

1. First encounters – or dreams and self-knowledge

(April 30, 1987) The first dream of my life, whose message I understood and understood, immediately profoundly transformed the course of my life. That moment was truly lived as a profound renewal, as a new birth. With the perspective that time gives, I would now say that it was the moment of reunion with my "soul", from which I had lived separated since the days drowned in oblivion of my early childhood. Until that moment I had lived in ignorance that I had a "soul," that in me there was another self, silent and almost invisible, and yet alive and vigorous – someone quite different from the one I constantly He occupied the foreground of the scene in me, the only one I saw and with which I continued to identify, whether I liked it or not: "the Patron", the "I". The one who knew not too much, but to the point of satiety. But that day was a day of reunions with the Other, presumed dead and buried "for a lifetime" – with the child in me (The ten years that have passed since then seem to me now, above all, as a succession of periods of learning, in which I have crossed successive "thresholds" in my spiritual itinerary. They were periods of reflection and intense listening, in which I got to know myself, both ¹).

to the "Pattern" as to the "Other". For to mature spiritually is neither more nor less than knowing oneself over and over again; it is to progress much or little in that knowledge without end. It is to learn, and above all: learning about oneself. And it is also: renewing oneself, it is dying a little, getting rid of a dead weight, an inertia, a part of the "old man" that is in us – and being reborn!

Without knowledge of oneself there is no understanding of others, nor of the world of men, nor of the action of God in man. I have verified it time and time again, in myself, in my friends and relatives, and also in what they call "works of the spirit" (even among the most prestigious): without knowledge of oneself , the image we form of the world and of others is nothing more than the blind and inert work of our appetites, our hopes, our fears, our frustrations, our willful ignorance and our escapes and our renunciations and all our impulses of repressed violence, and the work of consensus and opinions that prevail around us and that shape us to their size. That is why it hardly has distant, indirect and tortuous relations with the reality of which it seeks to account, and which it disfigures without any shame. He is like a half-imbecile, half-corrupt witness in a matter that affects him more than he wants to admit, without realizing that his testimony compromises and judges him...

When I review these great stages of my inner journey, over the last ten years, I see that each one of them has been prepared and marked, just like the first one I just spoke of, by one or more dreams. The story of my maturation in my knowledge of myself and in my understanding of the human soul is, more or less, confused with the story of my experience of dreams. To put it another way: The knowledge I have reached about my own person and about the psyche in general is almost confused with my experience of dreams, and with the knowledge of the dream that is one of its fruits.

And not by chance, certainly. I have ended up learning, much to my regret, that the deep life of the psyche is inaccessible to the conscious gaze, no matter how intrepid, no matter how eager for knowledge it may be. With its only means, even supported by a concentrated and tenacious work of reflection (which is why I call it "meditation work"), that gaze barely penetrates beyond the most superficial layers. Currently, I doubt that there is, or ever was in the world, a man (be it Buddha himself) in whom it is different – in which the state and activity of the deep layers of the psyche are directly accessible to conscious awareness. Wouldn't such a man be almost equal to God? I know of no testimony that could lead me to suppose that such a prodigious faculty has ever been granted to a person.

It is true that everything that is found and moves in the psyche seeks and finds a visible expression. This can manifest itself at the level of consciousness (with thoughts, feelings, attitudes, etc.), or at the level of acts and behaviors, or also at the level (called "psychosomatic" in scholarly jargon) of the body. and its functions. But all these manifestations, psychic, social, corporal, are to such an extent hidden, to such an extent indirect, that it seems that there is also a need for insight and

a superhuman intuitive capacity to extract a story, no matter how nuanced, from the unconscious forces and conflicts that are expressed through them. The dream, on the contrary, is revealed as a direct testimony, perfectly faithful and of incomparable fineness, of the deep life of the psyche.

Behind often disconcerting and always enigmatic appearances, each dream constitutes in itself a true painting, drawn with a master hand, with its own illumination and perspective, an intention (always benevolent), a message (often forceful).

2. Discovery of the Dreamer

We ourselves are blind, so to speak, we do not see a single thing in that jumble of forces that act in us and that, however, inexorably govern our lives (at least as long as we do not make the effort to know them...) . We are blind, yes – but in us there is an Eye that sees, and a Hand that paints what is seen. The tenuous silence of sleep and the night serve as its fabric, we ourselves are its palette; and the sensations, the feelings, the thoughts that run through us when we dream, and the impulses and forces that agitate our vigils, those are Her tubes of paint, to sketch that living picture that only She knows how to sketch. A parable-picture, yes, freehand or wisely composed, farce or elegy and sometimes inexorable and painful drama... graciously offered to our attention! It is up to us to decipher it and reap the fruit, if we are interested. Take it or leave!

And almost always, it is true, it is "left." Even among those who today take it upon themselves (following a recent and tasteful fashion) to "take an interest in dreams," is there only one who has risked going to the bottom of one? Just your dreams – of going to the bottom, and "gathering the fruit"?

This book, which I am beginning to write today, is addressed first and foremost to the few (if there are any other than me) who dare to go to the bottom of some of their dreams. To those who dare to believe in their dreams and in the messages they carry. If you are one of them, I would like this book to encourage you, if necessary, to have faith in your dreams. And also, to have faith (as I have) in your ability to hear his message. (And to see your strongest convictions crack and collapse, to see your life transform before your eyes...)

Perhaps also the knowledge of the dream that I am trying to communicate can avoid certain trials and detours that I have had to go through on my journey of discovery of myself. Without me realizing it, this journey would also become that of the discovery of the Dreamer – of that Painter – benevolent and malicious Scene Designer, with a penetrating gaze and prodigious gifts, that Eye and that Hand of which I just spoke.

From the first dream I scrutinized, which revealed myself in a moment of deep crisis, I felt very strongly that this dream was not coming from me. That it was an unexpected, prodigious gift, a gift of Life, that made me someone greater than myself. And little by little I have understood that it is He and no one else who "does", who creates each of those dreams that we live, we, docile actors between His delicate and powerful hands. We ourselves appear in them as "dreamers", and even "dreamed" – created in and by that dream we are having, animated by a breath that does not come from us.

If today I were asked, regarding my work on dreams, what is for me the most valuable fruit, I would answer without hesitation: it is having allowed me to meet the Master of Dreams.. By scrutinizing His works, little by little I have learned to know Him, however little, Him who nothing in me is hidden. And recently, as a result, surely, of a long search that ignored itself, I have finally learned to know Him by name.

Maybe the same thing happens to you. Perhaps your dreams of a thousand faces will make you find, too,
The one who speaks to you for them. The One, the Only

If this book can help you with that, it would not have been written in vain.

3. The child and the breast

(May 1) I have approached my dreams like a little child: empty spirit, bare hands.

What pushed me toward some of them, what made me record them with such eager determination, was something different from the curiosity of an awakened spirit, intrigued by a strange "phenomenon," or fascinated by a disturbing mystery, moved by a sharp beauty. It was something deeper than all that. I was driven by a hunger that I myself would not have known how to name. It was the soul that was hungry. And for some

mysterious grace, which was added to that of the appearance of this or that dream "not like the others", I have sometimes been able to feel that hunger and the food destined for me. It was like a malnourished, weak and hungry infant, who feels the breast nearby.

I have not perceived that reality until recently. At this moment, certainly, and for many years later, I didn't see myself in those tones at all, almost pitiful. Am I weak?! The only thing missing was that!

It was not a question of complacency, of unconscious bad faith. The force that I felt in me, with irrefutable evidence, is very real, and it is valuable. But it is situated on a very different level. It is not that of the soul, of a soul that has reached its adult state, full maturity. He had eyes to see, and he also had very clear ideas about a reality that he called "spiritual", and that he perceived clearly. Now (recently) I realize that spiritual reality is something else, not what I called it. So I only had a very confusing experience of it, and my eyes did not see it. They are only beginning to open to that reality.

It is true that the newborn does not see the breast either, and yet it feels it when it approaches, claims it and sucks. Likewise, in man there is a spiritual instinct, even before his spiritual eyes begin to open. Happy is he who knows how to feel that instinct, and obey it! That one will feed, because the breast is always nearby. And their eyes will eventually open and they will see.

4. All dreams come from the Dreamer

If I have learned things about dreams that are not found in books, it is because I approached them with a spirit of innocence, like a little child. And I have no doubt that if you do the same, you will learn, not only about yourself, but about dreams and the Dreamer, things that are not in this book or in no other. Well, the Dreamer likes to give himself to those who approach him like a child. And what he reveals to one, surely, is not what he reveals to another. But both agree and complement each other.

Therefore, to know your dreams, and to the One who speaks to you through them, it is not at all necessary that you read me or read anyone. But knowing what my journey has been and what I have seen along the way may encourage you to undertake or continue your journey, and to open your eyes wide.

For a long time I only wrote down the dreams that impressed me the most, and not all of them. Even once written down with great care, most of these dreams remained enigmatic to me. Did they make any sense? I would not have dared to speak out on the matter. Some, especially among those who did not write down, seemed more like a crazy story than a message carrying meaning!

It was in August 1982, six years after my first work on a dream, that a second great turning point took place in my relationship with dreams and the Dreamer. At that moment I understood that every dream carried a meaning, often hidden (probably on purpose) under a disconcerting aspect – that they all come from the same Hand. That each one, no matter how bland or lurid it may seem, or how extravagant or crazy, or how fragmentary or confusing... – that each one without exception is a living word of the Dreamer; often a mischievous word, or a crazy laugh behind some serious and even gloomy airs (no one like Him to catch on the fly and make the comic and the funny explode where it is least expected...); strong word or truculent word, never banal, always relevant, always instructive, and beneficial – a creation, in short, fresh from the hands of the Creator! Something unique, different from everything that has ever been or will ever be created, and created there before your eyes and with your involuntary help, without drum or trumpet and (it would seem) for you alone. A gift fit for a prince, yes, and a gift in its purest form, totally free. Without you having to thank it, or take note, or even give it a glance. Incredible, and yet true!

In any case, what is certain is that among the multitude of dreams that I have written down over the last ten years (there must be almost a thousand, among which there are three or four hundred whose message I have been able to capture), there is not a single one that currently gives me the impression of being an exception to the rule; of being, not a creation, but the product of some more or less blind psychic mechanism, or of some force in search of gratification, whether of the senses or of vanity (6) . In all of them without exception, through all their prodigious diversity, I feel the same "seal", I perceive the same breath in them. There is nothing mechanical about that murmur, and it does not come from me.

5. The messenger dream – or the moment of truth

But in the first years I did not ask myself any of these questions. I didn't pay any attention to the dreams which, at that moment, still seemed to me like the "first thing that happens." And even among those that I wrote down, I only stopped with the dreams that I then called "messenger dreams." They were those, in short, in which it was clear from the outset, through I don't know what dark premonition, that they really were bearers of a "message."

Now that I know that every dream carries a message, and that sometimes humble-seeming dreams express a powerful message, that name "messenger dream" seems ambiguous to me, and I am reluctant to use it. They are also the dreams that, from the outset, attract attention as "big dreams." "Great" not necessarily because of its length or duration, or because of its richness in episodes or striking details; but in the sense in which sometimes such a work of hand or spirit – painting, novel, film, even a destiny – impresses us as something "great." One of the signs of such dreams is an exceptional acuity of perceptions and thoughts, and sometimes a disturbing force of emotions. As if the Dreamer wanted to shake our inveterate inertia, shake us, shout at us: "Hey! "Lazy man, wake up once and for all and pay attention to what I'm going to tell you!"

They are also dreams that have a transparent language, without a secret "code" or word games of any kind, without anything that hides or veils. In them the message appears with a dazzling, indelible clarity, traced in the very flesh of your soul by an invisible and powerful Hand, yourself a living Letter and vibrant actor of the Word that is addressed to you. And each word carries and expresses, with the movements of your soul, a meaning that concerns you and no one else, and puts it in your hand so that you can realize it. He who speaks in your heart as no one in the world could speak to you, He knows you infinitely better and more intimately than you know yourself. When the time comes, better than anyone, he knows which are the living Words that will resonate deeply in you, and which are the secret strings that will make you vibrate.

In short, the "messenger dream" is one in which the Dreamer "does the rest" to tell you what he has to tell you, with exceptional strength and clarity. If he places such insistence, it is because, without a doubt, the message is also exceptional, it tells you something essential, something that is absolutely necessary for you to know. Perhaps the dream will come to reveal to you unsuspected resources hidden in your being – an intrepid force that is still hidden, or a depth available, or a vocation that awaits, a destiny to be realized... – Something that you would never have dared to dream of! Or perhaps I have come to encourage you to shed some crushing weights that you have been carrying for many years, perhaps your entire life...

Listening to one of these dreams, understanding its obvious, irrefutable message, and welcoming the knowledge it brings you, accepting the truth that is offered to you – is also seeing your life change profoundly, instantly. It is changing, it is renewing yourself, at that moment.

You will never again be who you were before that moment of truth.

That is why it is so rare that such a fiery word is heard, that such a priceless gift is accepted. For in each one of us an immense inertia acts, opposed to everything that changes us and renews us. And rare are those in which this inertia of the soul is not accompanied by an uncontrollable, deeply hidden fear.

That fear is much more powerful and more vehement than the fear of illness, destruction or death. And it has multiple faces. One of them is the fear of knowing – of knowing yourself. Another: the fear of finding oneself, of being oneself. And another: the great fear of change.

6. The key to the great dream – or the voice of "reason", and the other.

(May 151) The "messenger dream" is, in short, the dream whose meaning is clear, evident, one that does not require a "key" to penetrate it. At least not a "key" in the sense in which we would tend to understand it in the context of dreams: something like a "code", or a "dictionary" (of symbols), or at least , a collection of recipes, of instructions for handling it, that would summarize a long experience of dreams, perhaps amassed by generations of sagacious observers... Even more: I say that such experience of dreams dreams (even if they are ancient!) are of no use here; they would even be, if you are not careful to forget them, a lure and an obstacle, good for distracting you from what is essential.

¹The three preceding sections are from May 1, two weeks ago. I have not been unemployed in the meantime, but have decided to launch into a later chapter, "The Four Ways," writing six sections and the corresponding notes since May 2.

When faced with the first dream of my life that I explored, the idea of a "key" or a "way of proceeding" would not have occurred to me. (In that context, it would have been as incongruous as getting up to look for a hammer or a saw, or invoking Archimedes' principle to turn on a sink faucet!)

No more than the idea of my inexperience. Does the baby who wants to breastfeed or who breastfeed wonder about his "inexperience"?! He cries out or sucks, that's enough for him. For the baby eager to suck, the key to the breast, which gives access to the generous milk that swells the rounded breast, is neither more nor less than the hunger that drives him, that cry of a hungry body, who demands his own without beating around the bush.

Like a maternal breast, the "great dream" presents us with thick and tasty milk, good for nourishing and vivifying the soul. And if the Mother bends over us like this with kindness, it is because She knows, She, although we ignore it, that the soul, like a starving infant, is hungry. And the "key" to dreams, the "open S'esamo!" that gives access to that milk so close that we darkly sense – that key is in you.

It is that hunger, the hunger of a hungry soul.

I didn't know anything about all this, of course, at least not on a conscious level. I didn't even know that I had a "soul", nor that it was malnourished. And I had never done or seen work done on a dream. It was total inexperience. But like the child, he didn't need any of that. When I woke up, there were four hours of intense work, a "work" without realizing it, to "empty the breast" – to go to the depths of sleep. In four or five successive "sittings", each one taking up the previous one as if in spite of myself, so that they would not say, while I was getting ready, finally! to fall asleep again, to recover some much-needed sleep (unfortunately interrupted by the untimely awakening and the unusual business that followed).

I myself would not have been able to say why I persisted like this, writing again and again, sitting on my bed: first the story of the dream (with infinite care, it took me two hours! in one go!), then (turning on the light again) the story of the startled awakening, and of the associations that came to me on the fly, even under the impact of emotion; And then, in two or three more stretches (although each time I had turned off the light and lay down, with the idea of going back to sleep right away), I persisted in turning on the light and going back to sleep. writing, to write down some (last!) reflections on the preceding stage (which I had believed was the last) – to finish and let no more be said! At no time did I have the feeling that I was doing something important, that I was in search of a meaning that had still eluded me and that also had to teach me something important, even crucial. Quite the contrary: my thoughts, despite myself, persisted in returning to that dream and to the reflections it had already inspired in me, while an imp (which I already knew, and which was later going to know even better...) he peremptorily whispered to me that it really wasn't serious to waste my precious time spinning so finely, that it was time for me to go to sleep to be in shape later; There was no shortage, thank God, of more serious things that awaited me....

Clearly, that was the voice of reason, he was absolutely right, yes! and yet – just five more minutes (I begged), just five minutes and nothing more, to be able to fall asleep once and for all with a truly calm spirit, finally finishing that little serious job. ... I begged, in short, indulgence with that obsession of mine, which so often literally forces my hand, whether I like it or not, to go to the end of a job (clearly uninteresting) or a idea (clearly mediocre) or some vague and indefinable impression; such as, for example, not having "captured" yet (what does that mean?) something that is very clear; even going as far as, by dint of insisting out of place, to give myself (to that "voice of reason", of course) the painful impression of being "buzzed out", of playing hooky instead of busying myself. in serious things like everyone else.

And yet, if at that moment I had stopped for a few moments to ask myself about it, I would have known that in my mathematical work, at least, everything good that I have done (and especially everything that no one had never dreamed of and which, however, later, was revealed as something that "was obvious") – it is always against that so-called "voice of common sense" that I have done, for having known how to listen to another voice in me: precisely that of that "maniac", of the "not very serious" boy, the one who only does what he wants and for whom I begged for indulgence...

With the perspective of ten years, I now clearly see that that "other voice" is the one that always guides me towards what is essential; while the voice "of reason, that of common sense, always and at any cost tries to divert me. Its only concern is to remain prudently attached to things catalogued and classified, or at least easily recognizable, and therefore, felt to be "safe." For essential things are also the most delicate and the least "safe" of all – like impalpable vapors, they escape the frames and boxes in which we would like to enclose the entire Universe of knowable things, to have the impression of being "caught"².

² (May 16) When writing these lines, I have thought above all about things that concern the soul or the psyche. I do not want to say

When you silence that “other voice” in yourself, to faithfully follow the one that everyone else follows – you distance yourself from the best that is in you. Without it you cannot discover, neither the things external to you (whether mathematics, or the “why” of Someone’s deeds and deeds, or the mysteries of the body of the beloved...), nor the what’s in you. Without listening to it, even if you had read all the books in the world, you cannot penetrate a single one of your dreams.

To tell the truth, that voice is surely the same as the one that speaks to you in your dreams. It is that of the Dreamer, that of the Mother. She whispers to you under her breath where the true milk is, to which she aspires not to your surface, but to your depth. It’s very close to your lips. It’s your turn to suck.

That voice is also the voice of your hunger – the hunger of the soul, or if not, the hunger of Eros, of the Eros that-wants-to-know. But even when He speaks of Eros (and He speaks of it often), it is always the soul that the Dreamer addresses, and the hunger of the soul. Following hunger and suckling is also following that voice.

That hunger that is in you, and the humble voice of that hunger, unresolved, as if ashamed of itself – that is the “key to the great dream”, to the dream-messenger. There is no other. It spins without making a sound, and nothing seems to happen. As long as you haven’t turned it all the way, nothing happens and nothing has happened – in any case nothing that cannot, in the minutes that are coming, sink back into the swamp of oblivion and disappear.

Only when you have turned it all the way, suddenly, everything has changed: you were in front of a door closed, and miraculously it has opened! You were in darkness or darkness, and the light bursts in!

That is the sign that you have gone “to the end”, that you have touched the bottom of the dream, sucking the milk intended for you. You can’t go wrong. Whoever has experienced such a moment, even if it is only the discovery of this or that (and who has not lived it, even if it is only in his childhood!) – he knows well what I am talking about : when an order is suddenly born from a formless magma, when a darkness suddenly becomes clear or illuminated...

But when the discovery comes as a revelation about yourself, changing your relationship with yourself and the world from top to bottom, then it is like a wall that collapses before you, and a new world that opens up. That moment and what it has just taught you, you know well (without even dreaming of telling you) that there is no danger of ever forgetting it. Since then, the new knowledge has been part of you, inalienable – like an intimate and living part and like the very flesh of your being.

7. Act of knowledge and act of faith

(May 16) Yesterday I wrote that there was no other key to the “great dream” other than the hunger of the soul. When, even under the impression of the dream you just had, you know how to listen to the humble voice of that hunger, then, without even knowing it, you are about to turn a delicate and safe key. And I wish you the grace not to stop in the way, before the bolt is drawn and the door, closed for a lifetime, opens...

I have also thought about faith in dreams. When I woke up under the sudden influence of an emotion so great that my soul could not contain it, I instantly knew, with certainty: this dream spoke to me, and what it told me with such power disturbing, it was important, it was crucial that I realize it.

I have known it, not because I have read it somewhere or because I have reflected on it one day, but from immediate and certain knowledge. Just as it sometimes happens, when someone talks to you (and it doesn’t matter if you know them or if it’s the first time you’ve seen them), you know for sure and without having to ask, that what they’re telling you is true.

That is not an impression, more or less strong or convincing, but rather knowledge. The impression can be wrong, but not that knowledge. Certainly, you need to be in a particular state, a

that it is necessarily impossible to express “essential things” with language, and that attempts to do so with all the delicacy and all the precision of which we are capable are in vain. Furthermore, it would be paradoxical to pretend that there are no “essential things,” for example in the domain of the natural sciences or the exact sciences, that are felt by everyone (rightly or wrongly) to be “well known.” ”, as “safe”. (Thus the fact that the Earth is round, or the more subtle and debatable fact that it revolves around the Sun, and not the other way around...). On the contrary, I have thought about things that are not the object of a well-established consensus, in a more or less vast human group of people considered “in the know”; in things since, for the spirit that approaches them in unknown terrain, they are totally new. There is no consensus to hold on to, to distinguish the true from the false, the essential from the accessory. The acquired reflexes, which reflect such consensus, are of no help here, but rather a lure that must be freed from as soon as possible, in order to truly realize what is around. Such is the situation, especially (with few exceptions), in the smallest of dreams that we undertake – since the smallest dream is the work of total freedom, it is “new” in the full sense of the term. , even for the same One who has just created it.

Let it be understood well, the “imp”, who speaks through the voice of “reason”, embodies the “acquired reflexes” of which I have just spoken. They have considerable strength in each one (to say the least!), including myself (it must be repeated). But as long as this false “reason” is obeyed, there is no creative act or innovative work.

state of openness, or rigor, or truth (call it what you want), to know how to distinguish, without a shadow of a doubt, between a simple impression and such immediate knowledge. Such discernment, whether it is consciously perceived or remains unconscious (it matters little in this case), is not of the order of reason, or of an intuition of an intellectual nature. At that moment, our spiritual eye, which perceives and distinguishes what is true from what is false, is open or half-open and sees.

I believe that such an acute perception of what is true and what is false, for as long as a lightning bolt lasts, is present in the psyche more often than one might think: if not fully conscious, at least in the layers of the psyche close to the surface. But such discernment, such knowledge is not effective by itself. It is like a sharpened scalpel, before a hand holds it. Assuming one of those fleeting knowledge that arises in you, taking advantage of it, making it effective, operational, is neither more nor less than "taking it seriously", it is "believing in it". It's an act of faith. Only the act of faith makes the act of knowledge effective, makes it active. He is the hand that holds the tool.

When we talk about "faith", we generally think of "faith in God" (and God knows what that means in each case...), or of a specific religion, or of a belief, particular. This is clearly not about that, nor about "faith" in this person or that person. It is about a "faith" in something immediate, that happens in ourselves at that very moment: that act of knowledge that has just occurred, indicates to us such a thing as "true", or as important. It could be said that it is a faith "in oneself", or rather: a faith in certain things that happen in us, we do not know why or how, in certain moments of truth perceived as such. A dark and sure instinct warns us that distrusting that act that has taken place, that acute perception that gives us certain knowledge, would be an abdication, a renunciation of the faculty that has been granted to us. like anyone else, a personal, direct and autonomous knowledge of the things that concern us.

In fact, the act of knowledge in the full sense of the term includes the act of faith, which gives credit and takes that knowledge as a starting point and springboard for an action. For as long as the act of faith, which generates action, is not included, knowledge remains dotted with doubts, is incomplete and ineffective, it is mutilated from its very reason for being. And the "state of truth" that I spoke of a moment ago, in which the act of knowledge is born, is only fully realized when it includes, in the silence of listening, that tone of ardor, of implication, from oneself without reservation³ from which the act of faith springs, invisible but active. Such a state of truth, in the full sense of the term, is among the rarest things in the world, and the most valuable.

To what extent such a state comes to us as a grace, as a free gift coming from somewhere else, and to what extent it depends on us – on rigor, on probity, on courage... – that is a mystery. For me it is one of the great mysteries of the psyche, and its relationship with the Source of all knowledge.

Where did this immediate knowledge about the dream I had just had come from? Visibly it did not come from any experience of any kind, much less from a reflection. I think I can say, without a shadow of a doubt, that it was something that was "told" to me at the same time as the dream, for the very fact that that dream was really lived by me, and with such force, which in no way could challenge the testimony of that experience, nor the knowledge (inseparable, to tell the truth, from it): that that experience had, beyond its "literal" meaning, another sense, which concerned me in a much deeper way.

Perhaps I could even say that on a spiritual level, the act of "partial" or "preliminary" knowledge that I spoke of at the beginning never comes from us, from our limited psyche, but always from Him who knows in us: from him who, when we sleep, speaks to us in dreams, and when we are awake, in any other way that He pleases. To say that this act of incomplete knowledge takes place would mean that He speaks to us about what we could not know with our own means, and that we also "listen," that we "realize" what He tells us. The state of partial truth would be the state of inner silence and listening, which allows us to clearly distinguish the Word from the surrounding noise. The participation of the psyche here is therefore passive, with the active role being "the Source", or "the Dreamer", or "the Mother" or any other name that is given to That or That. o That in us that always knows, and with deep and sure science⁴.

³Here I have thought of the English word "earnestness", which has no equivalent in French, and which I have transcribed as best I can. I have been able to as "tonality".

⁴(Human creativity and creative acts of God). In this paragraph, I have touched in passing, without intending to settle it, the delicate question: to what extent the creative processes and acts (and especially the "acts of knowledge") that are carried out in the psyche, and more particularly in its deep layers, they are the work of the psyche itself, or of God who acts in us. I am far from seeing it clearly, and I suspect that this is part of the things whose full knowledge is reserved for God. I tend to believe that only the psyche that has reached a state of superior maturity is in a position to fully "see" the type of spiritual reality (surely the most primary!) that here It is, without direct intervention from God, speaking to us through that "inner voice" or that "other voice", the "voice of our hunger", which we discussed yesterday.

On the contrary, the act of faith comes from us, from the soul. It is the act by which we "give credence"⁵ to what we are told (the French language is particularly inspired here⁶ !), and this in the full sense of the term: we surrender, instantly, to that knowledge that has just been given and received, acting without reservation or hesitation as inspired by that knowledge that has just appeared.

Thus the act of complete knowledge, including the act of faith, appears as a common act in which two companions inextricably participate: the initiative is due to God (this time giving him the name given to him). appropriate), and the soul appears as God's interlocutor, sometimes receiving the gift of his Word and other times giving it through the act of faith. Thus, at least, I am presented with the act of knowledge that takes place at the level that interests me here, that of spiritual reality.

Of course, these things, like practically all creative processes and acts, take place (with rare exceptions) in the Unconscious, hidden from view. Furthermore, we are almost never aware of an "Interlocutor", not even (I believe) in the deep layers of the psyche. That was especially the case that first time I dreamed. At least on a conscious level (as I emphasized yesterday), what then set the tone and dominated "without much effort", were the resistances to change, alias "the imp", which presented themselves under the convincing appearance of the "voice of reason"! However, the act of going took place and said faith, firmly held in the Unconscious (and without worrying, it is true, about coming out into the full light...), endured everything, becoming humble and almost submissive: "yes." "Only five minutes to finish...!" And it hasn't let up, until finally the bolt gives way and suddenly the locked door opens wide...

In the hours and days that followed, that faith in "the dreams" became fully conscious. It was, and has continued to be, a total faith, without reservation, a sure and unshakeable knowledge: I knew, without the slightest doubt, that I could totally trust my dreams⁷. If there was any reservation, it never referred to the dream or to Him who spoke to me through the dream, but only to the understanding I achieved of this dream or that other, but more or less complete, more or less secure depending on the case. In the case of the first dream I probed, once I had reached the end, I knew with certainty, without the slightest shadow of a doubt, that the "message" had arrived – that the dream had made "target"!

That knowledge, that total confidence in the dream, is not the result of experience. Later it is abundantly confirmed by experience, that goes without saying – but that was something that fell by its own weight⁸.

To tell the truth, before now, I have never asked myself about the origin of that knowledge, that total trust, that faith. It is of the same nature, it seems to me, that the knowledge that I have always had of the "strength" that is in me – of the ability to know firsthand, and to create without having to imitate

One might wonder if every truly creative psychic act would not be an act of God, of which we would only be the instrument. More than once I have had that impression – that in moments of true creation, both in mathematical work and in the work of self-discovery, I was doing nothing but fulfill what someone else told me. Surely I'm not the only one who has had that experience. However, two of my dreams (from last January and February) clearly tell me that there is a part of creativity that comes from the psyche itself. In one of these dreams it is about a "collaboration" between God and the psyche. I cannot say whether the psyche can carry out truly creative work, on a spiritual level or on any other level, without being at least supported by divine inspiration. (The very expression of work or "inspired" act says well what it means...)

⁵ (N. del T.: The original French text says "ajoutons foi", which literally means "añadimos fe").

⁶The German language, which says "Glauben schenken", is no less inspired, highlighting another aspect of the act of faith, as a gift (of faith). N. del T.: Literally "schenken" can mean to serve (a glass...), to pour, to give, to donate, to give away, to offer, to toast,...

⁷These are, of course, the dreams to which he paid attention. It was as if the mere fact of making contact with them, writing them down, had been enough to let me know what they had to tell me (whether I understood it or not), I could take it as something certain. Then I would not have commented on the dream "in general", and at that moment I did not care to know if they all came from the same origin – if not among them there were some, perhaps even a greater 'ía, which represented nothing more than the first "psychic reflexes" that passed, originated by the erotic impulse or by "the ego". It was not until August 1982, six years after the first big shift in my relationship to dreams, that I learned that all dreams come from the same Dreamer.

I must also add that this "faith" in my dreams was more or less active depending on the times and depending on the cases. Sometimes, yielding to the "voice of reason" (aka "the little devil") that I spoke of yesterday, I turned a deaf ear to some messenger dreams, and I did not receive the message until several months later. is.

⁸When writing these lines, the thought of a totally analogous situation that comes from my experience as a mathematician has come to me. When a mathematical situation has been scrutinized from top to bottom and clarified from various angles, a feeling of understanding is born that is equivalent to true knowledge. It then entails a more or less total adhesion, perhaps invested with a more or less active "faith." This faith does not refer only to the validity of the vision that has been achieved (if it has not yet been established by a demonstration), but often also and above all, to the reach of what that has been unraveled and understood more or less completely. In such a situation, subsequent confirmations, whether by demonstrations that establish the validity of the vision, or by foreseen or unforeseen consequences and extensions, or by agreement with other situations already more or less well known on the other hand, They are equally felt as "things that fall due to their weight." The intimate knowledge of the validity (in its essential features) and the scope of an understanding, or of a vision, of its perfect adaptation to the very nature of things, is not a question of "later" verification that comes to confirm some hypothetical "sensation", but rather precedes all experience. This acts a little as "the mayor", who always ends up barely continuing. But the spark of knowledge is elsewhere...

nobody. Both knowledges seem almost indistinguishable to me. Without ever having told it clearly to myself, I felt right from the start that the best of me was of the same essence as the Dreamer. He was a bit like an older brother, mischievous and benevolent, without the slightest complacency and at the same time with inexhaustible patience. He certainly surpassed me infinitely in wisdom, by the penetration of his gaze, by his prodigious capacity for expression and, above all, by a disconcerting, infinite freedom. Yet, as limited as I am, enclosed by my blinders, there was that feeling, never expressed, of kinship. It was confirmed by the obvious interest that the Dreamer took in my modest person. But above all, it seems to me, that feeling appeared in a kind of connivance that manifested itself in certain dreams; especially in those that contained a hidden comedy, often hilarious, behind very serious appearances, even dramatic or macabre. To manage to "enter" one of my dreams, and therefore into the spirit with which I had been created, was also, a little, to get rid of my usual heaviness for a moment, and to rediscover myself with what best of me, for that mischievous communion, that connivance with the One who spoke to me through my dream.

Now it seems to me that progressively, over the years, that faith in my dreams, or rather, that faith in the Dreamer, has become the very quintessence of faith in the best of me. 'y – in what makes me capable of knowing, loving, creating with my hands, my spirit and my heart.

That faith has accompanied me all my life. It is confused with my faith "in life", "in existence". It is not a belief, an opinion about this or that, but the active response to knowledge. That faith is not affected by the experience of my limitations and my miseries, nor by that of my mistakes or the tenacious hunger for illusions about myself. Every experience of myself and every discovery about myself, whether of greatness or misery, deepens knowledge and vivifies faith.

Recently, the nature of that faith has been better understood and given a better foundation; a center and a foundation, both in me and outside of me, and that surpasses me infinitely, while I am intimately and mysteriously linked to it. For that it has been necessary for the Dreamer to reveal himself to me as Who he is. But I anticipate!

8. The will to know

(May 17) It may seem that yesterday I put my finger on a "second key" to the great dream, after peremptorily stating the day before yesterday that there was only one! But stopping for a moment on the subject, it becomes clear that these two keys are actually indistinguishable – in reality it is the same key, seen from two different angles or two sides. The first, I said, is a spiritual hunger that sleep comes to satisfy, and the voice of that hunger, which tells you: 'that is the food you need! And the second, which I was talking about yesterday, is the act of faith, by which you give credit to that voice and obey it. The two together: taking knowledge of that voice and giving it credit, are nothing more than the complete act that appeared in yesterday's reflection, the "act of knowledge" in the full sense of the term. – he who is one with the action9.

I believe that in the immediate wake of every great dream, which provides essential nourishment to the hungry soul, the "voice of hunger" is very present – the baby cries well! However, if it is so rare that the dream

9In this situation, the (passive) act of "taking knowledge" plays the "yin," "feminine" role, and the (active) act of "giving credit," the "leap of faith," plays the "yang", "masculine" role. The complete act, like every complete act, is the fruit of the espousal of its two inseparable aspects or "aspects", one "feminine", the other "masculine" – like the child, conceived and engendered by the creative embrace of the wife and the husband. When one of the two spouses fails or is insufficient, the act is mutilated of its creative virtue: the child cannot appear if one of the two spouses is absent or impotent.

Here I find myself, on the edge of reflection, a new "cosmic couple" that had escaped me in the provisional repertoire included in "The Doors on the Universe" (in Harvests and Sowings, part III). It's the couple

faith – knowledge

in which faith plays the yang role, which comes to "fertilize" knowledge, which plays the yin role. This is a pairing of a more subtle nature than the pairing I was already familiar with for a long time (included in the repertoire in question)

faith – doubt.

However, both couples give each other an air of kinship. In the first of the two, "knowledge," as long as it is not "fertilized" by faith, is (as I wrote yesterday) "dotted with doubts." In the situation examined, such a tone of doubt renders knowledge ineffective – and faith makes it disappear. But in the second couple, faith and doubt coexist and reinforce each other. It is by far the most frequent situation: banishing doubt is also mutilating faith. (Just as banishing faith is also mutilating the doubt of the creative virtue that exists in it.)

make "bullseye"¹⁰, it is because there is someone (the peremptory "imp" I was talking about, alias "the voice of reason") who is quick to silence the hungry screamer. In other words: there is a "key" to the dream, within reach – but the hand, instead of picking it up to use it as it should, throws it away (as something ridiculous and useless for what it should be). what is desired...). Once this is done, we scratch our heads and say: what does this very different dream I just had mean?! And if we have time, let's leaf through a book about dreams, or talk to our psychoanalyst...

What has been missing is the act of faith. A faith in something most delicate, almost imperceptible, to the point of seeming totally ridiculous. Well, that "grit'on" I was talking about, the weak, sick, ignored soul – "screams" in a low voice. The voice of someone who knows well that it will never be heard. You hear him, but you never listen to him, because he is so busy trying to silence her as soon as possible.

I don't know if the naïve and unvarnished account of my own experience will help you (or help someone) to "take the leap", to enter into one of your great dreams. What I do know is that in the absence of the act of faith I was talking about, no auxiliary technique (dictionary, method, analyst) will be of the slightest help to you. Even if the Dreamer or God in person came to explain to you at length the meaning of the dream, supporting with the language of words the language of the dream that you reject, that would be of no use to you. You would say: "Yes, how interesting! Wonderful!", and it would go in through one ear and out the other. I mean the spiritual ear, which is the only one that counts here. It is not a question of concepts that reason brings together and memory retains.

It is as far from that as the game of love is from a treatise on gynecology, or as the perfume of the woman you love, or from a flower you aspire to, is from the formula that mic that aims to "describe" it.

In other words: the decisive act, the act of faith, is not an intellectual act, but rather an act and expression of a spiritual will: the will of the hungry child, to truly suck at the breast that is offered to it. . Well, although it may seem strange, no matter how hungry the soul is, there is an even stronger force that prevents it from sucking, or even wanting to suckle. Like an unfortunate child, perhaps, who had seen too much and who, although very hungry, no longer dared to listen to and follow the voice of his hunger.

Besides, that really exists – hungry and weak infants, who prefer to let themselves die rather than suckle. The strange thing is that the soul of everyone or almost everyone is in that state (and I am no exception). With the only difference that the soul, that great Invisible, has such a hard skin that it never bursts, no matter what you do! She vegetates, languishes, struggles, but she does not die.

That said, when a breastfed child, no matter how hungry he is, refuses to breastfeed, it is useless to speak to him even in an angelic voice – he won't even breastfeed for that reason. And if you do not have the will to "suck", to learn something on your own – whether it comes to you through a dream or in any other way – no matter how much you do, and no matter how much your friends and the analyst do, You won't suck, you won't learn anything. Not even God in person (assuming He took the trouble, since He knows well in advance that it is not worth it...) would achieve it. Well, He respects your freedom and your decisions, more than you or anyone else in the world respects them...

9. The narrow door – or the spark and the flame

(May 18) I had thought that I would quickly go over the "case" of the "big dream" or messenger dream, because it is the case in which, from a technical point of view, There is practically "no problem". Like everyone else, I remain locked in, in my skin-deep reflections (and especially in a book, supposedly "serious"!), in the attitude of not considering it as "serious" and worthy of further attention. so the technical and "wise" aspect of things, the "recipes" that are safe (or supposedly such) and ready to be used.

However, I know well that big dreams, however exceptional, are by far the most important – more important alone than all the others together! Listening to just one of them is already "changing levels." It is jumping from one level of consciousness to a higher level – something that neither ten years, nor one hundred years nor a thousand years of your life experience would be able to do, on their own. Yes, even if you lived a thousand years in one go, to move on to that new phase that awaits you, you would not be able to avoid that "narrow door" that I am trying to describe, you would not be able to avoid the act. of knowledge and faith, arising from a firm spiritual will and without delay. (That act that I have been led, almost in spite of myself, to gropingly try to delimit.) The threshold is there before you, on the path of knowledge. You cross it following a great dream (that hand extended by

¹⁰The sad truth is that I do not know of any case, apart from myself, in which the message of a great dream has been truly understood. Even for "ordinary" or "ordinary" dreams, it must be something more than strange, so great is each person's reluctance to learn the slightest thing on their own. Now, almost all dreams tell us something about ourselves that we do not know and that we have no desire to know. Man's lack of curiosity about himself, even about things that might seem anodyne – the slightest movement of vanity, or surreptitious desire – is simply prodigious, and will always leave me with my mouth open again. .

God!) or any other way, you have to go through that door. His key is in your hand and no one else's. Even if God were to fill you with the most unprecedented graces (and the appearance of a great dream is already an inestimable grace in itself...), it would be in vain, if there is not in you the faith to believe in it and the will to grasp it.

For even desiring and wanting your good, God will not force your hand, nor move it in your place for the act that concerns you, and not Him or anyone else on Earth or elsewhere. .

Among all, this is then a situation in which "the problem" is not technical, it is not that of knowledge or insight, but is located somewhere else. That "other part" that no one ever talks about, so despised it is today by everyone (including those who call themselves "spiritual"). The "other part" of those delicate and elusive things, things of darkness and gloom, that language manages to evoke (since there is no one, surely, in whom does not rest a silent knowledge of those things...), but never describe, "define", "capture" really. For the beginning and essence of the creative act is unavailable. It always escapes the crude hands of reason, and its network, language.

However, once the will to know is present, and firmly willing to act, reason and language are valuable, even indispensable, instruments. Because by the mere appearance of that faith, of that desire, of that will, it is not possible to penetrate, the door does not open. I have said that it was the key and the hand that holds the key; You still have to fit it in the lock and turn it. That is the "intendance", that is the "work".

I work "without problem", perhaps. But you can't save it, just like the previous act, the act of faith and will that leads to that work and that gives it its meaning and makes it possible. And it is also in that work where sound reason, and its servant language, regain all their rights.

Faith, desire, will are the spark that jumps suddenly, as if called by the fuel already ready, delivered to the fire that must burn and consume it. The work of fire is the immediate and natural extension of the jump of the spark, which bites into the food offered to it and devours it until it is exhausted. It is not necessary to prescribe to the spark what it should do: it is in its very nature to transform itself into a biting fire, and in the nature of fire to devour everything, in those fiery espousals with the matter that it consumes.

And your desire and your hunger are the spark and the fire that jump from your being and devour the wood that it offers you. God.

10. Work and conception – or the double onion

But I was preparing to say a few words about work to penetrate a messenger dream. You may be surprised that you have to "work." Had I not said that what precisely distinguishes the messenger dream from the others is that its meaning is "evident", that it is expressed with dazzling clarity precisely for us?!

And it really is like that. But that "evidence" only emerges when the "work" is finished¹¹. Even that feeling of obviousness – that what you just discovered is what you should have seen from the beginning as the obvious – that feeling is one of the signs (if not the first, or the most striking) that "it's over", that you have reached the bottom of the dream...

On the other hand, the sudden appearance of such a feeling is not something special about the understanding of the great dream. It only represents one of the cases in which it is most flagrant. I even believe that it is more or less common in all work of discovery, in the moments when it leads to a new understanding, large or small. I have experienced it again and again throughout my life as a mathematician. And the most crucial things, the most fundamental, at the moment in which they are finally grasped, are also the ones that shock the most due to their evident nature; those that later one says "were obvious" – to the point of being stupefied that neither one nor anyone else had thought about it before and for a long time. I have found that same amazement again in the work of meditation – that work of discovery of myself that has come, little by little, to be almost confused with the work on my dreams.

People tend not to notice that feeling of obviousness that so often accompanies the act of creation and the appearance of what is new. Even knowledge of what may seem, in terms of received ideas, a strange paradox¹² is often repressed. But surely this

¹¹Sometimes it happens that the message of a great dream already seems obvious to a third person to whom it has been related. The reason is, of course, that in that person, who is not directly affected by the message, there is no mass uprising of resistance against the renewal. In all the messenger dreams that have come to me and I have probed, I have needed hours, and sometimes days of work, to capture their message.

¹²There are two equally common ways to avoid the paradox. Be it valuing the new: highlighting novelty, originality, depth, scope, etc., and ignoring simplicity and obviousness. Be it by devaluing: the opposite is done, treating such simple things (not to say stupid...) with contempt. I have had ample opportunity to encounter this behavior and

It is well known, deep down, to anyone who has experienced a work of discovery (whether intellectual or spiritual), and even to anyone who has simply experienced the sudden outbreak of an unforeseen idea (and who has not experienced such moments!), while the work that has prepared it remains completely buried.

That impression of obviousness, and that amazement, are rarely present in the first contact with the new thing (the message of a dream, let's say). At first the eye only perceives it in a very superficial, even distracted, way, as in a blurry image, which encompasses it along with other things equally blurred and misunderstood, and from which it is not well distinguished; while it is she who will be revealed as the soul and the nerve that animates the rest. This revelation only occurs once the mental image has overcome that first more or less amorphous phase, which itself becomes movement and life, just like the reality it reflects. This metamorphosis, from an amorphous image into a living inner reality (faithful expression of a living "objective" reality), is precisely what is prepared by work and constitutes its true reason for being. The thing is not fully seen until the end of the work. Only then does it appear with all its "evidence", with its living simplicity.

This work can be seen as a work of "organization", which establishes an order in what at first seemed amorphous; or as a "dynamization" or "animation", which breathes life and movement into what seemed inert. Inertia and amorphism are not inherent to what is looked at (without being "seen" yet), but rather to the eye that sees poorly, hindered as it is by the burden of ancient images, that prevent him from apprehending new.

But more than anything else, the work I want to talk about is a work of deepening, a penetration from the periphery to the depths. This is how I have felt it, in an almost carnal way, since the first time I meditated¹³, and again, barely two days later, when for the first time in my life I probed the meaning of a dream. I perceive this deepening in two different ways, both irrefutable, as two equally real, and in some way complementary, aspects of the same laborious march.

Here is the first one. The spirit enters and penetrates what must be known, as if it were made up of successive layers or strata; laboriously probing one layer after another, traversing one to then remove it and penetrate the next, and relentlessly continuing its tenacious progression until at last it hits the bottom.

The very moment you hit the bottom is when the new is born – the living image, the embodiment of new and true knowledge, which gives you a reality that suddenly becomes tangible, irrefutable.

That is the somewhat "external" aspect of the work of deepening, in which the penetrating spirit plays the active, "masculine" role. It acts as a tenacious insect that makes its way through the successive layers of a thick onion, as if attracted by a dark instinct towards the heart of the bulb, where it must reach to know there. , who knows? some dazzling metamorphosis, of which before he would have been unable to form the slightest idea. The crossing of each "interface" between one stratum and another of the onion represents the crossing of a "threshold", the passage from a certain "order", already captured by the mental image, to the next order, corresponding to a higher degree of organization and integration¹⁴.

And here is the second aspect of the deepening work, the "internal" aspect. Now it is the psyche that is penetrated, it is the one that plays the receptive or passive, "feminine" role. This time the "onion" is not the unknown substance that the spirit penetrates and probes, but it is the psyche itself, perceived as a formation of superimposed layers, from the surface (the screen on which impressions and fully conscious knowledge) to the increasingly deep and remote parts of the Unconscious.

What now has to open a path, from the peripheral skin to the very heart of the onion, is the perception and understanding of the thing I wish to know – or rather, it is that very thing. what in

the spirit that inspires him during the two years in which I have written "Harvests and Sowings".

¹³I talk about meditation and the discovery of meditation in "Harvests and Sowings", part one (Vanity and Renewal), and more particularly in the sections "My passions", "Desire and meditation" , "The forbidden fruit", "The lonely adventure", "Act of a division" (nos. 35, 36, 46, 47, 49).

¹⁴These crossings of successive "thresholds" are clearly perceived during work, if not on a fully conscious level (since thought is already busy enough with other things!), then at least in the layers of the psyche close to consciousness (the subconscious").

I have the impression that the "successive layers or strata" that we consider here, sometimes perceived with such irrefutable clarity, can really have an "objective" existence. They would correspond to different "planes of existence", of increasing elevation, of the reality (ideal or psychological) probed. These planes would therefore have an "objective" existence, independent of the spirit that probes. While I have only a dim and diffuse perception of them, those planes would be clearly and fully perceived by God, and perhaps also by certain people whose power of spiritual vision was sufficiently developed.

virtue of the attention that receives it and although it is external to me, it also finds in me with a life that is its own, participating both in what is external to me and in what is inside and responds. The progressive maturation and the unfolding of an understanding that was initially embryonic is visualized and lived as a progression of the thing to be known, as its obstinate descent through my being, from the thin peripheral layer. 'erica to the depths of the Unconscious. And that march is reflected, as in a mirror, more or less clearly, more or less completely, on the screen of conscious knowledge. A little as if at each moment the path already traveled served as communication, like the optical tube of a periscope, between the periphery and the last layer of the path, to project into the field of consciousness and make accessible what there is and what happens in that layer.

This second aspect of the work, the "feminine" or "yin" aspect, is especially important, it seems to me, when it comes to fully integrating knowledge that is above all spiritual in nature. Often this knowledge is already present, perhaps for a long time, even forever, in the deepest layers of the psyche. But as long as the repressive forces of the "I", of the conditioning, keep it prisoner in the depths of the Unconscious, its action is limited and even minimal, if not null. On the opposite side, a supposed "knowledge" that was limited to the "skin of the onion", in the form (let's say) of an "opinion" or a "conviction", originating from readings, discussions or simply in the cultural "spirit of the times," or from a reflection, and even from a sudden intuition – such "knowledge" rarely deserves the name. I would, however, set aside the case of "sudden intuition", for example a first intuition of the message of a dream, appearing under the blow of emotion when waking up. It is surely an instantaneous projection, in the conscious field, of a knowledge present in the more or less deep layers of the psyche (perhaps incomplete or deformed projection). But even in that case, this partial knowledge, present both on the surface and in the heart, remains ineffective. It remains this way as long as the deepening work is not carried out, which ensures the "conduit" (so to speak) between deep knowledge (which acts as a "source") and its projection in the periphery. First, a path must be opened, rattling, layer after layer, to the bottom, until the return to its source.

If this work stops before reaching completion, even if it is a hair's breadth away – it is as if no work is done. As if the sperm stopped in its race, before reaching the egg and merging with it into a new being. Fertilization, the instantaneous conception of the new being, takes place (when the path is followed until the final contact) or does not take place (when it stops before reaching the end). There is no middle ground, no fair middle ground. You are not born or reborn halfway.

You take your opportunity, or you let it pass you by. You are reborn, or you remain what you were – the 'old man'.

11. The Concert – or the rhythm of creation

(May 19 and 20) In this first part of my testimony about my experience of dreams, my purpose is to relate the teachings of that experience that seem to me to be the most essential for the knowledge of dreams. not in general. None are of a technical nature, and they refer above all to the very nature of dreams and the knowledge of them that we can have. And for five days in a row I have been led, day after day and as if under the coercion of a mute and peremptory internal logic, to pause over the messenger dream, examining and scrutinizing one after another the different stages and movements of the soul in the delicate and ardent journey that leads (when the winds of the spirit are propitious...) from the appearance of the dream to the understanding of its message .

