But at no time have I felt a hint of rivalry, much less a rivalry for the mother's favor. Could it be because my relationship with the mother (seen through her eyes) has been less invasive, less exclusive, less possessive than is generally and is required for a good “Oedipus”? I don't know...

Let's look at the second fact that seems to squeak a little. The thing is that in my robot role of surrogate father I was faced with both signs of deep antagonism on the part of women (and especially women of whom I was lovers) and men, although in women it often takes very different forms. . (Especially that of the “conjugal circus”¹⁰²⁸.) I can say that my personal experience confirms the frequency and strength of the unconscious antagonisms of the child and, consequently, of the adult vis-à-vis both parents. . (Antagonisms that are automatically transferred to any other person to whom the Unconscious assigns the role of symbolic father.) On the contrary, I have not had the opportunity to detect the specifically Oedipal form of these antagonisms, highlighted by Freud. It is rare, I think, that the affection of a girl or a woman for her father is not strongly infiltrated, at the same time with erotic tones (almost always unconscious), with a latent antagonism (also unconscious). . In the opposite case of the relationship of a boy or a man with his mother, I believe, however, that the presence of antagonistic impulses is much less frequent. The reason for this difference, without a doubt, is that in our society it is not the mother of the family who holds the visible and recognized authority, but the father, who then becomes the privileged target of hidden feelings of antagonism (even of hatred) at the same time as admiration and envy, as a terrible and feared symbol of repression, both internalized and hated.

But in men, as in women, the presence of an incestuous impulse towards the parent of the opposite sex has no doubt for me. I guess that's an impulse

1027See especially the sections “The enemy father (1)(2)” (*CyS I*, nos 29, 30).

1028See in *Cosechas y Siembras* the two consecutive notes “Velvet claw – or the smiles” and “Inversion (4) – or the conjugal circus” (*CyS III*, ns s 137, 138), as well as the following two notes – all under the common title “The claw in a kid glove”....

universal, inextricably linked to the presence of the innate archetype of the Mother¹⁰²⁹ and that of the Father, in the deep Unconscious of the human psyche. What is certain is that the erotic drive is inseparable from these two fundamental archetypes. They are the ones who in some way nourish it, give it its content, its direction. In fact, these archetypes are forms of the unconscious perception, consubstantial with our deep being, that we have of God: of God in his two most immediate aspects, most fundamental for us¹⁰³⁰. That original perception of God is unconscious, and it is inextricably erotic. In the spiritual adventure of the species, just as in that of the individual soul through the infinite cycle of its existence, that profound original perception is called to become conscious, even in its erotic nature – may we arrive to be sons and daughters of the divine Mother and the divine Father, and lovers of God. At the same time, it is destined to sublimate, to transcend the original erotic bond, long unknown or rejected, without being forgotten, much less rejected.

As for the incestuous impulse in the proper sense of the term¹⁰³¹, it is undoubtedly rooted, in individual experience, in the first impressions at the dawn of our existence, when our mother and father of flesh and blood were still They were for us images of omnipotence and eternity. Then an amalgamation took place, surely, between the archetypal, innate knowledge of God under his double aspect of "the Mother" and the "Father", and the imperfect (to say the least) and mortal reality of our parents of flesh. and bone. From that fateful amalgam, established by God himself from all eternity, humanity has not yet managed to free itself to this day and since the dawn of time! With an intensity that varies in direct proportion to the repression exerted against it, the incestuous impulse is and was present (I have no doubt about that) in all human societies, present and past. As for the humanity of tomorrow, or of a hundred years or a thousand years, I have a feeling that it will be distinguished from that of before the Mutation by the fact that the incestuous impulse will become more and more conscious, and that in addition (and as a general rule) its sublimation will be done in a more and more simple and more and more perfect way.

1029The archetype of the Mother seems to me to play an even more crucial role in unconscious psychic life, and especially in the erotic drive and creative processes, than the archetype somehow 'etheric' of the Father, and this not only in the man but also in the woman. The reason is, surely, that the relationship of the child with his Mother is much closer and deeper, already from the prenatal state (whose memory surely subsists and acts powerfully in the Unconscious), which the relationship with his father. Furthermore, this is not specific to the human species, but something that we have in common with all mammals. I would even tend to think that the Mother archetype is present at all levels of the development of a "consciousness" in the living world, even in plants and single-celled organisms, even in the matter that we consider "inanimate." .

In Cosechas y Siembras, I evoke for the first time the archetype of the Mother in the succession of four notes from October 1984 grouped under the title "Our Mother Death" (no. 113-115, in the context of a long general digression on the dynamics of yin and yang. I return to it in January 1985, in the introductory part of Cosechas y Siembras, in the two consecutive sections (of the "Walk through a Work") "Discovering the Mother – or the two aspects" and "The child and the Mother" (no. 17, 18).

1030Compare with the section "Archetypes and manifestations of God" (no. 7).

1031It is therefore the drive of carnal desire, and properly speaking "sexual" (from a certain age) towards the parent of the opposite sex. It is known that the realities of sex and especially sexual desire, along with their own existence, are like representations, reflections, symbols of a spiritual reality that transcends them, and that can help us capture and rediscover. Thus, both in mystical language and in that of certain dreams, sometimes the language of carnal love or (in dreams) a properly "sexual" experience is taken as a means, a "pair." 'abola', to express a spiritual reality. However, allowing oneself (as CG Jung does) to purely and simply conceal the concrete psychological reality of the incestuous impulse, to turn it into a kind of half-metaphysical, half-folkloric abstraction, is a deception. If this public-relations operation contributed to "the acceptance of the ideas of psychoanalysis," even to making them fashionable for a time, there is no need to congratulate ourselves for it. It consisted of sacrificing the humble truth to the irresistible reluctance of the majority to see it and accept it as it is.