The fact that the message of the great dream affects us in a neurological and profound way gives it an exceptional spiritual dimension, even unique in the adventure of a human life. It is a call, a powerful interpellation, a pressing invitation to a creative renewal of the being: to move, without turning back, from one level of spiritual development to another, less rude, less limited, less destitute. and even miserable. This is an aspect almost always overlooked, which I have been led to return to again and again, which is never overemphasized.

But when I abstract from that unique dimension of the messenger dream, what strikes me most in the story of these last days is in fact in the direction rather opposite: the other particularities of the "journey of knowledge" that I have evoked on the occasion of the great dream are found more or less as they are in the "processes of knowledge" in general. But perhaps it would be better to call them "discovery processes", to clearly indicate that they are processes by which new knowledge appears, in which knowledge already acquired, already integrated into our being, is renewed.

Over the last ten years¹⁵ I have progressively realized something remarkable with respect to these creative processes: that under forms that are certainly variable to infinity, the same essential aspects are recognized, whatever the "level" may be. psychic to which the knowledge that is developed and renewed is located. I distinguish three such levels or "planes": the so-called "sensual" or "carnal" knowledge (which includes "erotic" knowledge, in the restricted and current sense of the term), "intellectual" and "intellectual" knowledge. artistic¹⁶ (which constitutes a higher stage of the evolution of "erotic" knowledge of things, without however being of an essentially different nature¹⁷), in short "spiritual" knowledge.

This is of a profoundly different nature from that of the two preceding modes or levels of knowledge, and (at least in the eyes of God...) of superior essence¹⁸.

Between these three great planes of knowledge, of which the first two remain very close, but the third, the spiritual plane, is far beyond them, intimate and mysterious correspondences are nevertheless perceived. As if the two lower planes were reflections, or rather "parables", imperfect and fragmentary and yet essentially "faithful", of the spiritual plane, of which for us they would be the enigmatic and underappreciated messengers. And little by little the dream has appeared to me, over the years, as the "Interpreter" par excellence, who shows us how to go back from the words of the cane and of those of human intelligence, towards the original reality, which is our true homeland and our inalienable inheritance.

The reflection of these last few days unexpectedly comes into resonance with the set of scattered intuitions that I have just tried to evoke. It seems as if there were an archetype common to all creative processes, to all discovery processes, whatever the plane on which they are developed and carried out. And I even suppose that that archetype or original mold or original form, that eternal "model" of all the creative processes that take place in the psyche (perhaps even of all the creative processes without exception, whatever the planes of the existence in which they can develop) – which is incarnated and inscribed from all eternity in the very nature of God, the Creator: in the way that God himself proceeds when creating – this is how all work and every creative act proceeds without exception. 'on, God himself puts his hand on it, or not (7).

I perceive, in the discovery processes, several different "moments", or different "stages", that develop in an order and following a scenario that, essentially, seems to be the same in all cases. Among them there are two, more or less long and laborious, in which the "time factor" seems to be an essential ingredient, just as in the growth of a plant, the ripening of a fruit, or in gestation. on of a fetus in the folds of the maternal womb. "They work over time", they develop "with a duration". On the contrary, I see two others that seem to be more or less instantaneous, like the spark that jumps, the flame that ignites, the building that collapses. Like your birth and the emergence of light, which prepare the dark labors of pregnancy...

Here are those "four times" that mark the rhythm of creation, like the ebb and flow of a breath. infinite, like bars in a counterpoint that has no beginning or end:

long time (preparation) short
time (conception - or unleashing) long time (work) short
time (culmination): a
compas! A journey, or an "act",
in the process of knowledge...

15It was in 1977, the year following the entry of meditation into my life and the "re-birth" of which I spoke previously, when I discovered with surprise, but without at first giving particular importance , that the impulse for knowledge in my mathematical work was of the same nature as the impulse for love. The words and images that spontaneously came to me, seeking to evoke the essence of the impulse of discovery, were words and images of the carnal love that Eros inspired in me. It was in a short text, "A mode of Program," to present a course-seminar on the icosahehedron to a future audience, with the hope of shaking the general apathy that had reigned the previous year.

16The German word "geistig", which has no equivalent in French, includes knowledge or an activity both "intellectual" as "artistic".

17See in this regard the penultimate footnote. Of course, the "discovery" I speak of in it was that of a "well-known" fact, which Freud seems to have been the first to formulate clearly, and to grasp its full significance. Of course I had heard about these ideas from Freud for a long time. But until the moment I speak of, for me (as for almost everyone) they were just simple ideas, inert "baggage." At that moment I had the experience and the immediate and unforeseen perception of a reality, irrefutable, although I did not have any "idea" in my head. The same reality surely that Freud felt a long time ago – and that CG Jung, who followed in the master's wake, chose to avoid...

18Delimiting what exactly is to be understood by "spiritual" knowledge is a delicate and important task, which, however, I do not intend to pursue here. It is something, along with "love", "freedom", "creation", "faith", "humility", in which the confusion of ideas is the greatest, and the most general..

And the culmination of the act is at the same time the trigger of the next act, breath after breath, chaining the measures to the thread of moments and years and times and seasons of life. your life – and in the thread of your lives, from birth to death and from death to birth, to sing a song that is your song – a unique song, an eternal song, a valuable song that blends with the other songs of others. beings in which life breathes, in the infinite Concert of Creation.

Only the Director of the Orchestra hears the Concert in its entirety, as well as each of the voices and each modulation and each measure of each voice. But we, part of the choir, if we sharpen our ears, we can sometimes perceive in flight the scattered wisps of a splendor that surpasses us and in which, however, in a mysterious and irreplaceable way, we participate.

12. Four beats for one rhythm

But it is time to land, and to return to that “four-beat rhythm” with an example – that of “journey”, let’s say, to which a messenger dream invites us.

1. Sleep: we live the dream. This plays the role of “material”, or “food” or “fuel”, for the journey that awaits us, whose preliminary stage is the dream we live. It is the “entry into matter”, or rather, the “presentation” of said “matter” (or “material”) and the first contact with it.

They have just (in this case, the good Lord) presented us with a substantial dish. Will we just take note? And if not, how will we respond? Wetting your lips, tasting it, eating it,...?

Long stage, in which our role is totally passive (8). It is intended to raise the following stage, the “unchaining”, and the creative process that this initiates.

2. Awakening: dazzling intuition of the dream as a message, and a crucial message, for us; faith given to that immediate knowledge, that we do not know where it comes from; desire to penetrate the dream, to soak up the message, loaded with an unknown meaning; will to know, which accesses desire and is animated by faith... – four movements of the soul, indissoluble and almost invisible, that hatch in the dark recesses of the psyche, like an imperceptible spark that jumps in the shadows. ..

Instantaneous stage, intensely and secretly active, both intensely “yang” and “yin”, “male” and “female.” With it, the creative process itself begins, prepared by the previous stage.

3. Work, which is carried out in the following hours¹⁹ (if circumstances do not force us to postpone it): just as a full-term fetus opens a dark path towards the light, so does partial understanding, peripheral Erica, arrived with the dream and captured upon awakening, laboriously opens hers, layer after layer, towards the depths: from the periphery to the heart, from the letter of the dream towards its deep meaning, from the conscious surface of the psyche towards its background...

Long, often laborious stage, in which the perforation of each “layer” is in itself like the work of a partial “mini-tour”, prepared by the perforation of the previous layer, initiated by the crossing of one to another and culminating in the crossing that allows us to move to the next deeper layer, which brings us one step closer to the imminent outcome...

The work continues as if under the effect of an invisible and powerful force that draws us forward, against resistances both inert and living – as if the unknown meaning that we want to fathom and reach drew us towards it inexorably, towards the culmination. total, without letting oneself be fooled or distracted by any of the partial mini-culminations that punctuate the tenacious progression towards the very heart of the message. (And with each new step towards the meaning glimpsed, the tension and emotional response increase...)

Stage that is both “active” and “passive”, “yang” and “yin”, in which we penetrate and are penetrated, we pull and we are drawn – long as the labors of childbirth – and where the hours fly in an instant...

4. Irruption: sudden outcome and end of the work, conclusion of the journey, culmination of the dream and its message... Instant, purely and intensely receptive stage, “yin”, abolished all fickleness of thought, of action, while the waves of a redemptive emotion flow through the being...

Previously I have already insisted enough on the meaning and scope of that moment – one of the great moments of existence – so that I do not have to return to it here. And all the less so since the messenger dream is now for us nothing more than a “case”, at once typical in its development and extreme in its scope, brought to illustrate the immemorial “rhythm” of the creative processes.

¹⁹When talking about the “next hours” I am optimistic. More than once I have needed several days of hard work to reach to capture the message of a “big dream”. The first time (in October 1976) it took four hours.

It is the journey prepared by the appearance of a great dream, like any other journey of discovery, the most secret stage, the most delicate of all, the most uncertain – also the that has a tendency to totally escape conscious memory (its intimate nature at least, if not its existence), is that of the “spark that jumps”, it is the delicate unleashing of the creative process: The living perception of a virgin substance , with its unfathomable wealth and power; the emergence of desire and the act of faith in that knowledge, diffuse and incomplete, that perception provides and that wants to be incarnated; and the will in the end to access the desire, to follow it, to let oneself be carried away by it – to the distant limits drowned in mists...

Once the spark has jumped, vigorous (in its very fragility...), and as soon as that will or that faith or that desire does not go out or is not broken before its time²⁰, it has already been won: the rest will come. What's more, at the right time...

Thus, it is the darkest moment, the most ignored, if not renegade or object of ridicule and contempt, which is also the most decisive, the creative moment among all.

In the cycle of the transmission of life, it is the moment of conception, by which a new being is generated in the flesh and the laborious gestation begins in the maternal womb, which prepares a second birth. in the daylight. And that contempt, which in our days I see spreading everywhere, for what constitutes the very essence of all creation, for that thing infinitely fragile and delicate and infinitely valuable, is nothing more than one of the innumerable faces of the secret full of ambiguity and shame that, since time immemorial, has surrounded the act of conception – the same act of life of which our carnal being is the fruit.

13. The two cycles of Eros – or Play and Work

(May 21) Here are two more “measures” in the creative rhythm, the two “cycles of Eros”. They are the two archetypes of the act of creation in the field of human experience. (While the ultimate archetype will always escape us, inscribed as it is in the nature of the Creator...)

I Eros – or the Game

Here is the “lovers’ cycle” – or the game of Love.

1. Preparation. Meeting of the two parts: the woman, or the calm, the seat – and the man, or the movement. See them here, each one in the presence of the other, carried away by the “chances” of life. Will each at least notice the other, and if so, how?

2. Unleashing: desire burns, in one or the other, or in both. Will he be repressed, like a secret erased, or will he find consent through faith in the beauty of desire and his own strength, and through hope in the consent of the other? And if faith consents to the beauty of desire and the knowledge that it already entails within itself, will the will consent to act?

When desire, faith and will come together and agree, the spark has already flown, with its original living force. Suddenly the perception of the other changes plane and is transfigured, the characters already withdraw to make way for the immemorial roles: the Mystery-Lover, the Immobile, the Eternal, communing in her body, and the Efficient Lover. number and mobile, discovering the mystery, in search of rest...

3. “Work” – or the Game: Here is the Game of games, the game of discovery in which each of the lovers finds themselves and discovers themselves – the Lover through the Lover who travels through them, the explores and probes, and the Lover as he explores and probes... both carried by the vast waves of pleasure of the Lover, the Inexhaustible, the All-Powerful - both drawn (as towards an end). common, distant at the beginning and increasingly becoming closer and more pressing...) towards the last crest where the wave breaks and abysses – towards extinction, towards nothingness. ..

20As I wrote these lines, I realized that that “in a little while” might be a bit too light! Saying that “that will or that faith or that desire does not go out or is not broken before its time” is also what can sometimes be called “having a breath.” That “breath” is, in some way, the measure of strength or quality, or of a certain kind of strength or quality, of that “will,” or of that “faith,” or of that “desire.” Sometimes a simple idea or intuition takes years of work, even a lifetime, to bring to fruition. (That was the case with Kepler’s laws for the movement of the planets.) Other times a person’s life is not enough, and generations are needed. And yet, even in such cases, I have nothing to take away from the categorical statement “it has already been won”; Well, it has already been won, in fact, although it will take centuries, and even millennia, before the fulfillment of the idea appears in its fullness. That is something that is situated “in time”, while what I am talking about here is “outside of time”. Even if humanity disappeared before the idea reached its completion, or the one in which it was born, in an instant of grace, does not continue it to its completion (and it matters little whether it takes a life or some days...), but (let’s say) he deems it more useful to take care of other things – that doesn’t change anything.

4. Fulfillment: it is orgasmic death, the extinction of each one in the other, and the Nothingness that extends in front, erasing everything... And in that death, in that moist and warm nothingness, it points , like a first smile, like a humble radiance, the newborn – the being in its first freshness, the being of the days of Eden and the dawn of days, the being new, empty io of wishes. Being reborn, in him by her and in her by him, both he and she at the same time father or mother, and the newborn child.

II Eros – or the Labors

Here is the “cycle of incarnation” – or the works of Life.

The meeting has taken place, or meetings, and the spark has flown, once or a hundred times. In From now on, the two parties form the married couple, workers united in works of life.

1. Preparation: it is the stage of love play in the preceding cycle, the cycle of lovers, and its orgasmic culmination. At the end of the stage the semen has been spilled and the egg waits, hidden in the warm and dark humidity of the womb, the male gametes rush to the assault of the half-germ of being, which calls its other half that must complete it. Will there be a winner – will there be a germ of being?

2. Triggering. The male and female gametes have united: it is the conception, or fertilization of the ovum, the “biological” appearance, in the flesh, of the new being, with that germ of embryo that it has just been formed.

Is there an act of knowledge, of desire, of faith, of will here?

I suppose so, without being able to confirm it. To the “wise”, it is true, the question does not even arise – for him everything is regulated by the blind laws of chance (which is the name we give to our ignorance) and necessity (which is the name we give to the little we know, in this case about biological and molecular processes). But surely “chance” and “necessity” are the instruments of a Purpose that escapes us, in an expert Hand that we do not know or do not want to see. And the soul here called to incarnate again, and its desire and its fear, its faith and its doubts, and its precarious knowledge and its innumerable ignorances, and its will (perhaps hesitant...) to try the new adventure - or to avoid it if I could... - all of this surely acts and is expressed on the plane of matter and the dark works of the body, just like the desires, fears, securities, doubts, knowledge, ignorance that They come together in a more or less resolved or more or less confused act of our will, they express themselves and act in us, incarnated souls, in innumerable ways on the plane of flesh and matter.

Therefore, in ignorance, it is better to ask or remain silent than to affirm or deny.

3. Work: it is the laborious gestation of the embryo in the nourishing matrix, the long and meticulous construction, cell after cell, of the “dwelling” or “house” of the reincarnated soul. A work of prodigious complexity and delicacy, in its smallest parts, as well as in its mysterious coordination and perfect harmony of functions and forms, made in the image of God...

While the abode unfolds and expands, and through the emotions and hazards of its uterine life, the soul (perhaps with hope, or with apprehension...) awaits the appointed hour, which will place 'end to its relative quiet: the hour of expulsion...

4. Fulfillment: it is the birth of the new being in the light of day, its second departure in its new terrestrial adventure. For the second time the dice have been rolled: the soul once again faces, in order to grow, the human condition.

The two archetypal cycles are intertwined: Behold, Eros-child, Eros playing with Love and reaping pleasure from love and carnal knowledge of death and birth, is transformed into Eros the Worker, who works sowing life in the field of the Lord of Life, watering it with his semen, with his sweat and with his love.

The game of Eros is not its own end – and we are not the ones who set the ends. It is a preparation. And the culmination of the game of Eros-child is also the beginning of the work of Eros the farmer.

And these two archetypal “measures” that extend and conclude, matching the carnal experience of love and its extension into the seed of life, suddenly appear to me as forming a parable, which speaks to me. from another reality. When I have only just separated, as if unwillingly, from Eros-child eager to glean, to plow and sow according to the will of his Lord...

14. The legs of the beam

(May 22) After the digression of these last few days on creative processes in general, it is time to return to dreams, and to work on the messenger dream. I had started talking about it, about this work, four days ago, in the section "Work and conception – or the double onion". This is where we begin to enter into the question, certainly pertinent, of why a long and laborious work is necessary to painfully arrive at grasping, at the end of the day, a "meaning" that would have to have been evident from the beginning. Before such work, I said, the conscious mental image we have of a new thing is "amorphous", "inert", while the thing itself is endowed with order and life – and that is due to the eye that sees poorly, "hindered as it is by the burden of old images, which prevent it from apprehending the new."

We must therefore think that work has the effect of "changing our eye", giving it (at least in its relationship with the thing examined, here the dream we have just lived) a liveliness, a quality of integration. on originals. And if what makes him so stupid and so stupid is that "ballast" of old ideas, the work must first seem to us like a cleaning, in order to remove the crushing baggage of the "beams" of all kinds that we carry with us. us, often throughout life.

Now, separating yourself from a received idea (and received, most often, without us realizing it, because it is part of the spirit of the times...), that is, believe me, one of the things most difficult there is. In the psyche there are immense forces of inertia, inherent to its very structure, which make an invisible and mute opposition, and oh how effective! to everything that can change it no matter how little – to everything that tries to touch the framework of ideas and images (most of them never formulated) that structure the "I". This is already the case in the relatively anodyne domain of scientific research²¹. But when it comes to ideas and images that involve our own person in a somewhat sensitive way ("empfindlich"), rare are those in which this general inertia does not become "living" forces of resistance of astonishing power, of a toughness to all test. A thousand deaths would be suffered and a thousand times a thousand inflicted without blinking, rather than humbly acknowledge oneself the least of those acts of vanity, pusillanimity or secret violence that dot the days of even the best of us. (9). It is true that there is no "small thing" in knowing oneself (when this is something more than a simple flourish of the brand image), and that knowing one of these things as it is , and placing it in its right place, is already the collapse of a certain image of oneself, and at the same time the collapse of an entire petrified set of attitudes and behaviors in the relationship with oneself. It always happens that the "big dream", which more than anything else is made to "touch" us in a neurological way, immediately mobilizes invisible and vehement resistance, which takes good care to evacuate the message as soon as possible. interviewed.

The image that appeared before, the "cleansing" to remove the "beams in the eye" that we carry without knowing it, is also far from reality. To make it more similar, it would be necessary to specify that these beams are not just things, certainly heavy but in themselves inert, that it would be enough to pull to get rid of them; but on the contrary they would have a life and a will of their own – a fierce and tenacious will not to allow themselves to be evicted from there at any price, clinging to the eye with their feet and hands, those beams different from the rest. 'As, or with a hundred feet and a hundred hands at the same time! Evicting the fox is nothing more nor less than laboriously tearing it to pieces – it's not a small job, no!

And to top it all off, we don't see that famous beam, not even any of its thousand agile and tenacious legs. Furthermore, during all the work, we did not even suspect its existence! All we know is that we do not see it clearly – and that will makes us follow the dark instinct that pushes us forward, and that at each moment also tells us, irrefutably, that we are really moving forward, that we are penetrating into the "meaning." that we want to know, layer after layer, laboriously, inexorably, towards the very heart of the message.

The work basically consists of patiently releasing one by one the thousand invisible legs of the invisible beam. But we don't know that then, nor do we have to know it. That is not our task. The creative processes are carried out in the shadows, and only One sees them fully, as they are truly carried out, with His silent help, where the human eye has no access. Perhaps we are nothing more than a living instrument, endowed with our own will and loaded with ignorance, in wise Hands. Our task is to assent by active faith in the work that must be done for us and in us, if we want it. Our task is that faith, that will, that "obedience" – the rest (I must have said it before) is in His Hands, and comes to us in addition.

²¹What strikes me most, in what I know of the history of science, is not what is often presented as "genius", nor the sudden, sometimes spectacular, advances that they unleash, but rather the enormous resistance of inertia that for generations and centuries, even millennia, stops the appearance of said "geniuses", and that often, even later, hinders its evident message from being truly assimilated by our species.

15. The slice rubbed with garlic

If it is not "our task" to know how the (supposed?) "creative processes" (in any case unknowable...) develop in us, perhaps you will ask me why I bother to say something despite everything. (And I've been fencing with it for a week now...) Another pertinent question! In my defense I would say that "I did not do it on purpose" – it has happened, I have already said, as if to my regret. And that's just a good sign!

If the reader has the impression of wasting his time, I, at least, do not have the impression of having wasted mine...

In any case, to finish this fateful work (!) in which I am engaged, about the "work of discovery", and after the unforeseen episode of the beam with legs, I would like to add a few words about rubbing. Rubbing is something that takes time, that absorbs energy, and that puts two different things or substances into repeated, insistent, even intimate contact (shame on anyone who thinks wrong...).

It gives off heat, and above all (and this is where I wanted to get at) it has the effect that each of the two substances present is impregnated with the other. It soaks in more or less deeply, depending on the time and energy put into it.

You take a peeled clove of garlic and a slice of bread, and rub. The game is unequal, garlic is decidedly the stronger of the two. Without having to rub for hours, the bread is infused with the flavor of garlic. When you don't like garlic, it is better to abstain.

If you truly want to know something, you will not achieve it only by the grace of the Holy Spirit. To know it is also to impregnate yourself, to make it penetrate you – or also to impregnate it, to penetrate it, they are one and the same thing. And to impregnate yourself and impregnate it, you have to "rub yourself with it." Everyone has experienced it, even if only to learn to walk, read and write, ride a bike, drive their car, and even to get to know the body of the woman or man they love...

It is like this at all levels, body, head, spirit. There are the lightning bolts of knowledge, of course. They brightly illuminate a landscape, for a moment, and disappear, we don't know where. Its action is fleeting in itself, and for that very reason limited. If we do not do our part, even the memory of knowledge quickly fades, before disappearing from the field of consciousness, perhaps forever.

One of the functions of work is to retain fleeting knowledge, giving it stability and duration. And of step transform it.

You will notice that this is something of a very different nature than fixing a memory. Knowledge is something living – something that germinates, grows and reaches plenitude. The memory is like a photo that you had taken at a given moment, more or less successful. Even if it is achieved, if you have the thing alive, you don't need the photo!

Fleeting knowledge is alive, certainly, but we only capture what that lightning bolt has revealed to us, in an instant, before disappearing into the depths of the Unconscious. Surely he is there, alive, and must act as soon as possible from his hiding place; but as long as it remains confined to those underground spaces, it is a life in slow motion, in hibernation. And therefore the action it can have is a dormant action.

Giving buried knowledge its total plenitude, according to the vitality that rests on it, is also and above all, making all the layers of the psyche participate in it, each one giving it its own coloration. on and resonance. For our being is neither just the surface nor just the depth. It extends from the heights to the depths, from the surface to the heart. To truly make knowledge our own, to assimilate it, to make it part of our being, is also to impregnate ourselves with it from part to part. Only then does it acquire, with depth, a duration, a permanence that is not that of the photo nailed to the wall of our room, but that of something that lives. We no longer have to forcibly keep it within the field of vision, at the cost of sometimes prodigious effort, like a prisoner²² who is agile and strong, eager to escape. Well, since then she is no longer a prisoner or a fugitive, but rather the wife.

I could say (if I dared...) that the fugitive becomes the wife "rubbing." And rubbing, not at full speed (we are all so busy...), but taking your time. He who looks at time, whether to "make" love, or mathematics, or to penetrate a dream – perhaps he gets laid or calculates or decodes – but he is far from the Beloved and far from the dreams, and is not on the way to knowing either one or the others.

When talking about garlic and bread, I was thinking about dreams. Among all the dreams and all the messages that come to you to tell you about yourself, understood and misunderstood, the "messenger dream" is like garlic among the plants that grow in your garden. It is a food, and concentrated! It feels good and gives flavor to others, but you either like it or you don't like it. And you gather in that garden, but it is Another who sows. There is garlic in your garden, even if you don't like it.

22(N. del T.: In French "knowledge" is feminine.)

But when you want to benefit from it, you collect it, peel it, rub it. And the bread that is impregnated with garlic, 'that's you.' When it is saturated from part to part, it is eaten in one bite.

16. Emotion and thought – or the wave and the botch

(May 27) There is still one aspect of the "big dream" that I have only touched upon in passing here and there: it is emotion. The contained emotion that passes through the dream from part to part and that often ends up being the crest of an excessive wave – to suddenly break with the startled awakening – even in the seconds that follow the gasping awakening , that living wave that pierces the being is something more real and more powerful, and drinks in purer and deeper waters, than anything we have known in our waking life. And it is in the immediate wake of that wave arising from the depths that we receive that instantaneous and certain knowledge: that "dream" that we have just lived and that still pulses in every fiber of our being, is not " "dream" or illusion but truth made flesh and breath and speaks to us, as no living soul or profane or sacred book could speak to us...

That emotion that permeates the great dream and the awakening that follows is like the soul itself and the breath of the dream. It is true, that emotion quickly dissipates, and the spirit calms down. Disperse and distance the breath of life from the dream, so as not to retain (if anything is retained...) more than the bones and the meat, is the best way, put in place ex officio by the adverse forces. , to quickly evacuate the sensed message – and rejected before it was even formulated! That is, I believe, a universal, instantaneous reflection of a force without a replica, which is already unleashed in the seconds that follow waking up, when the crest of the wave has barely just broken and the waters of emotion They ebb a little – like a mop rushing to remove those decidedly unwelcome waters!

This reflection takes the lead over any other movement of the psyche, and surely independently of the humble spark of desire, will and faith²³ (assuming it jumps...) that marks the moment in which true inner work is unleashed. The main sign that distinguishes such work, which enters into the living of a living substance, from simple parip'e, is perhaps this: although we have a tendency, without knowing it, to distance ourselves from the powerful emotional current that animates the dream. No, a dark and sure instinct constantly leads us back, as if attracted by an invisible thread – a thread surely finer and yet more effective than the ropes and ropes (equally invisible) that would like to separate us. .

As a testimony, here is the beginning of the retrospective reflections on the work that had just been done, and culminating with the moment of the soul's "reunion" with itself²⁴. It was at 11:1/2 in the morning (mid-October 1976). The following notes are from just one hour later, 12 1/2 o'clock:

"I thought about going back to sleep, but I just dozed, and finally my thoughts, half asleep, returned to the dream, to its meaning. And now I have just reread the last part of the description²⁵ – when, with my resistances disappearing one after another, the profound meaning of the dream finally presents itself to me with all its revulsive force. The successive stages that brought me closer to that revelation were marked by the increasing intensity of emotional responses, which affected deeper and deeper layers of my being. Each time, the description of the climactic moment of the previous stage was the starting point of a sudden deepening of understanding, and of the emotional response to that understanding. Until the moment when all fickleness of understanding, of analysis, of distancing – was annihilated, submerged by that wave of redemptive sadness that crossed me, shook me and washed me, all resistance vanished.

When I write: "But in me there is also - but less visible, certainly more discreet... another being, spontaneous, free...", I risk almost a daring hypothesis, perhaps arising from a too agile attempt – without daring to believe it! And yet. at that moment he was born as

²³See in this regard the three consecutive sections "Act of knowledge and act of faith", "The will to know", "The narrow gate – or the spark and the flame" (nos. 7, 8, 9).

²⁴That "reunion," and the dream that sparked it, have been discussed for the first time in the first paragraph of section 1, "Dreams and self-knowledge." I have already returned several times to that first contact with the substance of a messenger dream. I also talk about that experience in Cosechas y Siembras III, in the note "El reencuentro" (no. 109).

²⁵Here and later, the term "description" designates the written reflection that I did during the four hours that followed waking up. That reflection began in effect as a "description" (or a "story") of the dream, and of my first thoughts upon waking up, and was, furthermore, felt as a "description." ", at each moment, of certain thoughts and emotions aroused in me by the preceding stages of the work.

a sudden hope – and suddenly the dream appears as a stimulus, as a promise. Yes – you are nostalgic for freshness – and feeling S.'s has touched you like a deep wound (which you still resisted...), and then you said to yourself without daring to believe it: maybe One day I was that, or at least one day, in a new birth perhaps, I will be. But just as innocence lives in Daniel, in whom you have sometimes perceived fear, pride, anger – and innocence – so (perhaps?) it is alive in you, humbly – certainly not very visible and perhaps not very active, since the foreground of the scene is occupied by the other!

But then all this was only glimpsed, like a vision so fleeting that at the moment one doubts having had it. And the continuation of the description, of the written reflection, was a way of retaining that vision, of preventing it from fading without a lasting trace – just like the description of the entire dream and of the reflections that were added (which took four hours) had been a means of retaining the fleeting vision that the dream represented and the first immediate intuition of its meaning. Here the (useful) role of thought appears again, which describes and analyzes, serving as a fixer for what intuition reveals to us with lightning bolts, to force (if it can be said) the reticent intuition. to descend to deeper layers, instead of evading descent, and vanishing without a trace. Thought is then material support, and a stimulus to advance, stage after stage, and finally reach the last threshold at which a revelation can occur with all its revulsive force – a revelation in which thought no longer exists. has part.

Such has been the progress of meditation in me, since Friday 26 (today is therefore the third day). I cannot remember any other occasion in my life, not even in recent years, when reflection on myself has truly been anything more than an inventory allied to an exercise in style, such as now, which is a dangerous journey of discovery, with thought as a guide²⁷, certainly short-sighted and limited, but meticulous and full of energy, and also knowing how to withdraw when the occasion requires it..."

²⁶On the night from Friday to Saturday, a first important breakthrough occurred, with the collapse of a certain image of myself, and for that very reason, the discovery of the power of meditation in me. (I talk about this advance in *Harvests and Sowing I*, section 36 "Desire and meditation".) The dream mentioned here is from Monday morning.

²⁷With the passage of time, it seems to me that this role of "guide" (even if it is "short-sighted and limited") that I assign here to thought, in the work on the dream that I had just had, corresponds to a rather superficial vision of things, valid only for what happens at the clearly visible level, in the field of consciousness. Today, I would see the role of thought as more like that of a tinkerer, vigorous and good-willed, following the silent instructions of an invisible "guide" of very different finesse and knowledge.

II GOD IS THE DREAMER

17. God is the Dreamer

(May 28) It is time to go to the heart of the message of this book that I am writing, to say the master idea – that “big and strong idea”, returning to the Dreamer’s own terms¹ It is true that I have tried not to introduce it prematurely, that I have tried in short to ignore it as long as “I had no need for that hypothesis.” But I haven’t been able to avoid touching it here and there and talking about it in passing, how omnipresent it is in me...

On the other hand, in no way do I see it as an “idea” that would have germinated and matured in me before hatching, the daughter of the spirit that conceives and gives birth to it. It is not an idea but a fact. And a fact, when you think about it, totally crazy and incredible – and yet true! I couldn’t be crazy enough to make it up. And if I sometimes say that I have “discovered” that fact (and even that ‘that is the great discovery of my life!’), that is saying too much and bragging. It is true that I could have, and even “should have”, discovered it four or five years ago, when the Dreamer himself began to appear in some of my dreams. It was very close, that’s for sure – it actually almost burned me!

But as usually happens, I had my blinders on, and I didn’t “smell” anything. The temperature, in short, did not concern me, I did not want to know that it was “burning.” Thus, perhaps in desperation, it was necessary for the good Lord to take the trouble (among many others he had already taken with me) to reveal it to me. Oh, at first very discreetly, it must be said...

Here is that “madness”, of which I have had a revelation: the Dreamer is none other than God.

For many readers, surely, and perhaps for you too, what I just said is Latin or Chinese – just a few words, that leave you cold. As it would be, let’s say, a brief mathematical statement for someone who is not initiated. However, here we are not dealing with mathematics or metaphysical speculations, but with the most tangible realities, accessible equally (and even more) to the first boy who arrives than to the oldest learned theologian. And if there is something that interests me, when writing this book, it is not theories or speculations, but the most immediate reality, the most irrefutable – such as, especially, what we live night after night in our dreams. us.

One of my first tasks, especially in front of the reader for whom “God” is no longer more than a word (if not an “anachronism”, or a “superstition”), is to try to make the meaning felt.” tangible” of this laconic expression: “the Dreamer in you is God.” Only when the meaning is perceived can the question of the scope of that statement (it is not founded) be raised.

In my case, this fact was captured and accepted as such, on a certain day in mid-November last year, a little over six months ago. Furthermore, it arrived without any surprise, almost like something that fell due to its weight, but until then I had not bothered to tell me expressly. Nothing “crazy” then, at that moment. I noted it “in passing”, during a meditation on one of my first “mystical” dreams. It almost went unnoticed then. I was much more affected by the pervasive emotion that permeated that dream! In comparison, that curious fact, by my faith, which then appeared for the first time in my field of attention, for a small quarter of an hour, seemed very pale, very “intellectual.” .

Over the next few weeks and months, the scope of that “curious fact” began to unfold.

¹Those words (in German) did not come to me in a dream, but in what I call a “flash” (awake), implying words, thoughts, images and even short scenes, which sometimes appear to the psyche from the deep layers, without conscious thought or imagination having any part in them. Such flashes are of the same nature as dreams.

They are not the work of the psyche itself, but messages sent by “the Dreamer”, which is also to say: by God. I have had many during the months of January and February, especially when I was doing “deep breathing” and conscious thought is largely eliminated, by the attention paid to the breath (“Atem–Lauschen”). After the breath, he was careful to write down all the “flashes” that he managed to remember, and when the time came he tried to fathom their meaning as best he could, just as he did with dreams. nos from the night before.

In this case, the flash (from January 5) was reduced to these words: “A big and strong thought” (“Ein grosser und starker Gedanke”), without other words, images or thoughts that would specify them. Here is my comment from the same day:

“It is not clear what that “great and strong thought” is that will be my compass in my work to “clarify” – but it could well be this: that God, in his quality as So Lord, is available to everyone who wants to entrust themselves to him. He will also let me know what the thought in question is.”

These lines were written just ten days after God burst into my life with force. With the perspective of the five months that have passed, there is no longer any doubt in my mind about what that master thought is in the work that will concern me in the coming years.

become evident little by little. For the moment, suffice it to say that, currently, it is like the center and the heart of a whole set of revelations that came to me, via dreams, over the next four months – revelations about me himself, about God, and prophetic revelations. In the space of those few months of intense learning, listening to God who spoke to me through dreams, my vision of the world was profoundly transformed, and that of myself and my place and my role in the world, according to God's designs. The main transformation, the one from which all the others emerge, is that from now on the Cosmos, and the world of men, and my own life and my own adventure, have finally acquired a center that makes them there was a lack (cruelly at times), and a meaning that had been dimly sensed.

That living center, and that omnipresent sense, at once simple and inexhaustible, evident and unfathomable, close as a mother or as the beloved, and infinitely vaster than the vast Universe – is God. And "God" is for me the name we give to the soul of the Universe, to the creative breath that probes and knows and animates everything and that creates and recreates the world at all times. He is what is infinitely, inexpressibly close to each one of us in particular, and at the same time He is the least "personal", the most "universal". For just as He is in you in the smallest cell of your body and in the last folds of your soul, so He is in every being and in everything in the Universe, today as tomorrow as yesterday, since the night of time and the origins of things.

Therefore, to speak to you truthfully about Him, I could not help but also speak to you about myself, about a living experience that perhaps comes into communication with your own experience and makes it resonate. For God is the bridge that links all beings together, or rather He is the living water of an immutable common Sea that links all shores. And we are the shores of the same Sea, that each one knows It with a different name and under a different face – and we are even its drops, that each one knows It intimately, without any of them together exhausting It. What is common is the Sea, which links one drop to the other and contains both. If they can speak to each other it is because of Him who embraces them and contains them, and is perceived through them, living parcels of the same Totality, of the same Everything – of the same Sea.

18. Lost knowledge – or the atmosphere of an "end of times"

(May 29) I have the impression that this fact, which now when I "discover" it seems "crazy" to me, was well known to everyone since always, until just a few centuries ago. Perhaps not as clearly and as formally as I formulate it now. But under all the heavens and in all social strata, as far as I know, everyone recognized that God (when He was known by that name), or the Invisible Powers, speak to us in dreams. Even that was, it seems to me, the main way chosen by God (or by the Invisibles) to manifest Himself to man and inform him of His designs. And surely that and no other was the cause of the universal respect that surrounded dreams, and all those who had a little or a lot of understanding of dreams.

That respect for dreams has been replaced by an almost universal contempt. And the tone reaches us from the highest and most unexpected places². Even among the "professionals" of dreams, the attention paid to it is in the tonalities that the doctor pays to a symptom, or the detective to a "sign" or a "proof". Not in that of respect, and even less in that of the respect that we could call "religious": that respect mixed with mute admiration, or veneration, or love, that we experience when faced with things loaded with mystery, of which we darkly feel that they escape us and surpass us forever – that the mere forces of our senses and our understanding do not allow us to grasp.

My rediscovery of the profound meaning of dreams, as the living Word of God, took place in an atmosphere of solitude and intense meditation. Although the conscious thought of "God" was almost completely absent, I could well describe that atmosphere as "religious." With such a disposition, it was very natural that this discovery seemed to me something that "falls from its weight" – almost like something that deep down I had always known, without bothering to say it.

If at first I did not grant it the value of a "revelation", and even less of a capital revelation in my spiritual adventure, it was surely fair because it seemed to me something that should be well known. for all those who, unlike me, throughout their lives had been in contact with religious sentiment in themselves, and for that very reason also (I thought) with ancient knowledge about the meaning of dreams. us. When talking about that sense here and there around me, including friends who were very "cool" both in "spirituality" and in religious history and current cultural events, my surprise was not small (without

²Regarding this general contempt for dreams, see the section "The wise man's trash can – or contempt and grace", n –

stop at it, however) when I realized that my words were received with that surprise ("Befremdung") mixed with half-bewildered, half-amused disbelief, which is reserved for important things that are heard for the first time, and which for that very reason cause a somewhat extravagant impression³. (Well, as everyone knows, important things are well known by well-informed people...)

No matter how "cool" they are, these friends are to such an extent soaked in the air of the times, that a knowledge that, until a few centuries ago and for millennia, was a diffuse knowledge shared by everyone, witnessed based on innumerable testimonies in sacred and profane writings, it now seems to be a daring hypothesis, not to mention (since we are educated) ridiculous. Like materialists of all kinds, those who today profess "spirituality" find themselves alienated from that kind of "spiritual instinct" that we have all (I believe) received in part, and that comes from a knowledge that was previously the common inheritance of our species.

In such a cultural environment, what I received and welcomed as "something that falls under its weight," ended up seeming to me (reluctantly putting myself a little into that environment and into the skin of others). ...) as a "thesis", even almost as a "hypothesis", something extremist to say the least – as if trying to be original and surprise at all costs!

However, at the same time, I knew well, first-hand and with certain science, that what I boldly advanced is not "theory" or "thesis", but (as I wrote yesterday) a fact. A fact of which I have had such irrefutable experience, day after day and for several months, as that of the sun that illuminates us every day.

And that fact, in light of that "spiritual instinct" that I spoke of a moment ago, seems really "evident" to me, as long as one wants to take the trouble to pay a little attention to one's own dreams.

If despite this, and at a different level or register, I currently perceive it as "madness", as "incredible" (but true!), it is only because I have immersed myself, at least a little, in that environment of blindness. almost total and almost universal spirituality, which characterizes our strange epoch – the epoch of an "end of times."

19. The incredible Good News

And yet, I do not reject those expressions "madness", or "incredible but true", which yesterday came to my pen with the force of evidence. And it is not, as someone might believe, to anticipate the reader's predictable reactions. But rather it is a cry of joy, of exultation – the joy of a "good news" so unprecedented, after all, that my soul is still too limited to contain it, my spirit too stupid to capture it in all its scope. Well, at the end of the day, God (yesterday I already tried to say it wrongly rather than rightly), He is not just anyone! He is not a lazy Caesar or Charlemagne or Napoleon, who comes every night pretending to be clever in our dreams, to astonish us or leave us with our mouths open! It is GOD, the Lord and the Creator and the Breath of the Worlds, who, far from thundering in the clouds and allowing, impassively, the immutable laws that He Himself has established to unfold inexorably – it is God Himself who does not He disdains, night after night, to come to my side as well as to the side of the last and the least among us, to speak to us – or to speak to Himself, out loud, in our presence. And if He also speaks to you, or if He speaks to Himself in such a way that you listen to Him and as only He knows how to speak, it is not about the rain or the weather or the destinies of the world, but about You know what He speaks about – the most secret, the most hidden in you – the most flagrant things (and that you hide from yourself) as well as the most delicate, that no human eye could reveal. You are free to listen! if you deem it appropriate (And surely, if you listen with all your heart and with all your soul, it will not be in vain...)

Isn't it "madness" indeed? That intense and delicate and (I know well!) loving interest that is taken with our so insignificant person and with that "soul" so despised, not Peter or Paul or such and such friend or such?

relative, but the Lord, the Only One, the Eternal, the Creator (or any other name given to Him)? Doesn't that confer only on the human being, on you as well as me as well as on the last of us, a dignity, a nobility that confuses the imagination?

I insist from the outset on the above, not to invite you to stand firm in an attitude of "nobility" – forbid the Dreamer, who is pleased to remove with a breath and with a childish laugh any trace of attitude or pose! But because of another wind that blows in our days with more force than ever: the wind of contempt

³However, I must note one exception to this attitude of bewildered disbelief. It was only three days ago, and it came to me in the person of one of my children, whom I was seeing for the first time in more than three years. What I told him about my recent experience of dreams, and mainly about prophetic dreams, "triggered" him with some messages in the same sense that came to him both in dreams and while awake.

for the delicate things of the soul and being, the wind of adulation to the title, the rank, the "competence", the diploma – the wind of contempt and vileness...

I think I can say that for many years I have no longer contributed to blowing in that sense, and even that throughout my life a knowledge of what gives value to my life, and value to the human soul. But suddenly that knowledge has changed dimension. It has become so clear, so patent, that it is difficult for the spirit to contemplate it, it is so blinding. It is true that when the sun shines in all its splendor, we do not even think about contemplating it. It warms and illuminates all things, and that is enough. As for titles of nobility, they are only important in a world where contempt reigns.

But for the spirit eager for knowledge, it is not also a "madness" that God himself, the One who knows and who sees and who understands everything, and the Lord of lords in expressing and paint what you see with powerful and delicate brushstrokes – may that peerless Lord be willing, day after day and with inexhaustible patience, to serve as a benevolent and condescending guide on the steep way of knowledge! What prospects, for those who care to take advantage of such incredible availability! And I think I can say, without boasting, that I have really learned, in just a few months, more than what is usually learned and what I had learned, on a spiritual level, over ten or a hundred reincarnations. successive. And what prospects for our species, which is still taking the first step in the spiritual adventure...

It is true that when traveling under the direction of that intrepid and sagacious Guide, it is no longer us, but He who decides the itinerary at every moment. For my part, it has been difficult for me to get used to it, because it clashes so much with tenacious habits, rooted long ago. But I have well understood that this is not a "inconvenience", but a privilege. For the human spirit, abandoned to its own means, ignores the ends and the ways.

Only God knows the ends that He Himself assigns, and the best ways open to each of us, at every moment, to achieve them. If I have ended up following the Dreamer, almost despite myself, it is because I understood that this was the best thing I could do, if I wanted to learn to know myself. Now that I know who the Dreamer is, from now on it is God that I follow – eyes wide open and with total confidence.

And I know that it is the best thing I can do, for my good and for everyone's good. Well, what is best for one and a blessing for him, is also best for everyone. Following God, that is not (as before) learning this or doing that, according to the changing movements of desire. The grace, open to all, of following God, is above all the grace of serving.

20. Brotherhood in hunger...

(May 30 and 31) Yesterday and the day before yesterday I tried to locate, with broad strokes to begin with, the master "thought", or rather the knowledge, which is presented to me as the main theme of my testimony about my experience of dreams. us. Currently, that experience is inseparable, in my spirit, from my reunion with God and the experience of His action in my life. That is why I have not been able to stop expressing myself as if I were addressing someone for whom God was already, not a concept or a simple word, loaded with associations (valuable or pejorative) that vary infinitely from one person to another, but a living reality, rooted in your experience just as it is in mine. It is a bit as if I were addressing myself through an imaginary reader – myself, at the point where I am at the moment I write. And certainly writing is a powerful means of decanting and ordering an even more or less confusing mass of "raw" knowledge (however obvious each one may be separately), carried by the tumultuous waves of a still fresh experience.

However, I know well that if God assigns me the task of witnessing that experience, it is not for my sole benefit – it is not to be, as in my previous "meditations", my only interlocutor. And I also know that the message I have to communicate is not addressed only, or even primarily, to the few who have already had a living experience of God; even those who imagine they have it or who, having perhaps had it one day, believe themselves to be already very advanced on the path of knowledge and about to reach the peaks. If I write, it is not for those who are full (or believe they are), but for those who are hungry. And if I address you, it is only as someone who has known how to feel that hunger in him and who is willing to pay attention to it, just as I have felt it and still feel it, when writing these lines. It is only because of that hunger that I know you and why we are brothers – brothers in hunger!

21. Reunion with the Dreamer – or forbidden questions

I was going to write that seven months ago, I still did not have a living, irrefutable experience of God – and yet that did not prevent me from receiving the message that He intended for me. I immediately rectified it, thinking that in reality I already had such a living experience, and in many ways, but without knowing it. And I am sure that if you look carefully, sooner or later you will discover, perhaps with astonishment, that your case is the same, that you had already had the experience of God for a long time. Even if it were only for your dreams – when it becomes clear to you that dreams are really an experience of God common to all men. Which is the most “common” way in which God speaks to men. But of course, this everyday experience suddenly changes dimension when its true nature, its deep meaning, is discovered.

Perhaps my own relationship with dreams (for more than eleven years) has been quite particular: not only did I have a vivid experience of dreams, but also of Dreamer. To tell the truth, from the first dream whose message I probed (and I have already spoken at various times about that crucial event in my life), I knew that there was a “Dreamer” – a superior Intelligence, both for the penetration as through the means of expression, which spoke to me through that dream. And he was, furthermore, deeply benevolent towards me. I couldn't say with certainty if, deep down, I gave him a name, the name “Dreamer”, from that moment on. On the contrary, what I am sure of is that an instinct told me then, and continued to tell me in the following years, that this immediate intuition revealed a reality to me, that this “Dreamer” It was not simply a literary figure, a creation of my spirit. That it was a “Being”, if not of “flesh and blood”, at least “someone” with whom I felt closely related, and this despite the visibly prodigious means of that “relative” different from the others. ace. A “spiritual” kinship in some way. Is there a more irrefutable kinship than when you laugh out loud in communion with the other, carried away by the unexpected comedy of a risqué painting that he or she has just sketched for you? And when, furthermore, that painting represents you in some unsuspected aspect that makes you discover, and when it is at yourself that you laugh like this! And more than once too, often yes (I can say now), I have cried, touched by the word of truth, and in crying I have known all the benefit of those tears...

There was that “knowing”, at once diffuse (in the absence of being formulated) and of perfect clarity, at the same time timid and unimpeachable – like a whispering voice speaking to a distracted ear. And there was also the everlasting voice of “reason,” in which “reason” is the name we usually give to acquired habits of thought, so ingrained that it is difficult for us to imagine that it can be “function” decently otherwise. For that voice, those inconsistent stories of the “Dreamer” that floated in the air, a kind of allegory in short, of symbolic personalization, that was not serious, it was even in bad taste. On the other hand, I do not remember having dedicated even a minute of reflection to this question, and I would be inclined to believe that these skirmishes only took place on a “subconscious” level (that is, on the surface of the mind). consciousness). If I did think about her, it must have been in spite of myself, in moments of absence when thoughts wander as they please. And dedicating a reflection to it, no matter how short it was, a kind of “metaphysical” reflection, would have seemed like pure dispersion, a more or less gratuitous speculation, which would distract me from my true task: knowing myself.

Recalling those dispositions now, I realize that there was a kind of false humility. In short, he had decided not to pay attention except to the antics of the “Boss”⁴, and to the skirmishes and fortuitous alliances between him and the erotic impulse, alias “Eros”⁵, and rejected ex officio any more “relevant” question. To tell the truth, it's not that such questions didn't interest me. But I had decided beforehand that trying to answer them, or even just formulating them and seeing what he could tell me, that was “speculation” – a kind of futile vanity⁶, which would consist of doing as if he wanted at all costs to say something about what,

4I use the image of the “Pattern” to personify the “I” or the “ego”. It represents the conditioned part of the psyche, a reflection of social consensus and the product of the reactions of the psyche to adapt to the coercions and repressions of all kinds that have weighed on it since childhood. The movements of vanity and pride, but also those of aggressiveness and fear, are primarily emanations of the “Pattern”. On the other hand, it is also the Patron (and hence his name) who is in charge of the issues of “intendance” of the “company” that represents the psyche, and very particularly of the “personal relationships”. “public” with human society and its immediate representatives, mainly with relatives. This image is introduced and explained a little in Cosechas y Siembras I, in the section “The Child” (no. 42), and is taken up and developed a little everywhere in the rest of Cosechas y Siembras. See also the note “The small family and the Guest” (note 1).

5I had a clear tendency, until recently (when the Dreamer finally called my attention to my contempt), to confuse Eros and “the child.” I will have ample opportunity to return to the main members of the “little family” (almost always very disunited) that constitutes the psyche of man, and to their mutual relationships.

6This extremely critical attitude of mine, in the face of the pitfalls of more or less gratuitous speculation, was not without foundation, and was very serious. Even now, it is very clear to me that a philosophical reflection, whether it concerns the psyche, about human society, or about God and his relations with each other, is nothing more than a temple built on quicksand if it is not rooted in a vigilant practice of self-knowledge. But to the extent that such a practice

In any case, it was unknowable or, at least, it was beyond the reach of my mere "sane faculties"⁷. As for dreams, I limited myself to a "utilitarian" attitude in a certain way, very contrary, to tell the truth, to my true inclinations⁸: I was content with taking advantage of the "bargain" that dreams were for me. us, who providentially provided me with knowledge that would have cost me a lot to acquire on my own. Apart from that, I adhered to the tacit prohibition of asking general questions, about the nature of the dream, let's say, and its origin, or about the nature of the generous and brilliant (hypothetical?) Benefactor. who sent them to me with such profusion.

There was thus a deliberate and seamless purpose against anything that could resemble a philosophical reflection, no matter how unsystematic it might be, which would have made me suspicious in my own eyes of still wanting to "theorize." ⁹ (I, who was so careful to distance myself from a past and identity as a mathematician, supposedly outdated!) I have remained a prisoner of that attitude until very recently – until certain dreams (sometimes ago) three or four months) clearly revealed to me the obstacle that it had represented to the progress of my thinking and my understanding of the world, and at the same time they encouraged me to move beyond it resolutely.

As for the existence of the Dreamer, if in the end I knew what to expect, it was not after a reflection (which never took place), but because of the unsuspected appearance of the Dream! swimmer in person! It was, logically, in a dream, almost five years ago (in August 1982). I will return to that second capital turn in my relationship with dreams and with the Dreamer, six years later than the first. That apparition, followed by others in the following weeks, put an end once and for all to the slightest doubt about the reality of the Dreamer. Overnight what could well be called a true personal relationship with the Dreamer was established – and even, I could add, a much closer relationship. than with any of my friends or 'relatives'. The voice of reason had no choice but to go for a walk! (On this topic, at least...)

It was not until after that dream, I believe, that I began to discuss the Dreamer in my meditation notes. It would seem as if until then, even that name "Dreamer" was strictly taboo, and had not appeared once, either in my pen, or out loud when talking to someone. The change was radical from the days that followed that first appearance of the Dreamer. From then on it was something that fell apart in all my dreams, which were "messages" from the Dreamer. And I knew that in each one an intention of my condescending guide and protector was expressed, which from then on I endeavored to fathom as best I could. (At least that's how it was during the meditation periods.)

In the dream I speak of, the Dreamer appeared to me (without giving a name, it must be said!) with the appearance of a good-natured old Lord, who shows me my way. Without me even clearly realizing it when living the dream, he even shows himself willing to serve as a benevolent guide in an arid and lonely ascent, quite problematic in my opinion, in the one who was involved. I recognized who that old Lord was on the morning of the day after I had that dream and I wrote his story. (Same as that of two other dreams that accompany it and that, together with it, form a basic trilogy). That discovery was experienced as a sudden revelation, which filled me with exultant joy, and immediately infused me with new energy. Once the Dreamer was recognized, no doubt has arisen in me about it either then or later. And at the same time I knew that because of that Dream

had become an inseparable part of my daily life, my visceral distrust (to which I return in the following paragraph) was no longer appropriate, and became an obstacle.

⁷It is very possible that my reluctance to delve into any reflection or estimation of a metaphysical nature, even on topics (such as reincarnation) about which I had not been able to avoid acquiring a conviction intimate, was a vestige of the ascendancy that the teachings and the person of Krishnamurti had exercised over me for several years, at the beginning of the 70s. I express myself about this in CyS I note 41 ("The liberation 'on turned into a hindrance") and CyS III note 118 ("Yang plays yin – or the role of the Lord").

⁸I think I can say that all my mathematical work, published or not, testifies that the so-called "utilitarian" attitudes remained constantly subordinated to what I could perhaps call a "visionary" vocation, of a totally different nature.

⁹I still remember very well that I had to overcome resistance of that kind when, at the end of 1979, he launched into me a systematic reflection on the delicate interplay of "feminine" and "masculine" qualities in all things. (at a time when I was still ignorant of the consecrated terms "yin" and "yang"). It was the first time that he undertook a philosophical reflection of a general nature. Even in the following years, rarely and always with equal reluctance, I allowed myself, for a few hours, a "digression" on the psyche in general, instead of limiting myself to examining precise situations. Now, with hindsight, I realize, however, that these so-called "digressions," which I indulged in the way a spoiled child is indulged, were indispensable for the normal development of my understanding of the psyche, including the mine.

As one of the dreams that we will talk about in this paragraph revealed to me, my extreme reluctance towards any philosophical reflection of a somewhat "theoretical" aspect has been a consequence of my mistrust and a systematic devaluation of the "yang" qualities, and more particularly of the yang aspects (considered excessive and dominating in many aspects) in my own person. But devaluing and repressing yang is in no way a means of bringing about a fullness of yin (nor vice versa). At the level of my capacities for understanding and philosophical vision, the attitude in question (as that dream has shown me) meant cutting off what was my true strength – cutting off the wings of 'eagle, and then sigh for those of the dragonfly.

When He came in person, the Dreamer made me understand that it was in my hands to take Him as a tireless and safe Guide, in my hazardous and solitary journey in which I groped forward, without knowing well if I should to strive against everything, and even less where it was taking me... That sign that the Dreamer was giving me made me suddenly understand the crazy luck, the unheard-of luck that was coming my way. offered, probably always, but that I had not been able to see or fully grasp until then, not even remotely!

Certainly, there was no question of wasting such extraordinary luck. I then had an impulse of total trust, of grateful joy, and a choice: from now on, I would follow that providential Guide!

I think I can say that that absolute trust, that unreserved faith, has never been denied afterwards. But it is also true that in the following years, I was far from living up to my choice, and now I am still far away. I have often limited myself to listening with a distracted ear to what He told me over and over again with insistence and inexhaustible patience. But what above all limited the practical scope of that choice, I think, is that I continued to dedicate a considerable part of my energy to mathematical reflection¹⁰.

At least I could say that in the three great periods of meditation that I have gone through since then, my work has really consisted, more or less, of fathoming little by little what the Dreamer told me. night after night, or else, to return to certain dreams from previous years, evoked by those he had just received.

It is truly strange that despite that kind of "familiarity" with the Dreamer (if I still dare to venture such an expression...), despite that close and intense relationship, he has persisted in forbidding me (tacitly at least) from asking the question, which nevertheless seemed to impose itself: but who is the Dreamer then? In short, he remained stuck in the "utilitarian" attitude described above: he had an incomparable Guide, he knew he could trust him completely – that was enough. At least on a conscious level, where the motto remained: above all, no "metaphysical" questions!

On a subconscious level, even with the Dreamer's existence out of question, it was more or less as before: a kind of indecisive haze, a confusing jumble, which I never deigned to examine. The "whispering voice", she, at least was clear on one point: The Dreamer is not a part of myself, of my psyche – the "most creative" part, let's say, which sometimes also He called him "the child in me." I felt He was truly different from me, if only because of His prodigious means, which infinitely surpass those I know myself. I could not at all take them as "mine", not even attributing them (for the good of the cause) to a more or less hypothetical "deep unconscious"¹¹, to which the conscious gaze would never had direct access. As for the "voice of reason", he implied that there really was no reason to pull the wool over his eyes here. After all, dreams took place in my psyche, right? And furthermore, it was well known that the Unconscious was a bit creative, one should not believe that it was a common dunghill or garbage can, as Freud seemed to believe...

I must have heard a little about CG Jung; that the topic was already archived, that there was that famous Unconscious. And here I come across, by the greatest of chance, it must be said, the Autobiography of that same Jung¹². As interesting, it was interesting, and God knows if it was the Unconscious, and well surrounded by "numinous" vibrations – that is, in Greek or Latin, the correct term¹³ that now replaces the expressions in disuse and of charming naivety as "sacred", "religious" or "divine".

That Unconscious, I realized then, had replaced the good God of the good old days. It is true that in our days and among distinguished scholars and humanists, that poor good God is simply unbearable. Even for a good Christian and when he is someone, it is really not serious to talk about Him (or it is done in Greek or Latin, or better yet in Sanskrit, Chinese or Japanese...). While the Unconscious,

¹⁰I don't remember having had a dream that suggested to me that this important mathematical dedication was wasted time. From the point of view of my spiritual itinerary, I believe that it was a kind of "necessary evil", to lead me in an unexpected way to a confrontation with my past as a mathematician, and with the spirit of the times in the current scientific world. This confrontation is what is pursued, for almost two years in a row (and in more than a thousand pages), with the writing of Cosechas y Siembras.

¹¹With the term "hypothetical" I do not intend to doubt the existence of said "Deep Unconscious", but only to emphasize that it seems almost impossible to form an idea that is not "hypothetical" about its nature and its conformation. . A first and perhaps main difficulty, to which I will have to return, is to manage to "separate" what, in the activity of the deep layers, comes from God, and what comes from the psyche. Perhaps it is part of God's designs that the human spirit should remain in almost total ignorance in this regard. Compare this with the reflections in the footnote of the page ?? in the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 7).

¹²It is about that "greatest chance", and the very first impressions of reading, in CyS III, at the beginning of the note "The Enemy Brother – or the transfer of powers (2)" (note 156).

¹³The word "numinosum" (from which "numinous" is derived) is found in the copious "Glossary" at the end of the Autobiography, which collects and explains the terms of Jung's vocabulary necessary for the understanding of the book.

As Freud had proven (but the less said about it the better...), he was most scientific, magnificent!
Nobody could pretend otherwise, no!

God knows I was "burning" at that moment. I really had to be persistent not to make a comparison then, and to find the already prepared answer (and that perhaps I had "always known"?), to the informal question: who Is he then the Dreamer? I already very much doubted that the Dreamer was present and wide awake only in the moments when I sleep and dream!

If I had asked myself that question then, it is not possible that I would not fall for the obvious answer, the one that prevailed! But in my spirit (as surely in that of many others) that type of question was even a forbidden question: I'm sorry, it's not worth insisting on! Let's get to the serious stuff. The Unconscious and all that...

22. Reunions with God – or respect without fear

(June 1 and 2) As I finished yesterday, I exaggerated a little when I pretended that it was years ago since the answer to the question "who is the Dreamer?" It should have been obvious to me. What is certain is that if I had really considered it and had reflected one afternoon, I would not have been able to avoid falling, if not on the answer "that was imposed", at least on the new question that was imposed. "Couldn't it be the good God in person?" Truly that was the natural idea, given where I was in my dream experience. A daring idea, yes, and tempting. But until last October I still didn't know enough to be able to get an idea of whether that "hypothesis" (here we go!) was reasonable or not. And it was a month later, under the flow of my dreams and without searching for it, when the answer came without me having to ask myself the question.

At that moment, apparently the thing did not seem important enough to me to stop at it and examine more closely the intimate conviction that suddenly appeared. It must be said that listening, for days, to what the Dreamer told me kept me in suspense. I was content with extracting the main message from each dream (if I managed it), without even having time to dwell on the associations that seemed marginal to me (even "metaphysical"!). But since the end of December, the action of God in me, through dreams, became so evident that without having to examine my still very recent conviction, it is it had become certainty, or rather, knowledge. A knowledge as irrefutable as the one that had come to me ten years before, also through a dream, on that day that later seemed to me to be the "reunion with my soul." This time, it was the "reunion with God." Or rather, perhaps, the encounter with God, recognized this time as the One He is. It is my first encounter in my present earthly existence, and (as I thought I understood from one of my dreams, at the beginning of February), also the first in the long succession of my past births¹⁴ . . .

But I anticipate. It must be said that, before that still recent encounter, for me "God" was something quite distant, to say the least. It was very rare that I thought about him, and before the first reunion, eleven years ago (when I was approaching fifty), that practically never happened to me. I did not have the impression that I had ever had a relationship with Him personally, or that He was interested in my modest person, or in that of anyone else. Of course, I knew that there were people who were considered to have communicated with God in one way or another. He had heard about the prophets of Israel, who dared to tell four truths to the powerful of the earth, in the name of the Eternal. That at least, that was funny!

But he was not quite sure to what extent any of this could be believed, although often the good faith of the witnesses was clearly unquestionable. I had never made the effort to get an idea about it, to clarify myself about it. To tell the truth, I didn't have the impression that it really concerned me.

I will have to return in detail to the history of my relationship with God, and the idea I have of Him. I feel good that the very meaning of what I have to say about Him, and the credit that it can

¹⁴If I have spoken before of "reunion" with God, it was thinking of a past intimacy with God that is not situated in my current earthly journey, nor in any of the previous ones, but in the limbo of eternity, beyond all knowledge. human, when the soul, even uncreated or barely created, was still intimately united to God. I have had no revelation about the original state of the soul before its earthly journeys. But I am convinced that the biblical story of the Garden of Eden, and similar myths that refer to a paradisiacal "original state," are reflections of a universal archetype, anchored in the psyche. of all men. That archetype would be the "memory" of the original state of the soul, before it was torn or torn from that intimacy with God, to be launched into the long and painful adventure of knowledge, whose end would be the

return to God.

Granted to my testimony, they are inseparable from an entire context, of which that "history" is perhaps its main ingredient. Without taking into account that the very meaning of that statement that I am commenting at length and that I would like to clarify: "God is the Dreamer" – that this meaning depends above all, of course, on the meaning that is given, or that you give, to "God". But it would be necessary for me to try to communicate, as best I can, the meaning that it has for me, the bearer of the message! And that sense cannot be separated from my spiritual history, and first of all, from the history of my relationship with God.

For the moment, I would only like to emphasize that, as for my relationship with the Dreamer, and even until the month of November of last year, it was very far from being in the tones that commonly one would think of calling them "religious". At least it would never have occurred to me to call her that, no more so after my first "encounter" with the Dreamer "in the flesh" (of which I spoke yesterday) than before.

It is true that I had absolute trust in him, a total faith, that it would have been unthinkable for me to place in one person, no more in my own person than in any other. It was the faith that the little boy has in the love and strength and abilities of his father (at least when everything "is going well" for him, which sometimes happens...). The father is at the same time very close, and very strong, very powerful. That strength of the father has nothing disturbing or threatening – it is almost as if it were also your own strength; a beneficent, beneficial force, foreign to all violence, of which you are the tacit heir, which you darkly feel already beating in you, but to your own measure of littleness. That was, essentially, my relationship with my father, in the first five years of my life¹⁵. There was no fear in her. At no point in my life was I afraid of my father.

And that was also my relationship with the Dreamer. With the difference that I knew that my father was fallible, although I felt he was powerful and rich in certain knowledge. But I never surprised the Dreamer in failure.

I often disagreed with Him, but I think I knew, deep down, that He was right.

At the same time, an instinct told me that it was not about me passively "agreeing" with him, and that in no way did He speak to me with that intention in my dreams, but rather so that he would agree with me. Annoyance to confront me.

And He never failed – and when I scratched a little beneath the surface, I discovered (with the pleasure of one who sees a new understanding open before him) that He was right. Because of that penetration, of infallible security, the Dreamer was very different from me, and also (of this I had no doubt) from any other person in the world, since there have been men on earth. the earth.

And yet, at the same time I felt very close. It could be my father, just as it could be my older brother, or a mischievous older sister. His authority, sometimes malicious, was never a coercion, but always a pure gift, without any obligation of acceptance on my part, or gratitude. It is for all this that the famous "voice of reason" could insinuate that deep down, the Dreamer, was nothing more than a part of me, the part "ignored" by so to say. (That was equivalent to saying that deep down, I was an ignored "infallible" – the only thing missing was that!) When I express myself about Him in the meditation notes, after the "Encounter" (which I spoke about yesterday), it would not have occurred to me to capitalize "the" and "their". Even when I finally knew who He was, it was a while before I thought about capitalizing them, and I was even a little hesitant for a while. I still felt so much in a "t'uat'u" with Him! What is certain is that I have never had the slightest fear of either the Dreamer or God, and I would be surprised if I ever did. (Without, however, trying to predict the future...) I have not seen His anger and I do not know if I have aroused it or if I will do so. I know well that His power is infinite, and that sometimes He punishes bodies or annihilates them. But the thought of His anger does not frighten me. For I also know that His anger does not erase His love, and that He watches over, as something very precious, what in each of us must remain intact... (10).

As for capital letters, I have ended up forcing myself and getting used to putting them, even in my personal notes. I have told myself that in front of God and even in the moments when we feel Him very close, there can be no excess of respect, and that (except for the small child) the airs of "familiarity" are not welcome. And even more so in texts intended to be published. For respect for God, like respect for man, made in His image, and his soul, has degraded in a frightening manner. Even today's "believers" no longer dare to take it seriously, one would say, and constantly seem to beg the indulgence of "enlightened" people, in the name of humanism, for still persisting in such a blatant anachronism¹⁶.

¹⁵I speak in more detail about those first five years, in CyS III, "Innocence" (note no. 107).

¹⁶I have observed such ambiguity regarding their faith, as if they themselves could not bring themselves to take it truly seriously and were deep down ashamed to still be obstinate, especially among the educated "believers." It is in no way peculiar to Christians, but seems to extend to all religious confessions without exception. Apart from isolated cases, there should be no more than the people of the poorest layers of the population in the non-socialist underdeveloped countries, who have not been affected by this kind of generalized desacralization of the consciences. As progress does not stop, it will not take long for it to give a good account of those deplorable vestiges of the obscurantism of the prelogical age...

23. There is but one Dreamer – or the “Other Self”

(June 9 and 10) It is time to finally return to the thread of reflection, or rather, to the story of a discovery, interrupted (for a week) by unforeseen digressions¹⁷. And even the two previous sections also seem to me almost like digressions on a certain purpose, announced (eleven days ago) in the section “Brotherhood in hunger.” I was about to explain the meaning of the “master thought”: “God is the Dreamer,” to a reader who had no living experience of God, for whom, perhaps, “God” was no more. so a word, empty of meaning, or even a “superstition” from a “prelogical” age currently far surpassed (thank God!) by the triumphant impulse of rational thought and Science. I have old friends who cover their ears sadly when they hear words such as “God,” “soul,” and even “spirit.” I don’t know if they will read my testimony. But I also write for them, with the hope, who knows? that perhaps it shakes up a vision of things that has been too well (and for too long) established...

I was also prepared to reformulate the master idea, so that it made understandable meaning, not only for a few, but for everyone. So, in short, it was about “eliminating God from my proposition.”

That was May 30. But from that day until today, as if in spite of myself, carried away by the associations that followed each other throughout the hours and days, I have practically done nothing but talk about Him! the same thing that was trying to be eliminated! One would say that it is an obsession, and surely rightly so. In the past I was a math geek, and everyone kindly patted me on the back and told me that was great. When the meditation came next, that was a nuisance – do you want to tell me what that’s like?! Now that he is God, he is much worse – a mathematician who starts having revelations! Crazy as hell, yes...

When I began writing this book, I did not imagine to what extent God would be everywhere, in the lines and between the lines. I wanted to be diplomatic, to hide it in my sleeves (wider than expected...), to take it out halfway through the book with an innocent air, when one least expects it, as a “conclusion.” on” unexpected at the end of a long demonstration. But there is nothing to do. That Great Invisible, once it is made known, does not allow itself to be hidden just like that! And (I should have suspected) He laughs at the demonstrations.

Stubborn in my way, I’m going to try anyway to go back to my “elimination”, and see what happens. But again with a “subjective” bias, starting from my own experience, in my relationship with the “Dreamer”.

As I have said time and again, I was well aware, from the beginning, that the Dreamer – the One who manifested himself to me through dreams – was infinitely stronger than me. I was decidedly “Other,” even though I felt very close to Him. Everything I knew, He perceived – but with a depth, a sharpness, a liveliness, a freedom that I lacked (equally that all those you have never met). ~~it’s everything that he perceives~~ to me in dreams, it was always (I ended up realizing) He was talking about me, or about things very close to me¹⁸. And in many of the materials that He used to “assemble” His dreams, I recognized impressions that had shocked or brushed me in the preceding days, or sometimes also, memories of very distant days. buried in oblivion, and that the Master of Dreams made emerge from the mists.

From all this the impression emerged that the Dreamer was, in a certain way, “linked” to me. It was a bit as if there were a kind of “other self” in me, who had at His disposal all my senses and all my faculties of perception and understanding, but who used them with a freedom. and total efficiency, while I did not live (I had long realized) on more than a tiny portion of my resources. It was then like a “myself” that had been freed from the conditioning and inertia that acted as a screen between things and me, a Someone, in short, who would perceive through my senses, sensory and extrasensory, with the freshness of perception that I had at birth, and that integrated them into an understanding, into a vision, with the penetration and maturity of a Being who had assimilated the experience of millions of people. us.

As I have also said, I never devoted deliberate reflection to the nature of the Dreamer. But my thoughts must have touched upon the question here and there, wandering, without stopping at it. I had the idea that in another person the Dreamer would have another vision of reality than that of the One I knew,

¹⁷These “digressions” have consisted of the two notes “The Little Family and the Guest” and “Of the Celestial Club and the False respect” (nos 1, 10).

¹⁸The first and only exception to this rule, among my dreams, was the cascade of “metaphysical dreams” that came to me this year between the months of January and March. Although my person is involved in all these dreams, their message clearly far exceeds my person, and above all concerns the relationships between God and man.

which (I tacitly presumed) I experienced through my senses. I felt well, however, that those visions (no doubt different) could only complement each other, and never contradict each other. Well one and another was true, in the strongest sense that can be conceived. And I also felt well that the gaze of the Dreamer was "objective", although it gave the impression of looking with my eyes. I had never seen him "take party", neither for nor against me, or for or against anyone. It was just showing things and beings as they are, and always in some hidden aspect that had escaped me. That "objectivity" does not It was more than an aspect of his total freedom, in front of me and anyone else.

My impression, then, was that the vision of the Dreamer in me, and that of the Dreamer in another person, were visions equally "true", equally "objective", of the same absolute reality, but seen under different angles. In my experience of dreams before last autumn, nothing would have allowed me to suppose that the The dreamer in me would know and see more than what He could see from that particular angle linked to my person, that He would know that "absolute reality" in its entirety, from all angles at the same time. ; in other words, that he was in no way "linked" to me, as I had had the impression from the fact that He didn't just talk to me about what directly concerned me.

And here now is the truly extraordinary new fact, the "incredible good News," of which I have acquired knowledge without a trace of the slightest doubt: the Dreamer in me is the same as the Dreamer in you, or that the Dreamer in any other person who has never lived.

24. The Creator – or the Canvas and the pasta.

Before making a critical assessment of the foundation of this categorical statement (in which it is no longer is about "God"), I would like to first examine it more closely, if only briefly, and comment on its scope.

First of all: The Dreamer in me (or in you, it doesn't matter) knows everything anyone has ever known. never – And he knows it, furthermore, in a way exempt from the innumerable errors due to limitations of the human spirit, so heavy and so fearful of knowledge. We could see Him, therefore, as a kind of giant Memory, which instantly and simultaneously has at its disposal all the perceptions, thoughts, feelings, emotions and all experiences of all kinds that men have ever lived, since there were men on earth. Well understood, however, that 'that is not the inert knowledge of some gigantic computer, but rather a living knowledge, a Gaze that captures, in its essential strokes as well as the finest nuances, the complex relationships, infinitely varied, that they link together in the same harmonious . those innumerable scattered elements that I just evoked. That Whole His knowledge, which in some way puts "at my disposal", with the language of dreams; not according to my demand and my desires, it is true, but according to His Wisdom. And there is no doubt that He knows infinitely better than I, the ignorant one, what is appropriate for Him to tell me for my good at every moment.

In the little that I have just said there is, it seems to me, something to surprise the spirit of anyone who does not He is totally devoid of philosophical curiosity about himself and the world. And yet, that "little" It is a very far from reality. Remember first that the action of the Dreamer in us, and the help that grants us, are in no way limited to the messages (so little heard) that he sends us while asleep middle of dreams. He is also that silence) he inner voice that in our vigils (when we please to do the inspires us where the true is, the essential, the hidden nerve and the beating heart of the flesh. of things, between the amorphous mass of the given and the possible – where the dark lap opens in the darkness that the spirit must fertilize... – it is He, the voice of "unreason", while we cling so tightly to what is "reasonable", "serious", "well known", "reliable". It is He, the Creator who is in each of us and who encourages us to be creators like Him – and He is the one we constantly reject, just as we reject the message of our dreams.

But that is not all. That universal Dreamer-Watcher, common to all men, has a science that infinitely exceeds not only that of each one of us in particular, but also that of all the men together, of all those who have never lived on the earth as well as those who will never live¹⁹.

¹⁹What I say about "men who will never live" is surely true, as far as their "science" about the laws is concerned. that govern the Universe and of its very nature, but not, of course, to the knowledge that a man has of his own momentary experience, and his past life. These are, in effect, things subject to their free will, and they equally depend, on largely from the exercise of the free will of many other people, not counting the intervention of God himself, who in each instant is the result of "free elections." These are things that God cannot and does not want to know in advance, if that is not all. most broadly.

To give a precise example: when I sit at my typewriter, and I prepare to write a new section of the

Everything that a living being, be it man, beast or plant, has ever "known", perceived, tried – He has known, perceived, tried with it, and knows it at that very moment and in eternity. Our senses, and those of the smallest busy ant, the smallest blade of grass waved by the wind or the smallest bacteria that devotes itself to its needs – are like innumerable and delicate antennas of the same infinite Intelligence, which intimately knows , throughout the moments, in its main lines as well as in its most imperceptible details, everything that there is and everything that happens on the earth – the qualities and textures and movements of all the soils and subsoils, of all the waters that flow or pool, of the airs and winds, and of the living tissues of plants and beasts and men, and the currents of energy that irrigate and energize everything – and the forces teachers just like the smallest movements that relentlessly direct or make the human soul shudder in the breeze, that of the youngest as that of the first of us. It is that Intelligence, the same, that lives and watches in you, and in me, and in each one.

And that infinite Science, that intimate knowledge of all things is not limited to the surface and depths of the earth and the air and the waters, to what the legion of living creatures can perceive and explore and know. But even the most distant suns and their planets and their orbs, and every spiral nebula just like every atom that dances and vibrates in unison with the Universe in the unfathomable sidereal spaces... those are His eyes and His fingers that probe and scrutinize and explore the World, in its present and in its incessant future, from part to part in extension and duration, in its height and in its depth, in its changing forms and in its imperishability. substance, in its immutable Order and in the Breath that pierces and animates it.

And that's not all! That infinite Intelligence that speaks to us in our dreams and our wakefulness, and that in every moment and throughout eternity explores and searches and knows the World of created things, not only knows, but creates. By taking knowledge, you express, and by expressing, you transform. That creative Breath that runs through everything, and that perhaps you have sometimes perceived in dreams, or in certain blessed moments of abandonment and silence, is His breath. And to tell the truth, the World is that Breath, or better: His thought is what orders it, and His breath is what animates it. And the substance that beats through it and that before it carves and structures space and time, is His thought and His breath made matter and energy, and the creatures endowed with soul that inhabit it are His thought and His breath "made flesh" – and launched into the Universe, each one on their own and unique adventure...

And here I am again at the starting point! That so familiar Dreamer, who speaks to us in our dreams and which we listen to with such a distracted ear, is the Creator of the World in which we live – that world from which each one of us, and our entire species together, it does not perceive and does not know more than a tiny part.

And that same World is in perpetual Creation, it is the Thought and Breath of God, the Creator.

The creative thought of God is concerted and acts, and sprouts and branches and grows and unfolds in every place and at every moment, from all eternity. It is the original Word, the language of God, of which each word is Act and creation, in the visible and invisible World. As for the seven days of Creation, there is no doubt that they are the "days"²⁰ in which He unraveled from nothing the eternal laws (spiritual, physical, biological). ogic) that govern the Cosmos and the Universe – like a Master Painter who carefully prepares his canvas and his frame for a painting that he is preparing to sketch²¹. When the Master takes the palette and the brush,

present book, God himself would not be able to say exactly what text is going to come out of it. To the extent that He participates with inspiration, He knows roughly what it will be about (something I myself would be unable to predict!). But to the extent that I am not a mere scribe of God, but also participate in the writing of the text (for the best, and especially for the worst...), God's predictions are very likely to be incomplete, and even from being totally disrupted by the untimely initiatives of the editor, and even of God himself.

In fact, I believe I can say that man is at no time a "mere scribe" of God, even if he wanted to be. He is never a mere instrument, but always a companion, and sometimes a "collaborator" of God. I believe that God's respect for man, and for free will in man, is such that in no case and at no time does He decide that whoever serves Him, consciously or not, , serve you as a slave of His sole Will.

²⁰We must assume that each of those "days" is of the order of magnitude of a billion years.

²¹I assume, however, that this canvas and that frame have been prepared by the Master Painter at the same time that he drew the main part of the painting in broad strokes. That is, God has unraveled and established the main physical and biological laws (if not spiritual laws) tailored to needs, in accordance with His designs (of a spiritual nature), mainly on evolution. on of life on earth and the emergence and evolution of the human species. Thus, it could be that the "fine-tuning" of the most delicate physical-chemical laws, and mainly those that govern the properties of water, fire, or the macromolecules of matter organic, has only been realized throughout the billions of years that mark the beginnings of the appearance of life on earth and the development of multicellular organisms. These suggestions can be compared with the reflections "The Child and the Good God" and "Error and Discovery" in the first two sections of Cosechas y Siembras (CyS, sections 1 and 2).

Surely in Him there is an intention, a vision, a design, which the broad lines of the composition that is already being plotted say in advance. But what the Work will be, He Himself does not know, and He is careful not to determine it in advance. Well, it is a Work of art, and not a copy (even if it were a copy of His own decrees...).

What She is, He learns as the work continues, each brushstroke on the canvas calling the next, serving the same design, and following the free Will and Inspiration of the Master...

And the moment you read these lines, the Master is at work. His invisible brush is everywhere at once, deftly giving brushstroke after brushstroke in that infinite Picture in Genesis, which He is the only one who sees in all its parts, and in its entirety, with its tonalities and with its structure. And you and all of us, the living, are the living paste on the Painter's palette. Whether ours were created, and when and how they appeared in the Picture, I do not know. What I know, on the other hand, is that we are not a simple substance, flexible and docile under the brush that kneads us, shapes us and inserts us at the will of the Eye and Hand of the Master. Certainly, whether we know it or whether we want it or not, we are instruments, very often reluctant, in a Hand that has all power over us. But, according to His loving will, we are living instruments, endowed with freedom, according to our will, to agree with the Master's intentions, or to resist. The Fabric is wide enough to hug everything! And his stubborn ignorance of the paste and his long resistance to the brush are not the least notable features of the Work in which he collaborates, even if he wanted to resist.

Thus, by the heavy privilege of freedom, we are not inert instruments in a Hand that creates, but rather the irreplaceable partners in a Work whose design and vision escape us, and in which, nevertheless, in each moment of our lives and whatever we do, we participate.

Each and every one of us are the chosen partners of a Work that surpasses us, the concordant voices linked in a Symphony that encompasses and resolves all dissonances. Such is the meaning of our life, which so often seems meaningless, such is our nobility, which does not erase any decadence or any ignominy.

The price of resistance to the meaning of life, to "Tao", the price of decadence, of ignominy, of fear of life, of ignorance – is suffering. A tireless worker, he is the one who, with patience and obstinacy, restores to us, despite our regret, that nobility that we constantly reject.

To the extent that these things are interviewed or felt, we also stop using our forces to "get out of tune." And we, who were all partners despite ourselves in God's plans, are all, and at all times, called to the grace of being his servants.

25. God is not defined or demonstrated – or the blind man and the cane

(June 11 and 12) The day before yesterday I began with the laudable intention of "eliminating from my proposal" a certain "term" (hum...) that is particularly frowned upon these days. It has simply been to go back in order to jump better: I have been carried away, by a sudden facundia, to say the Unnamed One much more than the laconic statement that I intended to comment: "There is only one yes." only Dreamer" – and even much more than said Dreamer has ever wanted to tell me about Himself. With this unforeseen impulse, in the end I have put in my "package", if not everything I know (or think I know) about the Dreamer, alias the good Lord (since it would have for several volumes), at least what seemed to me, under the inspiration of the moment, essential to situate it. And very particularly, situate it for those readers to whom the word "God" does not suggest anything more than beatery, obscurantism, and the prohibition of "touching your little bird."

When playing my chords with two hands, I have not believed (God forbid!) to give a "definition" of God. Nothing that belongs to the spiritual world can be "defined", everything is more evoked, by the language of words or any other, in a more coarse or fine way, more or less superficial or detailed. And God contains and encompasses the world of spiritual things, is its Source and its Soul. Every attempt to say who He is, whether by writing, or by the voice that speaks or sings, or by the language of rhythms and melody, or by the body that clicks and dances, or by the chapels, temples, cloisters, cathedrals that sing with the secular voice of the carved stone, or by the humble hut of the hermitage, by the brush, the pencil, the charcoal, the burin, or by the chisel and the chisel that They chisel and hollow out and shape the wood or the jade or the stone... – all of that is just testimony, and it is nothing more than babbling. They teach us, at most, how God, and the experience and idea of God, are reflected in the soul of the one expressing it – like a piece of glass that reflects Heaven, with all the due deformations. to the crudeness of the mirror and its smallness. Although

If we were to put together the innumerable testimonies, over centuries and millennia, of all those who have felt led to say it, each in their own way, that would hardly bring to light the surface of the Unknown, of the Inexhaustible – which bowls that sink and draw water from a bottomless and shoreless Sea. We can say it, at most, as the paste under the Master's brush "says" the Hand that works it, and the Spirit that animates the Hand.

And just as none of the notions that express spiritual realities can be "defined", it is not a question of "proving" anything about them either. On this level, the truth is not something that is demonstrated, but rather something that is seen (13). It is the object of knowledge that cannot be acquired by reasoning, based on experience or other truths already known²². By this I do not mean that sound reason, and even reasoning, are useless for progress in the knowledge of the things of the psyche and the soul, quite the contrary. Handled with skill and rigor at the same time, they constitute a valuable parapet to prevent us from going astray with our eyes closed, and often allow us to track down insidious and tenacious errors. But if they help us recognize error, like the blind man's cane that places obstacles in his path, they are incapable of seeing the truth, and also of recognizing or establishing it. They can also be useful to make us glimpse, through "logical" means, things that they present to us as plausible, or at least as possible and worthy of being examined more closely. We would have no need for them, any more than for the blind man's cane, if our spiritual eye were fully open and awake. God, I am convinced (and even when he "does mathematics"), never reasons but always sees (including the relationships that we call "reasons", and that we chain in "reasonings"). In any case, any reasoning that seeks to establish a truth or a fact, about the psyche or the soul or God, is always empty. Every time, in meditation, I have fallen into that very common trap of "proving", and giving credence to a "conclusion" on the basis of a "demonstration" (even if it was camouflaged...), a discomfort warned me that I was going down the wrong path, that I was about to lose contact with the reality of the things themselves, to play with the concepts that supposedly express them.

If this is already the case with everything that concerns the psyche, it is even more flagrant when it comes to God. Thus, the so-called "proofs" of the existence of God, which have been given to us by more than one illustrious pen, are childish things (not to say ridiculous), which must have made people laugh a lot. He who so carefully proved the existence²³. Therefore, the reader should not expect to find in this book a convincing "demonstration" of equality.

God = Dreamer

not even the most modest

Dreamer in Pedro = Dreamer in Pablo.

Trying to "prove" such a thing would be to deceive the world (which does not ask for anything else...) by deceiving itself. It is useless for him to join the already quite tight ranks of those who like to indulge in such sleight of hand.

26. The new multiplication table

My purpose is not to demonstrate, but to clarify, testify and announce.

My first purpose was to outline broadly the vision that has formed in me about dreams in general, as I have already begun to do. I have not been able to and could not prevent myself from speaking again and again about God – just as I could not echo a dialogue in which I have been and am involved, silencing the Interlocutor. Through His action in me over the past year, He has become the omnipresent Center of that vision, just as He is the Center of my life, and of my worldview. My dream experience, when revealed as an experience of God, has finally been the crucible from which my person, and my vision of things at the same time, has emerged renewed.

²²All mystics (and even more so in the Eastern traditions than in the Christian tradition rooted in "faith") insist on the importance of experience, as the only source of authentic spiritual knowledge. But understanding that experience (even if it is lived for a hundred thousand years) only bears fruit if it is assumed. Until it is assumed, the experience does not stop being repetitive and is renewed, to move to a higher level of experience, which must be "assimilated", assumed in turn, so that it does not become repetitive, to teach us to our regret the lesson we must learn at that level of our spiritual development, before moving on to the next.

²³Surely, at least in the case of some, he would not have failed to make that laughter heard in their dreams, to thus accompany their valiant efforts at metaphysical logic. But they must not have realized it, and have remained serious as was appropriate for such a serious issue...

This leads me to my second purpose, "testimony": to try to outline at least with broad strokes, and "pass" however little, what my experience of dreams, and my experience of God, have been. The only foundation for the vision I describe in this book is that experience. And that foundation, which came to me at nightfall, is secure and unbreakable in me. To the extent that I manage to pass on to you some effluvia of that living experience, of those underground waters and of that exploding fire, the vision will be life for you too, and will take on flesh and weight. Only then will she have an opportunity to stimulate in you, with the help of the invisible and benevolent Guest, a work of inner renewal like the one that He has raised and supported in me.

I now move on to my third purpose, which seems to me to be like a bridge between the exposition of a vision and the story of an experience. It is about giving an account of some of my dreams, and the work that has led me to an understanding, more or less exhaustive depending on the case, of its message. They will serve, first of all, as concrete illustrations for the main facts of a general nature that I present in this book, regarding dreams. But beyond that role of illustration, some of my dreams, which have come to me during the months of January, February and March of this year, are of a scope that not only it surpasses not only me, but also the interest that can be given to dreams in general. In an even stronger sense than the other dreams, which reveal myself to me, for me they have the quality of revelation. It is clear to me, and some of those dreams expressly confirm it, that these revelations have been made to me by God not only for my own benefit, but to be announced to everyone – to all those, to the At least, let them worry about knowing them.

Among these dreams, with the quality of revelation from God to men, those that I call "prophetic dreams" have a separate role. They announce the brutal and sudden end of an era in decline and a culture in full decomposition, and the advent of a new era. I myself will be a witness and co-actor of these events, which suggests that they will take place in the next ten or twenty years at the latest.

This is not the place to comment on the meaning and scope of these prophetic dreams, and to place them, like the events they announce, in the history of our species and in the perspective of God's designs on us. . Rather, I would like to place this book here in relation to prophetic dreams. The vision that I present in it, and my embryonic understanding of dreams and the nature of dreams, are based on "revelations" that have come to me through dreams, and on the "interpretation" of those dreams that has been imposed on me without the possibility of a doubt. Such security (or such faith) is, certainly, something very subjective, and can be made of gold as it can be made of white iron. And furthermore, by its object and by its very nature, the validity of one of such visions is not susceptible to "experimental" verification in the ordinary sense of the term. Consider that the validity of an interpretation of the most anodyne of the dreams "of the first person who passes by cannot be established in this way²⁴ – it totally escapes any fickleness of "proof". The truth quality of the vision can be seen and tested only by him who is sufficiently advanced in an authentic personal experience of his own dreams and in an understanding of its meaning, so as to be able to convince itself "de visu" and by itself. If there is anyone besides me, I don't know.

I don't see more than a single "objective reason" that would lead someone other than those hypothetical "initiates" to give credence to that vision. And that reason, of brutal and peremptory force, will appear while I am still alive, with the fulfillment of my prophecies. It is that "sanction by history" that would give a credible "objective" foundation to imponderables as unconvincing as the "knowledge" that I claim to have, and my intimate conviction and security in this and that about (say) dreams in general, or certain dreams (called "prophetic") in particular (14).

In short, in my old age and to my surprise, here I am, at the initiative of God, converted into a messenger and even a "prophet." Without my having had anything to do with it, He has sent me such and such dreams, and has whispered to me what His message was, that to anyone other than me, perhaps, it would seem It was a fantastical, even delirious, interpretation. And it would not have occurred to me to reject the task with which I am charged: that of announcing. At the same time and without hesitation, I also accept the consequence: a prophet is taken seriously, not because of his pretty face, but when his prophecies come true. And this all the more so as they are important.

It is these prophetic dreams, and only them, that give me complete security about the short-term survival of our species (which last year still seemed more than doubtful to me) , and about the future that awaits us. Not only will there still be a humanity from here in a few decades,²⁵ but I also know that it will not be spiritually dead as it is now. And it is in an environment of life, not among effluvia of decomposition and death, where a message like the one I carry about dreams and about the Master of dreams, could be received in the full sense. of the term: not as a "happening", as a noise

²⁴Compare with the reflections in the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 13), and in today's note "Truth and knowledge" (no. 13).

²⁵I have good reason to believe that we will be much less numerous than now. There will surely be dark blows, the "The Day of Desolation"...

that adds to the noise, but like a seed planted to germinate and grow. For some years to come, what I announce will undoubtedly still be a voice crying in the desert – in a desert full of noise. I am not the one who has the power to order the noise to be silent, nor to open deaf ears. But the shock of the Tempest will come, and the ears of those who survive will hear, and the eyes will see. And what was unreason, madness and delirium for the parents, will be accepted by the children and grandchildren as something evident.

It will be, in short, like a new “multiplication table”²⁶, graciously provided by the good Lord for my good offices. It would complement the old one of sad memory – that no one, after Adam and Eve and for generations of harried schoolchildren, had taken the trouble to verify...

²⁶This comparison with the multiplication table has been inspired, among others, by one of my dreams last October. In other dreams, the mathematical work serves as a funny parable in the research (at the level of spiritual knowledge) in which I am currently engaged, and which, due to its dimensions, its spirit “foundations”, and its visionary character, is related to my previous mathematical work. In the language of the Dreamer, the new work in which I am currently engaged is seen (not without humor!) as the “new Mathematics.”

III THE TRIP TO MEMPHIS1 (1): Wandering

27. My parents - or the meaning of tests

(June 13 and 14) I had announced² that I would outline an account of my relationship with God, and it is time for me to keep my word.

I lived the first five years of my life with my parents and in the company of my sister, in Berlin³. My parents were atheists. For them, religions were archaic remains, and churches and other religious institutions were instruments of exploitation and domination of men. Religions and Churches were destined to be swept away forever by the world Revolution⁴, which would put an end to social inequalities and all forms of cruelty and injustice, and which would ensure the free and full development of all men. . However, since my parents both came from believing families, this gave them a certain tolerance towards the religious beliefs and practices of others, or towards religious people. For them they were people like everyone else, but they had that defect, a bit anachronistic it must be admitted, like others had theirs.

My father came from a pious Jewish family in a small Jewish town in Ukraine, Novozybkov. He even had a rabbi grandfather. However, religion must not have penetrated him much, not even in his childhood. From very early on he felt solidarity with the peasants and humble people, more than with his middle-class family⁵. At the age of fourteen he left with a group of anarchists who toured the country preaching.

¹ (N. del T.) Allusion to the novel *A Summons to Memphis* by Peter Taylor, published in 1986, in which a New York editor receives two successive calls from his sisters asking him to return to Memphis on a matter urgent family. Unable to refuse, he begins a journey to the South... and to his own past, in which he discovers that the injustices or cruelties – real or imaginary – that he reproaches his father for “this was something to be remembered, not forgotten. This was something to be accepted and even welcomed, not forgotten or forgiven.”

²In the section “Reunions with God - or respect without fear”, in which I also explain the need for such story of my relationship with God.

³ (June 29) I spoke about those first childhood years in *Cosechas y Siembras*, in the note “Innocence” (CyS III, note o 107). At the beginning of the following note “The Superfather” (no. 108), I say a few words about the crucial episode of the destruction of the family, which took place between June and December 1933, when I was in my sixth year.

In the first months of my life there was an episode that I did not mention in *Harvests and Sowings*, and whose importance I have tended to underestimate until recently. Then I refused to eat and was about to die. In 1988 I was able to reconstruct what happened by fitting together what I have come to know about the circumstances surrounding conception, pregnancy and my birth, as well as my first months of life: memories of what my mother told me, autobiographical notes messages from my mother, letters, and more recently dreams... I realized that my mother gave birth to me despite a visceral rejection of her motherhood, to prove her power over my father (who did not want children). and as a supplementary way (if it had been necessary) to tie him. When I was born, I found an environment of such violence that the will to live abandoned me, and I decided to return to where I had come from. I was lucky, in the children's hospital where I was admitted in extremis, to find loving nurses, which gave me back the will to live.

This incident must have caused some unconscious shock in my mother. As if a kind of miracle had occurred that remains mysterious to me, because in the following five years and according to everything I know, his relationship with me was that of loving acceptance. . (I express myself on this topic in the aforementioned note). On the other hand, on a conscious level she never had the slightest suspicion of what had happened. When talking about this episode, above all I was proud of having been able to impose, hand raised and all the maternity wards deployed, my admission to the shiny hospital at the other end of Berlin, the last cry of hygiene, diet and all that. The idea that it was not that kind of thing that was needed never occurred to him, at least while he was alive. Last February I had a dream that taught me the exceptional importance of this episode in my mother's karma, just like that of 1933. (June 14) In my father, the faith in the “Revolution “worldwide world”, of which he felt

⁴ like a chosen apostle, clearly replaced faith in God. In the next paragraph of the main text I say a few words about the emergence of that faith in a closed environment in which nothing, apparently, could predispose it. On the other hand, I have no doubt that this mysterious and irresistible vocation, which already took hold of him as a child, and which for two decades acts as a powerful inspiration that animates his life, , was a vocation in the full sense of the term, that is, a manifestation of God's purposes regarding him.

And it occurs to me that perhaps among those purposes was that he would be the bearer of a message infinitely vaster than he had ever dreamed of, which would be the extension and fullness of that “song of freedom” that he had in him, and that he never performed; and that I, that son whose coming I accepted with so much reluctance, at a time when (and for several years now) his vocation was drifting, was from then on destined to mature into me. ý already announce the message that he himself had rejected..

5I owe it to my father to have made an effort to arouse in me that same solidarity with the disinherited, which was so strong in him and remained alive throughout his life. In her relationships with others, and especially with people of humble status, I never noticed the slightest trace of arrogance or condescension (which, on the other hand, was not unusual for my mother). This excellent example has not failed to bear fruit, unfortunately not up to the example, I must admit. In several dreams that I have had since last October, God has unexpectedly made me understand that my “intimates”, according to Him, are neither my relatives nor educated or highly cultured people (among the who would tend to look for interlocutors), but the poor among

the revolution, the distribution of lands and goods and the freedom of men, there was something to make a generous and bold heart beat! That was in tsarist Russia, in 1904. And until the end of his life and against all odds, he continued to see himself as "Sascha Piotr" (that was his name in the "movement"), anarchist and revolutionary. , whose mission was to prepare the world Revolution for the emancipation of all peoples. For two years he shared the hectic life of the group he had joined, then, surrounded by the forces of order and after a fierce combat, he was taken prisoner with all his comrades. All are sentenced to death and all except him are executed. For three weeks he waits day after day for them to take him to the platoon.

Finally he is pardoned because of his youth, and his sentence commuted to life imprisonment. He remained in prison for eleven years, from the age of sixteen to twenty-seven, with stormy episodes of escapes, revolts, hunger strikes... He was released by the revolution in 1917 and then He participated very actively in the revolution, especially in Ukraine, where he fought at the head of an autonomous group of well-armed anarchist fighters, in contact with Makhno, the head of the Ukrainian peasant army.

Sentenced to death by the Bolsheviks, and after they dominated the country, he clandestinely left the country in 1921, landing first in Paris (like Makhno). During those four years of intense militant and combative activity, he also had a rather tumultuous love life, from which a son was born, my half-brother Dodek⁶.

In exile, first in Paris, then in Berlin and then again in France, he earns a living as a street photographer, which ensures his material independence. In 1924, during a trip to Berlin, he met the woman who would become my mother. Love on both sides – they remained inextricably linked to each other, for the best and especially for the worst, living in a free union until my father's death in 1942 (deported to Auschwitz). I am the only child born of that union (in 1928). My sister, four years older, was born from my mother's previous marriage, which was already dissolving at the time of the fateful meeting.

My mother was born in Hamburg in 1900, into a wealthy Protestant family that experienced inexorable social decline during her childhood and adolescence. Like my father, he had an exceptionally strong personality. He begins to free himself from the moral authority of his parents from the age of fourteen. At seventeen he goes through a religious crisis and lets go of the naive and problem-free faith of his childhood, which did not give him any answers to the questions that his own life and the spectacle of the world posed.

She spoke to me about it as a painful tear, and (I am as convinced as she is) necessary.

Both my mother and my father had notable literary gifts. In the case of my father, he even had an imperative vocation, which he felt was inseparable from his revolutionary vocation. According to a few fragments he left behind, he undoubtedly had the makings of a great writer. And after the abrupt end of an immense epic, for long years he carried within himself the work to be accomplished – a fresco rich in faith and hope and sorrow, and in laughter and tears and shed blood, strong and vast as his own untamed life and alive as a song of freedom... It was up to him to make that work incarnate, which became dense and heavy and which pushed and demanded to be born. She would be his voice, his message, what he had to say to men, what no one else knew or would be able to say...

If he had been faithful himself, that child who wanted to be born would not have asked in vain, while he was scattered to the four winds. Deep down he knew it, and if he let his life and his strength be eaten away by the little things of life as an exile, he was an accomplice. And my mother also had good gifts, which predestined her to great things. But they chose to neutralize each other in a passionate endless confrontation, each selling their birthright for the satisfactions of a married life adorned with "a great love" of superhuman dimensions, and of which neither one nor the other, until their death, was free. They were concerned with clarifying their nature and true motives.

After Hitler came to power in 1933, my parents went into exile in France, a land of asylum and freedom (for a few years yet...), leaving my sister behind (in Berlin). 'yn, am'ýn in another (in Blankenese, near Hamburg), and without worrying much about their annoying progeny until 1939. I join them in Paris in May 1939 (becoming older and older). my situation in Nazi Germany was so dangerous), a few months before the world war broke out. It was time! They interned us as "undesirable" foreigners, my father since the winter of 1939, my mother with me since the beginning of 1940. I remained in the concentration camp for two years,⁷ then they took me in in 1942 in a children's home of the " Swiss Relief" in Chambon–

the poor, represented above all (in the France where I live) by North African workers.

⁶Contact with my stepbrother (born in 1917 or 1918) was lost since before the world war, and I have never seen him, nor have I corresponded with him. I have read his letters (in Russian) and those of his mother, Rachil Shapiro, which I found among my father's papers. They suffered great discrimination and led a very precarious life. Some years ago I made inquiries for a year or two to find his clue, but without success. If he is alive and if this book falls into his hands or those of someone who knows him, perhaps contact will eventually be established before we leave this world...

⁷Most of the time I spent in hospital with my mother I was in Rieucros, a few kilometers from Mende – a small

sur-Lignon, in the Protestant area of the Cevennes region (where many Jews are hiding, threatened like us by deportation). The same year my father was deported from the Vernet camp, to an unknown destination. A few years later my mother and I will have official notification of his death in Auschwitz.

My mother remained in the camp until January 1944. She would die in December 1957, as a result of tuberculosis contracted in the camp.

In the years 36, 37, when I was still in Germany, the Spanish revolution gave birth to great hopes in the hearts of anarchist militants. My parents participated in it and were totally committed – the great hour of humanity had finally struck! They did not leave the country to return to France until it was irrefutable that the game was, once again, irredeemably lost. This experience in their mature age, and the inexorable failure to which it leads, deals a mortal blow to the revolutionary faith of both. My father never found the courage to truly face the meaning of that experience, and to see the failure of an entire vision of the world, at a time when "great love," also the , was going to be dismantled with a gnashing of teeth. Until the end of his life, he would still continue to profess with his lips a faith in the liberating revolution, which was very dead. To tell the truth, his faith in himself had died a few years before. Only from it could he draw the courage to confirm and humbly assume the death of faith in something outside of himself. And to rediscover the faith in himself that he had lost, it would have been necessary for him to find the courage to accept his own lack of freedom, his own human weaknesses and his own betrayals, instead of looking to others for the solution. blame for a lost revolution, and for fooling oneself into believing that the next time "it" will be done better and will be "the real one."

My mother's faith in herself remained unscathed through the bitter experiences of exile and the vicissitudes of married life⁸. That is why, perhaps, why she found in herself the simplicity to admit, even if only in her heart and in a still confusing way, that the generous revolutionary ideals that existed upheld throughout his adulthood, failed in some mysterious and essential way. But I needed, after the test of the long life together with my father, four years of a very different test, his years of captivity in the countryside, to have all the time (forced time!) to see it more clearly.

When he finally saw, he knew that from then on the meaning of his stay in the country was concluded. She was sure that her captivity was coming to an end. And indeed, although her "case" seemed hopeless and even deportation seemed imminent, she was released shortly after.

28. Splendor of God – or bread and dressing

Here I am again next to the "thread" that I had lost sight of a little when talking about my parents: the relationship with God. Again I take it up in chronological order.

camp (about 300 inmates) reserved for women, some with children. I only spent a few months in the Brens camp, near Gaillac, where the Rieucros camp was transferred, and where my mother remained for up to two years. That season in the fields was a rough school for me, but I have never regretted having gone through it. What I learned there, I could not have learned in books. Furthermore, the idea has never left me that such times will return, and that I may have to go through such trials again, but probably worse.

Between 1933 and 1939, working in France as a housekeeper and a jack-of-all-trades, often at the limit of her strength, my mother had a hard time! As for the "vicissitudes of life as a couple," after the incessant confrontations, sometimes harsh and sometimes insidious and latent, of the first nine years, he refers to the destruction (in 1933) of the family due to abandonment of children – loved by her and imposed, under the banner of the great passion that sanctifies everything, to a subjugated father who ends up saying amen to everything. At the end of that year, when my mother is preparing to join my father, who has been wasting away for six months waiting for her in Paris, she appears as the radiant Achiever, who arrives to reign as mistress and "nora about the ecstatic man – about the hero of yesteryear, fallen, pampered, despised... That insane Apotheosis in my mother's life, which deeply marked my life and that of my sister, Like that of my mother herself and that of my father, it surely marks the lowest point that either of them have reached spiritually, during their last earthly existence.

I discovered what happened only eight years ago, in 1979, more than twenty years after my mother's death and nearly forty after my father's. It was during intense work on the letters and other documents they had left, work that lasted eight or nine months straight. Neither of them cared, at least during their earthly life, to become aware of their own actions and what had happened between them. From my dreams of the last year I have known that now it is done. I suppose that now they are ready to reincarnate (if it has not already happened), to go through a new terrestrial existence.

In the course of these last few months, so dense with the action of God in me, I have sometimes thought about a certain event in my father's life that took place long before my birth, and in which I rarely had occasion to think. On the other hand, he never spoke to me or any living soul about him, except to my mother in the weeks of tumultuous passion that followed his meeting in 1924. She is the one who spoke to me, of him, a few years after my father's death. This is an experience he had in prison, in the eighth year of his captivity (around 1914). It was at the end of a year of solitary confinement, which had earned him an escape attempt during the transfer from one prison to another. It was surely the hardest year of his life, and it would have destroyed or broken or annihilated more than one: total solitude, nothing to read or write or to occupy oneself, in an isolated cell in the middle of a deserted plant, separated even from the noises of the living, except for the immutable and obsessive daily scene: three times a day the brief appearance of the guardian carrying the food, and in the afternoon a lightning appearance of the director, inspecting in person the "hardhead" of the prison. Each day stretched like an endless purgatory. And 365 had to pass before he was returned to the world of the living, with books, a pencil... He counted them, those days, those eternities that he had to save!

But at the end of the 365th (he could barely realize that it was the end of his endless ordeal...), and even for the next three days, nothing. At the end of the third, to his question "The year has already passed – when will I have books?", a laconic "Wait!" from the director. Three days later, still the same. They played with him, who was at their mercy, but the rebellion incubated, ulcerated, in the cornered man. The next day, barely uttering the same laconic response "Wait!", the heavy copper spittoon with sharp edges almost broke the head of the reckless torturer – who dodged to the side just in time. He felt the air on his temple, before the projectile crashed into the other wall of the corridor, and he slammed the heavy door shut...

For me it is a miracle that my father was not hanged right there. Perhaps some scruples of conscience on the part of the director, who "feared God" and who confusedly felt, because of the death that had touched him so closely, that he had gone too far? ? The fact is that the young rebel was beaten to a pulp (that was the least of it!), then imprisoned with shackles in a stinking dungeon, in total darkness, for an indefinite period. One day in three the shutters are opened, and day replaces the suffocating night. However, the revolt is not broken: total hunger strike, without eating or drinking – despite the young body that stubbornly wants to live; the ulcerated soul, gnawed by impossible rebellion and the humiliation of impotence, and the swollen flesh that overflows in glassy threads around the iron rings on the wrists and ankles. Those were the days when self-conscious human misery – that of the body and that of the soul – reached its depths.

At the end of the sixth day of confinement, the day of "shutters open", is when the unheard of happened – which was the most precious and best kept secret of his life, for the next ten years. It was a sudden wave of light of indescribable intensity, in two successive movements, that filled his cell and penetrated and filled him, like deep waters that mitigate and erase all pain, and like a burning fire that burns in love – a love without limits towards all the living, swept away and erased all distinction of "friend" and "enemy"...

I don't remember that my mother had a name to designate this experience of another, which she told me⁹. Now I would call it an "enlightenment", an exceptional and ephemeral state close to that referred to in the testimonies of certain sacred texts and numerous mystics. But here this experience is situated outside any context commonly called "religious". It had probably been more than ten years since my father had broken away from the rule of a religion, never to return.

I am sure, even without having precise data, that this event must have profoundly transformed his perception of things and his entire inner attitude, at least during the following days and weeks – days of very tough tests. surely. But I have good reason to believe that neither then nor later did he make any attempt to place what came to him in his vision of the world and of himself. For him it was not the beginning of in-depth and lasting interior work, which would have made the extraordinary gift that had been given and entrusted to him bear fruit and multiply. He should have reserved a very separate compartment for it, like a jewel that is kept in a closed case, taking great care to put it in contact with the rest of his life. However, I have no doubt that this unprecedented grace, which in an instant had changed excess misery into unspeakable splendor, was not destined to be thus kept under lock and key, but to irrigate and fertilize his entire subsequent life.. It was an extraordinary possibility that was offered to him, and that he did not take advantage of, a bread that he ate only once with his mouth full, and that he never tasted again.

⁹My mother did not speak to me in the detailed way I describe it here, and even if she had, I would not have remembered it so precisely. But I have a handwritten account of a dozen pages about this episode, which I have just reread. It was written in 1927, between my father (who did not have a perfect command of German, as he had Russian) and my mother.

See also in this regard the note "The signature of God", no. 15.

Ten years later, the way he confided it to my mother, in the intoxication of his first loves with a woman who was going to tie him hand and foot, it seemed like an unusual jewel and very precious thing that I had given him as a first; and when my mother told me about her, after more than twenty years, I knew that she had greatly appreciated, and even appreciated, that tribute then thrown at her feet, received with care and as a patent testimony of a total communion with the adored man, and of an intimacy that no longer has anything to hide. And upon hearing it myself, a young man of seventeen or eighteen years old, I received it with a very similar emotional attention: I, too, saw the jewel that enhanced it even more for me. the brilliance of that prestigious father and unmatched hero, as well as that of my mother, the only one among all mortals who had been judged worthy of taking part. Thus, the bread given by God as inexhaustible food for a soul (which perhaps would grow and feed other souls...) ended up becoming a family garnish, which enhanced the splendor of a very myth. loved and nourished a common vanity(15).

29. Rudi and Rudi – or the indiscernibles

(June 15) With some reluctance I have let myself be led to say much more about my parents than I expected. He told me that I was rambling, that I was getting away from my purpose – there was nothing to do! Maybe after all I am closer to said “purpose” than that reticence might seem. Not to mention that my roots in my parents have been so strong that it would certainly not be reasonable to try to make a review, even the most cursory, of my spiritual itinerary without including them in some way.

The first concrete trace of my relationship with God that I am aware of dates back to the age of about three years old. It's a kind of comic of my own, scribbled in the margins of a children's book ("taken away" from my sister, I suppose for the good of the cause). I put in it some defeat of the good Lord, in some altercations with my father in which 'he is clearly the good one and wins without effort. However, I had been assured that the good God only existed in the imagination of certain people, and that it was a bit silly to believe in that. But, in those dynamic scribbles, my father irrefutably demonstrates this flagrant non-existence to the good Lord himself, by pouring a bucket of water on his head, or even worse. I do not believe that the good Lord holds a grudge against me (at least no more than against my parents, whom I had not consulted...) for those youthful beginnings of a metaphysical thought that was still stammering.

In January 1934, towards the end of my sixth year, I was brutally thrown from my family environment, atheist, anarchist, and marginal by choice, to that of the conventional family of an old shepherd, at the other end of Germany. . I stayed there for more than five years, with a hasty and forced letter from my mother three or four times a year... In my new house there are many religious effluvia, which I perceive a little from afar – some visit to a convent, where there are nuns from the family, even one or two religious services that I attend a little stunned, and waiting for it to be over. But the atmosphere in the house was not very religious, to say the least.

The truth is that the couple who had welcomed me and loved me had the prudence (or is it mainly lack of availability?) not to tire me out too much with stories of the good Lord. From that moment, on the other hand, I had ample opportunity to realize first-hand that “religion”, among people, tends to be reduced to a certain social etiquette exhibited with more or less insistence, and supported with a more or less assiduous observance of a ceremonial that did not particularly attract me, and that no one, fortunately, wanted to impose on me (16).

The transplant from one family environment to another, and especially the six months, saturated with contained anguish, that preceded it, were a very tough test. That is the time when fear appeared in my life, but a fear that from the beginning has been as if locked behind an airtight layer of lead that has remained throughout my life, like a secret. fearful and shameful. It has been the best kept secret of my life, even with myself. (I only discovered this from March 1980, at the age of 52, as I began to work on my parents' lives.) I was very lucky to find, in my new family environment, and in those around me, good-hearted people who have given me affection and love. While since then I have rarely found occasion to remember any of them, it was surely no coincidence that the very night that preceded the “reunion with myself” in October 197610

10These “reunions” are discussed at the beginning of the first section of this book, “First Reunions – or Dreams and Self-Knowledge.” There I also spoke of the messenger dream that had aroused them, and to which I return several times.

I was led, for the first time in my life, to look back on my life and my childhood, and to evoke the love I received from them. Most of these people (I see seven, of which only one is still alive) were believers, but their loving request was not associated with any proselytizing effort. Which has only made it more effective.

Among those people who surrounded me in difficult years, I put aside one of them, Rudi Bendt, who I would like to talk about. He was a man of great simplicity, of humble condition and little education, but full of a spontaneous and active, unconditional and almost unlimited sympathy for everything that had a human face. Love shone in him so simply, as naturally as he breathed, like a flower exhales its perfume. All the children adored him, and in my memories I always see him with two or three around him associating with his multiple companies, even with a whole busy group. The adults, touched as if in spite of themselves by the spontaneous and unpretentious charm and by the radiance that emanated from him, displayed a half-touched, half-condescending sympathy with him, and gladly accepted his services. and good offices with the air of benefactors. I am sure that Rudi, with his candid and clear eyes, saw well through those airs and other poses. But it didn't bother him that the others were tired of putting on poses and airs of superiority (including the family that had taken me in¹¹). People are as they are, and he accepted them as they were, just as the sun shines and warms us all, without worrying about whether we deserve it. Surely he never wondered how he was different from everyone else. Clearly he accepted himself just as he accepted others, without asking himself questions (no doubt insoluble!). Her life consisted of giving – whether it was all kinds of dresses that she had recovered in basements and attics and distributed left and right to whoever might need them, or piles of paper cuttings (true treasures for kids!) from his small printing shop (before the Nazis forced it to close), a batch of empty bottles, glass jars for preserves... – the most unlikely things, which always They ended up finding someone who would keep them, to alleviate some little problem or some misery. Everyone saw the picturesque hodgepodge that passed through his hands, that he fetched God knows where with a small cart, whenever he had a free moment, and that he redistributed to whoever he wanted. But only God saw what accompanied that hodgepodge, carried by that clear, singing voice and by that candid and totally open look – something silent and invisible, much rarer and more precious than gold. .

Only since I meditate on my life and on myself¹² does the action in my life of the love that he gave me in my childhood begin to become clear to me, surely without knowing it or wanting it – underground action 'anea, imperceptible, invisible to everyone except God. And when I measure my actions and my failures (and even my successes...) by the standards of who he was, I feel my smallness – not because of a laudable effort at modesty, but because of the evidence of the truth.

What has impressed me most, when thinking about Rudi over the last ten or eleven years, is the absence of all vanity. In my life rich in encounters, he is the only one who has given me that irrefutable feeling that cannot be deceived, that by his very nature he was alien to vanity – that in him he had not done no dent. As for the people I only know a little about by their works or their reputation, and leaving aside only Christ, Buddha and Lao-tzu, I don't see anyone who has given me that same impression. on. And surely there is a close link between that absence of vanity and that radiance. Perhaps they are two aspects, one the negative of the other, of the same reality. Today I would be inclined to believe that the radiance is not from man, but from God in man, from the invisible Guest. It is a great mystery that God, the Almighty, in order to act in the world of men, wants to act through man, and it seems that he only acts through him. There where He shines, He acts, in secret places that only His Eye can access. And He shines freely in a being, to the extent that it does not oppose any screen to that action of God¹³.

But the screen between God's action operating in us and others, just as the screen between God and ourselves, is none other than vanity. A man seems "great" to me spiritually to the extent

times throughout Chapter I.

¹¹Even his wife, Gertrud, seemed to treat him a bit like a "big boy," and complained about his "weakness," which made him allow himself to be "exploited" without shame, and which sometimes forced her to stop him. the feet. She is part of those good people who gave me love, and to whom I am grateful. She is still alive, an old and agile lady of more than 90 years, and we correspond regularly. I went to see it two years ago, saying goodbye to the places of my childhood that I never plan to see again...

¹²Meditation entered my life a few days before the "reunions" mentioned above (see the penultimate footnote), when Rudi had already been dead for several years. years.

¹³It is rare to feel such radiance in an adult – the spiritual radiance, that is, not that of the body or intelligence, also rare but to an incomparably lesser degree. On the contrary, I have often felt it strongly in newborns or small children. I believe that it is always present at birth, and is even perceived by its relatives. But this perception almost always remains unconscious, drowned from the beginning by the shell of noise and clichés that isolates the adult from the perception of delicate and most essential realities.

(August 1) See today's reflection in the note "The creative child (2) – or the force field" (no. 45).

in that it is free from vanity, which means precisely (if I am not mistaken): to the extent that it is close to God in it. And it is also to that extent, it seems to me, that his action in others, and his action in the world, is spiritually beneficial; That is to say: this action collaborates directly, as if it emanated from God himself, with God's designs on each being in particular, and on humanity and on the Universe as a whole.

It is a great grace to encounter on the way a being in whom one finds humbly and perfectly fulfilled, complete harmony and unity with God who lives in him. And in my life full of graces, in my eyes one of the greatest is having known such a being familiarly, during some crucial years of my childhood.

I have had a dream that deals, as if in passing, with those beings, represented in that dream by a group of children. They are the "children in spirit." They live in a house in the garden of God, adjacent to another, which I have recognized as the abode of the "mystics", of those in love with God. I admit that I still do not distinguish very clearly the role of each in God's designs. In any case, what is clear is that they are His closest friends. Rudi, from what I know about him directly or from the testimony of others (mainly his wife) who knew him from his youth, truly had nothing mystical about him. I know that he firmly believed in God, he even went through a period of devotion in his youth, perhaps under the influence of his wife. But I don't remember ever hearing him talk about God, and I don't even know if he used to pray. To tell the truth, I don't think I had any need. In him there was no distance between God and him, which would have made it necessary for him to direct a kind of small conversation to Him (17).

In the final scene of another dream, also one of the most substantial and gruesome, there were two gentlemen of a certain age, sitting in wicker armchairs next to each other, in friendly conversation - in right in the center of a lively crossroads of a city. However, the most notable thing, at first glance, is that these two good-natured-looking men had every air of being twice the same! He was twice Rudi. Of course, in the dream it seemed like the most natural thing in the world, and I was going to complain to Rudi and Rudi about certain setbacks that had just happened to me (I, who had been a fierce anti-militarist all my life Lo and behold, in my old age he had allowed me to enroll in military service! And Rudi, furthermore, who finds it very natural and who tells me that I have done well...)

When working on this dream scene, after a moment of perplexity, I knew that one of the two was Rudi, and the other the good Lord¹⁴. But he would not have been able to tell who was who (and that certainly did not happen without the Dreamer's intention!). They were indistinguishable.

30. The waterfall of wonders – or God for good reason

(June 17 and 18) Until my sixteenth year, and certainly without ever having reflected on it, I had quite clear ideas about God. God was a pure invention of the human spirit, and believing in him was contrary to the most basic good sense – surely a survival from old times, in which it served to give an appearance of "explanation" to phenomena that were not otherwise understood, but perfectly understood today. Not to mention his role as a bogeyman of a conventional morality that seemed very petty to me, and aimed more at perpetuating inequalities and injustices than at eliminating or limiting them. The tenacity with which such irrational beliefs (according to me) continued to cling to the spirits of many people, including some who did not seem stupid, certainly attracted attention. But I had already seen a lot of that, everywhere, and especially during the war years¹⁵. He well knew to what extent good sense, or the most basic sense of human solidarity or simple decency, is swept away when it clashes with well-anchored ideas, or when it threatens to upset even the most sacrosanct inner comfort. It had even been a rude experience, for my young spirit, enamored of clarity and rigor, to realize even

¹⁴The appearance of the good Lord in this dream did not have to surprise me. In this same dream he also intervenes with two other faces – that of the corporal in charge of instructing me (and whose procedures are not to my liking...), and that of the minister of war (sic!), I plan to complain about the unspeakable attitude of your subordinate. This dream is from last January. From the end of December to the end of March, God appears in my dreams practically every night if only once or twice, under a multitude of different faces.

¹⁵In Nazi Germany, where my parents left me between 1933 and 1939, I saw quite a bit! But, being still a child, It disconcerted me less than as a teenager in France, during the war years.

To what extent every argument is then lost work, whether it is directed to reason or to a sense of humanity, to a kind of healthy spiritual instinct that must exist in every man (I am convinced today more than ever), and that it is so rarely heard!¹⁶ .

I had not asked myself questions about the apparently universal character of belief in the divine, until two or three centuries ago, and of religious institutions as the very foundation of human society.

To tell the truth, until a few years ago, my apprehension of the world remained almost totally separated from any historical perspective that could have raised such questions in me. And the answer to this appeared in the wake of my dreams just a few months ago, even before I had the pleasure of asking myself the question.

I had the opportunity to meet and see many believers, up close or from afar, even people of faith. In the concentration camp, since my mother was of Protestant extraction, we had quite close contact with pastors and members of the CIMADE¹⁷, who did everything they could to help the prisoners of confession. 'on Protestant. Later, in Chambon-sur-Lignon, in the heart of the Cevennes, I also had ample opportunity to appreciate the selflessness of the shepherds and the population, especially Protestants, in helping the numerous Jews hiding in the region to escape deportation and death. He certainly had no reason to profess distrust or disdain for believers in general, and in certain cases he could even find that his belief seemed to stimulate his sense of human solidarity and dedication. on to others. But neither at that time nor later did I have the impression that believers were distinguished from the rest by particular human qualities¹⁸. He knew well that a few centuries ago no one dreamed of questioning the existence of God and the authority of the Church and the Scriptures, which did not in any way prevent the worst injustices, cruelties and abominations of all kinds – wars, torture, public executions as entertainment for the masses, bonfires, massacres, pogroms and innumerable persecutions, with the blessing of the Churches and as the most normal thing in the world and pleasing to God .

Today more than ever, it is something that seems difficult to reconcile with the sanctity of the Churches (which remains just as problematic for me), or with the existence of a divine Providence (of which without However, I no longer have the slightest doubt...).

My blunt skepticism about God, and above all my visceral distrust of the Churches of any confession and obedience, I had taken purely and simply and with my eyes closed, from my earliest age, from my parents. But they were sufficiently well confirmed by the spectacle of the world around me, to excuse me from true reflection. Nothing, in my personal experience and in what I knew from others, induced me to question my anti-religious convictions.

The first break, and for a long time the only one, in this increasingly common vision of things, took place in March 1944, when I was going to turn sixteen. Our natural history and physics teacher at the "Collège Cévenol" where I was studying, Mr. Friedel, had come to the children's home where I was then living to give a talk on "The Evolution". He was a man who had a remarkable acuity for grasping and bringing home the essence of a question, or the crucial idea from which the rest follows, where textbooks (or other teachers) seemed to be. that they never gave more than monotonous repertoires of facts, formulas, data... He loved following their courses, and it was a shame that, with that liveliness of spirit and his generous heart, he had no authority over students. They preferred to take advantage of the opportunity to make trouble with a teacher who had no heart to punish¹⁹, rather than take advantage of the rare chance of listening to a man who understood and loved what he taught, and of enter into dialogue with him. Now I remember that he also took the initiative to give a talk, off-program, on the topic of love, and the physiological and biological aspects of love – a thorny topic for everyone when addressing young people in the

¹⁶It is good to remember here that even in the time of which I speak, I myself was often deaf to that "healthy spiritual instinct" in me. I talk about that in CyS II "The violence of the just" (note no. 141). And spiritual deafness has accompanied me, in one form or another, throughout my adult life. It has only attenuated since a first return to myself in 1974 (which we will discuss later), and especially with the entry of meditation into my life, two years later. afternoon, followed closely by the "reunions with myself" that have been discussed in Chapter I.

¹⁷CIMADE is an organization, of Protestant inspiration, that helps refugees and immigrants in France. It still exists today. At first my mother had scruples about allowing herself to be "assisted" by way of her original confession, when he had been estranged from her for a long time, and she was always very clear about it. However, this did not entail any difficulty, and he maintained cordial relations with several members or officials of the Cimade, until the end of his life. In the camp there was also assistance from a priest and perhaps Catholic laypeople, but we never had contact with them.

¹⁸Compare with the reflections in the note "Belief, faith and experience" no. 16.

¹⁹The situation went from bad to worse during the years that I was a student at Collège Cévenol. Last year was a real bullfight, of which I have painful memories, even though I was not the target. There was such a commotion that, in the end, it was impossible to follow the course, which nevertheless continued in the midst of the hubbub against all odds. It was an unusual ordeal of which our professor, who clearly had not been born to be a beast tamer, must have kept a humiliating memory for the rest of his life. I believe that the following year he left the region to take up a place in a large institute in the Paris region, and I hope that there his notable gifts and human qualities would be better used and appreciated. .

puberty. And it was no luxury – I realize now that we were all confused about those issues. Surely he must have realized it, so that it was ahead of a need.

In those two extracurricular talks, fortunately there was no more fuss, and I think everyone was listening attentively. Mr. Friedel was a believer, and he gave his talks from the perspective of his faith. I have realized that often, in such cases, religious presuppositions play the role of blinders, narrowing and limiting what is being examined, like walls that a faint-hearted spirit has set up to enclose itself as a precaution²⁰.

On the contrary, there faith, or certain knowledge or intuition of a “religious” nature, illuminated the subject and, far from narrowing it, gave it its true dimension. This is a reflection that comes to me at this moment – so I must have felt it, without consciously telling myself, since my interest was quite absorbed by the substance of the exposition.

It was a glimpse into what was known about the evolution of life on Earth, since the origins of the Earth itself, an incandescent ball that cooled over billions of years., with the appearance of boiling seas later, which in turn cool, and that of the first marine microorganisms, reduced to a single microscopic cell; then the evolution of the first multicellular organisms; the conquest of the land by bacteria later, attacking the bare rock, then by lichens, creating the first rudiments of humus over one or two billion years; the development of a more and more diversified and lush vegetation, then that of a fauna that arrives from the sea and adapts laboriously to life with air; the appearance of birds and the conquest of the air, that of mammals... – and in the end the appearance of man²¹, the newcomer...

With that exposition so simple and close to the facts, and all the more exciting, I then understood for the first time essential things that none of my natural history books said: that the smallest cell lives, From the pure point of view of its physical-chemical structure (not to mention the breath of life that animates it and makes it perpetuate itself and contribute in its own way to the harmony of the Whole...), it is such a marvel of finesse, that everything that the spirit and industry of man have been able to imagine and do is, in comparison, pure nothing. Wanting to “explain” the appearance of such a miraculous wonder by the blind laws of chance, playing with those of inert matter in the manner of a gigantic game of dice, is a similar aberration, but of infinitely greater magnitude. as great, to that of wanting to explain a locomotive in the same way (or the book I am writing, or a majestic symphony concert...), trying to deny the intervention of man's intelligence and will, which they have created in view of certain ends and moved by certain intentions. In the appearance of the first living cell, clearly, there was a creative Intelligence in action, perhaps close by its nature to human intelligence and creativity (since they know how to recognize it...), but it infinitely surpasses them, just as they surpass the intelligence and creativity of an ant or a grass. And we see how that same Intelligence manifests itself in an equally irrefutable way in each of the great “innovations” that mark the history of life and its development on earth. The most rudimentary multicellular organism, the smallest sea sponge or the smallest coral, due to the perfect cooperation of all the specialized cells that constitute it, each one contributing in its own way to the harmony of the entire organism – such new entity surpasses each of its cells as much as they surpass the constituents that are its physical-chemical parts.

Thus, the same Intelligence is seen in action, stubbornly, throughout the evolution of life on earth, continuing without rest for six billion years. It intervenes in an irrefutable way, at least, in each of the great qualitative “leaps”, of the “evolutionary innovations”, which begin, continue tenaciously and are finally achieved, during hundreds of millions of years, when they are not thousands of millions.

The last in time of these stages, shorter than all the others: the appearance of man, and the beginnings of his slow ascension to a truly human state, has continued for just a few million years. years and even today it is far from being fulfilled... And throughout that very long history that goes back to the origin of time, an Intention, a Design, can be seen taking shape, which remains mysterious to human intelligence, but whose presence is as indisputable as in a human enterprise (where the presence of an intention is perceived, even when its exact nature often escapes us).

Those things, which reason alone can fully grasp, and which are imposed upon it with the force of evidence, were then fully understood by me. And they have remained that way throughout my life, without me ever having the slightest reservation, the slightest doubt. Its character of evidence is no less than that of

²⁰It is necessary to emphasize that this “pusillanimity” of the doctrinal spirit is not limited to “religious” blinders, but rather It is surely found everywhere, and in any case in scientists as much or more than elsewhere.

²¹As Mr. Friedel had committed the eminent imprudence of saying that for anthropologists it was indisputable that man descended from the ape, he was severely reprimanded by our director, who took advantage of the occasion to defend the integrity of faith and the authority of the scriptures. The hooligans that we were enjoyed, in the following weeks, proclaiming everywhere that man, who would have said it and despite (?) appearances, descended from the monkey...

the best understood and established mathematical propositions. Let someone familiar with the simple brute facts, and mainly the biologist, not see these obvious things, but rather invoke the everlasting "chance" that would have created such a cascade of wonders, all concurring in a concordant harmony of one breadth and depth so unprecedented, it is a blindness that already for me bordered on dementia.

Much more enormous even (at least for reason alone) than the worst doctrinal blindnesses that, with reason, are reproached to the Churches of any obedience, the Catholic Church in the lead. But the new "Scientist Church" is a thousand times more blinded by its sacrosanct doctrine, irremediably petrified, than all the traditional Churches it has so radically supplanted.

31. The lost reunions...

I think that the same afternoon I heard that presentation, my opinion was formed, even without having to weigh the "pros" and "cons." Or rather, it was no more an "opinion" than it is a clear and perfectly understood mathematical statement, and established by a clear and perfectly well understood proof. The understanding that then appears does not have the nature of an "opinion", or a "conviction", a "belief" or a "faith", but is knowledge in the full sense of the word. term.

To reject such knowledge, not to fully trust it, amounts to abdicating the faculty of knowing attributed to every being, by which I mean: that of knowing first-hand. I have never had the slightest resistance or doubt to separate myself from a conviction acquired in my childhood – no more than to recognize an error in mathematics, in a hasty statement or reasoning²². He well knew that this "God" who put himself in all the sauces to make Him swallow everything he wanted, He was in any case that sovereign, infinite Intelligence, creator of Life and (of course) creator too. in the entire Universe, and the laws that govern it²³.

While until then I considered myself an "atheist", here I am suddenly changing categories – from now on, I would call myself a "deist"! This was done without drums or trumpets, with all the appearances of pure chance (him again!), apparently without anything having prepared it, nor had anything notable followed it. To tell the truth, I myself did not attach more than a very limited importance to it. I well realized that this Creator that I saw manifesting Himself in grandiose works that dated back to the dawn of time, was very far from the God of Promise and Retribution of which the Old Testament speaks, or from the near Father. and lover of whom the Gospels tell us. In my direct experience, nothing led me to think that the Creator, once the immense Ferris wheel of Creation was set in motion, continued to take care of what was happening and participated no matter how little. I saw no direct link between my life, as it unfolded day by day, or that of the people I met, and a divine will or divine designs – I perceived no direct connection. 'a sign of God's intervention in the present.

Needless to say, I wasn't looking. The question did not intrigue me enough to think of asking Mr. Friedel about his own experience and his possible observations on the subject. I shouldn't even have considered it worth pointing out to him that his presentation had "hit the target", so inconsequential it seemed to me! It was, in short, as if I had decided in advance that my interior life and my spiritual evolution would not be affected²⁴. Now it seems to me that this is the way in which the ideological conditioning coming from my parents took its "revenge", for the "setback" that I had apparently just suffered: with that deliberate and categorical purpose that the discovery he had made was not

²²I have often pointed out that in such convictions, even on issues that are the province of pure reason and do not involve us personally in a neurological way, the resistance to abandoning them generally has astonishing strength. In this matter, it would seem that I differ from ordinary mortals. On the contrary, until the moment when meditation entered my life, at the age of forty-eight, the resistance I had to becoming aware of what was really happening in myself , they were as strong and effective as anyone.

²³However, here it is advisable to make an exception to mathematical laws. These laws can be discovered by man, but they are not created by man, nor even by God. That two and two make four is not a decree of God, who would have been free to change it into two and two make three, or five. I feel mathematical laws as forming part of the very nature of God – a tiny part, certainly, the most superficial in a certain way, and the only one accessible to reason alone. That is why it is also possible to be a great mathematician, even being in a state of extreme spiritual ruin.

²⁴To tell the truth, until 1970, that is, for twenty-six years, I did not realize that there was really a spiritual evolution before me, that I had to learn things, and even crucial things to lead my life, about the world of men in general, and about myself in particular and about my relationship with that world...

It had consequences for me, which really didn't concern me.

To tell the truth, even before that period my youthful curiosity had already turned away from the world of men, so disturbing due to its deception and evasion (it seemed) of all rational understanding, to turn towards knowledge. exact part of the sciences, where at least I had the impression of walking on firm ground, and that I achieved (it seemed to me then...) the harmony of the spirits...

At the time of that episode, my mother had just been released from the camp a few weeks ago, and was living on probation in the small town of Vabre. As during his stay in the field, we wrote to each other regularly, practically every week. For me it was something that came of its own weight, in my next weekly letter I would inform my mother that "I had become a deist", without going into too much detail on the subject. It was no small surprise to me to learn from her response (dated my sixteenth birthday) that she had just gone through a similar kind of "conversion"²⁵, just a few months ago! He had not said a word to me before, because he was waiting for the opportunity to speak to me out loud, fearing that I had misunderstood him; Without a doubt, she was the last person in whom I would have expected such a turn. Even in the weeks preceding that unimaginable change, she herself would not have dreamed that such a thing could happen to her – and yet, it did!

I have tried to reconstruct what happened to her at the time of that "experience of God" (Gotteserlebnis), as she called it. To my aid I have the memory, somewhat vague, of what he told me out loud, and three or four testimonies from his own handwriting, in which he treats her no matter how little. What is clear is that it was situated at a much deeper level, and had a very different importance in his life, than my own discovery, which I had deliberately kept on a purely intellectual level. There must have been a moment of truth and humility in her, perhaps for a few hours or a few days, in which she "withdrew" without reservation – in which she recognized that by her own means , and above all with her intelligence alone, of which she was so proud and which placed her (she thought) so above the common mortals, she was totally incapable of finding a meaning in her life, which she felt shattered, in a world that was also falling apart in unbridled violence. The great hopes, and the faith in "humanity" or "man"²⁶, were dead. But above all, his own pride had weakened. She must have realized, then, that it was not only the others, but she herself who had failed her faith - that if her life had known so many ruins (that she could no longer manage, despite all the efforts, hiding completely...), she herself was no stranger. Throughout the seven long and painful years that had passed, since his own ideological debacle irresistibly triggered by the debacle of revolutionary hopes in Spain, his pride had rebelled against such a realization, he presented seeing it as the denial of an entire life, as a shameful defeat. In her, that pride was inexorably served by a will of steel, as ruthless toward others as toward herself, exacerbated, allied with the vehement cohort of fierce resistance that hindered the humble truth. It took the tenacious wear and tear of four years of captivity, the forced promiscuity day and night and at all times, the arrogance and arbitrariness of the "officers," and the noise and stench of the barracks, and the deprivations nameless, and the siege of the great colds, and the endless uncertainties and the mortal alarms - so that at last the furtive appearance, for the space of a moment, of the one that no one ever wants, the unwelcome one, the feared one, the avoided, the silent...

I experienced a similar moment, thirty years later, in 1974. My mother had died seventeen years earlier, and I was forty-six – two years older than I was. It was her, in her moment of truth. Until today I have not made this comparison; and the thought of God, as far as I remember, did not even touch me then²⁷. No doubt it was because at that time I had not yet truly had the feeling of the divine, the

²⁵The term "conversion" can be misleading, unless it is understood in the sense of "conversion to God, by God" – but at that level it was very short-lived! My mother did not consider herself a Christian. However, it seems that for a time she was strongly interested in the Scriptures. But I found almost no trace of that interest a few weeks later, when I went to join her in Vabre, nor in the following years, when I lived next to her most of the time . . .

²⁶It is true that this "faith in man" that my mother professed since her adolescence was quite abstract, and more in the nature of a generous and idealistic option than that of true sympathy, such as the one encouraged my father (and which had, alas, declined during their life together). That "faith" of my mother often covered a haughty and almost universal disdain, deeply rooted in the image she had of herself, and which she never acknowledged.

²⁷However, after writing these lines, the thought has occurred to me that in the same days in which that "instant of truth" took place in my life, I was contacted for the first time by one of the monks Buddhists, from the Nichirenite group "Nihonzan Myohoji", of Nichidatsu Fujii Gurujii. (See CyS III, "Nichidatsu Fujii Gurujii – or the sun and its planets", note 160 , and the following note, "Prayer and conflict".) That meeting also marks the beginning of my close contacts, and this time in the field of a faith and a militant activity of totally religious inspiration, with men and women who followed a religious vocation. Although I avoided seeing things from that aspect, it was "the divine" that then began to enter my life, through those beings that I felt fraternally close to, without sharing their faith. Thinking about it now, I see it as the natural continuation of the "experience of God" that had begun thirty years earlier, and which I then ended.

I had forgotten God, but clearly, God had not forgotten me. He manifested himself to me in His way, on the day when I had finally taken a first decisive step and from now on I was willing, however little, to welcome Him...

of a true presence of God, which could have called to my memory, and reminded me or suggested to me at the same time, alongside the unreserved confirmation of my profound weakness, the presence of an immutable spiritual reality, of a permanent Source of truth, of love, whose very existence compensates and rescues, or makes up in some mysterious way for every humbly recognized weakness, without feigning or avoiding... Or perhaps simply in one case God chose to make Himself known by His name to the that he had already known Him a little in his childhood, only to forget Him immediately; while in the other He chose to remain silent. However, that did not prevent an inner work from being unleashed and continued, however modest, which surely contributed to preparing the decisive achievements that were to be made two years later, and of which I have spoken. elsewhere²⁸ .

But at the time I'm talking about, when my mother told me about the meaning that her reunions with God had had for her, I was very far from having the necessary maturity to feel what it was about. What was clear is that it was in no way of the same order as my lightning discovery, archived as soon as I had made it. My mother assured me that everything that until then had seemed well known to her suddenly changed its appearance, became like new, due to the sole effect of the new illumination given by the new thought: "God" ; that a world that for her had been broken into a thousand pieces (it is true that she had never let me understand...), was reunited to constitute a totally different new Everything; that for her it was a profound joy to rediscover a meaning in life that seemed to have disappeared and lost without return, and to be able to resume a large-scale reorientation work from scratch, on new and henceforth unbreakable bases²⁹ .

It was not a simple euphoria, that is very clear. That would not have been his style at all, and especially not in those registers – and it would also be something that I would not have failed to notice, to feel discomfort. On the other hand, now that I realize it, those words of my mother (taken from two of her letters addressed to me, which I have just reread) resonate with my own very recent experience of God. It is even surprising to what extent they are applied to it, almost verbatim³⁰. This further confirms my impression – well, these things are lived and not invented. Those reunions with God really took place, they were true. And they offered him an exceptional opportunity, like he never had another similar one (I think) in his life, to "take the leap" – to renew himself.

But he did not take advantage of that unprecedented opportunity – that renewal, which he thought was carried out instantly, never took place. It remained before her, like a task to be done and never done – a task that she stubbornly avoided, until the end of her life.

To say it all, in the tone of the first letter in which he already spoke to me about that change, and in another from fifteen days later, it is clear that he had had time to calm down. There is no trace that a questioning of herself had taken place, no allusion to failures or weaknesses of her vintage. On the contrary, she notes with satisfaction that all the spiritual laws that she now discovers "in a new light" were already well known to her and my father all their lives; that they had always lived according to the evangelical precepts, and recognized as valid the laws ("Gesetzm"assigkeiten") established in the Bible.

All of this certainly had a noble air, and there was nothing to shock or disappoint or simply provoke reflection or attract the attention of his son, who had boundless admiration! for her! Even those kinds of things about my incomparable mother had been taken for granted for a long time. Before they were the high anarchist ideals of which she was the palpable embodiment, now they were the teachings of Christ, why not...

Judging by that tone (the only one I have found in the two letters addressed to me in which he talks about it...), there would be room to doubt the seriousness of that "new light", and the experience of which he speaks. The fact is that in his ways of speaking, feeling and acting, he did not change one bit – he should not be worried.

²⁸Mainly at the beginning of the section "First reunions – or dreams and self-knowledge" (no. 1). I also speak in Cosechas y Siembras, mainly in CyS I ("Desire and meditation", "Admiration", sections 36 and 37) and CyS III ("The reunions", "Acceptance", notes no . 109, 110).

²⁹As I emphasize below, that ardor turned out to be a fire of straw, and that work was never undertaken, not even at the level of a religious reflection of a general nature, which would not have involved him in a neurological way. 'allogical. Otherwise, I would surely have been interested, I too, in the reflections in which she launched herself, and perhaps my life would have been quite different, as I approached a knowledge of God from my adolescence.

³⁰I only have to make a partial reservation regarding the "meaning of life." It would be inaccurate to say that before my recent experience, my life was "meaningless." I felt strongly that it had a meaning, and even a fullness of meaning, but I couldn't distinguish which one! My relationship with humanity as a whole was more and more problematic for me, because spiritually I felt unique in my species, and I could not recognize myself in any human group, nor in any other being.

(See in this regard the beginning of the reflection in the note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold", no. 9). That was the source of a growing discomfort, which completely disappeared through the reunion with God. The fullness of meaning, which I could not grasp well, resides in God – in His simple existence, and in His interest and His loving concern for me, and for any other being, and for the affairs of men and animals. destinies of our species and the Universe.

For me, I was going to recognize her! But I also have a long letter that he wrote six years later (in 1950), addressed to the old shepherd who took me in. She must have felt more comfortable with him, because she revealed another aspect of her experience that had silenced me. In it he speaks of the radical inability of men to truly love, leaving aside a tiny number (like himself, or Gandhi...), of which he unreservedly admits not being a part.

It was certainly not an improvisation, arising from the inspiration of the moment, but rather a reflection, very attenuated, of what really happened in her at the time of those reunions. Then he must have realized the absence of true love in his life, just as I myself was led to do in my own life, thirty years later. Only that realization is what makes that moment an "instant of truth" – an instant in which the voice of God could be heard and recognized...

But when he wrote that letter, it had been six years since that humble and living knowledge, which then made him rediscover God (for a few hours or perhaps a few days...), had been petrified in a memory, in very clear formulas like: "all men,... – without excluding myself (that's how honest I am with myself)...". That formula, six years later and surely even six days later³¹, no longer meant anything. He did not take the trouble to examine what his relationship had truly been with each of the beings he claimed to love, and who had deeply marked everyone with the seal of his violence. As in the past, she continued to maintain the myth of the great and unmatched love between her and my father, and of the extraordinary and exemplary mother in all aspects that she had been. And when she rediscovered and arranged her crown of laurels, the same unexamined forces that had operated in her during her life, resumed and continued their underground work. Very soon they were going to devastate her own life again and that of those close to her, and make her hate and curse, during the years of life that she still had left, what she thought she loved, even the same God who gave her love. He denied the dry satisfactions to which he aspired.

Thus, I had the privilege of seeing up close that an experience of God, no matter how authentic and disturbing or exalting it may be, when it does not promote or nourish patient and lasting interior work, to reach the humble knowledge of oneself and his own life, and of the illusions, lies and hidden violence that cross it and penetrate everywhere, deep and tenacious like weed roots... – that then such an experience is neutralized and emptied of the force of renewal that lives in it, which is its only and true reason for being. In a flash, under the silent and diligent action of the forces of the ego, it was transformed into a trinket, which comes in handy to adorn the brand image, and give it a "new dimension", of the most favored, by my faith!

That experience of my mother, which occurred in her mature age as an unexpected and radiant fulfillment of four long and painful years of captivity, may have also been the climax of her life³², from a spiritual point of view it is understood, that is: in the eyes of God. But those blessed reunions were of no use to him. In the following days, surely, its true meaning was already hidden, disappeared through the trapdoor. They only made the fall that followed them more dizzying, and their rebellion against God even more bitter and more insane.

32. The call and the rejection

(June 19 and 20) With the perspective of more than forty years, what significance can be attributed to that turn in my

31If she had remained truly humble in the following days, she would not have hesitated to write to me about her experience. On the contrary, it would have been a great joy to announce that unprecedented news to me, and to make me participate. By making me part of such dispositions, so different from those with which I knew him, his letter, and what he would have subsequently told me out loud, would have left a deep mark on me, instead of entering through one or the other. was distracted (as was the case) to go out the other way. The fear she had of opening up to me was not that of delicacy, but rather that of a vanity that fears "losing face" by going back on such fiercely proclaimed convictions with which she had "molded" me (taking up his own expression). And yet, the fact that I, so to speak, had taken the lead, should be able to show him the vanity of his vanity; It was like a discreet breath from God, to overcome his inveterate reflexes, to calm himself: look, little fool, your son has not waited for you to follow his own path and use his own lights! But she did not know how to hear the voice of God, so imprisoned was she by her own speech about God...

32Just a few days ago, and without even searching, I also put my finger on what was the "highlight" in my father's life. (See the section "Splendor of God – or the Bread and the Ornament", no. 28). The kinship between the two moments, beyond all the differences, suddenly presents itself to me in a surprising way. It's strange, it had never occurred to me before to relate those two events in the lives of my father and my mother.

relationship with God, at the end of my sixteenth year? He had recognized the existence of a Creator with prodigious faculties, who had formed the Universe and animated the creatures of the 33. But earth with His Breath of life . That is a knowledge that now seems to me to have an immense, evident, irrefutable noteworthy that, at the very moment in which I accessed that crucial knowledge, I immediately decreed that it did not concern me! In fact, after scope. It is a year, as a young student of seventeen, I was going to throw myself into mathematical research, and for the next twenty-five years (until July 1970) to devote practically all of my available energy to it. And until four years later, therefore in the thirty years following my peremptory decree (and in the deeply despiritualized environment where it evolved), that knowledge remained inactive, as far as I can see. To consecrate a thought to God, the great Absent One, the Unknowable, or to a metaphysical question, would have seemed to me a pure waste of time, childishness. I did tangible and solid things, with my hands full – I did mathematics!

When I now recall that whole situation, it suddenly strikes me as a strange paradox! The discovery of the reality of God as Creator was an act of spiritual autonomy, which took me out of the ideological circle in which my parents had locked themselves all their lives. Until then, and despite all the contrary influences that had tried to tear me away from it, I had remained within the circle, as something self-evident. The ideas that had permeated my childhood, and that formed the ideological universe of my parents, represented for me an unspoken "absolute." It was nothing less than "the Truth", of which I was the depositary, and even (it would not take long for me to realize) one of the few to be so³⁴. And until then, that truth had not come into conflict with the testimony of my healthy reason, nor with that which arises from deeper layers of the being, from that "spiritual instinct" more essential than feelings. (which are still, to a large extent, dependent on the conditioning of the environment). The vision of the world that came to me from my parents was not lacking in coherence or generosity, and it would have seemed that it responded to all my aspirations.

Staying in it against all odds was more a loyalty to myself than to my parents, who had ignored me during a crucial period of my childhood³⁵ . That was the first time that "Truth" was revealed to be insufficient. There was no hesitation in admitting it – and for that very reason, one might think, in taking the step: taking flight out of the mental universe that had surrounded my early childhood! At least, giving that discovery the scope that clearly corresponded to it, by virtue of a simple "good spiritual sense" that I surely did not lack more than good intellectual sense, was really taking flight, the first great step. towards true spiritual autonomy.

But on the other hand, I see well that the first step outside the mental universe of my parents was not

33Of course, this "immense scope" is deactivated from its properly personal and religious dimension, when we have the idea that the Creator, once his Work is completed, ceases to be interested and no longer takes care of it. But if I retained that idea, without taking the trouble to dedicate a reflection to it, it is surely because it suited me, because it was in the sense of "spiritual laziness" that will clearly appear throughout the reflection. Of course, he knew well that the believers unanimously affirmed the opposite, and that among them there were not lacking those who had the air (according to what they gave to understand) of knowing it from personal experience. But it never occurred to me to ask anyone about their experience of God – not even my mother! And she herself was very careful not to return to the fray on that topic, which she preferred to bury without drum or trumpet (so as not to bring it up except on big occasions)...

34My mother had formed her own vision of the world, opposed to the values of her parents and the surrounding society, when she emerged from adolescence. Even now, leaving aside the immaturity that was characteristic of it, that vision seems attractive to me and notable for the audacity of the thought totally confident in itself, and the generosity of the inspiration. Even more "yang" than my father's (closer to the direct intuition of things and to the sources of knowledge deeper than thought), she was in total agreement with his vision, in a surprising way. That could give them the illusion, beyond continuous clashes and deep dissonances, of a deep kinship (even a communion), and sustain the myth of an absolutely unique "love", irreplaceable, which elevated them above themselves and the human condition... Neither one nor the other ever took the first step to examine the unconscious forces that had acted in both to construct a certain vision of things. Like everyone else and even more so, because they believed they were free creators, that vision seemed like "the Truth" to them – and as such I welcomed it into my being from my deepest tender age, and words alone could not have impressed it on me so deeply.

In each of my parents, their view of things remained essentially the same throughout adulthood and until their deaths – there was no real maturation in either of them. The adjustments that my mother ended up making, after the Spanish revolution and especially in 1944 due to her "experience of God", were superficial and ultimately gratuitous, since they did not involve her herself. in a truly neurological way. The myths regarding her own person, on which she lived her entire life, accompanied her until her death. I myself did not discover the naked truth behind those myths until 1979, twenty years after his death.

35I did not admit that disinterest on a conscious level, and I did not discover the destruction of the family that occurred in 1933, due to the ruthless will of my mother and the subjugated consent of my father, until later of my work from 1979. But on an unconscious level, I certainly felt the whiff of the violence that was suddenly and mysteriously unleashed in my mother, and the long disaffection that followed, while I lived separated from my parents in a strange family. At the age of eight, there was a kind of cut in me, regarding my past and my parents, which was manifested by an almost total forgetfulness of everything that related to them. Then I made, without anything being transparent on a conscious level, a "big tick" about my parents and what linked me to them. AND However, that cut in no way affected the vision of the things that I had taken from my parents. This was preserved intact during the five years spent away from them and in an environment totally foreign to that vision.

I achieved more than thirty years later, long after they both died, as a result of that "instant of truth" that I already mentioned in the reflection the day before yesterday. . And suddenly I see the meaning of that surprising blindness appear, when I classify as simple intellectual curiosity, or little less, a discovery that is visibly crucial for my vision of the world (if not yet for myself...). My peremptory decree "That does not concern me!" – its true tacit meaning was: "I will remain in this universe that is so familiar to me, and where I feel at ease!" It was, under the guise of intellectual honesty ("I have discovered something, but I recognize that it has no consequences..."), of lucidity, a spiritual abdication, a refusal to truly assume that discovery. Then I slid down the natural slope of intellectual laziness, which led me to the "known" familiar universe, instead of listening to and accepting the interpellation that came to me from the Unknown – and confronting myself with Him.

Instead of taking flight, of opening my own path of knowledge, which would be authentically mine, I launched myself the following year into the "mathematical unknown"³⁶. There was enough to keep me busy, and that without disturbing my spiritual inertia in any way – quite the opposite! I remained solidly camped between the four walls of the mental universe that my parents had bequeathed to me. Even for thirty years, I considered it the most precious of spiritual inheritances, which it was my responsibility to preserve and transmit³⁷.

That unfailing adherence to the values that came to me from my parents certainly did not displease my mother – quite the contrary! She, who had just gone through the living experience of a reunion with God, and who was the best placed (apart from me) to feel what was false, forced in my attitude – I don't remember what she gave me. to understand with a word that perhaps I could put God in another place instead of placing Him in a corner, as a simple metaphysical curiosity.

And at this point, I begin to see why that beautiful impulse in my mother, to reconstruct from top to bottom a vision of the world (instead of the one that had been, she said, broken into "a thousand pieces"), with the "new enlightenment" that came to him from God, failed so abruptly. We never discussed it between us (as far as I remember). However, God knows well that he did not lack perseverance in ideas, nor courage, in what he was truly interested in³⁸. But why would it be worth it, when I saw myself so comfortable in that universe in "a thousand pieces" that he had left me, and so unwilling to leave?! That universe was his creation, and my adherence to it, his seal on my being. (That this universe had been broken, even broken into a thousand pieces, he never bothered to let me understand before that letter (two months after said pieces were providentially reunited).) He had reasons to be astonished to suddenly find out, as if in passing, on the fourth page of a letter - to forget it at once!) Had I not declared that I did not care about the Creator, that he was here as the hair in the soup and that I felt very well without Him among the family sorrows? And certainly, neither by letter nor by voice, the idea never occurred to my mother to explain to me how that universe had broken down. Suddenly, surely, my dazed and distracted ear would have become attentive: instead of a vague formula that speaks of a thousand pieces, coming together miraculously by virtue of the holy spirit, she would have told me It had shown one or two of those pieces, or at least a crack. And I didn't have the idea to tell her: cheapskate, where are those pieces! In short, I did not take what he had written to me and went over my head any more seriously than I took the good Lord seriously.

I ended up discovering those fissures on my own, thirty years later, after my mother had been underground for seventeen years without deciding to show them to me. To finally be able to see them, those fissures that were obvious, it was necessary that, a few months before, I realized a life

36I do not want to say that launching into mathematical research is necessarily an impediment to spiritual maturation. But the fact is that my excessive dedication to mathematics was really my way of avoiding the questions of a very different order that challenged me. I perceived them as a dull threat due to the very fact that my vision of the world did not allow me to respond to them appropriately, or even to understand them – they threatened the very existence of my perfectly serene, harmonious, well-ordered mental universe. . To tell the truth, I was doing what my entire life (and even until today...) I had seen people do around me. The idea of another relationship with the world other than that of a restless closure could not come to me from an external example. It was necessary for me to experience it myself, in 1974 and especially after the great renovation of 1976, for me to achieve another relationship with the world and with the image I have of it. The essential stimulation did not come from outside, but only from the creative forces of the deepest layers of the psyche.

Which is to say (I can no longer have any doubt about it) that the initiative came from God.

37This deep-rooted way of perceiving the heritage of which I felt I was the bearer remained tacit until 1976. I formulated it for the first time on the night that preceded the "reunions with myself." Four years later, after the work on my parents' lives and in notes to those notes from 1976, is when I think about telling myself with all the necessary clarity, to what extent "that precious inheritance" It has acted as a weight and as an obstacle, and that the pain and frustration I experienced at not having been able to transmit anything to my children were, to say the least, out of place.

38On the other hand, as his health made it impossible for him to resume salaried work, from that moment until his death thirteen years later, he had all the time to devote himself to reflection.

in ruins that stretched behind me until they were out of sight, and that said: there must be something wrong with you too...

As for my mother, she was clearly quick to forget the fissures, the pieces, and her beautiful project of rebuilding again³⁹ – and in doing so, almost forcing me to take flight, to leave that prison (*resque brajada... .*) built with her hands – the haughty work of her spirit, which she would deny – God forbid!

In those first months of 1944, there were at the same time, with different levels of depth but both very clear, two “calls from God”, one to my mother, and the other to me. Like every call from God, surely, both were a call to inner renewal and liberation. Apparently, those calls were heard – and surely it could be said that my mother actually heard them, for a moment. But the call was not followed by her or me. And now I see that his response and mine were closely supportive, without it being possible to wonder which of the two dragged the other. Surely, if one of us had had the spiritual vivacity, the fidelity to the best of ourselves, to follow the call, to “move” – the other would not have been able to stop moving in turn, in a short time. term – he would not have been able to continue restraining for long the deep forces imprisoned in him and that were asking for expression. But instead of the living forces in each other mutually arousing and stimulating each other, the opposite happened. The intellectual laziness of one formed a block with that of the other, to put a barrier to the forces of renewal and prudently remain in the status quo.

Thus, those two calls to renewal led, in my mother's life and mine, to a long spiritual stagnation. In my mother, this continued until her death in 1957, thirteen years later; and even (as I know from dreams last year) beyond death even, to conclude only in August of last year – a stagnation that has lasted forty and two years⁴⁰. For me, it lasted thirty years, until 1974 – until the moment when I suddenly found myself in an internal crisis similar to the one my mother had avoided thirty years earlier⁴¹ .

33. The turn – or the end of a slumber

39Starting in 1945 and especially in the following three or four years, my mother dedicated herself to a vast autobiographical work, in novel form. It could have been a providential opportunity for her to deepen her vision of herself and her life. Lacking a true thirst for knowledge, a thirst for truth, she did not take advantage of it. The idea never occurred to her that she might still have something to learn about herself. For her, the job could only consist of saying, with as much finesse as she could and in the most striking way possible, what she already knew. He contented himself with reliving and feeling things again at the same level at which he had lived and felt them at the time, with the same blinders on, reproducing as they were the same unconscious deceptions that had already occurred to him at that moment. They were (like everyone else) blocked from becoming aware “in truth” of what was really happening in them. Thus his work, except for a few pages, was nothing more than a literary “exercise in style,” served by a consummate sense of style and mastery of language. It was not a creative work and it could not be, due to the deliberate and tacit purpose anchored in it. For there is only creative work where the knowledge of what we strive to express is constantly deepened and renewed, in inseparable symbiosis with work. Precisely for this reason, such work, alongside the external work that it produces and as a more hidden and essential fruit, is accompanied by an internal work, a transformation and renewal that takes place in the person. creates.

Of course, my mother's autobiographical notes have been valuable and irreplaceable material for me in my own work (nothing “literary” this time) to “get to know my parents.” Finally it is I who, more than thirty years after that work, has collected the true fruit, which my mother refused to collect.

40To tell the truth, since she came out of adolescence, around the age of twenty, my mother (like almost everyone else...) avoided the innumerable opportunities to mature that were offered to her, that is, : to learn to know yourself. Spiritually, I see his later life as almost total stagnation, with the only notable events being the shock (healthy in itself) caused by the failure of the Spanish revolution, and the “experience of God” in January. (?) 1944 – ephemeral moment of truth, almost immediately swept away by the forces of the ego.

41That crisis took place in April 1974, and did not immediately lead to a work of conscious reflection, even if it was not very systematic. I immediately let myself be carried away by the flow of my occupations and my projects, and perhaps that moment would not have continued, as in the case of my mother, if it were not for a providential accident that occurred in June (a broken leg), and which kept me pinned to the bed for several months. The day after the accident, I already knew that it had arrived as an unexpected opportunity, to force me to finally carry out the work of reflection that concerned me. There was a flow of energy that sustained the reflection in the following weeks, lying in the Lod'eve clinic. Then, with all the necessary care, I noted the detailed failure of the vision of the world that had been mine until then, and which until then I had not even bothered to formulate coherently.

(June 21) It is not my purpose to enter here into that long period of spiritual stagnation, not at all homogeneous, which extends between 1944 and 1974. It encompasses the twenty-five years of my life, between 1945 and 1970, when I was entirely focused on my mathematical work, to which I devoted almost all of my energy. During this period is when, without realizing it (was it necessary to say it?), a new identity appears in me that superimposes itself on the old one, coexisting with it without much problem: that of "mathematician", and with m precisely, that of being a member of a "mathematical community" with which I identified without reservation⁴². It was, leaving aside the family into which I was born, the first human community of which I truly felt part. The episode in which I left that community to never return, in 1970, was first experienced as a painful tear, before being felt as a liberation – like crossing a door that had been kept closed for too long and that suddenly it would have opened up on a new, unsuspected world⁴³.

I certainly cannot deny a "spiritual" scope to that decisive turn in my life. But now I see it above all as a first healthy shock, beginning a work that is carried out in unknown depths, and whose true spiritual fruits will not manifest until four years later, with the "moment of truth." (in April 1974) and the work of reflection that followed (June and August of the same year), and especially after the great internal upheavals of 1976, a year of a true "thaw." in the psyche. Until then, the structure of the self, which enclosed and suffocated my being like an ivy that proliferates strangling a vigorous tree, not only remained intact, but completely unnoticed. I had begun to see it in others and even to think about it⁴⁴, without the idea ever arising that it could also be my case!

Only in 1976 did the first profound and irreversible renewal of my being take place, culminating in mid-October in the "reunions with myself" of which I have already spoken⁴⁵. Three days before, for the first time I had discovered the astonishing separation between the image of myself maintained during a lifetime, and the humble reality – and at the same time the structure of the self, supportive of that, collapsed. image, for the first time in my life. It is also the day when "meditation" entered my life, that is, a true reflection on myself, under the impulse of a thirst for knowledge that does not inhibit neither fear nor vanity⁴⁶. But I anticipate...

Since the great turning point of 1970, when I left a medium that I had been a part of for more than twenty years, my vision of the world has undergone a considerable shake-up. Perhaps I best express the psychic and spiritual meaning of this turning point by saying that it is the moment in which I free myself from the consensus of the group to which, not without a secret ambiguity, I had tacitly identified myself. until then.

As for the reason that was in the foreground for me and for everyone, it concerned much more the environment I was leaving and the scientific environment, its ethics, its commitments, than it did to my own person. . She was not involved other than as a member of that environment, of which she continued (I still do at this very moment) being a part in a strictly professional or sociological sense. The criticism was directed above all at the role of scientists, and the knowledge they represent, in today's world⁴⁷. In no way was she inhibited, as

⁴²On this identification with a medium and its genesis, see CyS I, "The Welcome Foreigner" and "The "Mathematical Community": Fiction and Reality" (sections 9 and 10). It is not entirely accurate that this identification, stimulated by the benevolent and sometimes warm welcome given by my elders, was "without reservations." The most important of all referred to the universal relaxation, in the mathematical environment, regarding research for military purposes and sources of financing of military origin. But I chose to minimize the unease that this mentality inspired in me, contenting myself with not accepting military subsidies, and refraining from participating in mathematical encounters financed by such subsidies. That allowed me, in short, to "identify without reservation" with my professional environment, having a good conscience! They were kind and tolerant of me because of this somewhat unusual habit, and when they invited me they were careful that the source of financing was irreproachable – and in return I was also kind to my colleagues and friends and did not I worked hard to convince them to do like me. That was perfect and everyone was happy, until the day when, inexplicably, I got angry and started "making waves"... That was the "big turn" of 1970, which we will discuss below. I really don't begin to have any knowledge of what the collective reaction of my colleagues and friends was to these waves, other than in 1984, when I wrote Cosechas y Siembras...

⁴³In Harvests and Sowings I talk here and there about that crucial episode. See CyS I "The healthy tear" (note no 14), CyS III no 1341, CyS 0 Letter section 3 "The death of the boss – abandoned quarries".

⁴⁴Under the influence of my readings of Krishnamurti, in the early 70s.

⁴⁵As for the first allusion I make in this book, see the beginning of the section "First reunions – or dreams and the knowledge of oneself" (no. 1). See also CyS III "The reunions" and "Acceptance" (nos. 109, 110).

⁴⁶I talk about meditation here and there in Harvests and Sowings. For the discovery of meditation, see CyS I "Desire and meditaci'on", secci'on no 36.

⁴⁷This critical reflection, partly collective, is inseparable from my militant commitment to the environmentalist and anti-militarist group "Sobrevivir y Vivir", established in Montreal (first under the name "Sobrevivir") in July 1970. The constitution One of that group, to which I would dedicate myself body and soul for the next two years, is the one that truly consecrated my departure from the mathematical environment without return. From now on, mathematics would no longer be the dominant passion in my life.

Some words about that group are found in CyS I "My friends of Surviving and Living" (note no . 1). He pointed out that the criticism of the scientific world was above all of an "external" nature; it was only passingly concerned with the spirit and customs that prevailed within scientific circles. . In this regard, the perspective is totally opposite in Cosechas y Siembras. It is true that during the intervening fifteen years, corruption in the mathematical environment spread

It was the case in almost all my colleagues (among the few in whom there was some critical fickleness), since I was a scientist. Spiritually and ideologically, I had already detached myself (or rather "torn away") from the group's dominance.

Later that criticism was expanded, as a vast-scale criticism of "Western civilization" and the modern world that it has conquered and flattened, of the values that underpin it, of the "spirit of the "times" that governs it inexorably and leads it towards the destruction of the terrestrial biological and cultural heritage and, for that very reason, towards its own inevitable destruction.

That "ideological" reflection (partly collective) that took place between 1970 and 1972, and the understanding (*Erkenntnis*) to which it led, have lost nothing of their relevance today, quite the contrary! And surely, in this book that I am writing, as in the others that I have left to write, I will have ample opportunity to return to it. But at the point at which it was then, this ideological renewal of vast dimensions and considerable scope could not in itself act as a spiritual renewal, nor even contribute to it directly. and effective. Despite my apparent efforts to "get involved" as much as possible, my reflections only touched the periphery of my being. Surely, it was because I felt this confusedly that I progressively withdrew, during the year 1972, from anti-militarist, ecological and "cultural subversion" activities, feeling that they were about to stagnate in a militant routine. instead of inserting themselves into a broader movement that could have helped to be born and become aware of themselves (18). And without a doubt it is also the same call that makes me throw myself, with the unrepeatable force of the night owl, into two community experiences, one in 1972, the other the following year. Both end with the most regrettable of failures. These failures, after many others, stubbornly brought me the same message, the same lesson: to what extent, with respect to myself and others, I lived on preconceived ideas (although were of my making...) and ad hoc speeches, more than about a knowledge of reality, the result of true attention (which, however, did not stop preaching...). He did not begin to learn that insistent lesson until the year later, in 1974.

By freeing myself from the ideological domination of the environment of which I had been a part, I put an end to a certain ambiguity in me⁴⁸. I still found myself totally within the ideology that came from my parents, which I felt was personal to me, and at the same time I expressed the "Truth" without further ado... It is true that the tumultuous flight towards forward from the years 1970-72 apparently made me get out of it, by making me recognize the precariousness of certain cultural values that, for my parents, had been intangible: "science", "technique", "art", "instruction", "abundance", "civilization", "progress"... And more than once, in those years, the thought came to me that if they were there, they would roll their eyes! And yet, I now realize that those ingredients of ideology, however important, still remain peripheral. By themselves, they do not touch in a truly neurological way, or at least they do not touch in me, the relationship with my neighbor.

Now, clearly that is always where the shoe pinches⁴⁹ – and it is at the level of my relationship with my loved ones that my life, after twenty years, was reduced to a long succession of collapses (always unforeseen and heartbreaking) and failures. My family life seemed afflicted, as if by a secret curse, by a mysterious, inexorable degradation. It seemed as if every movement I made to stop her, and put things in their place or make them clear, only precipitated her – as in a hallucinatory march on an apparently firm pavement that was at the same time, insidiously and without ever saying it, quicksand...

Perhaps this is the moment to specify that this period that I have described as "stagnation", between 1944 and 1974, also includes (two years apart) the long movement of a misunderstood degradation, deafly disturbing and, at times, of astonishing violence, first in the relationship between my mother and I (1952-57), then, without any interruption, in the family that she founded from the same year of his death

and it got worse in a frightening way. It is also true that both aspects cannot be separated. A certain spirit that prevails among scientists (and it is not from yesterday, matters of a separate degree...), and even in the production of a totally "de-spiritualized" society, is the one that seems to predestine it, for one thing. kind of inexorable spiritual "internal logic", to its role as a blind motor in the self-destructive race forward of the modern world.

⁴⁸I have made this ideological ambiguity explicit in a previous footnote (note 41, page 17).

⁴⁹There is, as I say, the "visible", manifest place, where "the shoe tightens". But when we look deeper, we see that the disorder (often very visible) in the relationship with our neighbor is nothing more than the visible reflection of a deeper and more invisible disorder in the relationship. on with himself. And the relationship with oneself, on the other hand, is inseparable from the relationship with God – with "God in us." When one is healthy, that is, it is rooted in a living faith, the other is, and that is even if "God" is never named or known as such. And when these are healthy, so is the relationship with others.

(1957-76) 50. That degradation did not end until meditation entered my life (October 1976) – that is when that weight, which had crushed me so much for twenty years , he finally got rid of me...

But again advance! What I wanted to illustrate now is that in essence, regarding the very foundation of my relationship with my neighbor, I remained locked in the ideological universe of my parents beyond. a of the first great turning point in my adult life, that of 1970. In the spiritual perspective, I now see that crucial moment as the one in which, without yet fully awakening, I shook off a mortal slumber and separated e of an anesthetic medium, of an oppressive scientific “tempered greenhouse” environment. But the first truly decisive step that makes me finally cross that “invisible circle”, which had surrounded my childhood and enclosed my entire adult life without knowing it, I would only take four more years. late, in April and then in June and July 1974.

34. Faith and mission – or infidelity (1)

(June 22 and 23) Finally, yesterday I did not talk about the good God and my relationship with him. Furthermore, a kind of restlessness would have wanted to hold me back incessantly: “frankly you diverge – what a digression you are about to embark on!” But I have not been impressed. It must be said that I am beginning to be somewhat seasoned against that kind of tacit admonition. There must not be a single one of the 33 sections and 18 notes already written that did not contradict that same voice, telling me that I was going to waste the reader's precious time (not counting mine) since continue like this with my incorrigible habit of cutting invisible hairs into four, clearly off the topic. I'll have to get used to it...

On the other hand, I am beginning to realize that it would be artificial to want to limit myself to the letter of my initial purpose: to make a (brief?) account of my relationship with God. At least if I were to limit myself to the events and episodes in my life in which God has nominally intervened in one way or another. Then I would find, before last October, nothing more than the meager episode of 1944 in which I unreservedly admit the existence of the Creator of the Universe, I reveal myself before him and corner him with the idea of never removing him again. ace. And also (I forgot!) my work as a precocious child, “Sascha and the Good God”⁵¹, predecessor of the comic strip (metaphysical in this case), which established the non-existence of said good God for a very clear “reduction to the absurd.”

However, even yesterday when the word “God” was not pronounced⁵², deep down I knew well that “He” was there despite everything. In fact, with the reflection that I carry out when writing this book, I realize more and more that even when God is not named, everything that concerns our spiritual evolution in the true sense of the term also concerns our relationship with God. Or rather, for an eye fully open to spiritual reality, which is to say also and above all for God himself, there is surely no distinction between the “spirituality” of a being at a given moment, and its relationship with God at that very moment. That the presence of God and the existence of a relationship with Him, or the scope of that relationship that embodies what is properly human in that being, are not recognized by it, does not change anything.

Thus my initial purpose, which was first presented to me under a simplistic, formalist aspect, is adjusted by the internal logic of written reflection, to gradually take on its true face: it is an outline (broadly speaking) of my spiritual evolution from childhood until last year. And having felt it before having told it to me is, surely, what forced my hand yesterday to “waste my time” like me.

50Between 1952 and 1970 my mathematical activity became more and more a refuge from the problems, never faced, of my family life. The excess of my dedication to mathematics now appears to me as a compensation and a draining of the inhibited anguish that maintained and created that inexorable degradation. I do not believe that such an attitude of flight was congenital in me, since it evaporated as if by magic in 1974 and 1976 (and I doubt that it is congenital in anyone). But, in the absence of having had another example before my eyes, the very idea of a different attitude towards the problems that life presented me never occurred to me before I was forty-six years old! Not to mention that I was not at all aware of that attitude of flight – of that refusal to truly face the problems that plagued me, that is, to search for their meaning. For that, I would have needed to have had an idea of what it means to “face” a personal problem (I had never seen anyone do it), and to know that “problems” have a meaning, and that if we truly look for it, we will find it. we find...

51This episode is narrated at the beginning of the section “Rudi and Rudi – or the indiscernibles” (no. 29).

52Except in the note “The Great Cultural Revolution will be unleashed by God” (no. 18), of the same day.

regret with the turning point of 1970, which also represents the great break in my life as a mathematician. The insistence on me of the movement that yesterday led me, against my conscious intentions, to "waste time" on an "out of place" episode, now seems to me like a sign and a confirmation of the scope of that episode in my spiritual adventure. At the same time, it also adjusts my vision of the "long spiritual stagnation" that I had previously placed between 1944 and 1974. Now it seems more reasonable and fairer to extend it only until the beginning of 1970, although A certain "decisive step" will not be achieved until four years later. The "healthy break" of my professional environment, as a first step towards spiritual autonomy, was also a decisive step, surely indispensable to prepare for the one that followed four years later, and to all the others that have raised each other and have been fulfilled until today.

In the twenty-six years that elapsed between 1944 (when I discovered the Creator and put Him in the drawer of useless junk) and 1970 (when I separated from the mathematical medium and mathematics ceases to be the passion that controls my life), I perceive a "strong time" that comes to cut the arid spiritual monotony of that long journey through the desert, like a fresh oasis found along the way. It happened right in the middle, in 1957, an exceptional year in my life for more reasons than one. It extends over about six months, between the month of June or July and the end of December. I would like to say a few words here.

That year, along with the next, was without a doubt the most creative and most fertile in my life as a mathematician. It marks the genesis of the great innovative vision that inspired all my work in geometry, in the following twelve years and until the moment of my departure from the mathematical environment⁵³. It is also the year of my mother's death (in the month of December), which marks a capital break in my life. Furthermore, it is the year in which I found the one who was going to be my partner. In the days following the death of my mother, and as if called by that death, a life together began that would become marital: it was then that I founded (without realizing it...) the new family that, in my spirit, should continue to the one where I was born⁵⁴.

The conjunction of these three circumstances would certainly be enough, alone, to mark that year as exceptional in my life, and also in my spiritual adventure. But it is another circumstance that also prompts me to mention it here. In that year, and for the first time since, as a young man of seventeen, I was thrown into an open grave in mathematical work, and also the only time until the moment of my departure from the mathematical world., I pause. Throughout the summer, starting in June or July, I don't even touch mathematics.

During those months, there is the beginning of a return to myself, but without the idea of a "reflection" worthy of the name coming to me. And much less is there then (as would be the case in 1974, sixteen years later) a written reflection, drawing from writing a dynamic vigor such as that which animates my mathematical work. . But for the first time in my life a need for renewal is felt in me, clearly perceived and accepted as such. I had the feeling, and not without reason, that I already knew what mathematical work and mathematical creation were. In that job, I had begun to make my mark, and had made a solid international reputation for myself. A few months later, a decisive breakthrough was going to establish me as a "great 55 vedette" – but that was then the last of my worries. I knew well that I could still do good work in mathematics, perhaps even great things who knows (I had many that seemed juicy to me!), without stopping and until the end. end of my days, without ever exhausting the Inexhaustible. But I didn't see the point in continuing like this, constantly surpassing myself.

It's not that I was tired of the mathematical work that I had been passionate about a few days or weeks before, and even less fed up. I felt no less than before the beauty and the mystery, and the almost carnal attraction of mathematics - of what for me had been the most welcoming of lovers, the one who had packed whenever I went to her. And he also knew the joy of those who build with their hands, lovingly, stone by stone, spacious and beautiful dwellings, which do not resemble any other that human hands have ever built, the joy of creation. : to bring forth what has never been before, what no one else would do in my place just in that way...

I knew all that, and at the same time I knew then that this "new" thing that I could continue to make come out of my hands, with the unanimous approval of everyone... – that from now on that would remain, in a different perspective, enclosed

⁵³I briefly situate that year in relation to my mathematical work in CyS 0, "walk through a Work" (section no. 8), mainly in some footnotes of that section on. It is interesting to note that the summer of that exceptional year was also marked by a flow of erotic energy and by an intimate communion with my body, such as I had never known before. summer of the crucial year 1976, which was also a year of silent plenitude of the body and the loving impulse.

⁵⁴I have spoken before of the "destruction of the family" that took place in 1933, and it was not a euphemism. That violent destruction was never assumed (and therefore mitigated, however slightly) by my mother or my father, and I have been given the power to follow the effects on four successive generations. That broken family was never reunited, never found again. However, it continued to survive in my being against all odds, so deep and strong were its roots in me, at the moment when that destruction was consummated.

⁵⁵With the set of ideas and techniques surrounding the Riemann-Roch-Grothendieck theorem, developed during that year and achieving the proof of that theorem that same year.

in the circle of the “already known”. No matter how “new” it was, it wouldn’t teach me something truly new! Or better said perhaps: I had stopped truly nourishing my being. Or, if it still nourished it in some way, it was surely lacking something essential.

They were heartfelt things, which at that time I did not try to think about or formulate in words to deepen that still confusing perception of a reality that I then glimpsed for the first time: that of the limits of something unlimited, such as the mathematical creation; that of the reiteration of a work that, however, at its level, was truly a creative work. Now it seems to me that I was then confronted, perhaps for the first time in my life (at least with such acuity), with the difference in level between two realities of a different nature although closely linked: the “intellectual” reality in which where my mathematical work was located, and the “spiritual” reality that almost totally escapes that work. On an intellectual level my work was creative, and it assured me an expansion, a plenitude. But seen from the highest spiritual level, this work was carried out in a context and with provisions that made it repetitive work, routine work – work with a harvest of success, of admiration, on and praise, assured in advance – a work deprived of the incessant sting of uncertainty and risk, which would make it an adventure of the spirit and not a sinecure. But above all, it was a job whose place in my life was already devouring, like a previously healthy organ that hypertrophies into a tumor and drains the strength and wisdom of the entire body, to the point of weakening and withering it, and in the limit, of causing his death. I had to feel that on that higher and deeper plane at the same time, which I still only perceived very dimly, I was withering away, and that it was time to find a remedy.

Then there was no resistance against the knowledge that emerged from the depths. I completely trusted him, just as in 1976, almost twenty years later, I would trust the messages that came to me through dreams. In both cases, I knew that what I was told was true, and it was told for my own good.

They were weeks of reflection and listening, arriving like a miracle, in a register totally different from everything my life had been until then⁵⁶. It was assumed that I was going to stop doing mathematics. I didn’t even have to make a “decision”, weigh the “pro” and “against”. All reflection was useless. The joy that the thought of returning to that full page gave me, and of finding myself facing the blank page that already called me – that joy showed me, better than any reflection, that I was on the right path: mine.

I thought I would become a writer. During those weeks I spent a good part of my time writing poems, or brief literary sketches, translating into French a poetic work in German⁵⁷ that I had loved...

The idea of the material difficulties I would have to face when leaving a secure situation in the CNRS did not even occur to me at the time. I had seen many others! And I was not disturbed by the more serious perplexity either: if I become a writer, what am I going to write? I had no doubt that every day he would tell me what I should do that day – what work to do and how. Sometimes, thinking about this in passing, after the “re-birth” that took place in 1976, I tell myself that I lacked maturity, that I did not have a message to communicate then, that I ran the risk of rotating in a vacuum. However, returning today to that episode and penetrating its meaning, it seems to me that such confidence is never out of place, when it is (as was the case then) an expression of authentic faith in the inner voice. That voice is none other than the voice of God. The “means” (here the maturity, the message) are then entirely secondary. When there is faith, and fidelity to that faith, these means are born and develop according to the needs, day by day, by the very effect of the work that is carried out in fidelity itself. Those things always come to us in addition.

Now I realize that the twenty-nine years that were then behind me represented a prodigious, almost inexhaustible wealth. If until then I had remained on the surface of everything she had to teach me, and on the surface of my being of unsuspected depths, it was for a deliberate purpose common to all and that I continued He was blind, unknowingly a prisoner of a common ignorance. And the voice that emerged from the depths was surely calling me to free myself from that deliberate purpose, from that ignorance, to know the unsuspected wealth that I carried within me, to dive in, to explore – that the bud full of sap opens in flower and that the flower becomes fruit and the fruit ripens – for my benefit and for everyone!

That inner voice that I then knew how to listen to, I now recognize as the voice of a mission that I unknowingly carried in me, surely since my birth⁵⁸ or even long before my birth,

⁵⁶The previous five years, which would be the last in my mother’s life, were particularly hard, so intractable was the relationship with her. To compensate, I shielded myself to the maximum, seeking to drain myself with the ‘easy successes’ of my mathematical work. The contrast is all the more pronounced with the very different dispositions in which I found myself during those weeks of silence and listening.

⁵⁷This is “Corneta” by Rainer Mar’ya Rilke.

⁵⁸That is what I understood from one of my dreams at the end of October. The very term “mission”, with the resonance

perhaps forever – just as each being, perhaps, carries within itself its own mission, which belongs to it to fulfill and discover as it walks. And in my faith in the inner voice, I recognize faith in my mission, which fertilizes my life at a time when the idea of any “mission” that I had to fulfill would not have even occurred to me, and in that I would have been unable (supposing anyone to ask me the question) to guess and say what it might consist of. And yet then I had the unexpressed knowledge, deeper than words, of the mission in me – a knowledge that was like the flesh of that total faith, which lived in me.

And in that faith I recognize at the same time “faith in God”, which in those weeks was alive and robust in me and acted, while the idea and the name of God were very far from me, and will continue They had been there for almost three more decades.

There was that knowledge and that faith, which filled my being for weeks, perhaps months. And of course mathematics, from now on, would be a closed chapter, which I left behind me. And yet, I did not leave the mathematical environment until thirteen years later! For twelve years, I was unfaithful to the call that had arisen in me and that I welcomed, unfaithful to the change that was darkly brewing in me and calling me to fulfill myself and be. That is, perhaps, the first infidelity of my life and the most essential, a complete infidelity. For the faults and errors that come from ignorance, even if it were desired and maintained, are not, properly speaking, infidelity. Here, on the contrary, there was full knowledge (although this remained unexpressed), and fullness of faith (although the object of that faith remained obscure and misunderstood).

There was never a decision lived as such, like “after all, I'm going to continue doing mathematics, it's safer...”. More like an insensitive slide, which makes me return inexorably to the orbit of acquired habits. I had some works in progress, certainly, that touched my heart more than others, and I told myself that before closing the store, I was going to put them black on white and publish them – it would be a shame if they would get lost! And I said it, who doubts it! “with the best faith in the world.” But surely that was already the act of resignation that hides his name. Because changing, that is not for tomorrow, nor for six months from now when this or that would have finished. That only makes sense when life changes instantly, without returning or distorting.

However, you should know that a work that is put “black on white” thinking of putting it on thirty pages, is three hundred immediately, and ten more works that are incorporated along the way and no one would have dreamed which would also have to be clarified to truly have the impression of having successfully completed and understood the background of the initial work⁵⁹. It was inevitable that the gear would catch me again, and it didn't fail! Twelve years later I was still there, and so comfortable that those slightly crazy ideas of “throwing myself into literature” had been forgotten a long time ago.

35. Death calls – or infidelity (2)

(June 24 and 25) I have thought again about the story of the man who “had many possessions”, and who “left very sad” for not being able to follow Jesus, who had asked him give your goods to the poor and follow him⁶⁰. To the

particularity that it has, it has been suggested to me by Marcel L'egaut's book (already cited in the note “Religious thought and obedience”, no 12), “Man in search of his humanity”. I have been reading it these last few days, and I have felt particularly touched by its chapter “Faith and Mission” (whose title I have taken as the name of this section, without even realizing it). L'egaut's thought, a detailed expression of a delicate and profound perception of spiritual reality, comes here spontaneously to my aid, to help me grasp the meaning of the episode that I am examining for the first time, and that remained misunderstood.

⁵⁹This situation is very similar to the one that occurred during the writing of Cosechas y Siembras and the following year, between the beginning of 1984 and July 1986. I have seen the mathematical tasks that at first glance multiply and grow. one would like to carry out “in the next three or four years”, to outline in broad strokes the great vision... With secret anxiety, and barely wanting to admit it, I felt that the rest of my days, that even a hundred years would not be enough – and that once again I would allow myself to be trapped by a very familiar gear...

Without the intervention of God, speaking to me through the language of dreams, I don't know how that would have ended – if I would have known how to have the lucidity and determination to cut things short. If today all doubt has vanished, it is because I have knowledge, without a trace of ambiguity or doubt, of my mission. To common sense and human wisdom, it seems hopeless – a voice crying in the wilderness! But even if my voice elicited no response, I now know that I would not shout in vain. It is no longer up to me, but to God, to take care of the harvest of the sowing that He Himself has ordained...

⁶⁰See the Gospel according to Saint Mark, 10, 17-22.

Rereading it, just a few weeks ago, I said to myself: what an extraordinary opportunity he lost, because of some damned land and houses that he feared and that owned him! Of course if I had been in your place I would have left everything without a second thought, there is no doubt about it. It's a shame that Jesus is no longer around for these payments...

I did not enter into the depth of the evangelical story. God's call, whether through the ministry of Jesus or in any other way, comes to us without warning and catches us off guard, in the truth of who we are – and our response reveals us, as nothing else could. do it. And there are other riches that possess us without being houses or land or bank accounts. In my case, from the beginning of the fifties and increasingly as I amassed my "assets", it was my mathematical work that "had me" – both the one already completed, published black on white in offprints and in volumes that were piled up in a very coquettish pile, by my faith, like the one that I felt germinating and sprouting in me and that called me and pulled me to be... That work, chaining me to a misunderstood past and a future of which I believed myself to be the owner, and everything that around it gratified and gave me security, in the fullness of my faculties and in the euphoria of unanimous approval... Yesterday I understood that I myself have been the rich young man, listening to the call as clearly as possible, to finally turn around (not without a secret discomfort), because "I had many possessions..." .

That same year, 1957, just a few months after the episode I narrated yesterday, the call came again, but this time with a very different peremptory force, the death of my mother. I was given to be by her side in the last weeks of her life, take care of her and watch her die. And also, in those last weeks, seeing the arid and harsh desperation in which he had remained during the last five years dissipate as if it had never existed. Her death also came as the unexpected resolution of such accumulated tension that I believe it would have destroyed me if my mother had not died reconciled, loving and at peace. That death was experienced by me as an immense relief. For five years it had hung over me like a mortal threat, like a devastating curse, pronounced long ago and inexorably awaiting its time to be fulfilled – and now that that death was consummated, I cursed it. What I had reserved for myself had miraculously vanished, along with the nameless violence that had inspired it.

In those last weeks that preceded the end, that death was felt imminent and at the same time desperately rejected. Everything in me was raging against her, so impregnated was I with all the pent-up anguish of the last few years. But once the unthinkable had been accomplished, and the first shock had passed – from the next day, after the necessary sleep granted to a body exhausted by vigils – that feeling of relief, of an unexpected liberation, filled me. or completely. And in that immense relief, in that joy of liberation, there was a recognition and a tenderness for the one who had died – that that last act of his life had been, not an act of cursing. and hatred, but, unexpectedly, an act of reconciliation and love.

Then I accepted that sudden liberation as an unexpected gift that gave me life. There was no fickleness of shame, trying to repress those powerful feelings, the expression of an elemental, irrefutable reality, to replace them, more or less, with the usual "grief." My relationship with death, initially healthy and not burdened with the usual tones of anguish and repulsion, was deeply disturbed by the last years of my mother's life. But upon resuming contact, with the death of my mother, with the humble physical reality of the degradation of the flesh and carnal death, that relationship emptied itself of the content of threat. and violence that had denatured it, to become a simple relationship and at the same level, a loving relationship. From that moment, I think, death has begun to be almost a friend for me, or at least one of the faces of life. A serious face, but in no way threatening or closed, sweet in that seclusion of silence, and welcoming.

Surely that face was questioning me, and that strange death – that sudden calm, after so much violence. It is the first time in my life, I think, that I felt that there was something to understand, something that belonged to me to fathom, a lesson that was proposed to me and that I had to learn. It was a call again, but even clearer this time, because it posed a task to me: that of assuming a past, of understanding.

Is it related then to the call I received at the beginning of the summer? (I had already allowed myself to be taken and carried away and locked up by the family tasks that I dominated, by those tasks that were my possessions and owned me...). I couldn't say with certainty. Again this time all those things only existed at the level of what was felt, without the idea of reflecting on it coming to me, and even less of opening myself up to someone.

However, I think that then those two calls became associated in me. In the days following my mother's death is when he should have appeared, oh, very discreetly! an idea that returned from time to time in the following months and years, with a certain insistence (the discreet insistence of a dream that returns to haunt our nights...), before fading without return into the marsh of the I forget... Here's what it's all about.

Upon her death my mother left the complete manuscript of an autobiographical novel (until 1924, year

of the meeting with my father), and other autobiographical writings, which he began to write in 1945 and left halfway in 1952.⁶¹ These texts had to be assembled into a vast historical and personal fresco at the same time., with three large panels⁶², which he never finished. She believed that none of these writings were ready for publication, and decided that nothing should be published, not even after her death. With hindsight, I realize that 'that was a wise decision, surely dictated by a healthy instinct. Without ever recognizing it, and beyond the formal imperfections, he must have darkly felt a more essential lack that was the true cause, the lack of a depth that he could not have reached other than by letting it a maturation that had been brewing in her since her adolescence, and that she had rejected throughout her life... The truth is that my mother's decision saddened me, even if it was only out of filial piety. However, I felt that it was not unfounded, that something, which I would not have known how to name then, was "missing" in that testimony of a life that touched me so closely. Disconcerting testimony, for me more than for anyone, due to a kind of ruthless sincerity that leaves people hungry, in the absence of achieving the quality of truth (except in a few moments). It was like bread made from an excellent dough that, due to the lack of yeast, had not fermented...

My idea was that with the rich biographical material left by my mother, perhaps I could take charge of completing the work that she had begun, even if it was only the first of the four planned altarpieces.. . If the novel was published, already written, perhaps in a very different form that had yet to be found, under his name or mine or both of us, I wouldn't be able to say... Of course, no matter how much I lacking maturity, I could not help but feel how unbalanced this idea was, to say the least – that I could not, even with the best intentions and all the filial piety in the world, write the work of other. And yet, this idea had to present itself and return to me with patient and stubborn insistence, so that even now I remember it while I have forgotten almost everything! Taken literally, it even strikes me as frankly absurd, crazy. To such a point that I am now surprised that I did not reject it as such⁶³ – that it has maintained such a tenacious attraction in me. But at the same time it began to dawn on me that this idea, certainly crazy and impossible to realize, was a fertile idea. Even better, it was the idea par excellence, which at that moment had the particular quality that could allow me to shake off the spiritual torpor that had invaded me and regain contact, through a precise task, with the formless mission. , unspoken, that rested in my depths and waited for me to give it freedom to take shape and express itself. What made this idea so crazy was the same thing that gave it its strength – all the strength of my affection for my mother, of the admiration I had for her, of my desire to be able to serve her more. beyond his death, with a job that would perpetuate his memory. And these powerful motivations were in no way a deception. There is no doubt that if I had had the fidelity to follow that call and grasp closely and with all my being that impossible task, that crazy task – it would have been transformed day by day by that same work. It would have been revealed as the path that God proposed to me then to awaken and unfold my embryonic transformation, unknown, not yet born and asking to be born. And that work that called me and showed me the path of my own being, of my own transformation, was destined as a blessing, certainly for me, but also for my mother who had just died. Not, as I imagined in my ignorance, to perpetuate her name and glorify it before men (as she herself had wanted to do without recognizing it), but to help her in a mysterious way, beyond the death that had occurred. transformed his earthly existence into another life, to assume in the afterlife what he had refused to assume here, and thus, make his own transformation, blocked by her during her life.

That call, I see it clearly now, resumed and specified the first call, which I had avoided. To the perplexity that had remained in suspense: "What am I going to write if I declare myself a writer?", I gave an answer: nothing less than my mother's life, she had more work than she I was missing that!

And that crazy and absurd idea for superficial wisdom was, in truth, a "genius idea" – and providential; even so brilliant and providential, that not only at that moment but in the following twenty years, I would have been incapable of conceiving it on my own. To tell the truth, I didn't understand it – I didn't understand the meaning behind what could seem like nonsense, and yet continued to torment me like an absurd, tenacious and obsessive dream. After a few years, the patient and benevolent Messenger must have grown tired. Or better yet, I was clinging and settled to such an extent in my lethargy that it was not worth it.

⁶¹This work is cited in a footnote in the section "The call and the rejection" (no. 32), note 38 page 16 ⁶²The already finished novel, "Una mujer", would be the first part of the triptych "The Way". The second part had as its main theme the life of emigrants in Berlin and Paris. The third part would be devoted to the experience of the Spanish revolution, and that of the concentration camps in France.

⁶³To tell the truth, at first I was about to give up the idea of stopping here to think about my mother's death and about this "crazy idea", precisely because it seemed so aberrant! As often, I had to overcome a tenacious resistance to include this episode and, furthermore, not to rush it away (which would not have stuck at all), and to examine it with real attention.

speak to ears so numb.

In August 1979 I ended up dedicating myself to the work that God had proposed to me, taking a very different route⁶⁴. It was a meditation from the beginning, a meditation on my parents, instead of starting from the idea of a novel that would have ended up becoming a meditation and making me discover my mother (to begin with) such and how it had really been, and the meaning of so many eluded things that his death evoked. I do not remember that during the long meditation from August 1979 to October 1980, the idea came to me that, in short, I was doing a job that had been offered to me twenty-two years before, and that then had rejected. Only now, as I reluctantly evoke a certain long-forgotten ridiculous idea, is the hidden meaning behind the apparent nonsense revealed to me for the first time.

That second call, which took place in that memorable year, supported by all the force of the indelible experience of my mother's last weeks and last moments, and by all the strength of the bond that united me to her and that her death could only draw closer, now she appears to me in all her compelling intensity. That time, all the finally dissolved anguish of the last five years, and everything my mother represented to me and everything I had rejected and pushed out of my sight, was encompassed in that call. And yet, that time again I avoided her. I chose to be unfaithful to the best of myself, unfaithful to the impulse of a generosity that nodded to that call from the depths, unfaithful to the accurate instinct that showed me the way to a very different adventure.

Then I was like the man condemned to death, the rope already around his neck, who sees his sentence pardoned: go wherever you want! I could take it as a stimulus, prompting me to respond to an unexpected grace with an act that truly corresponded; even if it was only to ask myself the details of what that miraculously redeemed punishment had earned me, so as not to stray again into a similar hell. Instead, I slid down the sweet slope of euphoria, which for this time has been freed and does not ask for more explanations. It was the "happy ending"! From now on, there was no reason why the rest of my life and until the end of my days should not pass without setbacks, everything in roses: mathematics, friends all over the world, a friend (who would become a partner) who had helped me in my mother's last days and who seemed very loyal – what more could I ask for?! Why stir up such sad memories? Maybe when I was old... Now, life belonged to me!

36. God speaks in a very low voice...

(June 26 and 28) It is a great satisfaction to see to what extent this "story of my relationship with God", which I had thought of inserting in passing and as if to become aware, has become the occasion for a rediscovery of my life through some of its central moments and some signs that have marked it, which until now I had not stopped to think about. The new perspective allows me to encompass my life as a whole and with a new perspective. Throughout the reflection, I see a meaning manifest in it step by step, a secret design, ignored by me throughout my life and yet darkly sensed. That design, and the new meaning it gives to my life, have been revealed very recently, from the end of October to the end of March. And surely it is a very special grace that they have been notified to me expressly and in such a clear way (19). Now almost sixty years old, I still felt my way through the night, without anything external ever coming to confirm me on the wavering path followed as if in spite of myself, which is why it has been crucial that Finally a light would break out and my distortions would end, to fulfill in this existence what I must fulfill.

And let no one imagine that the evocation of my recent misrepresentations and my former infidelity will be an occasion for me to lament and gnash my teeth, "Oh, if only there were this! Oh if only there were the other thing!" It is a joy to discover what has been, in the light of my present, and to discern there the desires of a future that groped its way, even through my abandonments and my infidelity to the best of me. himself. It was necessary for these fruits to mature their bitter flesh for years and decades and for them to be eaten, so that they would nourish another fruit on the way that was already quietly germinating. And what is worth one is worth all, no matter how bitter the harvest. No one escapes the bitterness of the suffering that he has prepared for himself, nor from

⁶⁴The incitement to do so came to me, as it should, through a messenger dream, in October of the previous year. I talk about that dream in CyS III, in the subnote (no. 1281) that follows the note "The parents – or the heart of the conflict" (no. 128).

the liberation that it is preparing.

I have thought about the apostle Peter, and his denial of the Christ who had just been handed over to be crucified. Recently rereading that story, I sobbed for a long time, as if I were the one who had just renounced and betrayed the one who was going to die abandoned by everyone. Only the truth touches like this, in the deepest part of our being, and reveals ourselves to us. And there is no need to regret that what this touches, like a beneficial wound that heals, has been.

* * *

Many are called and few are chosen. But the chosen ones, it seems to me, are those who hear, listen and follow the call. God chooses when and how he calls – and is there anyone who has not been called? But it is not He who chooses the "elect". It is each of us, when the voice calls, who chooses in the noise or in the silence, whether to silence the voice or follow it.

We like to imagine God dictating His commandments with the voice of thunder, so that they may be recorded, immutable, on granite tablets. Truly, God speaks in a low voice, and in the ear of only one. It does not order or impose, but suggests and encourages. And what He says is madness for all those around us, as well as for us who are his docile image. Nothing around us or in us, except that one voice, encourages us to pay attention to it, and everything discourages us from doing so. That is why it is so rare that we listen and even rarer that we pay attention. And that's probably why there are so few chosen ones.

That imperceptible voice is like a soft wind that passes through the grass, and when it has passed it seems that nothing has happened, everything remains the same. The prophets themselves, the mystics, the saints first rejected it, as a vain chimera or as a crazy dream, before daring to recognize it and betting their lives on that reckless faith, that crazy faith, defying all "wisdom." "ya". If today they seem great to some of us, those who were modeled with the same clay as us, it is because they dared, they, to be themselves, daring to give credit to the wind that blows and passes, rising from the depths. Their faith is what makes them great, restoring themselves to them. Not faith in a "creed" shared by all or proclaimed by an eager group of defenders. But faith in reality and the sense of something delicate and imperceptible that passes like a breeze and leaves us alone before ourselves as if it had never been there.

That is, true "faith in God." Even if Her name had never been spoken, yet She is She. It is faith in that low voice that tells us about what is, what was, what will be and what could be and what awaits – voice of truth, voice of what we see... We are and We become ourselves only when we listen to that voice, and have faith in it. It is she who acts in man and makes him advance and encourages him on the path of his future.

That faith is nothing more than faith in ourselves. Not the one we imagine or would like to be, but the one we are in the most intimate and deepest part – the one who is on the way and to whom that voice calls.

However, sometimes the voice becomes powerful and clear, it speaks with force – not that of thunder, but with the same force that lies in us, ignored, and that it suddenly reveals. This is what she is like in the messenger dream, made to shake us off a (perhaps mortal...) drowsiness. But these unsuspected forces are deployed in vain - because where is the certified meter that will measure them with its ruler (so that we can verify that they measure up...), where is the scale that will weigh them? a (and it gives us the green light to admire...), where is the stopwatch that will stop them (to limit the damage...)? After all, they are just dreams, right? Who would be crazy enough to listen to a dream, and even follow it?

Even when, for something extraordinary, He raises His voice, it would seem that God does everything He can to, above all, not put pressure on us, no matter how little, to listen to Him, while everything pushes us to cover our ears! gone! It is almost as if God Himself participated in the bidding: "Oh, you know, above all there is no need to worry or feel obligated, if I speak to you it is as if I spoke to Myself by mumbling something. After all, I am not an important person like Untal who speaks on the radio and Untalotro who gives an interview and yet another Untal who has just published a widely read book or Este who affirms with a peremptory air looking at his around or the one with the velvety voice who caresses you like a glove... First of all, I wouldn't want to compete with them and on the other hand, I have a lot of patience and a lot of time, so there is no rush to listen to me, except in This life will be in the next one or the one after that or in ten thousand years, we have all the time..."

With all that, it is miraculous that the Unimportant, the All-Patient, the Foolish, the Ignored, is ever heard! He can only blame Himself, the Lord of all life who so likes to hide and surround Himself with mystery and speak the language of dreams and the wind, when He is not silent. The entire world thunders and orders and decrees and determines, and promises and threatens and strikes down and excommunicates and crushes without mercy when it does not massacre without shame, in the name of all the gods and all the sacrosanct Churches, of all the kings "of right divine" and all the Holy Sees and all the Holy Fathers and all the haughty homelands, and (last but not least) in the name of Science, yes Lord! and the Progress and the Standard of Living and the Academy and the Honor of the Human Spirit, I believe it!

And in that clamor of all powers and all appetites and all violence, Only One is silent – and He speaks in such a low voice that no one ever listens, as if it's really not worth listening to Me. Besides, that hassle giving Him sees, and waits. And when by chance you understand while murmuring: oh Me, you know, would tire you out...

The ways of God, I admit, are unfathomable. So unfathomable that we cannot be surprised that man gets lost in them and even loses track of God and even His memory. The religions that, without a doubt, He has inspired, contradict and exterminate each other, and the peoples that previously proclaimed themselves children of the same Church, have not stopped massacring each other at will, throughout centuries and years. to the sound of the same funeral hymns celebrating the same Name, the chasubled priests in the company of laureate poets piously singing amen "for those who have piously died for their country...".

In our days the good God is out of fashion, but the macabre circus turns as fast as ever: priests and poets continue doing their work as gravediggers, under the alert staff of generals, kings, presidents the popes, while Science (aka the Honor of the Human Spirit), always so sublime and so selfless, facilitates the grandiose and impeccable means of the perfected Megamassacres electronic, chemical, biological, atomic and neutron for the ossuaries of today and tomorrow.

Only God is silent. And when He speaks, it is in such a low voice that no one ever hears Him.

IV ASPECTS OF A MISSION (1): A SONG OF FREEDOM

37. The unthinkable convergence

(July 9 and 10) Today it is just two weeks since the story of my "spiritual adventure from the cradle" was interrupted by the unexpected and prolonged digression (without realizing anything) of the innocent preceding section "God He speaks in a very low voice..." What was anticipated as a brief interlude has re-emerged in a cascade of "metaphysical notes" arising from each other in a movement so tight that I could not have nor wanted to slow it down or stop it, from the mother-note "God is constantly hidden – or the "intimate conviction" (arising from the "intermission" and prologuing it) (no. 19), which gives birth to the entire somewhat tumultuous progeny of the following twelve notes (notes no. 20 – 31). These constitute a first written response to the strong resonances aroused in me by the encounter with the religious thought of Marcel L'egaut, in his two already abundantly cited books "Man in Search of His Humanity" and "Introduction to the understanding of the past and the future of Christianity" (a very long title for such a capital text!). That's why I haven't even found free time to continue reading the latter, such has been the suspense of making the writing of a bundle of notes that seemed to want to diverge more and more "converge"! ! Yesterday I finally managed it, and yesterday I played truant - immediately continuing the interrupted reading, who doubts it...

What has caught my attention the most when reading L'egaut, already from the first book, but with a revulsive force (the term is not too strong) when starting to read the second, is the extraordinary convergence of two experiences and two thoughts that, it seems, ignored each other, that had never crossed paths. However, God knows well that the sociological and ideological horizons of which we are both offspring (heterodox, it must be said), like personal temperaments, are at the antipodes in many ways. On the one hand the atheist parents, free union, anarcho, marginal by choice – on the other the decidedly Catholic family, marriage in the church "and all that"... The convergence of itineraries shocks me even more as well as something truly extraordinary, almost miraculous, providential. That feeling of the "providential" overwhelmed me since I began reading "Understanding Christianity" (if you'll forgive the abbreviation of the prohibitive title).

That's right! For two or three months my thoughts had been turning to the question of God's designs that are manifested through the history of religions. Among these, I well perceived that Christianity played a very different role, not so much because of its unique characteristics among other religions, but because of the figure of Jesus and his extraordinary destiny. According to my first surveys left and right, it did not seem that I was going to find in philosophical or religious literature a major reflection that would address the issues that I felt were truly crucial. But I also felt that facing these questions is part of my mission, which has just been expressed to me¹ in such a clear and peremptory way. That was even going to be, most likely, the "highlight" of my reflections in the coming years. And here it is that "by the greatest of coincidences" I fall upon that book² by an author I had never heard of, who among all of them is the one who confronts precisely the questions that I feel most as crucial, and even with the spirit in which I would have done it; but someone, in addition, with the experience of a lifetime in contact with spiritual and religious realities, and who had long matured in himself a vision of things much deeper than the most while I just disembarked!

And there was still more. A dozen years ago I began to "enter into my mission"³, although without being fully aware until last January; a mission on the other hand of "success" not only highly

¹As I remember later, that happened, in the "clear and peremptory manner" that I say, at the beginning of January of this year, therefore six months ago.

²More precisely: someone brought me books on "spirituality" by chance, because they were supposed to interest me, among which "Man in search of his humanity" by L'egaut. I was in a hurry to order all of L'egaut's books, and the first one that arrived, about ten days later, was the knock-out book on Christianity.

³If you were to consider the "great turning point" of 1970 (discussed in the section "The turning point – or the end of a slumber", no . 33), when I left the mathematical milieu, as the moment when "I begin to enter into my mission", it would be 17 years instead of twelve. But at that time I was not yet involved in a path that I would now call "spiritual" – it was only a first step in that direction. The first step on that path was taken in 1974, and I allude to it in the section "The call and the rejection" (no. 32) and in the following one, I will return to it. But the decisive and irreversible step on the spiritual path was achieved in October 1976, with the discovery of meditation and with the "reunions with myself", which are discussed several times in Chapter I.

improbable, but practically impossible according to human wisdom – a mission that the lesson of facts, tirelessly reiterated and identical to itself, seems to make senseless, condemning it in advance to total sterility⁴. And here for the first time I receive, like an echo that would have surpassed my voice, a kind of external “confirmation” of my mission, through the voice of another – of a brother according to him. spirit that, following its own path from a totally different experience, but continuing it according to the same tacit and imperious demand, has arrived at a vision of spiritual reality certainly different from my own. In fact, but with a relationship of secret harmony between the two, a “relationship of dialogue”, of spontaneous and immediate dialogue. And although the book I am writing about dreams may seem to have no direct relationship with the themes addressed by L'egaut in his two books, already in the days following the encounter with the first of the two, I felt it was that I modified my own work in a way that I myself would not have been able to discern (if it were not for some imperceptible and apparently laughable signs), and yet I felt, or rather I knew, that in no way was insignificant or superficial. It was as if from now on, alongside my own experience of things and the vision of the world (in continuous evolution) into which it has been transformed, I was silently supported by the experience and vision of another; not so much because of how little he knew about that different experience and vision, but rather because of the mere fact that contact had been established and from then on he knew that they existed, with very particular, very personal tonalities that I welcomed it into myself for a few hours of intense “listening”.

It was in the chapter “Faith and Mission” of the book “Man in Search of His Humanity” where I found the human mission clearly expressed, even before I thought of expressing it to myself. , what I already knew obscurely, from what had been revealed to me just a few months ago about my own mission. Very delicate things, “impossible” things that no one can invent, but that can only be expressed with such authority, sure of touching the universal, who has not only become aware of their own mission and has assumed its radical impossibility. by an act of faith incessantly renewed; but also have the depth of vision to discern that same spiritual adventure never clearly expressed, always said between the lines, in other beings. Men of the past and men of today, whose same fidelity to themselves makes them “adhere” to such an impossible mission, animated by that faith in the best of themselves, obscurely recognized as such despite harsh denials. of the entire world and the surface of its very being, all impregnated with the values of that world.

Reading that chapter⁵ already filled me with joy. It was a messenger who came to confirm something I already knew intimately, of capital importance in my existence, and who showed me that I was not the only one in the world to have experienced it; and at the same time it was also the irrefutable revelation of the depth and authenticity of a thought that from the very beginning had attracted me and had felt close to mine, although it had kept me until then. in cautious expectation.

When speaking recently of the “convergence” of two “itineraries”, I saw in it a striking illustration, which is very on point, of the general convergence of human missions, which L'egaut perceives with a visionary depth that it can only lead to the adhesion of every being that (as is my case) begins to open to spiritual reality. I could not doubt that what L'egaut describes is true vision, and nothing of the type of a simple “eschatological hope” about the ultimate goals of humanity, moving towards its future. I suspected, and even more so as my prophetic dreams made me sense a movement in the direction of such convergence, a movement that would be called to manifest and take shape in the coming years.

⁴When I speak of “total sterility,” it is about the external aspect of the mission, as a message to others. On the contrary, I well knew that the work of self-discovery into which I launched myself sporadically, since October 1976, was a powerful agent of interior transformation, of spiritual maturation. But it always disconcerted me to see that only I was moving forward, and that all the people I knew, my friends and relatives and the entire world, stayed in their place, so to speak, like logs! Writing down my spiritual experience seemed meaningless – I didn't know anyone in the world who I had good reason to believe would be in a position to draw something valuable, to be stimulated in their walk, when clearly no one He wanted to move.

That feeling of isolation with respect to other men became painful to bear; it was an insidious and powerful brake on my ascension. However, since August 1986 I knew that I had the company and help of the Dreamer in that ascension – but at that time and until very recently, the Dreamer did not feel as a bond of union with other men and with humanity. The situation has totally changed since the Dreamer has made himself known to me as God, and, furthermore, I have had a clear confirmation of my mission from God himself. At the present moment the apparent impossibility or “sterility” of my mission with respect to men no longer disturbs me at all – it is not up to me but to the good God to ensure that what clearly diverges completely converges, and that no power in the world except Him could prevent it from continuing like this until the end...

⁵That was one of the first chapters I read. I read the chapters in scattered order, not being clear at first if I would read the entire book. I am often reluctant to spend my time reading. But of course I ended up reading it in its entirety.

decades, under the impact of a divine initiative of a breadth and strength unprecedented in the history of Creation. Surely neither L'égaut nor anyone else (except Jesus two thousand years ago...6) has dreamed of anything like that, and it would be at least doubtful that he would take these prophecies seriously, assuming that at least 'a is in life...

But for my part, at no time had I been able to see or even glimpse, even if it was only in one case, that "convergence" of which L'égaut speaks with the authority of one who sees . Quite the contrary, what has shocked me more and more over the last ten or twelve years has been a kind of general spiritual divergence, as well as the standardization of ways of living. life and ideological structures around the world; a cacophony of mutual incomprehension maintained by the escape from oneself also in general.

And it is that cacophony, in which my voice (assuming that I had the fantasy of wanting to make it heard) could not be more than a ridiculous decibel too much in the infernal noise. of a humanity sinking in its own noise – it is surely that cacophony that has made me doubt for so long, instead of devoting myself body and soul to what deep down I knew was my true mission. on: what no other being was called to do more than I alone, what no other could do in my place...7

It was necessary for God Himself to encourage me to take the plunge, without worrying about reciprocity or effectiveness, for Him to make me understand that the future of what was most personal, the most intimate in me was not It was strange to the Whole and to the designs of God for all of humanity, so that those doubts were removed from me and I made my choice clearly: to serve the designs of God with all my strength and all my heart. . Then I knew I didn't have to worry about the rest. The rest cannot fail to come in addition and in its time – perhaps during my present earthly life or else later, in the end it does not matter...

Therefore I can say that in a certain way I already "knew", by revelation, that the impossible "convergence of human missions" could not fail to be drawn sooner or later. That this was inscribed in the last endings of the Universe, even if God Himself perhaps did not know how to say in human language how it would begin (if it has not already begun), continue and be fulfilled. yes, despite all the prodigious weight of men's spiritual inertia. But I do not remember having ever perceived, by my own means, any convincing sign. All the greater was the joy of finding, through his work, a man who not only affirmed such convergence⁸, but also visibly saw it.

Such was my vision and my understanding of things when writing the section "Faith and Mission" (no. 34) in the days following reading the chapter of the same name in the book of L'égaut. And a few days later (June 26), upon opening the "Understanding of Christianity" and beginning to enter into the substance of the book, there was the revelation, truly dazzling this time, of an almost convergence unthinkable because it seemed so improbable – and yet true! And not a convergence between the thought and mission of a Lord who knows who – but then I felt a movement in which I was directly and powerfully involved, not only through the surface of my being but through my entire existence, and through my relationship to the existence of others. men and with the future of all humanity. There was something to be "overwhelmed" indeed!

6Here I exaggerate, because Jesus was not the only one or even the first to have apocalyptic visions. In our days, although they are relatively rare, there is no shortage of beings who sense that a change of era is imminent. I came to that conviction in the early 1970s, not by visionary intuition, but by the mere exercise of my sound reason. (See the section "The turning point – or the end of a drowsiness", no. 33.) Since then, the feeling of a radical and ineluctable end has not left me, despite the soporific purr of the "life that continues." I have the impression that even among those who sense imminent shocks, rare are those who have any idea of the cataclysmic brutality with which these shocks are going to be unleashed upon us. I am convinced that if God Himself did not watch over, all of humanity would be left in the lurch, and perhaps even with all the rest. (Compare the note "My friend the good God – or Providence and faith", no 22.)

7Every being without exception has the mission of knowing themselves and knowing themselves deeply – that is something that is common to all human missions. This spiritual task, surely the most universal of all, is also the most intimately personal: each one is called to know oneself, to discover oneself – and that being in becoming that must ceaselessly discover and know is in itself vast as the Universe, and something unique – a being unlike any other being in the world. No one is called to probe that world but himself, and no one else could do it in his place. And that task, as strange as it may seem, "is not foreign to the Whole and to God's designs on all of humanity" (as I write in the following lines, in the case of my own person). Thus, nothing that I say here regarding my mission, and so it may seem that I boast, is really particular to me. What is particular, it seems, are certain aspects of my "outward" mission, which will be discussed in the following sections.

8It is not unusual to lightly affirm such convergences. For example, it has long been good manners to say (without thinking twice) that "all the great religions basically teach the same thing." More often than not, this is the manifestation of raw optimism or a deliberate ideological purpose, rather than the fruit of an attentive examination of the facts.

38. Testimony as a call to discover oneself

(July 11 and 12) After I have alluded to my "mission", perhaps it is time for me to try to say, as far as I can, how I currently perceive it. Say at least how I perceive it in relation to "the world": what is, in its essential features and in its spirit, the message that I feel called to carry. Already since yesterday and even the day before yesterday, thought began to sniff in that direction, to prepare... There is nothing to do, now I have to "get involved"! So much the worse again for the "thread of reflection"⁹, which however will not be lost...

I would like to unravel what is truly essential, the very soul of the message. To do this, rather than trying to say it abruptly, I will first say certain aspects that I feel are important, but that above all appear to me as the means, linked to my person and my particular experience, to express and "pass" the essential – "to those who have ears to hear."

Surely, I have the mission of testifying what my life has been, and what it still is at the moment I write¹⁰. Certainly, it is not a question of being exhaustive, not even in a certain perspective such as the one in which I have placed myself in this book: the story of my relationship with God, or of my spiritual adventure. But, for me, such testimony only makes sense if it is done "in truth", with all the rigor and all the simplicity of which I am capable, without glossing over the dark or doubtful corners and without accentuating the pink. In doing so, I feel at times that my way is very "messing up", without regard to myself or to some of my companions and others involved in my adventure, nor to the susceptibility of the reader, an unknown witness of a story that is directs more at myself than at him - that this way surely lacks that virtue of "discretion" that Marcel L'egaut recommends so insistently and with reason, and that he himself practices with so much perfection. But, whether I like it or not, I am called to testify in that way. As if to also testify, so to speak by example, what I call "meditation", that is, the work of reflection on myself, whose reason for being is the discovery and understanding of my own being. If it were possible, my testimony would like to be a meditation continued "in public", or at least, with the intention of publishing it.

For this reason, I would also like to be an encouragement and call so that the reader also enters, as I do, into his silent presence, into his own being, into his own life, and sees a human existence taking shape in it. As if to say: it's that simple, you see! If you live away from yourself, it is not that you lack the means to know yourself and go deeper into yourself, just as it is not the absence of means that made me live on the surface of my being for most of my life!

Certainly every creation testifies in a more or less intimate and more or less direct way about the worker who created it. In my work, that testimony will surely be the most direct, the most immediate, the least "discreet" there is. This is how I believe I respond best to the demand for self-knowledge. It seems to me that this requirement goes further in me than in the majority of "spirituals"¹¹, that is, in those for

9That "thread" consists of the more or less chronological account of my relationship with God throughout my life. I have continued it until the note "Death challenges – or infidelity (2)" (no. 35).

10The first time I felt called to testify publicly was in the years 1970-72, just after the great turning point of 1970, on the occasion of my militant action in the group Survivre y Vivir. (See in this regard the section "The turn – or the end of a drowsiness", no . 33.) Especially in public discussions, often heated, of which few written traces remain. Instead, Harvests and Sowings, written between 1984 and 1986, can be seen as a long testimony about my mathematical past, accentuating the place of that past in my spiritual adventure. But, neither in that reflection nor in this book about dreams, do I write in the spirit of an autobiography. It is a genre that I have never tackled, and I don't know if I will ever have the time to undertake it.

11I explain this in quite detail in the note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold", no 9. It would seem that as a general rule, the "spiritual" is not interested in his psyche by itself, as something that intrigues him and attracts him for its own beauty (and even in its most extreme miseries...), for the mysteries that he feels in it (some certainly fearsome...), that in no way is he attracted to her as the husband is attracted to the body of his wife. Rather, the thickness of the psyche makes him impatient, as something that would come between the soul and spiritual reality, which is the only thing he would like to know, that he would like to marry. Thus, he knows her more as an obstacle to his love than as something loved for himself – impatiently, and just enough to prevent her (as far as possible) from being an obstacle. And when your passion is great and pure in the end, with God's help, the "obstacle" disappears, without having been known or loved.

My path has been very different. Nor did I think about a "spiritual" reality, nor about God. But I felt all the weight and all the rigidities of the psyche, which hindered me and paralyzed my life, and I also knew that there was something in me besides heaviness and rigidity. And I wanted, not only to free myself from what chained me (to the extent that it is possible...), but also to know it - to know one and the other, the heavy and the light, the inert and the living, inextricably entangled in my being. But he who desires knows, and he who knows loves. I have loved the psyche as it is, in its coarseness and in its delicacy, in its impeccable surface and in its deep disorders, in its shameless scams and in the humble truth that they reveal... During the day a voice encouraged me interior, and at night my dreams. I did not get tired, and without ever asking myself who spoke to me like that, deep down I knew well that this was my most important task.

those who what L'egaut calls "inner depth" is truly at the core of their existence and gives it all its meaning. In other words, one aspect of my mission (which apparently is not found in this form in that of L'egaut or anyone else that I know), is to promote a lively interest in the knowledge of oneself, or rather, by an inner attitude of self-discovery. Certainly that is a key to the discovery and knowledge of others and the spiritual world. And it is she who has led me from door to door to the discovery of the One who was waiting for me. But even more than a means of knowledge, it is also the way (or at least a way) towards one's own future, towards the maturation of the being and its liberation, through liberation of its creative forces on the spiritual plane.

In the wake of this testimony and this call, and in parallel with them¹², I would like to promote a knowledge of the human psyche "in general", with a spiritual perspective¹³. Ignorance in this regard, even among the most cultivated and most prestigious "humanists", is almost universal and surpasses all expression. Even among the spiritual, this knowledge is generally neglected, remains blurred and as if blocked by a deliberate purpose of "spirituality"¹⁴. Alleviating, however little, this extraordinary generalized ignorance, this blindness of "culture" to the most elementary and most fundamental realities of the psyche, seems to go in the direction of a change in the "cultural climate," which will make it more favorable, or at least less fiercely adverse, to the "spiritual" path of the being in search of itself...

39. Eros – or power

Many spiritualists, both among Christians and among those who have emerged from Eastern religious traditions, manifest an attitude of visceral distrust towards the erotic impulse, when it is not that of true antagonism, of merciless repression¹⁵. I see there the effect of a universal cultural deformation, which has weighed heavily on the history of humanity since the dawn of time.

I will have ample opportunity to return to it again and again, and in detail, if not in the present book, at least in those that must follow it.

It is time for men to know how to recognize in Eros the great creative force that acts in the Universe, both on the material plane and on the plane of life and that of properly human intelligence (32). As long as man does not reach a harmonious relationship with that cosmic force that acts in the Universe and in himself, no matter how "spiritual" he may be, he remains, in an essential part of his being, a sick animal, at war against itself and against the works of God – it is not yet fully man¹⁶. By not

Intimately mine. No matter how much he left her, like an unfaithful lover, he always returned to her, never exhausting her mystery. She has been a vast and very deep well that I had to plumb, without knowing where I was going. It is that well that has been my way to God.

¹²I would not like to be content with talking about the "psyche in general", apart from a testimony or a metaphysical reflection, but I hope to dedicate a systematic reflection to it in the coming years. . The reader will find a first attempt in this sense in the note "The small family and its Guest" (no. 1), and in the four following notes.

¹³When I say "with a spiritual perspective," it is in no way to limit my topic, but on the contrary to give psychic reality the dimension that belongs to it and gives it all its meaning. Compare with the comments in the penultimate footnote.

¹⁴See the comments in the footnote cited above.

¹⁵Of course, this attitude is not limited to the "spiritual," neither in our day nor in the past. However, it seems that today it is more internalized in the spiritual than in ordinary mortals (where it tends to soften considerably during recent generations). However, among the notable exceptions to this rule I would cite Gandhi and L'egaut. Krishnamurti is content to practically ignore the love impulse. However, in the only passage of his that I have read in which he deals with it, briefly and in passing, he underlines, without any fickleness of moralizing distance, the extraordinary power of the love experience. On the contrary, in it there is a discourse on the "process of desire" (in general), without distinguishing between the "desire" that comes from the self (and especially from vanity), and that which springs from Eros, which However, they are of a totally different nature. According to the general tendency in the media that proclaim themselves spiritual, they put all desires in the same bag, and consider them as an impediment to spiritual deepening. However, it overcomes the current "spiritual" clichés, clearly recognizing that the desire to get rid of desire, to get rid of it, is inscribed in that same "process of desire", as a reflection of the ego's voracity for greatness.

¹⁶I have written these lines weighing my words, and I have nothing to take away, but I must specify my thought: the man who does not know how to live in harmony with the impulse of Eros in him, and more particularly with the impulse of sex, he is a man deeply divided against himself. In that sense I write that "he is not yet fully a man", since it is not in the nature of man to be like this at war against himself. On the contrary, part of its main tasks, and one of the most arduous, is to overcome this state of internal war; war without hope of victory if not with death, because "the enemy" Eros is none other than the impulse of life itself! We stop being a "sick animal", we become fully human, when

knowing how to affirm and assume our humanity, without reservation and without shame but recognizing that wonderful wealth that has been entrusted to us, for this very reason we are incapable of assuming our humanity, even in some of its most delicate and highest manifestations. For the high sinks its roots into the low, and the tree that rejects the earth that sustains it and nourishes it is very sick. It is no coincidence or aberration that in all the languages of the world (if I am not mistaken), the same word "love" designates both the force that mutually attracts woman and man and makes them become "one flesh," like love on the spiritual plane that transcends the flesh and human intelligence. And it is not a coincidence either, but a sign of an intimate and profound correspondence, that the babbling of the lover when speaking to the beloved, and those of the lover or the lover of God when speaking to Him who we often call "He ~nor" although thinking with all our being "Well-Beloved", they are done with the same words of love. And God himself, when with the intimate and powerful language of dreams he speaks of the relationship of love between himself and man, very often expresses it with revulsive force in the parable of carnal love, without worrying. of decorum. For if man is sick, God, He, is not ashamed of His works, which all testify of Him. And truly, for the one who does not become or remain a slave to the impulse of love and knowledge (in his flesh or in his intelligence), but rather allows himself to be inspired and carried away by it and borrows its wings to fly , Eros is one of the many paths that lead to the worship and knowledge of God – the humble path of human love, lived in its power and truth.

Eros is an emanation of God, and the force of Eros a manifestation of the creative force of God.

It is the divine creative force acting in matter. But Eros is not God, as I had a tendency to believe for years, due to lack of sufficient depth or simply lack of careful examination. I now realize that this confusion acted as a brake on my spiritual progression, from the discovery of meditation ten years ago until last year. However, the consequences of such confusion seem to me to be far less serious than those (often close to neurosis) that follow from the reverse confusion, which makes Eros the favorite incarnation of the devil. From the Enemy himself! That is a true aberration, an abscess that gnaws at the soul – a frightened and spiteful denial of the World and the life that beats in the World – the pulse of Eros. Fortunately, nowadays this form of dementia begins

to be rare.

Confusing Eros with God does not close the being to love, nor to the beauty of things, nor to admiration. It is not an act of denial and violence but simple ignorance, which closes its eyes to what distinguishes the spiritual plane and the creativity on that plane from the lower planes. It is a lack of acuity to discern the difference between things that are certainly "similar" but of different essence. (Just as the reflection of the face reflected by the water of a well is similar to the face and of a different essence...) When visual acuity increases, distinction appears, like the luminous revelation of something known forever and that he had forgotten...

Promoting a knowledge of the psyche from a spiritual perspective does not in any way mean ignoring Eros or vilifying it, as so many spiritual people are forced to do. On the contrary, this requires recognizing the role that corresponds to it – its unique, crucial and irreplaceable role as an original creative force, which springs from the same sources of life on earth. To deny Eros, to tear oneself away from it, is to tear oneself away from the source of creativity that exists in us, and to condemn the being to exhaust itself, not only in the deep impulses of the body and in its creative intelligence, but also in the spiritual plane, that is, in his relationship with God (33). Whoever denies the animal in him denies God, whoever is ashamed of the animal is ashamed of God. Well, God is in the animal just as he is in man. He has created one just as He has created the other, not so that man hates or violates or despises the animal in him or is ashamed of it, nor so that he becomes a slave to it while glorifies or denies it, but so that it lives in good harmony with it, and the animal serves according to its nature and in joy the common work of man and God.

I would like to illuminate the topic of the true nature of the fiery force of Eros. With this I could help some to get out of a relationship of immemorial ambiguity and to reconcile with that force that beats in us and in everything and makes us creators in our flesh and in our spirit. As long as man is in a state of insidious or declared war against Eros, so long will he be at war against himself and against God, and he will devastate his fellow men and the entire earth to escape the conflict that opposes him. likewise and that devastates and deserts his being.

These tasks are fulfilled, and we live in harmony with ourselves.

40. The Sense – or the Eye

(July 14 and 15) In the two preceding sections, I have spoken of two closely linked aspects of my message: promoting, through the example of testimony, an attitude of self-discovery and “in the wake,” a living and nuanced knowledge of the psyche and the human spiritual adventure; and illuminate the true nature of Eros as the great creative force that acts in the psyche and in all planes of existence that do not reach the properly spiritual level.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to see the impulse of Eros as the engine that provides the energy and impulse (called “desire”) of creative activity, emphasizing that this energy and impulse are themselves blind. Eros makes us penetrate and receive the substance of the things in which we invest our desire, but ignores its meaning in our human existence, and the meaning and scope of the act by which we assent to such desire, give it satisfaction (be creative os’only rewarding), we invest it in such a being or such a thing or such an activity. This sense is inseparable from an understanding of the “beneficial” or “evil” character of our acts and our activities in their relationship to a Whole. But discerning a meaning, or the “good” and “evil” that our actions refer to a Whole, is a properly spiritual activity, which escapes the radius of action of Eros.

To cite but one example among thousands that flow at the moment: the atomic bomb is, alas! an authentic intellectual creation (collective it is true), surely of admirable ingenuity and delicate precision to take “advantage” of physical principles of extreme generality. But that doesn’t make it any less an abomination, and a shame and a curse for our species, as relevant today as they ever were. All those who, from near or far, knowingly participated in that disastrous creation, as well as those who later participated or participate in its “perfection” (!) and in its “profitability” (!!!) (and without a doubt there have been no shortage of “genius” technical or political initiatives...), encouraged by the approval or indifference of the majority, they have carried a heavy responsibility for their participation in a properly criminal enterprise. No penal code persecutes them, quite the contrary – but that does not prevent them from having, without a doubt, to render very heavy accounts.

This is to clarify to what extent the distinction between the plane of spiritual reality and the lower planes is not a vain subtlety of a philosopher or theologian. For those who have two eyes to see, it is felt with an explosive acuity, although it is ignored by everyone, in each step and in each conscious or unconscious act of a human existence, from the most anonymous to the most illustrious. It is in more or less total unconsciousness that the cup of each person’s karma and that of the human race is filled to the brim – a cup that God has foreseen to be immense, to the measure of that prodigious unconsciousness – and which now it’s about to overflow...

It is not enough for a vehicle to be equipped with a powerful engine and launch at full speed for its action to be beneficial, much more is needed! To avoid disasters you still need a driver. The driver is the eye that the blind engine is missing. The more powerful the engine, the more important it is for the eye to be alert and the driver to be vigilant. And don’t blame the engine, which is what it should be and a marvel. Rather, it must be taken up with the owner of the vehicle due to his absence or lack of supervision.

In almost all cases, when the driver is not more or less fainted, it is “the mayor” alias “the boss”¹⁷, “the self” or “the ego”, who acts as the driver, instead of the absent master. But the self is by nature incapable of grasping, in close symbiosis with God, whom it actually ignores, the meaning of things. Animated by a tenacious self-love, and by a force of a different nature but no less than that of the impulse of Eros, he is above all (and even when he is reluctant) a servile replica of the ideas and uses that are brought to his attention. around, industrial product and gear of society, blind like him, who has molded it for its use. When he is the one holding the steering wheel, it is like a car that is driven not by a person equipped with reflexes and judgment, but by a conveniently programmed electronic system. And it is more than strange that spiritual life is not confused with the selection of a more or less perfected program, and with the proper functioning of the servomechanism thus programmed (moreover always more or less broken, put to the harsh test by the jolts and trepidations of a highly revved engine...). The results are in line...

What, therefore, is that “Everything” that encompasses the individual and whose silent presence gives (even without knowing it) meaning and value to his or her actions and life? Does the Totality of what is affected near or far

17For details about this character, I refer to the note “The small family and its Guest” (no. 1).

by the acts and lives of men? It is what could be called "the Universe", or "the human Universe".

No one could say how far it extends. It is infinitely vaster than we imagine, surely, infinitely deeper than the human spirit can conceive. It is not only the "raw" Universe, governed by the blind regulation of physical, biological, psychic, and sociological laws. By itself, and in the mechanistic and supposedly "objective" vision that "Science" proposes to us, this regulation does not reveal or suggest any meaning to us. During the past four centuries, science has developed in reaction against the suffocating domination of the Churches over human thought, professing to ignore or deny the spiritual dimension of beings and things – the 'only dimension' that gives them meaning. It has become a New Church, so full of sufficiency and even more blind and often more criminal than the Churches it has so radically supplanted. During these last generations, that spirit has ended up leading human life towards a senselessness that is more and more delirious, weak and insane at the same time.

The entire humanity is about to sink into it blindly, devastating and devastated, leaving behind under the garish neon lights, instead of the terrestrial paradise that was entrusted to it, a planet– garbage dump gutted, plagued and dead.

However, I know that the Universe is something more than an interlocking mechanism, which on planet Earth would unfortunately have become packed; even something more than the blind impulse of Eros in heat that seeks satisfaction without worrying about whether it creates or whether it crushes and destroys. Beyond chance, mechanisms, impulses, the Universe is Spirit. In him there is manifested everywhere and at all times, secretly and tirelessly, a creative and clairvoyant freedom, a mysterious purpose, a discreet and patient intention. He is Sense – a sense so inexpressibly rich, so free in its endless movement and so timeless in its immutable essence, so delicate and secret – as a voice that murmurs in the shadow, like an imperceptible passing breath, like a tea I mid spark that arises in the thick night - and yet manifest and dazzling like the unsustainable clarity of a thousand suns... - that none of us can capture it in its fullness, at most sense it or glimpse it, under the bias and the unique illumination that provides each one with its own existence.

41. The vision

More important than decreeing or professing this detailed "sense" or another, even more important than trying to delimit with words what is really sensed and glimpsed, is to find living contact with that knowledge: that our existence has despite of a whole sense that links it to the Whole.

That knowledge, often ignored, despised, ridiculed, denied, is surely present in the depths of each being just as it is present in me. It is discovered in silence, and often in the depths of helplessness, when the noise that makes us strange to ourselves is silenced and the being is reunited, naked, facing itself. Rediscover that naked knowledge, perhaps lost during a long life, and make it active by adding faith – with an act of faith without words that is fulfilled in the secret of our being and is renewed throughout life, day after day. day...

I believe that that knowledge and that faith were never totally absent in my life, since I can remember. More or less present and active depending on the stages of my path, they no longer left me after the great turning point of 1970, when, shaking off a long spiritual stupor, I began (without knowing well what I was doing). I didn't even know where I was going) to follow the inner call and to find the path of my mission¹⁸. The inner deepening that has been carried out in me during the seventeen years that have passed and even in these last months and even in these last weeks¹⁹, is inseparable from the deepening of that knowledge and that faith.

In my journey, I now reach the point where this deepening of a "Meaning", in order for it to continue and bear all its fruits, needs to be expressed through a conscious work of research, with the help of the powerful medium of writing. I feel in me the call to let a vision of the "Everything" grow and unfold, no matter how limited and partial, to the extent of my means (as they are now, and as they will emerge and unfold). even through

¹⁸This turning point is discussed in the section "The turning point – or the end of a slumber" (no. 33) and also in the note "My friend the good Lord – or Providence and faith" (no. 22).

¹⁹As written testimony of this "deepening" that has taken place even in these last weeks, in parallel and in close symbiosis with the written reflection carried out day after day in this book, I point out the twelve notes (no. 20 to 31) raised by the encounter with the thought of Marcel L'egaut, in which I face precisely certain delicate questions about "Providence", that is, the Designs of God.

the work itself...), and under the particular light that my own existence provides me. A vision of the World and its history, and the Meaning that emerges for me, from what I know and what I will not stop learning as I walk. Even this book that I am writing in response to the still fresh experience of God's action in me, a book that I am discovering as I write it, from now on seems to me like the beginning and the centerpiece of that work of wide scope, surely worthy of dedicating an entire life to it.

That experience is what has also revealed to me my mission, and what clearly calls me to that work, which otherwise would have seemed senseless to me! It is so unlikely that it seems to find resonance in someone besides me! of my self! If only because of this totally new orientation, received as a true gift from God, a crazy gift because that orientation seems so desperate (although it exerts a powerful attraction on me...), my life has changed a lot.

But above all, it is the very meaning of my life that has been transformed in a few days, as if by a sudden and unthinkable metamorphosis – just as a form is released from a shapeless and clumsy larva in the cocoon in the shade, darkly, perfect, incredible – luminous and winged! And the meaning of the Whole and that of human existence have suddenly appeared, too, in a totally new light. Whether I want it or not, the Sense of existence, the creative Sense acting in my life just as it does in the World and in its history, I can no longer see it except in God, as emanating from God. That Sense, that Tao, for me is nothing other than the Design of God. It is the original and eternal Design, present before the creation of the World, Master Inspiration of the Work yet to be born, even before the Spirit concerned itself with the means and the manner, turning his tools and gathered his material. And equally it is the living Design acting in every moment, in every place of the living Work that emerges from the hand of the Creator. Infinite, inexpressible Design, Silent and active Presence in every moment and from all eternity, discreet and clairvoyant, permeating and clarifying everything on all planes of existence...

That unnameable, unattainable and omnipresent Design is the one that belongs to each one to discover or "create" or perhaps invent? Each one according to his own limits (which recede as one advances...), each one with his own light, just as it springs from the knowledge of his greatness and his misery, his fidelities and his failures, of its moments of truth and its long complacencies, of the humble and silent perseverance of faith and the easy comfort of its conformisms and its denials. When the time of Harvest arrives, even the nights enhance the clarity of the days with their depth, and the tares that were choking the wheat fields become grain under the reaper's sickle.

To grasp that Design, that mysterious Presence, the famous "scientific data" (of which some are so proud) seem to me to be of very little help. It is not human science, as it is practiced today, that could truly clarify for us the Designs of God, which are expressed on a very different level and transcend it infinitely. Rather it is the other way around: the opening of the spirit to the spiritual dimension that permeates all things, including those that science has (often so poorly) devoted itself to probing (when it was not fracturing them), and humility before the wonder of Creation, both in the knowable and in the Unknowable, and also a firm will to collaborate in the Designs of God even if they remain mysterious²⁰ – these are the spiritual qualities, today rejected and despised, that will help us find the way to the science of tomorrow. This, more for the spirit that will animate the work of the scientist and his relationship with his colleagues, with his students and with the scientific community, than for the topics, which are also deeply renewed by that same change of spirit²¹, it will bear very little resemblance to the

20But that same will and the desire to collaborate in those Designs open us to an understanding of those Designs, and allow us to act in them, without ceasing to remain mysterious. Only he who, prisoner of a blunt logic, ignores the ways and nature of all creative work, even if it is that of the mathematician, considered the most "precise" will see a paradox there. ", the most "rigorous" of all. For the "design" that guides our hand, in all work that does not copy but creates, is invisible and properly "mysterious" – it springs up and lodges and is transformed into the complete night of the deepest layers of the psyche, forever inaccessible to the conscious gaze. It is only during work and through work that that latent, formless, unknown and unknowable design, dark embryo of creation about to be achieved, is incarnated and takes shape in the conscious field. But what is thus manifested is not what has originated it and, transforming itself as the work continues and as the manifest work is created, it always remains latent, always hidden from view, in the deep night hidden in the hollow of the Hand of God...

21Here are some of the far-reaching topics that I envision, which by their very nature completely escape science as it is practiced today: study of the pathways of action of homeopathic agents , of clay as a therapeutic agent, of the sensitivity of plants. Development of a theoretical physics that takes into account (even if it is reserving some convenient "margins") the presence and insertion of an active intention (even if it is through human intervention! undeniable even for the most obtuse materialist!). I make some comments in that sense in CyS 0, "Walk to

delusional and truly sub-human science of today...

To feed my own search for an overall vision of the World that makes me realize a Sense, which allows me to follow in it the arcana of a coherent Design, from now on my sense of smell points out the following three great sources as essential:

1) My experience of my own psyche, and that of God's action in me. My dreams occupy a crucial place in it, and among these, the metaphysical dreams and the prophetic dreams that have reached me from January to March of this year, a true mine of personal revelations. with which God has favored me.

2) The testimony of other beings for whom self-knowledge, or spiritual deepening (often experienced as the progression of a living relationship with God acting in their being), has been the center of their life. The only ones I know are the mystics of the past and present²². In most, but not all, their relationship with God is situated in the conceptual and affective framework of a particular religion and is more or less strongly impregnated and (it seems to me) often to a certain extent falsified²³, by that framework and by the particular environment of his environment (often a religious environment) and of his time.

3) The history of religions and beliefs from the origins to the present day, and what is known to us about the great spiritual Innovators of humanity. Among these, it seems to me that Jesus has a completely separate place, and this more because of his life and his death, than because of what his message has reached us.

To tell the truth, I was well aware that the deep meaning of that life and especially of that death, and the soul of its message, eluded me. On the other hand, I never felt motivated to seriously confront them, before the "religious turn" that my life has taken lately. The books of Marcel L'egaut, and particularly his book on the Understanding of Christianity, have just provided me provincially²⁴ with an irreplaceable key to the understanding that I was missing. Both for the testimony of an authentically religious life, lived in fidelity to himself and his mission, and for his vigorous and profound thought, which is inspired by the extraordinary spiritual work of Jesus himself. Beyond what two thousand years of doctrinal tradition have petrified him, his work appears to me as a call for a quality of presence and scope that is unique in our time. If there is a voice that has the quality to revive the life of a dying Christianity and make it rediscover the hidden source of its spiritual creativity, it is surely the one that challenges us through this intense work without complacency, rigorous in its itinerary and visionary. in his inspiration. If there is a new yeast to raise a hardened dough of immense heaviness, there it is. A quality yeast tailored to the breadth, not only of the crisis of Christianity, but of the unprecedented crisis that all of humanity faces without seeing it.

For my part, in the work that I currently see before me and among all the external contributions that I glimpse for the emergence of a vision that is still sought, that work and that testimony appear to me as the source of richer and more fruitful inspiration, the one that seems to me to correspond most closely to my own questions and the spiritual needs of our time.

through a work", in the longest footnote of the section "A look at the neighbors across the street" (no. 20). In short, a topic that seems more crucial to me than any other is that of dreams, finally addressed in the spiritual dimension that suits it, and freed from all the pseudo-scientific nonsense with which it has been used. has been overloaded and that for a long time has hindered a true understanding of dreams and the nature of dreams.

22 By "mystic" I understand being animated, not to say possessed, by a passion exclusive to God, a true "madman of God" for whom the search for contact with God takes precedence and almost erases the other the interests in your life. In a less strict sense, the mystic would be one for whom God is at the center of his life, both on a conscious and unconscious level, and who maintains contacts with God more or less regular and consciously lived as such. In that broader sense, I can consider myself a "mystic." The only living contemporary that I am aware of (but there are surely many others) is Marcel L'egaut. In the main text, it is in this broad sense that the term "mystical" must be taken (and this all the more so since the one who has inspired me more than any other is L'egaut!).

23What has sometimes seemed "falsified" to me in that relationship, in the testimonies of which I have been aware, is not the experience itself of the action of God in his being, because in the strong moments of the action 'on God and consciously lived as such, the conditionings are suspended. It is rather the interpretation later given to that experience, the way it is situated, and the relationship with that experience, which can be falsified by conditioning. On the other hand, it would seem that God is not bothered at all – at least it can be seen that this does not dissuade Him in any way from renewing His extraordinary favors...

24On this "providential" contribution, see the section "The impossible convergence" (no. 37) that opens chapter IV of this book.

42. Today the innovative vision is above all testimony

(July 16 and 17) Yesterday I stopped to evoke the sources that I glimpse at this moment to feed a nascent vision of the World and existence. Among these, it is my personal experience of my psyche and of the action of God in me that, by intimate necessity, is and will remain the true nurturing mother of the reflection, already initiated in the present book. It is also what must be my "soil" of constant reference – that is where my knowledge of things is rooted – to apprehend, interpret, place as best I can the "information" of all kinds that comes to me. from the outside", be it by the testimony of another (and more particularly by that of the "spirituals" and the mystics), by the history of religions and what it gives us a glimpse of their Founders, or by any other way that is presented.

The work on the book that I am writing and that takes shape under my hands day after day, is revealed at the same time as a work of inner deepening, by refining my perception of myself , of my life, and of certain things to which I see myself intimately linked²⁵. No doubt the much vaster work before me would also be inseparable from work that continues in deeper layers of the psyche, work that is not the work of thought alone. It's not even just my work. This underground work gives visible work its deep roots, its inner impulse and its meaning. It makes it something more than a beautiful flight of the spirit, than a work of the intellect alone. Through him the work acquires a spiritual reality rooted in the being that fulfills it, unites itself with the mission of which it is truly the fruit.

If I throw myself unreservedly into a work of that breadth, it is not, as was previously the case with my meditation work, with the perspective of doing it for my sole benefit, or to satisfy the curiosity of an ardent spirit. eager to know, be it from the most essential need that pushes the being on the path of its inner depth. If I throw myself into it with such joy, with total confidence, it is because I was called - and in that call it was clearly heard that this work would be done for everyone's intention; of all those, at least, who one day will be interested in knowing him. Inseparable from my personal testimony and testimony itself, that "work for all" now seems almost to be confused with my mission, or at least with its "exterior aspect" turned towards the World, towards my fellow men – in secret agreement with the "inner side" turned towards my own being and towards God. Surely this work, which calls me and pushes me forward, also corresponds perfectly with my means, still in development, and with my own deep aspirations, which I was unaware of until the moment when God's call to me I reveal them, thus revealing myself. That is why, surely, I welcomed the call with such inner exultation, with such jubilant gratitude, and I made the work that was proposed to me so completely my own. More than a personal initiative arising from aspirations that I myself was unaware of and that would have launched me into a truly foolish enterprise in terms of my sane human judgment, this mission entrusted to me appears to me as an unexpected gift that comes of God, as a task assigned to me; "assigned" certainly not as an austere duty, but as a path of my own future. At the same time, it is very clear that by its very nature, this very particular task has a meaning that surpasses my own person. In it an intention is revealed that does not come from me and that not only concerns my person, but "the Whole." It is that sense, that intention (or that "Design") that I would now like to try to fathom.

First of all, the temptation that I have to see clearly, in order to better avoid falling into it (and I would not be the first!), is to believe that I have been called to bring the ideology to a world adrift. religious vision (or the spiritual "vision," or whatever it is called) that you so desperately need, or even if it is just a "better," more "true," or more "just" global vision. " or more "exact" than those that have existed until today; or that it would be called to replace them, even if only in a minority of enlightened men. My vision of the world, in continuous evolution for about twenty years, is no less fragmented nor less conditioned, less linked to a temperament and an experience (namely mine), to a "cultural place" and at the same time, than any other, and mainly those proposed to us by the great religions that claim an ancient tradition (35).

Nor do I intend to believe that "the universal" of my message is more extensive or deeper than what the great Founders of religions have left us (36). Some of them, it must be said, are of a spiritual stature that far surpasses my modest person, climbing the steep path of spiritual becoming as best I can and with the discreet help of God. On the other hand, it is not safe and nothing leads me to think that there are beings living among us who have reached that last stage of the journey.

²⁵I already made this same observation when writing Harvests and Sowing, especially parts I and III ("Vanity and Renewal" and "The Key of Yin and Yang"). They are also those in which the testimony part is more important, and where at times it involves me in the most neurological way.

human nature in which man, as fallible and limited as he is by the human condition that he still shares with us, comes to adhere in such a perfect way to the presence of God in him, that his will and his action seem to be confused (perhaps even in the eyes of God Himself) with the will and action of God²⁶.

Our role as men, each repository of the power to create, is not to passively refer to the letter of the teachings of someone greater than us, even if he is an Equal of God, but (perhaps without prejudice to inspired by the spirit that animated him) to use our own creativity, involving ourselves completely: "with all our heart, with all our soul and with all our thought"²⁷. And in this spirit of freedom it seems to me not only possible but urgent that certain men, if they are called and their interior life prepares them for it, develop a more or less vast vision but touching on the essential (necessarily of a spiritual nature) of the World we live in today²⁸. A vision that, due to the very call that gave rise to it, comes in response to the needs of our time, at this crucial moment in the history of men. For this reason, the message it carries will have the quality of leaven in the impossible spiritual renewal that must be accomplished under the push of God and with the creative collaboration of men.

Such a response to an imperative need, to the call of an invisible future mutation, today in dark gestation, has nothing in common with the simple satisfaction of "needs," even if they were religious needs, hastily baptized. as "spiritual". Nor would it be able to present itself as an absolute truth and an ultimate certainty, guaranteed by the authority of a "Master" considered "perfect" and infallible, or by God Himself who is supposed to express Himself for all eternity through the inspired mouth of the Teacher²⁹. Such an attitude arises from the spiritual inertia of men, from their everlasting voracity for certainties and securities, from the instinct of the flock in search of the shepherd. It ignores, and in truth represses, the spiritual creativity that sleeps in each being, waiting for the call that awakens it (when the time comes to hear it and follow it...). The current profusion of "Gurus" of all kinds who offer their faithful the ultimate certainties³⁰, although it is an eloquent sign of a long-repressed religious need finally taking revenge, and of a development spiritual that seeks an easy escape, has nothing to do with the "need" and "mutation" to which I have alluded. The primary need, the one that drives all the others, is spiritual renewal. Such renewal is not a sociological reality, as is the new wave of Gurus, sects and

26See the end of the note "Mission and karma – or the apprentice and the Master" (no. 24).

(July 19) When expressing the doubt that "such beings live among us..." I was not thinking about the "children in the spirit", which is spoken of in the section "Rudi and Rudi – or the indiscernibles" (no. 29) and in the note "The child and the mystic" (no. 17). I do not doubt that there must be "children in the spirit" among us, just as I knew one in my childhood. But those humble existences that history ignores, unlike the great spiritual Innovators, do not influence the destinies of the human race in an apparent way. They do not have the mission of proposing to men a vision of the world, but rather they act directly and secretly with their own brilliance, within a radius of action limited only to personal contacts.

27This formulation is inspired by the Gospel text (Matthew 22, 37-40) in which Jesus quotes "the first and greatest commandment" as:

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your thought"; the second being (which "is similar"):

"You love your neighbor as yourself".

(Compare the second note at the foot of page No. 80 in note No. 28.) I have no doubt that the only and only way to correspond to the "first and greatest commandment" is precisely to fully use our spiritual creativity.

Surely there is no difference between the act of love before God (and then it matters little whether He is known by His name), and a spiritually creative act; nor between a state of love for God, and a creative state in the spiritual sense.

28Furthermore, I believe that from a certain level of spiritual maturity, each of us is called to develop, even without a deliberate purpose, a vision of the World in a spiritual perspective, and of his place in the world. Two such visions, coming from two different beings, could only be different. That will be the case all the more, I believe, the greater your spiritual creativity, so that your visions will be more personal and less influenced by (not to say aligned with) a common environment ideology.

29Here it is necessary to emphasize that, although they expressed themselves with the authority inherent to the one who sees with his own eyes and knows by his own lights, the great Innovators to which we have referred previously were alien to the spirit to which we refer here Yes, This is in no way the fruit of maturity, but the sign of spiritual ignorance and uncontrolled vanity, unconsciously maintained by the adulation of which these men are the object and which they encourage with complacency.

30Furthermore, Jesus predicted that as the end of Time approached, "many will

come in my Name and say, "I am the Christ"; and they will lead astray many" (Matthew 24, 5),

and

"And then many false prophets will arise and lead many astray" (Matthew 24:11).

of religious ideologies. It is the fruit ripened in the silence of a laborious and dark work, never finished and resumed without ceasing, which is fulfilled in the most secret of man alone, facing himself, in the silent presence of God.

To appreciate the whole difference, it is enough to compare the spectacular and costly "happenings" (moreover often "nice", according to the echoes that reach me), in which thousands of fervent disciples rush to "fill the deposit" with what they take to be "spiritual", with the way in which L'egaut expresses himself about the "spiritual work"³¹, as a reflection and discreet testimony of his humble and demanding ministry. Likewise, what a contrast between the pretentious indigence of the thought of those Gurus turning over the same worn-out clichés a hundred times (and which nevertheless continue to work), and the uncomplacent thought of a man who goes directly to the essential, without worrying about being followed or "instructing" by making it available to many, but only about being true, with rigorous fidelity as well.

Today the innovative vision, the one that has the quality of yeast and not of noise overcoming the noise, is not the one that is presented adorned with the peremptory finery of final certainties. Above all, it is and wants to be a testimony.
Testimony of a personal maturation through one of the visible fruits of that maturation, offered as what it is: a human work, with the limitations inherent to all human work and yet it works in the fullness of the term, since man became completely involved in it, and grew by creating it. Only then will the work be neither program nor dogma nor doctrine, but leaven; then it will have creative quality. Those who make it their own, recreating it according to who they themselves are, will grow with that work. Such work is a call to each one, not to come and join the ranks, but to find oneself through the testimony of another, and by finding oneself, transforming and growing, just as the one who was transformed and grew. He preceded them without trying to surpass them.

43. The soul of the message – or the work in broad daylight

(July 19) Thus, my voice will not be "the" voice, fortunately! but one voice among many others equally authentic, each one equally faithful expression of a unique and irreplaceable mission, each one called to touch certain beings (and not others who will remain alien), and certain inner strings that perhaps only she knows how to make vibrate.

Having seen and said this, where is the reason for my message? What is that "intention" that does not come from me and leads me to create it and announce it? How is it different from other messages from other beings who, like me, see the Crisis and feel the proximity of the Storm and the promise of Renewal? What is its own soul, different from that of any other message?

There is no doubt that my status as a "sage", with an impressive work³², provides my message with an audience that many would hesitate to grant it on its own merits. (How rare are those who know how to distinguish gold from white iron by weight, and not by color...) I don't know of another case in which a scientific creator testifies (as I do in Cosechas y Siembras) about the way in which he practices and lives his art, about the sources and paths of creativity, about the interference of these by the clumsiness and voracity of the self and mainly by vain conceit, and finally (an eloquent mark of the times) about the insidious degradation of scientific honesty to the apotheosis of unchecked nepotism and shameless corruption that today we see spreading everywhere, in the face of general indifference. as a reaction against certain symptoms of bad law³⁴ , My departure without return from the scientific environment in 1970, then committing myself to a militant action caused by the clearly, it was felt by many as a sign. That signal was ³³ Crisis of Civilization from which I then began to take conscience disturbing, sowing discomfort and even a bad conscience that does not say its name, but without arousing among those who

³¹See, for example, the last chapter of L'egaut's book on the Understanding of Christianity.

³²I try to give an idea of that work, to a reader who is not necessarily a mathematician, in CyS 0 "Walk through a work." On the other hand, throughout Cosechas y Siembras I keep track of the strange vicissitudes of that work at the hands of my former students and under the tender gaze of my former friends in the mathematical world that I abandoned. . .

³³See in this regard the section "The turning point – or the end of a slumber" (no. 33).

³⁴This is the collusion of the scientific media with the military apparatus. I left the institution where I worked (The Institute of Higher Scientific Studies in Bures sur Yvette) in 1970, when I learned that it received subsidies from the Ministry of the Army.
See the note at the bottom of the page in this regard ? in section 33 cited in the previous footnote.

It was my friends or my students who provided a creative response³⁵. The religious turn that my life has just taken and the call of God that I am now witnessing is another sign in the same sense, but even clearer and stronger, for those who have eyes and care. to use them to see. One sign among others of the great Change of Times that is being prepared, not in the cabinets of the Ministries nor in the offices and laboratories of the technocrats and the wise, but on a totally different level...

And here I am again in the heart of my prophetic dreams! Just like the strange course of my own life, just like the existence of a L'égaut and surely that of many other beings that I now ignore, these dreams carry the message of Change, but this time with dazzling clarity. And that is certainly an important task assigned to me, to announce what has been revealed to me for the intention of all – to announce the Storm and the Cloudburst that follows the Storm, the first fruits of the great Mutation. 'on. Those who have ears to hear, let them hear!

However, it is not there, in those prophetic revelations, where the essential is found, the "soul" of the message I carry. I think it is rather the other way around: if God has chosen to favor me with revelations of such prodigious scope, even though I do not know a vocation of prophet or seer, I see it rather as a "motion of confidence", a tacit sign of credit, for the message that I am called to announce having matured in me during a lifetime; a means of retroactively giving it a sudden increase in audience, due to the shock of future events³⁶. Surely the soul of the message does not reside in a simple "status", neither that of an illustrious sage, nor that of a prophet of the End of Times. Not even in the role of skeleton prophet and musician who dances and to the sound of percussion sings the last quarter of an hour of the Age of the Flock, about to end in the Age of Massacre...

Where does that credit come from, almost that "blank check" that God gives me, the most fallible of mortals, far from being a Saint or a Giant, a simple individual in Does it mean that I didn't ask for so much?! But perhaps that is precisely the reason – that I am to such an extent, by my own confession and by my detailed testimony often reiterated³⁷, far from the image we form of the Prophet who rises, driven by the great Wind of the Spirit, or of the sacred Author retired in the sacrosanct of the Temple who, between two long prayers, writes under the imperious dictation of God the venerated texts that instruct and legislate for all eternity. I dare to say, yes, that this text that I write is "inspired", as far as it goes, because I would be quite incapable of writing it with only my modest means. I don't know if one day a breviary will be made with it, but what I do know is that to write it I sweat blood and water³⁸. God helps, it is a fact, but in no way to chew up my tasks, quite the contrary! Surely He blows me this and that, as if nothing happened, then it seems like He leaves, there is no one left – deal with it as best you can! However, I would not ask for anything more than to serve as Scribe, running the pen over the paper to the powerful breath of divine inspiration. The "scribe of God" (aka the Prophet) would not displease me, even a great honor and so at least I am calm: I do not put anything, it is God in Person who speaks through my very humble pen – nothing that add or take away, you just have to lean in, just like I do...

35However, I must except Claude Chevalley (who did not wait to distance himself from the environment that had been common to us) and Pierre Samuel. I met both of them in the Bourbaki group (which is talked about quite a bit in CyS I). Right after I left, Samuel committed himself to the ecological movement, in which he continues to be active today (in Friends of the Earth). On the other hand, it was difficult for him to understand that I willingly stopped being a militant after two or three years, while the ecological situation is, certainly, more critical than ever. I must have experienced it as a defection on my part, a bit like my friends in the mathematical world experienced my departure from the common environment, in 1970. From then until today, I would not have stopped disconcerting my friends, in the successive means that I have done nothing but go through...
In 1970 Chevalley, Samuel and I got together in the group "Survive and Live", which has been discussed in passing in the section (no. 33) already cited (see footnote ??).

36Compare with the reflections in this sense in the section "The new multiplication table" (no. 26).

37I think here not only of the episodes of "infidelity" that I "witness" in the preceding chapter (and more particularly in sections 32 to 35), but also of the long testimony of Cosechas y Siembras about my past as a mathematician, in which I don't treat myself well just as I don't treat others well. Part CyS I, "Vanity and Renewal", is the one that seems most significant to me in this regard.

38To my surprise, the work on The Key of Dreams is turning out to be much more laborious than that of Cosechas y Siembras. I have to type it twice, a first writing, often clumsy and poorly filed, which I have to completely repeat to make a "bearable" text, before writing it again (often the next day). Furthermore, never literally, but still polishing the smudged text as I rewrite it. This gives me a cruising speed of about four pages per day, at a rate of two or three hours of tight work per page, without Sundays or Saturdays (I'm "pouce" because it's for the Good Lord!) nor holidays – because every day is a holiday! (T.: "pouce" is an interjection that French children use, with their hand closed and their thumb raised, to indicate that they are momentarily leaving the game.)

However, I have come to understand, much to my regret, that God respects my modest person too much to give me such a role that is a little too comfortable, no matter how relevant it may be. However, the time is serious, it is not necessary to say it (Storm, Mutation and all that...), and if He is not careful, I risk writing the worst nonsense out of carelessness, mixing the weeds of my illusions and my inadvertences with the grain of divine Providence. God forbid! Or, following my natural inclination, to boast as it is not allowed to do so (especially when one is a prophet). Well, so much the worse for me and so much the worse for the breviary! And all the worse for those who would take this testimony, certainly inspired and to which I dedicate myself completely, as a breviary. They will play the fool at their own risk by singing my praises, and even worse than playing the fool, they will stagnate, perhaps all their lives, reciting blessedly instead of being inspired by the best of the work to better use your means, your own lights. But for him who is in the creative state, even his errors and the errors of those who preceded him are the steps of his endless approach to the truth.

Anyone who reads me with any attention will realize that what I saw with a certain look on the page many times, I often see with a very different look fifty pages later, when not on the next page. Is there any reason to worry? Something has happened in the meantime, something that I have not tried to erase or hide, and which is attested to by the pages that have taken me from one view to the other. It is the simplest thing in the world to tell the truth, and at the same time the most delicate; a progression or a learning, a deepening, or on the contrary an escalation (towards heights seen and never reached...), or any other name given to it.

Something about which I don't have the exclusive, not even close. We are all called to it, although those who follow the call are still so rare. It is the fruit of work, often groping, always laborious and even painful and sometimes a mess, soaked with the sweat of a slow and tenacious march. Breaking with custom, I let this work unfold in full light, like a worker who works hard at his work in an open workshop on the street, instead of locking himself in the back room and not taking out the work until it is finished. and ready – as if it had emerged as is, immutable and perfect, from the immaculate hands of the creator...(46)

Perhaps it is because of that style or that spirit that my testimony is different from that of others: on each page appears not a portion of a finished work, but a particular "moment" of a work in progress and which, by its very nature, will never be finished, but always to be resumed, always to be perfected and to be surpassed. There is that work in the middle of the day, and there is that "something" that is born along the pages and takes shape and grows and unfolds, taking sometimes unpredictable and strange detours... That "something that happens" in those pages is, surely, the "soul" of the message, which I was preparing to capture. Because of that something imperceptible and yet manifest, intimately personal and at the same time most universal, I am like God. Without a doubt, it is also precisely because of that something that God cannot tolerate my writing by dictation, not even His own, and He shows me an infinitely greater and more delicate respect, surely, than I have for Him. or by myself. That respect of God for that which is in me that makes me similar to Him, no matter how limited and sometimes miserable or pitiful I am, is no less (I have the intimate conviction) than His respect for others. Great among the great among us, or by the Authors of the sacred texts bequeathed by tradition, precious sources of inspiration (very often reduced to the role of breviaries...). And that respect that God shows me is no greater than that which He shows to the most humble and most despised of us, and even to the one who seems to be the most "Sinner" in the eyes of the world.

But he who is "pleasing to God" and acts (perhaps without knowing it) according to His Designs, is the one who in the deepest part of his being considers precious that something that he carries in him. and lets it unfold and act in your life, with the discreet and loving help of the invisible Guest.

44. Man is a creator – or the power and fear of creating

(July 20 and 21) Yesterday I finally ended up touching, I think, the "reason for being", the soul of the message, the essential for which the rest is above all a means. At least I have evoked it, without trying to name it. Surely the substance of the message concerns creation. It tries to say and make people feel, in every possible way, that by nature and by vocation man is a creator. Not man in general, Man-abstraction with capital letters, but every man, by the mere fact of being a man, has the power and vocation to create.

But he rarely knows it, and if he knew it one day, he has forgotten it. He has forgotten it and, furthermore, has no desire to remember. That unknown power in him scares him. I have already had ample opportunity, in this book and in

On the other hand³⁹, to talk about that strange fear of innumerable faces – the fear of creating, and therefore of being truly and fully oneself.

Man is a creator by essence – and yet the fear of creating is so deeply anchored and seems so universal, that it could be believed that it is inseparable from the human condition. There are so few beings who believe (39) even if it is only for a few moments! And even when they create, timidly, it is so rare that it is a complete creation, that it involves the entire being and not just such a limited capacity of the body or the understanding, on which they have bet and which they exploit to the full. . Even among those, often filled with gifts from birth, very often it would be said that they cling with fear, as with innumerable hands that nevertheless have the power to create, to the “well known”, to the reasonable, to what is usual, to what is permitted – to what everyone knows and says and thinks, to what everyone has always done – there are very few who truly take the plunge, who know that they have wings and are made to fly. ...

Trusting appearances (and who cares to go further!), it would be said that the power to create is exclusive to a few blessed ones in Heaven, the privilege of wonderful gifts, What school exams detect and what diplomas, titles and fame they sanction. And when it is also not possible to see the lives of some haloed with glory up close, and to feel all the emptiness and all the unknown misery of those lives that are envied and (at least in appearance) filled, one could seriously doubt reason why in human existence there is something like a true “creation” that expands the being (even if it is in pain...), that makes it find its depth and thereby makes it grow, instead of May it dry up in the arid voracity of rising above others. A creation that is something more than an incessant feat transformed into second nature, repeated incessantly in order to ceaselessly surpass oneself in the exercise of this faculty of the body or of the spirit or of that other. And the very fact that such doubts or such questions, and even more often very categorical statements about the nullity of the majority and about the merit of the meritorious (among which, it must be said, we we tacitly place...) – the fact that these doubts, questions, affirmations seem to impose themselves with such force, is already loaded with meaning in itself and is of immense scope – at least for those who know (God knows how...) that beyond all those overwhelming appearances, man in his essence as man is creator, indestructibly (48). That in truth he is not fully a man except in the rare moments in which, true to his deep nature, he creates. And this strange fact: that this fidelity of man to his nature is something so rare (and now more than ever) that we are even authorized to ask ourselves if creation exists in human existence or if it is something more So a very rare and therefore scandalous accident – that fact judges our civilization feverish and proud, at the end of its career and on the verge of capsizing.

And that unthinkable Mutation that I announce is none other than, surely, the passage from a humanity – a flock formed by beings who ignore and deny their intimate nature and fear it, to a “human” humanity – a community of beings all of the same essence, each one aware that he is a creator, and for that very reason already creating, transforming, therefore already faithful (finally!) to the call of his own becoming. Or at least, perhaps initially, a humanity in which the presence of those (even if they were still few in number) who have taken that step through becoming aware of their true nature, is strong enough and permeates the cultural environment, so that it is perceived by everyone as a call to be, as a discreet and persistent invitation to wake up. Man will wake up and get going, he will become a creator in action, in accordance with his inner nature, long before he begins to glimpse the dark forces that had immobilized him, and that They will still continue (with partial success) to hinder its progress for a long time. To tell the truth, within a few generations, the times “before” will seem to everyone to be of such insanity and barbarism that from now on they will seem to them to be truly “unthinkable” and “impossible”, so much to surpass! the capacities of the most reckless imagination! The famous “cave age” would be considered a charming bucolic idyll next to the aberrations of the programming and electron ages...

* * *

So where does this great fear of creating, of being a creator, so deeply rooted since always in the psyche of man? What is its nature and where does it sink its roots?

³⁹“Elsewhere”, that is, in Cosechas y Siembras where, as in this book, almost at every step I find myself confronted again with that fear, or with some of its “innumerable faces.”

Certainly, man has forgotten that he can create, he has even forgotten (if he ever knew it) what creation is. And yet the creative impulse lives in its depths, even if only in its most frustrated forms, and seeks expression, only to collide with a merciless wall, long before having found the way to conscious knowledge. Surely, a dark instinct warns us that the path on which this inopportune impulse pushes us is a lonely path, that with what we live and do by following that voice within us so low (happily!) and so inconveniently, we suddenly find ourselves radically different from everything that is said and done and taught, from everything that is recommended and approved.

Unless you stop halfway to creation, in the approved and homologated "sport" and with its rules considered immutable – here no "good grades" or praise or compliments, no medals or titles or distinctions, not even a salary to fill the pot, not even the slightest gratification of pressing self-love – a real misery!

But above all, the creative path is a lonely path. That's what's scary. And that great fear of creating, that great fear of being oneself, is none other than the fear of being alone before everyone, in a world where only those who join the herd or those who are accepted are accepted. represents it. It is in that insidious form and oh how powerful! how I have felt the full weight of that "world" crushing me to make me give up what I nevertheless knew, for a very secret and very delicate knowledge, which was the most precious thing in me.

Not in my mathematical work, which involved only a part of my being; In fact, I cared little about being the only one who interested me in what I did and in pursuing it tenaciously despite everyone⁴⁰.

But that weight is much more painful to carry, even with a solidly anchored faith in oneself, when what is questioned, exposed to the total incomprehension and contempt of all, is the very way in which that we see and feel the things that seem most important to us and that touch us most intimately. Then it is the being itself, in what it really is and in the most intimate part, that feels questioned and powerfully required, even by friends, even by those closest to us, to abdicate, to align, to integrate. in the mass. Here, the tension that is created between the being and its environment (which is a faithful reflection of society and embodies its everlasting demand for adherence to its main clichés and myths...) from the outset has, for the very place where it is felt, a spiritual dimension. Nobody is there to guarantee us against the entire world – and if there were one who (for some reason that we ignore and that we do not care to know...) pretended to approve of us, that apparent "security" that with that he gives us (or lends us...) it would be illusory and a simple escape, which delays a deadline without canceling it: that of assuming in its nakedness, even if it is "alone against everyone", the reality of a fundamental loneliness, irreducible, one with what we are in the deepest part of ourselves.

This fundamental loneliness is, in truth, indistinguishable from the creative nature of man, at least when this is taken in its full sense, including the spiritual dimension of creation. That solitude of being is the very place where fully creative activity takes root and grows and unfolds in man. There it is, in the virginal nakedness of the dawn of the days, the inviolable workplace of the creator.

45. Creation and repression – or the tight rope

For a long time it seemed to me that this great fear of creating, of being simply and boldly oneself, was not innate in man, that it did not exist in the little child, but was only a result of conditioning, of "training". After one of my "metaphysical" dreams, I am now less sure (40). On the contrary, what is certain is that since the dawn of time there has been a pressure from society of prodigious force, which is exerted on each person from birth, to mold the being in its image.

This pressure is exerted by making us ashamed of what we really are, forcing us to "align ourselves", to give up on ourselves, as a price to pay to be accepted, however little it may be. In other words: the fundamental singularity of being is denied with all the immense coercive force at the disposal of the Group, which strives to level it at any price ("you fold or you burst!"...), to eradicate all his trace. It never succeeds, except in appearance, since that singularity that constitutes the very essence of the human soul, indistinguishable from its creative nature, is in truth indestructible and eternal, just as the soul itself is

⁴⁰I have occasion to comment on it here and there in Harvests and Sowings, and more particularly in the "Walk through a work" (CyS 0), for example in the first two sections "The magic of things" and "The importance of being alone". Of the things that I have done in mathematics and that currently form part of the ABC in various vigorously alive parts of mathematics, most were conceived and developed by me against a total indifference (but without nuance hostile, it is true) of my fellow mathematicians (with the occasional exception only of JP Serre).

indestructible and eternal. It only manages to block, most of the time in an almost total and definitive way during a terrestrial existence, every recognizable manifestation of that singularity, of that creative quality of being, which is also to say of their freedom.

What is the reason for being, what is the meaning of that apparently universal leveling repression, common to all human societies, pressure more or less gentle or more or less tyrannical and ferocious from one society to another⁴¹? Perhaps this is the greatest mystery that human existence poses (41). From the dawn of time until today, the human condition has been inseparable from that insidious and incessant pressure, all the more effective because it remains invisible because it is so internalized in each one, how Therefore, everything that "goes out of the mold" is felt by the guilty party himself as something without a possible answer and unacceptable in all fairness. It is around this tension between two demands of a different nature and incompatible, that of creative authenticity moved by God, and that of blind obedience and self-denial imposed by the Group, where the conflict of the man from the dawn of time until today. That tension is the tightrope on which your spiritual adventure is played from birth to birth. It may be that that mysterious "sense" is there – in that perpetual and fearful test of the soul; the price she must pay for her nobility of being free and creative in the image of God (being requested incessantly and seduced by self-abdication and impotence...), and for the ultimate fulfillment of her divine nature that awaits her at the end of a very long and dangerous march, on a tightrope without a net...

The Group's censorship is in no way limited to the level of action, it is not limited to prohibiting and preventing such or such acts or behaviors judged inappropriate, inadmissible, contrary to the established order. On the contrary, from the outset it is completely situated at the level of being: it is unacceptable and for that very reason shameful to have even the desire or thought of the forbidden act⁴²; and furthermore, not only shameful but properly unthinkable to have reservations (they should remain unexpressed forever) about those prohibitions and other explicit tacit imperatives, inscribed in the laws (considered absolute and immutable) and (also 'as) in the consensuses that prevail. Here the difference is not one of degree, but of essence. It is with this categorical denial of the forbidden impulse, a denial that truly creates "Evil," forcing the being to deny before itself (and against what it nevertheless knows firsthand) that which secretly It is – it is with this denial and not with a necessary control of acts and behaviors⁴³ that the Group carves and levels beings and shatters the creativity of each one in the shell; except at most by allowing the forms to subsist, classified as "useful"⁴⁴, which allow themselves to be channeled in the ways planned by him to serve his purposes. In no case does the full, spiritual creativity that establishes man in his essential singularity against the Group find favor in his eyes; only in his autonomy of being free and creative, solely responsible for his actions, even those that the Group demands of him and he agrees to as well as those that he rejects – only by assuming, in his fragility and in his fundamental uncertainties, without guarantee or guarantor or even witness (it seems) – alone in front of everyone, before the invisible and silent presence of God.

41(July 27) And also very different, in certain secondary aspects, from one environment (and even from one family) to another.

42The nerve of repression in all societies is internalized repression at the level of the relationship with the body and sex.

This "sexual repression" is exercised from the earliest age, to establish in a way that is almost impossible to start a relationship of ambiguity with the body, dominated by feelings and reflections of shame in the face of some of its functions and impulses. That is one of the main and most disturbing characteristics of the human species in relation to animal species, and it is not in our favor! Even in our consumer society in which "pin up" laxity has become an inseparable ingredient of the "consumption" environment, beings whose relationship to sex and love is not deeply falsified by that insidious repression that is transmitted from generation to generation, essentially the same throughout the centuries and millennia, while empires, civilizations and even Churches pass...

43This "necessary control" of the Group should concern exclusively the untimely overflows of impulses coming from Eros (and more particularly from the sexual impulse) or from the "I" and its incorrigible voracity for self-aggrandizement.

Perhaps it was necessary, in the original society, to give priority to controlling the overflows of the sexual impulse, to guarantee the family institution the stability necessary for the education of children? What is certain is that in all known societies, sexual repression goes far beyond such an objective, achieving it at a truly exorbitant price, by poisoning and sterilizing the very source of creativity in the man.

44For example, certain artistic and scientific activities, provided that these are conveniently inserted into the norms of the time. The great innovative advances, both on the spiritual and intellectual or artistic levels, are always made against the "visceral" inertia of the Group, which instinctively opposes everything that comes to upset the immutable order of things. Ideas and uses received. On the contrary, among the activities (considered as "creative") that today have a place of honor among those that are "categorized as useful" and enjoy general consideration, there are the innumerable investigations to the invention and development of ultra-perfected weapons, at the level of the progress of Science – both "classical" weapons and chemical or bacteriological or nuclear weapons, or for the development of nuclear power plants, inseparable symbiosis with the development of the arsenal of nuclear weapons, pride of the so-called "advanced" nations. With all these useful and even indispensable progress, come the tomorrows that are already singing!

If (which I do not doubt) the coming Mutation consists of crossing a decisive threshold, giving access to humanity as a whole to a state of effective and not just potential creativity, this necessarily implies that the "social mold" immemorial, which seeks the ruthless leveling of being and not only a more or less tight control of doing, must disappear. Surely not from one day to the next, as if it had never existed – something even more unthinkable than the unthinkable Mutation itself, when you think to what extent the psyche of each one without exception It has been permeated since time immemorial by that basic reality of social repression and its internalization. But surely from one day to the next and under the push of God the beginning of a powerful creative movement in men will be unleashed (only God knows how...) that will lead them themselves, during the following generations and by dint of intense and persevering spiritual work, to gradually reabsorb and finally make this "repression of being" disappear. Without a doubt this means neither more nor less that during these generations of transition there will continue, at least in certain beings, a work of personal deepening of sufficient brilliance (according to what I recently evoked⁴⁵) so that Little by little the social environment becomes permeated with it and relaxes its pressure in its "castrating" forms⁴⁶. We can thus conceive that it will progressively be less and less hostile to the fundamental singularity of each one and to the search that is its own (if it has already been launched...), with all the trials and all the errors (although they are seen as "aberrations" by the majority!) that this can and even cannot stop causing.

46. Creative freedom and inner work

(July 27) For five days now, day after day, I have been unable to finish this chapter, dragged along by a mini-cascade of successive notes⁴⁷. I'm not sorry, quite the opposite! I have the impression that I have made more progress in that succession of "digressions" that are grafted onto the two preceding sections and mutually engender each other, than in the entire rest of this chapter, which is nonetheless substantial. (Which, on the other hand, presents itself as a "digression" in the everlasting "thread" of reflection⁴⁸.) With these successive efforts at formulation, I feel that I have come to give form to even formless intuitions and to see more clearly on several issues whose understanding remained confused until now: the nature of creativity in the child. No, small; the double nature of the fundamental mystery of man in his relationship with God on the one hand, and with the Group on the other; the double nature and origin of "Evil", and its character as a "childhood illness" of humanity; and finally the nature of the spiritual Mutation that is coming and the process that must begin in the long term. Regarding this last question, I note that currently, by dint of rubbing myself with it for two months and with the help of the decisive reflection of these last few days, that Mutation has stopped seeming so "unthinkable" and "impossible" as he said. The mere fact of linking it to something that was also "unthinkable" and "impossible" and that nevertheless took place, namely the "events" of May 1968, has suddenly brought down, I think, my reluctance to even imagine the "Events" in perspective, reluctance that resembled a real blockade. As for whether this book will have such an "unlocking" effect at least on certain readers, that's another story...

In the preceding two sections, I have spoken of creation and obstacles to creation, implying that the message I carry has something to do with creation. This is a euphemism. I doubt that there is a single section and note already written in this book (not counting those yet to come!) that does not concern

45In the preceding section "Man is a creator – or the power and fear of creating" (no. 44), page 16.

46I use with some reluctance the terms "castrator" or "castration" taken from psychoanalysis. They hit the nail on the head, but with a violence that can go against the goal pursued, if one wants to overcome or help overcome certain inveterate conditioning and thereby free oneself. Above all, this term has a connotation of irreversible, definitive mutilation, which only partially corresponds to reality, and can plunge a person who feels like a "victim" into a feeling of irremediable helplessness. " of "castrating" pressures, instead of provoking a liberating leap in him. Despite appearances, creativity in human beings is an attribute inseparable from their soul and indestructible just like it. If in such a life it seems absent, it is not that it is destroyed and that the being is mutilated forever, but that the entire life is blocked by that same being. The cause is not only the repression suffered by him, but also his assent to that repression, taken up on his own day by day, he himself is his own castrator always renewed. The repression suffered (and we have all suffered it) is the opportunity given to the soul to learn by overcoming it, to creatively exercise its capacity for free choice. Ultimately, it is she, and not the society that subjects her to more or less strong and even implacable and sometimes destructive pressures and tests, who is solely responsible and the sole owner of her destiny.

47These are notes 39 to 44, from July 22 to 25

48I remember that that "thread" was the story of my spiritual itinerary. It was put on hold after the note "Death challenges – or infidelity (2)" (no. 35) of June 24 and 25, five weeks ago.

in a more or less direct way to creative activity and human creativity. This same teacher-theme runs through, with the same insistence, all the parts of Cosechas y Siembras, like an insistent call to those to whom, above all, I was addressing then⁴⁹. If there is a difference in this regard, it is one of accent and not of spirit: in this book, above all I insist on creativity on the spiritual level, while in Cosechas y Siembras, which aims to be a "testimony about a 'past of mathematical'", it is intellectual creation that is often in the foreground of attention⁵⁰. It is not that he was unaware that creativity exists on a different level, when in the previous ten years he had gone through successive periods of often intense spiritual learning. But I tended to see more what was common to creative scientific work and the spiritual deepening that I carried out with meditation and work on my dreams, than to dwell on the differences. . However, throughout the hectic writing of Cosechas y Siembras, I had ample opportunity to realize to what extent an intellectual production, even authentically creative at that level, that is It is completely separated (as is the case today almost everywhere) from the spiritual life, and from the dispositions and feelings of honesty and decency (even if only on the strictly intellectual level) that derive from it⁵¹.

To tell the truth and as strange as it may seem, I have still never stopped at the question of the relationships between these two planes of creativity, the spiritual plane and that of intellectual or artistic creation; without taking into account a third plane, which we tend to ignore as much as the spiritual plane, namely the plane of "carnal" or "sensory" knowledge ⁵², here the one that is more directly and more visibly subordinate to the spiritual impulse. Now or never would be the time to try to clarify the scattered and sometimes contradictory intuitions that have formed in me over the years. In our time of despiritualization and extreme dehumanization of knowledge and its production, such reflection seems to me more urgent than ever⁵³.

Creation is distinguished from simple production by the fact that in addition to the "external work" (the only one that is commonly taken into account) it is accompanied by an "internal work" that constitutes its essential aspect⁵⁴. The creative act, or the process or the creative work, is that which transforms the being that performs it or in which it is carried out – more precisely that which transforms it in the sense of a becoming in power,

⁴⁹I addressed first of all those who had been my friends or my students in the mathematical environment, before the turn of 1970 when I abandoned that medium.

⁵⁰My first written work intended for publication and of a philosophical (and poetic) and non-mathematical nature, dates back to 1979. It is the "Praise of Incest", which I talk about in passing here and there in Cosechas y Siembras, and mainly in the note "The Act" (CyS III no 113). This is where I first become familiar with the dynamism of the betrothal of "feminine" and "masculine" qualities in all things (before I learned of the consecrated Chinese names "yin" and "yang"). This text can also be seen, interestingly, as a long reflection on creativity in man and in the Universe, but this time with a very clear accent (even excessive, sometimes to the point of being hurtful. ..) on "carnal" understanding

⁵¹I see two clearly differentiated levels in the collective irresponsibility of the scientific media, shared by almost all its members. The first is not from today, and is not particular to the scientific or intellectual environment, but is observed in all media without exception: it is the total indifference to the social implications of the work that is done both collectively and individually, and more generally of acts, behaviors and attitudes. (For example, against the invention, production, sale and use of weapons, against war, the army and other evil, destructive and fundamentally immoral aspects and excrescences of society, consecrated from use.) From the moment you have a good situation and the work is pleasant (even if it is manufacturing or inventing fragmentation bombs or new defoliants), everything is for the best at best! of the worlds!

On the contrary, the second level is new: it is that of generalized corruption within the exercise of their profession and in the relationship between colleagues. That is a true decomposition of the traditional values of intellectual honesty, in the profession of scientist. Furthermore, I had ample opportunity to verify that this decomposition is not limited to the scientific environment, but is part of a general deformation of mentalities, at the level of the entire society. It is a phenomenon that seems to me to be unprecedented in history, at least on a planetary scale, as is the case today.

⁵²I mention these three planes of reality and knowledge in the section "The Concert – or the rhythm of Creation" (no. 11).

⁵³I think, for example, that throughout my activity teaching mathematics, I strived to "spark the spark" of mathematical creation, initially granting creativity credit to students who They trusted me by coming to learn with me, and striving to transmit to them something more valuable than know-how and a trade. I must confirm that this teaching has been a failure in every sense, although some of my students have become famous mathematicians. And I realize that my failure, like that of all those who were my students without exception, is in no way situated at the intellectual level, but at the spiritual level. It is the situation that I continue to discover and explore in all its facets throughout Harvests and Sowings. As for that "spark" that I did not know how to transmit to anyone, I well know that it is not of an intellectual nature, that it does not reside in a liveliness or a power, nor in extraordinary gifts nor in an irresistible method, but rather which is, also, of spiritual essence.

⁵⁴That aspect of creation (as well as practically all its essential aspects) is ignored by almost everyone. The first time I heard about creation without a "product" was in the early 70s, in a book by Krishnamurti, among many!

of a growth that is not of the self (and that is something very different from an accumulation of "knowledge" or "know-how"), of a maturity⁵⁵. To appreciate the creative quality of an act or an activity, the nature of the external work (that is, the effect and trace of that act or activity on the external world) is totally accessory. In the limit such work could even be absent. Such is precisely the case of the creative activity of the young child (45).

As far as I can see, the creative transformation of the being always consists of the appearance in it of new knowledge⁵⁶, or in the deepening or renewal of knowledge already present.

The knowledge in question is not necessarily formulated, nor is it even formulatable⁵⁷. The work of formulating or reformulating an intuition that remained unformulated, or whose formulation left us with an indefinable feeling of dissatisfaction (when it no longer appeared visibly insufficient), is It is at the heart of all intellectual creative activity. Such work is similar to that which raises knowledge present in the deep layers of the psyche to layers less distant from the surface, and which (when the conditions are favorable and the work is carried out to the end) can conclude in the appearance of that knowledge even in the field of consciousness – a moment experienced as a sudden illumination!

This type of work, of formulation or "awareness", is always creative. It can even be thought that all creative work is of that nature⁵⁸. The truth is that these observations show that the "knowledge" that is created or transformed in all creative work is not reduced to conscious knowledge, not even remotely. Rather, the creative process or act is one that irreversibly modifies⁵⁹ (just as the ripening of the fruit is also irreversible) "the state of knowledge" of the psyche as a whole, and this Furthermore, in a way that involves at least its deep layers. The origin or "place" (in the psyche) of the creative activity is located in any case at the level of the deepest layers, totally out of the reach of conscious gaze. It is possible that "what exactly happens" in the deep unconscious when the being creates, and that "is" the creation, must forever escape human knowledge.

Depending on the nature of the knowledge that is formed or transformed is how we can distinguish the

other equally important things that then came to me as a sudden revelation! As far as I know, Krishnamurti has been the first, if not to see that creation is not subordinated to a "product" (something that "Spiritual Innovators" such as Buddha, Lao-Tzu, Jesus they couldn't help but intuitively know...), at least in expressing it clearly.

55Compare with the comments in the footnote ??, in the section "The call and the rejection" (no. 32).

56We must avoid confusing the appearance of knowledge in the psyche with the "acquisition of knowledge." In one case it is first-hand knowledge, in the other it is knowledge that forms a cultural "baggage" or a technical panoply, supporting a social or cultural status or founding a competence. Knowledge is of the order of maturity, of "being". Knowledge is of the order of effectiveness or appearance, "knowing" and "doing." See also the note "Truth and knowledge" (no. 13).

57This "unformulable" character is typical of all carnal knowledge. I express myself about this later, at the beginning of the section "Spiritual knowledge (2): the beauty of things" (no. 48). To the person blind from birth we could not communicate, make him "capture", make known with language, the view of a tree, of the sky, of the sun. Just as you don't know the taste of a food, like milk, other than by having tried it, and in no other way. Even those who know it would only know how to express it with a tautology: "the taste of milk." In fact, carnal experience and the carnal knowledge it provides precede language, which takes root in them.

On the contrary, it seems that all knowledge can be expressed, and that there is no knowledge that is not expressed. But only exceptionally is the expression made through words. (Compare with the observations at the end of the reflection of June 4 (page No. 5) in the note "The small family and its Guest.") Often the most The adequate (and the only) form of knowledge that is formed and deepened with creative work is found in the created work. For example, while a painter paints a landscape, a still life or a portrait, and as a result of his work and in close symbiosis with it, his knowledge of what is painted deepens and refines. Neither he nor even God in person, who fully participates in that knowledge, could "formulate" it in words. Only the created work can fully express that knowledge, without deforming or transforming it. And it was only with the creation of that work that it could appear and deepen and become what it is, in its total singularity, in its uniqueness.

58It can be said that the deep Unconscious, if only because of the presence of the Guest who has chosen his domicile there, "knows" (with certain science...) and "knows." But (it seems to me) 'that is knowledge and knowledge that are present in a "diffuse", "formless", "unexpressed" form. The characteristic of the creative process is to give it form, to express it, whether with language or in any other way. It would seem that such a process that shapes, that expresses, that reveals, must be seen at the same time as a movement that comes out of the deep creative layers "that know and know" and rises to the periphery. However, I believe I can say that with this process "God Himself learns", that is, that His own knowledge of the things expressed (or the knowledge of the deep Unconscious, which would be incapable of distinguishing from that of God) is transformed by the work creator who expresses it, and in which He Himself participates.

This is a "dynamic" conception of divine "omniscience," in contrast to the static conception bequeathed by tradition, in which "God knows everything" and "everything" would be fixed, tied and closed once and for all and from all eternity...

59"Irreversible" at least when the creative process has come to an end, or when at least a certain "threshold" (even if provisional) has been crossed. See in this regard the end of the section "Work and conception – or the double onion" (no. 10).

three planes of creation: carnal, mental⁶⁰, spiritual, whose mutual relationships would have to be understood.

Another of the numerous ways of capturing the creative act or activity by one of its essential aspects, that is, they are the work and bear the mark of a state of freedom of the psyche. The creative quality is all the higher the more complete the state of freedom, which is also to say that the act or activity owes less to "psychic mechanisms" (due above all to conditioning⁶¹), and more particularly, to the mechanisms of imitation, reproduction, and repetition. For this reason, every creative act in the full sense of the term is unique and different from any other in the history of the Universe since its creation. It is this character of uniqueness that allows (like that of freedom) to measure the creative quality of an act. Even when know-how and acquired knowledge play a certain role (which can be important and even absolutely indispensable from a technical point of view), and that by this detour, and by other more hidden ones (and which, often, almost totally escape human knowledge), other creative acts of the same or of others have prepared it and have contributed to it⁶², the fully creative act is not, however, reduced to the "sum total" of the ingredients that come together in some way, but also gives them something new and entirely unpredictable; unpredictable both for the person in whom the act is carried out and for the witnesses⁶³. One of the most striking features of all creative work is the always renewed surprise of the creator at the work that takes shape between his hands, miraculously new and unforeseen at every moment. It is that character of the totally unforeseen and unpredictable, a character of a nature entirely different from every whim and every deliberate purpose of "originality" (which are nothing more than imitation and pose), but for the contrary, moved at all times by an inner need that arises from the depths, which is the hallmark of creative freedom.

⁶⁰The term "mental plane" (of reality, knowledge or creation) seems more appropriate to me than the term (which I took a little to get by in the section "The Concert – or the rhythm of creation" (no. 11)) "intellectual and artistic".

⁶¹These mechanisms are not the sole product of conditioning, but the common product of that conditioning and the reactions of the psyche to it, very particularly during childhood (when the main mechanisms that will dominate the psyche are formed). of the adult). We must still add self-conditioning, which is the great obstacle of the being that is already very advanced on the path of its spiritual becoming: the authentic spiritual discovery of yesterday, if it is not watered and renewed every day. days by a vigilant spiritual vitality, in a flash it is transformed, by the insidious action of the ego, into a comfortable cushion and quality jewelry. The mechanisms of repetition and reproduction are no less sterile when what is repeated or reproduced is oneself.

⁶²According to the visionary intuition of Marcel L'egaut, in addition to the creative acts of the past that contribute to "preparing" an act or a creative process, the totality of creative acts would have to be taken into account. futures that this will make possible and that in turn contributes to preparing, and that (although not yet born and not determined) would act on it and would raise it in the manner of a "call", call inseparable from the global meaning and full scope of the act. Thus they would find themselves mysteriously linked, on the plane of a spiritual reality that we can never but sense and that only God can fully contemplate and contain, the creative acts of the past already accomplished, those of a present about to be fulfilled, and finally those of a future that is groped for and arrives through those embryonic sketches of "tomorrow."

⁶³Unpredictable not only by accident, but by essence – not only for man, because of the inherent limitations of human condition, but even for omniscient and almighty God.

V ASPECTS OF A MISSION (2): THE SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

47. Spiritual knowledge (1): does not exclude, includes and clarifies

(July 27)1 Having thus specified the nature of creation, I feel more able to now examine the relationship between the three planes of creation: carnal, mental, spiritual. If it is true, as I stated recently, that in its "inner" aspect, which is the essential aspect, creation is nothing other than an act or a process by which knowledge is formed or transformed, I foresee that The previous question is more or less equivalent to that of the relationships between these three planes of knowledge. This according to the principle: creation is "worth" what the knowledge that it originates or that it deepens or renews is "worth."

Spiritual knowledge is knowledge of the highest essence. However, it is not suspended in heights inaccessible to ordinary mortals, totally separated from all knowledge that is even a little tangible, let's say provided by our senses or our understanding. If this were the case, it would be a mistake to call it "superior" to carnal or mental knowledge. Could a relationship of "superiority" and "inferiority" be reasonably established between two things, if they were not already linked to each other in some organic and essential way, as roots are? And the trunk of a tree, or its trunk and its branches? A "spirituality" or a "spiritual knowledge" that was separated from carnal or mental knowledge (according to an ancient religious tradition), with a tacit or clearly expressed contempt for those lower planes of reality, as more The minimum seems to me to be very sick and deprived of a good part of its reason for being and its creative virtue, both for itself and for the surrounding society³. The man who is spiritually in good health is not the one who mistreats and despises his body, who violates his intelligence, and who makes a sad or offended face when by chance he encounters a wisp of a girl. The spiritually elevated man is not one whose senses and intelligence are dulled, and who is offended by the very thought of pleasure. Quite the contrary, as your life and being are stripped of superfluous weights and you come into deeper contact with simple and essential things, your senses and intelligence become refined and you more delicately capture beauty and hidden life of things⁴.

In truth, full spiritual knowledge embraces and includes, transcending them with its own illumination, carnal knowledge as well as mental knowledge. It is nourished by one and the other, just as mental knowledge is nourished by carnal knowledge and could not be born or develop and maintained without it⁵.

I can add that according to my experience, constantly renewed and never denied yet, knowledge

1This section continues the reflection of the preceding section "Creative freedom and inner work" (no. 46) of the same day.

2Such "separatist" tendency seems to me to be especially typical of the "great religions", and often internalized in its most extreme forms in numerous mystics who emerged from them. See more detailed comments on this in the section "Eros – or the potency" (no. 39) and in the notes "Mystical experience and self-knowledge – or the bargain and the gold" (no 9) and "Eros and Spirit (2) – or the flesh and the Holy" (no 33).

3I am thinking mainly of the relatively limited influence of Christian mystics on thinking, points of view and ways of practicing religion, attitudes, etc. in the western world. It would seem that, leaving aside the learned works of scholarship that remain in closed vessels and the saints of the calendar (increasingly less sought after, in these times), this influence was insignificant, if not null.

4There is no doubt that the ascetic path is one of the many possible paths of spiritual progression. But reducing needs and reducing their satisfaction, refining the senses, does not eliminate pleasure but also refines and vivifies it. For those who are hungry and thirsty, a piece of stale bread (if it is real bread...) and a glass of pure water (if it does not smell like chlorine...) is a delight. Wanting to take away that delight from the body and psyche, and constraining oneself to take with revulsion the good things that God has created to be eaten with pleasure, seems to me to be a morbid degradation of the ascetic life. Perhaps it will lead those who take pleasure in it to records of asceticism where they will find a secret salary for their violence against themselves, but surely not towards spiritual progression.

5These three planes of reality and knowledge could be compared to the respective roles of the digestive system, the heart and the brain in the human body. Without the digestive activity that nourishes the body and its organs and provides them with the energy necessary for their functioning, the heart would not be able to do its job as a circulatory pump. Without that work that encourages blood circulation and waters and thereby nourishes the organs, the brain could not function or even survive. Thus, there is a close interdependence between the digestive, circulatory, and cerebral functions. The last one is rightly considered "superior" in nature to the other two. But it would be delusional to think of isolating the brain from the rest and giving it an autonomous existence.

in the full sense of the term⁶ that come from sources no matter how distant and different they may be (and even if they belong to different planes of existence), they are never incompatible with each other. Quite the contrary, when they refer to the same situation understood through different means, they always provide us with approaches that, by completing each other, give us a more diversified and therefore deeper vision, which None of them taken in isolation could give us. However, when it seems that a contradiction arises between more or less partial knowledge of the same reality, that is for me the signal, not of a scare or a rout, but of a sudden relaunch of the interest, of an unexpected suspense in the face of a situation that, due to that same apparent contradiction, is perceived as intensely creative. I know instinctively that when I go to the trouble of doing the work of reviewing (perhaps heartbreaking...) and adjusting (perhaps long and laborious...) to arrive at a coherent vision that I integrate with ease and without "friction" each of my partial knowledge, rectifying them if necessary or qualifying and deepening them, not only could each one of them not be able to fail to benefit, but also The new vision called by them will provide me with knowledge that will encompass, surpassing them, each of those knowledge thus renewed. From now on, instead of contradicting each other, they will illuminate each other⁷.

Such work would be drowned in the shell in those who, panicked at the appearance of a contradiction, violated their intelligence (perhaps for their entire life if not for several lives in a row. ...) pretending to ignore it despite everything, while she would do her best to remind him in a thousand and one ways; or the one who, cornered by the evidence, finds nothing better (following the example of so many illustrious predecessors) than to try to "save the furniture" by denying en masse (perhaps as the work of the Evil One...) of the knowledge that comes from certain sources declared "dubious" or "inferior" or "sinful", to the benefit (he believes, but he is wrong...) of those declared "safe" or "superior" or "authorized"⁸.

On the contrary, that total security of which I have just spoken, which does not deny any means of knowledge and which takes charge of all, can be expressed by saying that the knowable Universe is coherent. I dare say that this security is itself an expression of a knowledge in me, which I believe is innate. It is also the expression of an elemental faith, present and active since I can remember and without ever having thought of formulating it before now⁹.

Intellectual knowledge (a particular form of that which provides understanding and which is part of the "mental" plane of knowledge) would have a clear tendency to loosen its ties and break away from the carnal knowledge from which it emerged and which originally nourished it. On the contrary, at least in my experience, spiritual knowledge has never had such a separatist and therefore isolating tendency. It has constantly remained rooted in carnal knowledge, and has been nourished by it as well as by intellectual knowledge¹⁰. I think I can say that it encompasses the entirety of my being, at least to the extent that I know it.

In other words: spiritual knowledge is not distinguished from carnal or (let's say) intellectual knowledge by its object, but its field is broader. Everything that "the flesh" or intelligence apprehends, is equally apprehended on the spiritual plane – what changes is only the nature of understanding or (as I said recently) "enlightenment". To give a precise example: the body or the sex of the beloved (or the loved one), or even the loving experience, can be apprehended (and in an infinite number of ways) both

6As for the meaning that the term "knowledge" has for me, see the note at the bottom of the page ?? in the preceding section. See also the note "Truth and knowledge" (no. 13).

7Compare these reflections, and those of the following paragraph, with the section "Error and discovery" (CyS I, no 2) in Harvests and Sowings.

8Such has been the situation, uncomfortable to say the least, in which Christian thought has found itself for two millennia, condemned as a result to almost complete sterility (when one thinks of the truly prodigious resources it has had at its disposal during all that time).). It was necessary for Marcel L'egaut to finally take the first big step out of that trap – a step that, I hope, is not the only one...

9For the relationship between the two aspects "knowledge" and "faith", see the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 7). To tell the truth, that particular "faith" that I note here for the first time cannot be distinguished from "faith in itself" or "faith in God", of which it is one of its innumerable faces. I have already expressed myself about this on several occasions in this book, for example at the end of the aforementioned section (page ??), and also in the note "My friend the good God – or Providence and faith" (mainly pages N 59–61).

10On the role of the intellect in what I call meditative work, see mainly the section "Emotion and thought – or the wave and the axe" (no. 16).

at the carnal level as well as at the mental or intellectual level, or at the spiritual level. These three types of understanding are very different in nature, and they communicate to us equally different knowledge. Mental understanding takes carnal understanding into account and understands it, but giving it a light that is typical of the mental plane and transcends the carnal plane. Likewise, spiritual understanding takes into account the other two and understands them, illuminating them with a different light that transcends one or the other.

48. Spiritual knowledge (2): the beauty of things

(July 28) I feel the need to explain the example I focused on yesterday.

The perception and intimate knowledge that we have of the body of the beloved, in which all our senses intensely participate, are, on their own carnal level, of a richness that defies all expression and all translation at the mental level. Words can only evoke it, never truly express it in its singularity and its particular richness, typical in this case of the carnal plane. The properly intellectual knowledge that we have of that same body seems, in comparison, of a ridiculous indigence, and also strangely out of date, to the point of seeming almost unrelated to carnal experience: a few analytical notions omic or even gynecological, such health problems perhaps and such treatments, big or small, slender or strong, color of eyes and hair... – something halfway between a status card! civil and a medical record! This desolating indigence is undoubtedly due to the fact that by its own way of advancing, the intellect tends to abstract the general from the particular, and ignore all the rest – and it is precisely that “rest” that is everything, in carnal knowledge! Of great finesse for the aspects of reality that correspond to its particular illumination, intelligence is however totally incapable of giving us an understanding, however delicate it may be, of reality and carnal experience.

Therefore, when the intellect is made a clean slate, carnal reality can be “said” in many ways, that the “flesh” itself (or the love that works through it...) seems to whisper to us under its breath when , in moments of meditation and silence, we are willing to listen to it. We can say it with spoken, written or sung language – words of love, love letters, love songs... – language in which the tone and sound of the words and the rhythms according to which they come together and follow one another They have as much part as their lexical meaning and in some mysterious way they participate, defying all reasoned analysis, in the evocation of the richness of carnal experience. Sometimes also a drawing or a hasty sketch with chalk, with blood, in charcoal, with a pen, or a watercolor, even an oil painting, or a clay or baked clay figure, evoke even better the reality of the flesh, with the bias of shape, color and contour, of what the words could say.

Here we are dealing with artistic expression, a privileged means for the apprehension of the carnal on a mental level. This expression or transposition is carried out, not by a process of abstraction that decidedly misses the boat, but by capturing the universal in the particular experience¹¹, through a very personal sensitivity. If, with such a transposition to another plane, carnal knowledge is stripped of its own uniqueness and richness, this time it is not without a substantial counterpart, acquiring a wealth of another nature but in close correspondence with its own. Due to this quality of essence different from the simply carnal, the work of art¹² has the power to make every being that finds itself in a state of resonance enter into resonance.

¹¹I take from L'egaut the very clear distinction he establishes between “the general” and “the universal.” The meaning of the term “universal”, as “what is common to all men”, will emerge by itself throughout the following three paragraphs. We can also say that “the general” is a reality of an intellectual nature, which participates in the mental plane, while “the universal” is a quality of a spiritual nature, which only our spiritual faculties can apprehend.

¹²As will become even clearer in the following paragraph, I take the term “work of art” in a meaning that has nothing academic about it. Everything with which man expresses himself by completely involving himself can be seen as a work of art. In this very vast and very demanding sense at the same time, the notion of “work of art” cannot be separated from that of “creation”: the work of art is none other than “the external work” that appears in creation, in close symbiosis with “the internal work” that we have considered previously. This work is not necessarily embodied in a tangible object, such as a written text, a drawing or a painting, a sculpture, etc. Let us think for example of a vocal song, a musical performance improvised or not, a dance... However, it may be appropriate, to force the term “work of art”, to limit ourselves to the creation in which is present a conscious intention to express something with the work that is created, and in which for that very reason the conscious will to create the work intervenes. For example, “making love” is a primordial act that involves man completely and that, in the few cases in which it is lived in its original force, is felt as a “creation” – it is even the archet Act. epic among the creative acts that man can perform. However, we would hesitate to call it a “work of art” and with that, assimilate it in some way to a “performance” (like a dance, let's say). What characterizes this act, on the contrary, is th

of receptivity that corresponds to it, its own carnal experience, elevating it to a new dimension, common to all men this time.

We could speak here of "artistic knowledge"¹³, very different from intellectual knowledge although both are on the same "mental" plane. It is the knowledge of things (carnal, psychic or mental) that deepens in us when we strive to express them in a way that is neither "abstract" nor "photographic", but rather tries to capture certain traces that our sensitivity makes us feel, as essential and that, in a dark and therefore imperious way, through us and by the means at our disposal and that inspire us, ask for expression. They are those "essential traces", even if they had for us that they express an intimately personal character, those that have the quality of the "universal", that which affects something common to all men and is suitable, for that very reason, to awaken an echo in every man. Such a transposition of what is directly and intensely perceived can rightly be called a "work of art," no matter how clumsy it may be and not in accordance with academic standards. Such "artistic" knowledge is also deepened, but (it seems to me) to an incomparably lesser degree¹⁴, by contact with a work of art received at a propitious moment of availability.

We feel that this type of knowledge, solidly fixed in carnal reality, is by its nature much closer to spiritual reality than intellectual knowledge, which has too much tendency to lose contact with both. While on the purely intellectual path we can access the "general" while remaining totally torn from spiritual reality, it seems that to truly reach the "universal," that is, the expression of a specifically human reality in what makes it common to all men, this is only possible when man finds himself in a disposition in which there is no such cut, but rather in which those faculties of spiritual apprehension (which are proper to the soul and do not come from the ego or from Eros) contribute in a more or less strong way.

I have just tried to visualize, however little, what the apprehension on the mental plane of carnal reality could be, beyond the "primary" apprehension with our senses. What would be the apprehension now on the spiritual plane? To speak of this authentically, I am obliged to refer to what my own faculties of spiritual apprehension teach me, in the state in which they currently exist, even though my "spiritual eye" has barely been opened! half-open, someone is already half asleep! Thus what I can say would undoubtedly be, if not worthless (since I truthfully testify to an experience of things that is true), at least very particularly fragmentary and undoubtedly provisional.

At first I was somewhat perplexed when answering the previous question, let's say in the particular example of the love experience. My first thought: the relationship of the loving experience with the transmission of life, or with the couple, its stability and its breakup, and the entire complex and generally very confusing network of fears, of more or less prohibitions, less strongly internalized (perhaps in the form of immutable and eternal "spiritual laws"...), sometimes also (although this is rather exceptional) the clear recognition of their personal responsibility for the possible consequences, even sure, of the love or marital relationship with Beauty. If we except that last knowledge that I have just evoked, which is of a spiritual nature, the rest seems to me to be much more of the nature of the mechanisms inscribed in the structure of the ego, in accordance with such or such received conditioning, which of that of knowledge. If there is any knowledge (such as "if we are not careful this week, we risk becoming pregnant"), it is intellectual in nature and not at all "spiritual." In any case, all this does not concern the knowledge of the loving experience itself, which is what we are talking about, but rather certain extensions of it or possible repercussions, certainly important and even redhibitory ('that is not the question!'), but they should not be confused with it otherwise putting everything in the same bag.

Therefore, this whole cloud of associations, however interesting and important it may be, seems "out of place" to me.

total disappearance of the conscious will and the forces of the ego.

¹³I use this term to get out of trouble, in the absence of having found another more suggestive and less loaded with connotations. "acad'emicas".

¹⁴Making a drawing, no matter how "bad" it may be, but fully involving yourself in trying to "realize" what you want to express, provides more (with rare exceptions) than contemplating ten master paintings. Likewise, to truly know a music and become immersed in it, it is a hundred times better to play it and play it again yourself than to passively listen to the greatest of virtuosos.

However, when listening to the carnal experience itself, one perceives in it a "perfume" that is not reduced to the "sensation" and the enjoyment or pleasure that it provides, nor to the mental representations of all kinds that accompany it – precisely a "perfume" that the work of art tries to capture with greater or lesser success. When the carnal experience is deprived of it, it is like a flower deprived of its perfume, or rather, like a "perfect imitation, made of paper or plastic, of a real living flower – it lacks the delicate tremor of life, its infinite and exquisite fragility that is also fertility and that is power, that breath that nothing replaces and that comes from God. It is in the loving experience, surely the strongest of the carnal experiences along with that of labor and birth¹⁵, where that "something", that perfume tends most strongly to take possession of us and to snatch us away, sometimes to the heights of worship. One way to evoke it with language, to give it a name, is to talk about a very vivid and indescribable perception of beauty. Such a perception, whether it comes to us through the flesh or through intelligence, is (it seems to me) neither of the order of the senses nor of the order of the mental, but of spiritual essence. In such a perception there is a kind of communion with the creator of what is perceived – communion with God when the work is of God (and even when it remains unknown...), with the man who created the work when 'This is human¹⁶'.

A living perception of the beauty of something, whatever its plane of reality (carnal, mental or spiritual), cannot be separated from love. It is one of the manifestations of love. Here, I take this term in the spiritual sense: the "love" in question is of a totally different nature from attraction or affection, although it is often found in the company of one or the other. It is of the same essence as the love of the being that creates for what takes shape between its hands, carved and nourished over time by the strength and wisdom that rise from the depths of itself; of the same essence as the love of God for the Creation kneaded with His Hands, and for the living beings that populate it and that (often without knowing it) participate in it freely, each in their own way (even if reluctantly).), by His designs...

Depending on the plane of reality in which the experience and perception that generate knowledge are situated, but above all according to the interior dispositions in which we find ourselves, the love that accompanies it, of spiritual essence, It is more or less mixed with the carnal or mental "ganga" of which it is like a subtle exhalation and like the fine quintessence. Without a doubt, this bargain represents a "weight", an "inertia", it is of an essence that we can rightly feel as "coarse" in comparison with the spirit that emanates from it. However, there is nothing "vile" about it, any more than the skin of grapes whose vapors are distilled into wine alcohol is "vile." No matter how "coarse" it may be, that bargain or that clay comes from the hands of the Creator himself and, whether we like it or not, our being is kneaded with it! Better than despising or vilifying it, without becoming its slaves, let us be grateful for the wealth that exists in it and for the way it offers us to access the most delicate and expensive things.

49. Spiritual knowledge (3): beauty and contemplation

I have just expanded a little on carnal reality and on the knowledge of it that we have not only on the carnal plane that is proper to it, but also on the mental plane and, even beyond, spiritual. Let us now take reality on the mental plane, for example in the typical and extreme form of mathematical reality, and the knowledge we have of it: the knowledge of a concept, of a statement, of a demonstration. on, or of an entire mathematical theory or even of an entire vast sector of mathematics. Such knowledge totally escapes the carnal knowledge provided by the senses, although historically it has emerged from it and with its language it sometimes continues to engage its intuitions with the world of sensible objects. Except for those vestiges, this knowledge is therefore specifically and radically intellectual. It is of the order of understanding a certain aspect (called "mathematical") of things, much more than that of an "experience" of things, carried out in "the world in which we live", (or we believe we live...), the "physical world" of reality perceived by our senses. The world that the mathematician explores, although linked in multiple ways (still very poorly understood today) to the physical world, is a purely "mental" world, to which

¹⁵We can also think about the experience of death, which may seem even more distant than that of birth. It can be said that we experience death and birth in the orgasmic outcome of the love game and in the following moments. But these are not "carnal" death and birth, but rather transpositions at the level of erotic experience. On the contrary, we can live or relive death or birth with dreams.

¹⁶We must not exclude the case in which we ourselves are the creator of the work, finished or half-done, whose beauty we vividly perceive. There is really, in that perception, an intimate communion, a deep agreement of the being with itself.

Sensitive faculties alone cannot give us access and in which they are of very little help to us.

On the contrary, surely mathematical reality is capable of being known not only on the "mental" or "intellectual" plane that is its own, but also with a spiritual perception, of a higher order. Thus (I have already had occasion to allude to it) I do not doubt for a moment that God knows every mathematical thing that has been "created" or "discovered" by man, and that He knows it. He knows, furthermore, in a totally different way than man, precisely with a vision that is not "intellectual" (at least not in the restrictive sense in which we understand it), but "spiritual" 17. And knowledge "spiritual" that we ourselves can have from it, or the "spiritual illumination" of that reality that our spirit (if it is sufficiently tuned) should be able to perceive, would be like a reflection of that knowledge that God Himself, present in us as the invisible Guest, has. What then would that illumination be?

I have already made some exhortations in this sense in the note "Mathematics and imponderables" (no. 14). In writing it, I have been very aware that the type of thing that is commonly despised and ignored by my fellow mathematicians as "imponderables" is something patent and inexcusable¹⁸ not only to God (who, on the other hand, does not let me know anything about it...), but also and above all for myself and also, without a doubt, for each of the few mathematicians in whom I recognize myself¹⁹. I have also thought about the knowledge we have, and that we can refine and deepen, of the psychic experience of mathematical creation, and the place and meaning of this in our lives. That is, like all authentic knowledge of oneself, knowledge of a properly spiritual and not intellectual nature. But it is true that such knowledge does not concern mathematical reality by itself and even less so to such a particular "mathematical thing" that we can apprehend and know (such a concept, such a statement, etc.), but rather to rather to the relationship that we ourselves, in our psychic singularity of being a thinking being, seat of emotions, desires, etc., maintain with that world of mathematical things. An observation of the same type can be repeated for the knowledge or prescience we may have of the possible (eventually disastrous) applications of our mathematical work in the society where we live, or of its impact on the environment and the spirit. of the mathematical environment of which we are part, or of the possible consequences for them of our own attitude of attention or indifference towards such questions. Such knowledge, which also implies certain personal responsibilities often evaded, does not concern mathematical reality so much as the psyche in its relationship to it and to society.

Having made this reflection, what I finally think I perceive as the "spiritual dimension" in the knowledge of mathematical things themselves seems to me to consist of the "same" kind of "knowledge" (or "illumination"). " than before, when it came to carnal reality. It is the acute perception of beauty that permeates all mathematical things, even the most humble, and that arouses in those who discover or rediscover it, or who only encounter it on their way as to an old friend, the dispositions of silent tenderness and admiration of the lover. It is in that incessantly renewed tenderness and admiration that the best is found and the true salary for the work that the worker undertakes, without counting or feeling the hours or days pass. There is the very soul of full creation, which takes us without forcing us and as if on tiptoe to the virginal heart of things.

That beauty perceived in every thing, even "small" by itself, is found again in the living perfection of the innumerable relationships within an infinite multiplicity of things that all come together, each with its own form and its own. own faces, to the achieved harmony of the same Everything. This is how sometimes, at the end perhaps of a long and intense walk, that beauty that sings with the voice of everything a song that is only its own, inserts itself as if by secret predestination and is unites in a vast counterpoint to those of all the others, streams that flow and join in streams and the streams in singing streams that converge in vast rivers of harmony towards the same infinite Sea – that beauty and that order that They penetrate and elevate everything

¹⁷Inspired by the intuition that mathematics is part of the very nature of God (not being "created" just as God Himself is not created...), the following comparison comes to mind : the difference between the knowledge that God has of mathematical things, and what we have, is of the same order as that between the knowledge that we can have of our own psyche and the knowledge that another has of it.

¹⁸However, now I would be less categorical than when writing the aforementioned note, when affirming that the apprehension of those "imponderables" of which I speak is an act of knowledge on the spiritual plane. However, it seems to me that it is of the same order as the apprehension of the beauty of things (mathematics in this case). What is certain, if this type of knowledge is located below the spiritual plane, is that at least it hovers far above the usual intellectual knowledge and more at ground level to which I alluded in that note. .

¹⁹When writing these words I thought of men like Johannes Kepler, Isaac Newton, Evariste Galois, Bernard Riemann, Emmy Noether, Claude Chevalley...

thing and unite and link in the same Song the smallest and the immense, they elevate the soul to the serene joy of contemplation. In that vision that unfolds and embraces everything, in that contemplation that welcomes as well as orders, there is a kind of prescience of the true essence of what is contemplated, to which we have accessed patiently and laboriously through paths. arid and stony, as if irresistibly attracted by that prescience that develops in us. That contemplation that awaited us at the end of a long and arduous journey, just like the joy and admiration for each of the nameless flowers that line the road, are not simply of the "intellectual" order. not even "mental". They are of spiritual essence.

50. Spiritual knowledge (4): pain – or the shadowy side

In summary, I believe I have finally unraveled (in the two preceding sections) a common character of "spiritual enlightenment" in the knowledge of things that belong to the two planes (mental and carnal) lower than the spiritual plane. I find it in the intense and delicate perception of the beauty of what is known, and in the creative presence of love, one of whose many manifestations is that perception.

The thought has occurred to me that it would be objected to me that the faculty (which I claim to be of spiritual essence) that makes beauty welcome, surely must also make one recognize "ugliness," and that whoever knows how to perceive harmony He also knows how to perceive his absence. Certainly! But I also know that all dissonance is called to be resolved within a future that is harmony, and that all "ugliness" (assuming it is real and not a simple cliché-label attached to one thing or another) is itself such a dissonance, like one of the innumerable whirlwinds on the surface of the great Current that embraces them, combs them and drags them in the vast movement of its waters - that in some mysterious way it participates in his strength and concurs in his Song. Well, ugliness belongs only to man and not to nature, and our ugliness and that of others is there as a task and as a lesson to be learned and known, understood and assumed, and like a test to be passed...

That is also why a so-called "art" that cultivates "the beautiful" while fleeing from "the ugly" like the plague, has nothing more than "art" other than its name. Not only is it sterile, but also (and both go hand in hand) it produces mortal boredom – the boredom of false things, of the insipid things that only man knows how to produce! Love is no less real or less great because there is a chamber pot under the lovers' bed, nor is death a less crucial step for the soul and a less essential and less creative process in the powerful flow of life, because the flesh of What was a body in life rots and its smell may make us uncomfortable, nor is the labor and birth of a new being a less notable event and a less profound experience for the mother and the child, because the sheets of the woman in labor are perhaps stained with urine and blood...

More serious seems to me the objection that in the carnal experience, I have given the impression of limiting myself to that which is felt as a pleasure or as a joy, and of ignoring that the knowledge that comes to us through the senses It also includes suffering and pain. And certainly, without these, whether in our soul or in our body, our experience of the World and of ourselves would be castrated from an essential aspect that nothing could replace. Furthermore, that "dark side" of things is what is absent from a purely intellectual activity, and perhaps that is, spiritually, its most serious deficiency²⁰.

What then, on the spiritual plane, is the knowledge that comes to us from the bite of the cold or the burn of fire, from long privations, from acute disappointments and from the bitterness of failures and from humiliation? suffered at the hands of conceited pride, violence and contempt?

It is true that full knowledge, which forms a body with the deepest part of the being, only appears when the passing experience, perhaps a hundred times or a thousand times repeated, is totally assumed – when food is not known. It has not only been eaten, but digested and assimilated. Often one existence is far from being enough (even if it is only to "eat"...), a hundred or a thousand successive births will already be needed – what does it matter! My purpose is to analyze knowledge-fruit, its appearance and its maturation through creative processes, and not the swirls on the surface of sensations and emotions, ambitions and setbacks. Once suffering and pain are transformed into knowledge, what do they teach us?

²⁰I talk about this "superyang" imbalance in "The Doors on the Universe" (appendix to "The Key of Yin and Yang", CyS III), in the section "The mother tongue – or the way back" (no. 24).

(July 29) Of course, like any sensation, carnal pain primarily has a function of “information” or “warning”: be careful, it’s cold, cover up! ! Attention, I’m burning you, remove your hand! My teeth hurt – it’s time for me to go to the dentist! And to a certain extent, the same is true for psychic pain: by behaving in such a way, I suffer such a defeat – I would do well to rectify the shot!

In these examples, the sensation or emotion (painful in this case) transmits raw information to which we almost always react with a reflex act, according to innate or acquired psychic mechanisms. Such information, even if it remained engraved in the psyche in a lasting way, does not deserve the name of “knowledge” in the sense in which I understand it. Deep down it remains strange to our deep being, like a food simply ingested and not yet digested, like a food that is still “in the stomach.” The “creative processes” that I propose to examine are those that “digest and assimilate.” They are those who transform information and “raw knowledge” into full knowledge, in the flesh of our being, and make us grow mentally and spiritually.

The painful sensation, like the pleasant one, can also make us know something intimately, and with that she becomes dear to us²¹. Thus my father, already accustomed since childhood to the great dry and sharp colds of Russia, never knew how to reconcile himself with the “soft” winters of our more clement climates. I myself have a strong and deep relationship with fire, and sometimes I am not afraid to quickly put my hand into it to push a piece of wood, move a burning brand, or pile up dormant embers in its bed. of ash. It’s not unusual for me to burn a little. These occasional burns are part of my familiarity with fire and the carnal knowledge I have of it, like small bites of affection and proof of friendship. Like the intimate taste and texture of the most familiar foods, or the experience of carnal love, that is true carnal knowledge, acquired long ago. The painful quality of the burn is totally accessory here, undoubtedly because the burn is light.

The “spiritual” resonance in my knowledge of fire is, on the other hand, strong and undeniable (and for me there is no doubt that the same thing happened with my father’s knowledge of the harsh winters of Russia). There is a very vivid sense of beauty and a certain living quality of fire. I suffer when I see a mistreated and unhappy fire, which is not so rare unfortunately²². The way someone tends to a fire says a lot about it, including on a spiritual level surely. Everything is linked, and our being is inscribed in each of our acts and gestures (and in some in an even more revealing way than in others...).

A less insignificant example is that of childbirth pains. In their most common form, these pains are nothing more than the expression in the flesh of the anxieties and psychic blockages that surround sex and all the strong realities of human life. They are a product of conditioning, of attitudes and ways of proceeding directed by our culture. The progress of medicine and, above all, the spirit that has accompanied it has taken to the limit of delirium the barbarism that surrounds in our so-called “civilized” countries that fundamental act between all, and the clash psychological impact that birth in a hospital represents for the child. Fortunately, there has finally been a healthy reaction against this technical madness, with the arrival of methods called “painless childbirth”, developed with an attitude of loving respect for life and for the great rhythms that regulate it. This is one of the signs of renewal and hope in this “end of Time”, marked by the despiritualization of man and his almost total alienation from what constitutes the very substance of his life. Thanks to this renewing movement, in our countries destroyed by “progress” numerous women have had the possibility of living without tension or anguish, sometimes in its fullness, that experience and that act unique in human existence.

Once fear has disappeared, and the inner resistance to what comes to us and passes through us and takes us away, grief completely changes its nature and face. The hated and avoided enemy reveals herself

21Here we also think about the bite that sometimes accompanies and marks the orgasmic end of the love game. But at that moment it is not felt as painful, or rather, it converges in an experience of such extreme tension that in it enjoyment and torment, enjoyment and pain are confused and merge...

22Modern man, among countless other traits that are his own, is distinguished by being alienated from fire, the first of all man’s conquests, which he no longer knows, so to speak. In me, the evolution of my relationship with fire has been carried out in the opposite direction, it has become more intimate and sweeter over the years, since the feminine traits in me Ѽ, long repressed, have begun to come to the surface (the same year as the “reunions” discussed at the beginning of this book...). When I moved into the Lod’eois, in 1973, I still threw water on the fire in the chimney to put it out. Every time I did it I had to force myself, because deep down (without allowing something so “irrational” to become conscious...) I felt that it was brutality, that it destroyed something beautiful that was unfolding before me. me and that created a harmony around him, from which I also benefited. Three or four years later, such inhibited knowledge became complete, inseparable from now on from my lifestyle. And he was always careful to keep enough reserve ash to be able to cover the fire and recover the extinguished brands the next day.

like the friend – like the one who comes to us, messenger of life with serious features and with soft and powerful hands that touch us where no other hand would know how to touch – strong hand, beneficent hand, blessed hand how I know you, although I am not a woman! More than once you have pierced me and made me reborn in the abundant water of the tears of an unknown and blessed sorrow... You come at your hour to teach in silence what no pleasure or any What a joy they could teach...

Yes, once stripped of the ridiculous mask that we ourselves have put on it, pain is a powerful messenger. And when it comes it is never in vain. As soon as it is accepted, it leaves you with another – burst, stripped, washed, lightened by the weight of your pride, and closer to yourself by the silent knowledge it has brought you.

And that knowledge, surely, is once again that of a beauty. A beauty this time perhaps more hidden and more serious, experienced not in the delicate glow of dawn or under the brilliant fires of midday, but in the shadowy slope, in the secluded silence of the night. .

51. Spiritual knowledge (5): of the soul of things and of the soulless man

I do not want to go any further now in this reflection on pain, initiated and raised just a moment ago (I myself could not say why in secret ways) by a sudden wave of emotion. on... Even more than pleasure, or joy or enjoyment of the senses, when we listen to the silent message of pain and even if it is elaborated in our flesh, it is above all to the soul who are you talking about. But since this is also about dreams, even when he often returns with inexhaustible patience, it is rare that he is heard...

But I would like to return to the planes of carnal and mental knowledge, and to that "something" in knowledge that surpasses the flesh and intelligence and that comes from somewhere else – that perfume of beauty, now luminous and soft and now grave and painful, that exhalation of Love that permeates everything and makes itself known to every being that welcomes it with its senses as well as with its intelligence. That perfume is not the privilege of maturity, it is not the reward of a long asceticism or heavy sacrifices. The coarsest being participates in it just as the most evolved, when they do not close themselves to it, just as the ignorant and the wise participate in a similar way in the beneficial heat of the sun. The taste of bread and water (when you are still lucky enough to find good ones...), the smell of wet earth or trampled grass (when you are not a perpetual prisoner of the city... .), the smile of a ray of sunlight or of the beloved or the sudden freshness of a gust, the smell of a wood fire or of the dormant ember, the cry of a newborn... These are very simple things that everyone can listen to in their entirety, without the filter of what is "useful." Listening to these things and smelling their perfume is also feeding on them, certainly in the body and in the understanding of things, but also in the soul. If hearing and smelling like this is not yet "creation" in itself, if it makes us maintain an essential contact rather than transforming us, nevertheless such contact and the interior dispositions that allow it are like the silence in which the song of creation can break out, just like the virgin canvas that calls the painter's brush to work. And surely it is strange that the spiritual work is born with the background noise that accompanies the deaf in spirit – the one who no longer knows how to hear or smell the unnameable voice and the perfume of things.

And here I have returned to yesterday's starting point²³ – to what extent our experience and our knowledge of things are dulled for the best, when we have in nothing that perfume that is its soul, that breath of life that animates things. I'm not just saying that the experience is impoverished, for the dubious benefit of increased "efficacy" (perhaps it is said) or that I know that²⁴ . In truth, it is denatured. It is like good food that has been spoiled by an insidious poison. It secretly degrades the acts of men as well as the men themselves. With such provisions, making love in good French is called "tirer un coup" or "baiser"²⁵ – when the fortunate companions, in ambiguous connivance and using each their own weapons, strive "to have" the other. Doing mathematics, that is "putting" it wrong

²³In the section "The beauty of things" (no. 48).

²⁴However, in my work as a mathematician, it is that acute and omnipresent sense of beauty, inseparable from that of perfect coherence, of a sovereign order that binds and governs all things, which has always been the invisible and secure thread who infallibly guided me towards the hottest and most fertile tasks, and who at every moment showed me by what obvious and secret detours to enter into the intimate understanding of the things that called me.... .

²⁵(N. del T.: French colloquial expressions to indicate intercourse.

either "food items" to maintain a semblance of reputation, or (for the stronger or better placed) "scratch" problems with a reputation for being difficult to shock the gallery and raise their o even (in these times) shamelessly plagiarize those who are absent or those who are not in a position of strength to return blow for blow...

Such despiritualization of things and actions has existed among us at all times – at all times man has been a sick animal, in a heralded rupture with the human that is in him, which calls him in vain. But never, it seems to me, has it been so total and so profound as at this end of time, in our countries, the most policed, the most pampered, the most insured and the most perhaps the most deeply restless people the world has ever known. If our civilization were not already condemned physically, due to its irremediably devastating effect on the biosphere (like a blind idiot who saws the branch on which he sits), it would be due to this emasculation of the human. , by this generalized robotization of the human psyche, by that half-weak, half-insane aridity of the man-in-series lived by the objects-in-series that possess him—of the man who has forgotten and who has renounced his soul.

52. The herd mentality – or the root of evil

(July 30) Yes, that sense of beauty that subsisted against everyone and that communicated like a breath of beauty (however faint) to the lives of men, despite their selfishness. , of violence, of resignations – that sense and that breath seems to me to have disappeared almost without a trace, in these last two or three generations. Leaving aside rare exceptions, they are not found in field work, nor in the workshops and stalls of artisans, nor in quarries, nor in the offices or laboratories of men of science, nor in classes. or the packed amphitheatres, nor in the hospitals or in the doctor's office, nor in the humanists, the artists, the writers²⁶. As for families, let's not talk about it – television programs and the corresponding advertisements have long since replaced the conversation between wife and husband, between brothers and sisters, between parents and children. That seems very dull, certainly, when you have the possibility of listening at any time to the confidences of a star of the show who has come expressly to your living room, or to an important speech from a no less important politician or from one of our great wise men...

It is something strange, truly, that the Mutation of our species has to come at a time when it seems to have reached the lowest point in its entire history. It is true that in human existence, when we ourselves pass one of those crucial thresholds that over time appear as true mutations of being, it is not unusual for it to be when we emerge from a crisis in which we believe we have reached the bottom of misery. But in those depths of anguish, there is the consciousness of that anguish and that misery, from which a creative movement can arise, in favor of a healthy tail, that we do not know where it comes from... On the contrary , what characterizes the current state of mentalities, is a total, phenomenal, overwhelmed and relaxed unconsciousness. It is also true that a Shock like the one that awaits us will immediately transform it into an equally total confusion, when suddenly the ground that we believed to be immutable sinks under our feet...

In any case, rediscovering only that lost contact with the beauty of things and with the spiritual dimension of existence, as it was alive before, is not enough. It is not an impossible turn back that is before us, but a leap forward – into the Complete Unknown! Without transition, from a deep lethargy, torn by the Shock – we will have to jump (or perish...)!

After all, that sense of beauty has not abandoned me throughout my life, it was the soul of my mathematical work, my compass and my guide at all times. However, that has not prevented me from contributing outside of work hours, with possessive attitudes and vain reflections.

²⁶In each of these examples, I see the eloquent sign of the disappearance of the "sense of beauty" and of the love for work in the erosion of simple professional conscience, in the more or less total indifference towards the quality of the work and the work product (from the moment it "strains" and the dough that enters is similar) and the increasing disappearance of simple honesty and respect for the user. These are so many signs of the disappearance of simple self-respect, in its most basic forms. Furthermore, the situation is the same in the "marginal" media that I have known since 1970, which have been formed in reaction against the "dominant ideology", remaining trapped in the ambient mentality of many.

to the extraordinary degradation of the ethics of scientific work that I now see, and even in the ultra-select group of those who were my students²⁷. And when I think about those who were my friends in that world of mathematicians: there was not one of them who did not have the sense of the beauty of mathematical things, and the love of their work. That did not prevent them from sharing the indifference and laissez-faire that is the rule in scientific circles (and which is not from yesterday), not to mention the unconscious cynicism and carefree amorality, regarding military research and the growing influence of military bodies in research and its financing. From the moment someone pays (copiously, of course...) for the meetings, publications, invitations of distinguished scholars to advance the mathematics they love and (that is certain) with all its beauty, the rest matters to them. careful. The world can break apart and jump and furthermore because of their works in the super-Hiroshimas of tomorrow, that is not their business – the politicians and the military have to deal with each other, that is what they are paid for! ! We are distinguished scholars, and respected and pampered – you are welcome! It is for the Honor of the Human Spirit – we hold the torch and do mathematics with pleasure and well paid above the market, that will be enough for our efforts...

This type of mentality is not specific to the scientific environment or to our time. It is from all media and all times. A kind of extreme apathy in front of everyone else, from the moment in which we are situated and especially if honors and money also flow in, with which to feel like important people. That mentality has always gone along well with "religion", it wreaks havoc in ecclesiastical circles just as it does everywhere else. Even many authentic spiritualists and mystics have not been exempt from it in their own way – except that in them, it is not money and medals that have them captive, or mathematics or "Science", but perhaps 'as the "progress in faith", the destiny of the religious Order or the monastery that they have founded or to which they identify, or the favors that God lavishes on them without counting. (And I trust that He knows what He's doing...)

But those wars in which all those good believers (believers and practitioners thanks to such progress in faith...) happily eviscerate themselves (not counting the losses of women and children – the good Lord takes care of that, it is Their work...), or the bonfires in which believers of one color burned those of another - that and a thousand other things like that, they clearly don't care - since that is how it happens , it's just that God wants it that way, that doesn't suit them. Except at most if it is to lend a hand to that famous "will of God" (which has good backs), to perhaps preach a holy Crusade or organize with an iron fist a no less holy Inquisition.

In all this, it is not about the absence of any spirituality or love of work (like the one I myself had), in an activity to which they dedicate themselves body and soul. It's about something else. Of a certain unconsciousness, of irresponsibility, so generalized that they become normal and the only normal, and that everything that goes against them is branded as senseless, extravagant, if not heretical or criminal.

It is part of the everlasting mechanism or "instinct" of the herd. Thus man is so conditioned that he is almost totally incapable of seeing the most obvious things, when doing so goes against ideas and ways of seeing (most of them unexpressed, so obvious that they seem) that are common to everyone in the environment of which it is a part. From the moment that everyone does their military service and goes to war without thinking twice as soon as they are told that they must do it, no one ever gets the idea that perhaps it could be done in another way. mode. However, those who come up with such a crazy or criminal idea are good for the prison or dungeon in times of peace, and for the platoon in times of war. Everyone finds it normal, of course, popes and spiritualists at the head: they are asocial and cowards, who refuse to fulfill their duty as citizens like everyone else...

This is how the bestial and the subhuman are perpetuated in society as the most natural thing in the world, with the acquiescence and in the face of the total indifference of everyone, and with the blessing of everyone who poses as "spiritual authority."

"The solution to all that", or the way out of a gear that has taken us to the brink of the physical and psychological destruction of our species, is surely not that of a progressive "improvement". of the commonly received ideas, and of the laws, uses and customs between individuals and between nations – even assuming that there was time left, before the beautiful disaster that we have prepared. Such progress is always superficial and precarious. Although they seem acquired for all eternity, they collapse from one day to the next, in times of exception and even without them, by the mere passing of general²⁸, in favor of

²⁷That is what I progressively discovered during the writing of Harvests and Sowings. (See in this regard the "Letter" in the part introductory CyS.)

²⁸Let us think, for example, of the widespread extension of torture in times of war (the Algerian war, for example, of sad memory) or of somewhat authoritarian regimes. Or in the mistreatment that has always been commonplace

that same "herd mentality": from the moment something is "done", or it is said "in high places" that it can or should be done (perhaps, to maintain form, with a reasonable appearance) You don't have to look any further...

The root of evil is precisely in this herd mentality, that is, in the spiritual immaturity of men, in the form of a more or less total absence of autonomy of understanding and of judgment. And it is the spiritual plane in which this absence, true spiritual death, is by far the most disastrous.

53. The steel ring...

Maturity and spiritual autonomy are acquired with inner work, and only with such inner work. Such work cannot in any way be promoted, much less programmed from the outside, be the object of teaching from one person to another, much less of collective teaching. It is an intimately personal creative process, for which the means are found in each human being and only in him, willing to act according to the rhythms of his own life, in total symbiosis with what he is in each moment, and in close interrelation with the circumstances, experiences and questions of all kinds that form the fabric of his life day by day. It is precisely this creative potentiality that is blocked, so that it can seem universal and irremediable because it is so general and effective, blocked since childhood by the conditioning that was part of the very air that was breathed, marking each being with the mark of the flock. Well, for the Group, for every Group, every sign of spiritual autonomy and even if it is only the beginning of such autonomy through the development of an interior work (which by its nature can only completely escape to the control of the Group) is viewed with the greatest distrust. Furthermore, that distrust (not to say that irreducible hostility, or that sovereign contempt...), strongly perceived and internalized in the first years of life, when the being is more sensitive and more As malleable, they make any act of autonomy on their part not only unacceptable, but also properly unthinkable. Even when he felt secretly called by such an act, the irremediable loneliness to which that act invites him has to scare him, and it is more than strange that he does not defend himself against it by dressing up even more. with that feeling of the "unthinkable". The fact is, in any case, that the very idea of such inner evolution, the idea of truly confronting the "problems" of one's existence or even just one, very tangible and very juicy, confronting oneself also on that occasion to the one who is and knowing him at last – such an idea would not occur to anyone²⁹.

That is the everlasting vicious circle of man and society: man cannot transform himself creatively, his ignored resources (and in truth unlimited in their future) cannot be put into action and with that same unfold and mature in spiritual autonomy, and a sense of personal responsibility that is one of its main signs, even more so if its psychic structures of output, indelibly marked with the seal of the Group, do not oppose an absolute veto (veto not less absolute nor, above all, less effective because it remains unexpressed). But on the other hand, that seal of the Group on the being in formation, when transmitted by the adult beings around them who are already marked by that same seal and who limit themselves to blindly perpetuating the mutilations received by themselves, will not change. his nature, viscerally and fundamentally ignorant of the creative processes and enemy of any sign of inner autonomy of the small child, and the environment that surrounds him will not radically change its nature, but rather The men who make up the Group have already changed.

Since its origins, humanity has remained spiritually blocked in that vicious circle,

In many of our brave police stations, whether it is a matter of "shaking the dust" of a drunk or some undesirable foreigner blocked on a public road and shipped off without further proceedings, or to extract a confession from a presumably guilty suspect. These are things that in our civilized countries do not bother anyone, except those who by chance and without having looked for it, find themselves paying the expenses...

29That "idea" did not come to me until I was 48 years old, and if it was not before, it is because nothing I had seen until then could have suggested it to me. Furthermore, it was not really an idea that came to me just like that and that I immediately put into practice, and I doubt that it will ever happen like that. The creative act that crosses a threshold is accomplished without having the slightest idea of the threshold that lies ahead and without any preconceived project – or if there is a project, it is totally disproportionate to what is truly accomplished. I speak of such a moment in my life, sparked by the first messenger dream of my life that I probed, in the section "The key to the great dream – or the voice of "reason" and the other" (no. 6). There was another such creative moment a few days before, with the "discovery of meditation," which prepared the "reunions with myself" that I speak of in the aforementioned section. I comment on this other strong moment in Cosechas y Siembras, in the section "Desire and meditation" (CyS I, no 36).

steel ring that seems to me as resistant today as it has always been – it seems to me that the reflection of the herd is marked in the human psyche as deeply and as pervasively as ever.

If there is “progress”, in no case is it in the form of some weakening of that reflex, and of the attitudes of personal irresponsibility that accompany it. On the contrary, this irresponsibility seems to me today perhaps greater than ever, encouraged by the more and more invasive interference of the State and its institutions in the personal life of each person³⁰.

54. ...and its rupture – or the usury of the Times

However, I see two circumstances of a positive nature, which will undoubtedly have to play their role in the “Leap” that is before us. One is the generalized collapse of all traditional values, without the new values, transmitted with the notions of “progress”, “science”, “technique”, “competition”, “specialization”. etc., have taken root with a strength and depth comparable to those of the ancient values and religious traditions that went with them. It would be said that the technicist civilization, by conquering the planet and eradicating from it all other forms of civilization along with the values and beliefs that based them, has had as a secondary effect a gigantic cultural leveling , an extreme standardization of mentalities and values, accompanied by a general erosion of said values, a general softening, often close to simple rot. Whether we are aware of it or not, we are currently witnessing the decomposition of technical civilization. This process of rapid decomposition seems to me to be inseparable from the fiercely despiritualized character that distinguishes that civilization from all those that have preceded it. Clearly, whatever the strength of its initial impulse and its material power, a civilization deprived of soul is doomed to disappear after a few centuries. In the long run, man cannot live ignoring his religious needs and spiritual nature.

The other “positive circumstance” consists of a considerable relaxation, over the last few centuries, of the coercive nature of the Group's dominion over the person. If the instinct of the herd has not moved a bit after ten millennia (that is at least my impression), on the contrary the penalties for those who get out of line in one way or another They are now much less prohibitive. According to the law of Moses, the slightest deviation on the side of sex was punishable by stoning³¹. Socrates, out of a nonconformity that in our days would seem anodyne, had to drink the hemlock. Jesus was crucified – two centuries ago, even in a Christian country, he would no longer run that kind of extreme risk, if he had the imprudence to return and try to propagate scandalously subversive ideas and attitudes³². The bonfires of the Inquisition ended up going out under the push of “the lights” (before these in turn turned into the “new obscurantism”...). A Marcel L'egaut is not only not burned as a heretic as he would deserve for every page of his unspeakable writings, but the Pope has not even bothered to excommunicate him. (It is true that the faithful are becoming scarce and excommunication is no longer the case in the good old days.) In the so-called “free world” countries, the situation is comfortable, I believe, at least for those who are more or less situated or who receive unemployment benefits, and who do not have the misfortune of being a dubious foreign resident. In France, from the moment one expresses oneself by avoiding the sacrosanct crimes of attacking territorial integrity, inciting disobedience of the military or demoralizing the army, insulting a magistrate or the President of the Republic and I fall short, you can practically say and write whatever you want without being disturbed. All of this may be because the princes who govern us have realized that letting one say and write almost whatever one wants does not change much – that increases the general hubbub without putting

30It is well known that the more the standard of living in a country and the security of all kinds increase (insurance, social security, pensions, unemployment benefits and others, etc.), the more human solidarity degrades. between people, including within families or between people from the same environment. The families that carry an elderly person are rare, when nursing homes or retirement homes are there for that, and even rarer are those that do not get rid of one of their own, old or not, about to die – hospitals are there for that. The State pays for the hospital, the family pays for the funeral services (when it is not the life insurance that pays), and the entire family travels to the burial once the dying person and those at the funeral home have done their work. ..

31It is to be expected that the Law was not always applied to the letter (this is the impression one gets when reading the Old Testament), not to mention that where there is no plaintiff there is no judge. According to the terms of said Law, he should have been stoned thousands of times....

32On condition that he did not have the idea of landing in a socialist country or in one of the military dictatorships that delight the “free world”, in which case they would give him a good account. In our sweet France, they would be content (as I have already recalled elsewhere) with putting him in the shadows in a prison cellar or in the dungeon, as a conscientious objector.

ultimately endangering the State and its institutions. You can even be a prophet without being stoned or beheaded or put in prison...

That aspect of the modern world is one of the few comforting aspects of that generalized "softening" of which I spoke, and of that "decomposition" that announces final rot. It is certainly difficult not to be upset by them, even frightened, so distressing is the spectacle and so disconcerting are its manifestations. However, at the level of living matter, the decomposition that accompanies illness and death is a fundamental process at the service of life, a creative process at its own level, that of the body of the dying of today makes the mulch for tomorrow's living. Within a few generations and perhaps even sooner, the rotten civilization of today, however afflicting and disconcerting it may presently seem to man who is not simply its blind and consenting prisoner, will undoubtedly appear as the useful brute matter that An intense creative work, to which all men are called, must transform and already transforms into the living earth of fully human man and of an ultimately human humanity.

By association, the thought of a third circumstance comes to mind, clearly linked to the previous one. It is about the more or less generalized dissemination of certain general ideas that we could describe as "humanist": about the dignity of the human being, about his numerous "freedoms" of this and that (and also , although that is now rarer, about spiritual or "internal" freedom, about the rights to this and that, equality, etc. etc Also certain ideas (less frequent too) that value listening, meditation, inner silence, the emptiness of the spirit "and all that" – those, in a word, that emphasize the qualities and the "feminine" or "yin" values, or even (but that is rare) about the necessary balance between these and their corresponding "masculine" or "yang"; Ideas, then, that go against the "superyang" or "phallocratic" values of our "macho" culture at all costs. In all this heterogeneous set of ideas of all kinds transmitted by means of all kinds, some are of the type of commonplace tirelessly repeated on official or solemn occasions, others are the heritage of a relatively small minority that tends to To increase. Minority that mainly includes people interested in this or that current of spirituality (preferably Eastern, when one is from the West...), often disciples of a certain spectacular Guru or regulars at spirituality conferences; or to those who "are interested in dreams" or in psychoanalysis or esotericism and who attend some of the innumerable fashionable courses and seminars – in short, to all those who feel more or less obscurely a "discontent of civilization" and that they turn, often blindly and for God's sake, towards religions, sects, Gurus, ideologies, techniques, often adorned with the prestige of ancient traditions renewed with some a "last cry" incentive... with the hope of filling a spiritual void and finding the means for a "spiritual growth" whose lack they feel more or less clearly and more or less cruelly.

Until a few months ago I had a tendency not to attach importance to those "good ideological feelings" of the majority, nor to the ideological effervescence of a minority of people who "want each other" (of those who a few run the risk of never finding themselves, because they are looking so far from themselves...). There I saw above all, and not without reason, a "cultural veneer" without major consequences. In the first case, it does not have the slightest impact on life and behavior. This totally verbal veneer will soon be put to the test in concrete situations, not to mention what happens in exceptional times such as wars or coups d'état of all kinds, or in "exceptional places" such as hospitals, asylums and prisons, or just police stations. But even the "cool" people who dedicate time, energy and even money to acquiring "spiritual baggage", it seems to me that this almost always remains on the egotic and intellectual level, as an ingredient of a new image. "spiritual" brand, without any contact with his deep being that would take advantage of it as true food, to assimilate it and transform it into a new living substance. Rather, it would have the nature of a new "cultural consensus" this time with a "spiritual" accent, which replaces the "technical" consensus that has failed (which however strangely resembles in spirit if not in jargon), consensus that exists in a certain micro-environment (one of whose reasons for being is to be felt by its members as the heritage of an "elite"). Although they often claim to be a renewing reaction to the surrounding civilization, these currents seem to me to be rather part of the symptoms of decomposition of a dying civilization. Furthermore, it adapts very well to them and perhaps still has time to "assimilate" them and recover them easily (when it is no longer a done thing...), before dying a natural death.

With these reservations made, my prophetic dreams, and the intimate conviction that they give me of a very

close, they currently make me see those symptoms of ideological "liberalism" and "effervescence" in a different light. Certainly, it is not from more or less spiritual verbiage that the Act could spring forth that would unleash a true creative process, called to encompass all of humanity. That Act will not come, not from men or from certain men or from a man, but from God. But once that process is underway, what today is nothing more than baggage, dead weight, embellishment and verbiage could very well be part of that "raw material" that I evoked recently, destined to become mulch. This time it would be material not on a technological level, but on an ideological level. Although it is true that by themselves the ideas accumulated in the psyche do not have creative virtue³³, however, I know well that when the circumstances are favorable, they can become a starting point or a discreet auxiliary to a true work that transform the being and that is the only one that can give them a true meaning – the one that they must have for that being, at that moment in their itinerary...

To conclude, it seems to me that this "vicious circle" that I spoke of recently³⁴, and of which I thought I could confirm that it was "as resistant today as ever", in any case in these last centuries! He has ended up loosening up and giving himself a little! or by rusting, perhaps gnawed, over centuries and millennia, not so much by the wear and tear of time, as (as L'egaut saw) by the invisible action of the innumerable and often humble existences of beings "faithful" to themselves and their mission (surely God knows each one by name, although men have not preserved their memory). Loosened and rusted just enough, perhaps, to break under the push of God when the Hour comes – and to usher in a new Adventure!

55. Creation and inner voice – or spiritual knowledge (6)

1) We are not the ones who create

(August 7 and 8) The three preceding sections are dated July 30, more than a week ago. Between July 27 and 30 I wrote almost "in a row" the nine preceding sections (from "Creative Freedom and Inner Work", no. 46), without even giving myself time to breathe and rewrite cleanly, to such an extent is this reflection. The lightning bolt in which I had gotten involved (about the relationships between the three planes of creation and knowledge) seemed to me to be in one piece. At first I thought it would be the tenth and last section of the chapter-digression that I was about to finish, "Aspects of a mission." Finally, as the topic grew thicker and deeper as it progressed and as section after section lined up, I had to split that chapter into two to maintain a lighter grouping of the sections. , and more rigorous. After that marathon writing, most of last week I have been cleaning up the nine sections in question, filling them in a little and polishing them along the way; plus (despite everything) the writing of three new notes of August 1 and 4: "The creative child (2) – or the field of forces", "The mystification – or the creation and shame", and "The "research style" – or a new form at the service of a spirit" (no. 45–47). And here I am at last at work to finish the writing of this second "chapter-digression", to which I plan to give the name "Aspects of a mission (2): spiritual knowledge".

This will then be the fifth chapter of the Key of Dreams, among the ten that I currently foresee. In these five chapters already done and leaving aside the first, so to speak those famous "dreams" have not been dealt with (except for a little in chapter II, "God is the Sovereign"). ~nator"). And never more than in these last few days, have I been under that strange and disconcerting impression that the "control" of the writing of this book is escaping from me in some mysterious way. However, I struggle and fight, and very often I also stop to probe myself about the things I am looking at and about the way to express this and that, or about the name to give to this section or to this note or to this. such a chapter, and about the way to break it down into chapters... I give the impression of making decisions and being "the captain on board" – but, alas! In both content and spirit, this book is nothing like what I had in mind at the beginning. I thought of exposing and telling the story of my experience and my approach to dreams, nothing more, nothing less. An experience and an approach not like the others (that was already very clear to me), and it was

³³An idea "has creative virtue" when it itself is the product of a creative process. But this creative virtue only acts when that idea is not isolated, in the one who receives it, from the context in which it was born and which calls it. Unless it is recreated by him again, in response to the new context he is confronted with.

³⁴At the end of the preceding section, on the same day.

It was understood that it would touch on many topics, but with everything: a "book about dreams." But it's not going that way! And yet all those other things that I have seen myself write, I couldn't say by what intimate movement, I well realize after the fact that they had to be said. And although I limit myself to probing them and saying them in the order in which they are proposed and imposed on me (at the risk of incessantly stirring the "program" that, out of ancient habit, I cannot help but keep in a corner of my brain and that has to adapt more or less to this incessant eruption of the unpredictable...) – however, with the perspective of the weeks and months, I discover in them an organic unity that I would have been unable to inventing or even imagining beforehand, and a structure that owes nothing to a preconceived will or to the sparks or whims of the imagination.

Certainly, when I sit down at my typewriter to start a new section, or when inserting some footnote that extends into a reflection "in the margin" and finally constitutes an independent "note" 'onoma with its own message and name, I always have a certain idea about what I am preparing to examine and say; but on each occasion what "comes out" of the mysterious alchemy of writing appears, after doing so, as entirely different from what I anticipated or could have imagined. It's the total surprise! Thus, that "unforeseen" character that I have spoken of elsewhere³⁵ is present here at all levels: from the most localized, in what I am preparing to do at this very moment and in the next few hours, to the most global level, where the content, the lighting, the accent are located that will give the work as a whole its particular and unique character.

In a more or less strong way depending on the case, we find that same impression in all creative work. And we cannot help but feel that it is not we who create, but that some Other creates with our hands, a Creator whose means infinitely surpass ours. Yesterday, when rereading the already written sections of this chapter, I was overcome by that feeling with an irresistible, disturbing force. It was not I who had written those pages that I was reading as if I were seeing them for the first time and as if they were from someone else, with an intensity of attention, however, that only appears in the presence of an intimately close work, to which we feel deeply linked. Intimately close, yes, but at the same time I knew perfectly well that I would have been incapable of writing those pages. To feel it with that intensity, with that perfect acuity, with such a character of evidence that it sweeps away and reduces to insignificance that other superficial "evidence" (that I was the one who had just fought with them for days and weeks....) – that knowledge that has suddenly invaded me has caused a wave of excited joy to arise with it – a joy such that it overflowed my little person everywhere. It was the joy, always unexpected, always new, of the sudden encounter with the One who loves to hide so much – and who sometimes gives the impression of hiding so well and with such persistence that we would come to wonder if He really exists. , and if we haven't dreamed of it...!

2) Part of God, part of man...

There seems to be a strange paradox there. At the moment, when working, we very often have the impression of being alone – we "fight" as best we can, for better or worse, abandoned to our own modest means. We barely move forward without knowing exactly where we are going, then we retrace our steps and tirelessly take up and outline what in the first sketch seems too frayed, then we polish even more and give the last touch to clear the place before to leave again towards the dark or the gloom, for the next stage towards an always unknown destination. It's not about denying all that. And yet, when we look with a little perspective at the part of the work already done in a more or less finished form, then we have that feeling, which often barely emerges in consciousness but at the same time so clear that it cannot be can challenge: that we are not the ones who have created that work that is there before us, in its tender virginity and with that presence and that quality that do not seem to have the slightest relationship with the laborious work for which we remember having passed³⁶.

Sometimes it happens that such a feeling also arises about the work itself – when we have the impression of "flying" rather than truly "working"; when at every moment, without doubt, without downtime or stopping or reflection, we know exactly what needs to be done and the hand does it, quickly

³⁵In the section "Creative freedom and inner work", no. 46.

³⁶This feeling is all the more marked the more attentive we have been during the work to the suggestions of the "inner voice", that is to say: the more the conscious will and the conscious and unconscious intentions to which we refer have been erased. it serves.

and safe, without blemishes or flaws, as if she saw clearly in the night when, however, our eyes do not see a single thing. When I did mathematics, it was often like this (and in recent years more than ever), especially when it comes to unraveling, from some intuitions that are still elusive and however strong and tenacious, the great master lines of some theory in gestation. This was also the case in most of Cosechas y Siembras³⁷. But in The Key of Dreams this has no longer been the case³⁸, except on very rare occasions. I imagined that I was almost going to write at the dictate of God³⁹, oranges from China! It has been a long time since a job, and especially a large-scale job, has been so laborious. It was almost humiliating. However, now I tell myself that I have no reason to be surprised and even less to complain. I well realize that with all that I have touched (and not just "touched") in the three months that have passed, I have assimilated things, and the most substantial ones, in which until now I had never truly stopped.

That kind of work, he pointed out, is never given by God. Even when it favors us with revelations that give us knowledge that no work (even a lifetime) could give us, their role is in no way to prepare a bed of roses for us, quite the contrary.. It is only with personal work that we come to assimilate the meaning of the things that come to us and truly nourish ourselves, including the revelations that God sends us through dreams or in any other way. It is up to us to carry the burden, lest we foolishly waste (as so often happens) what has been destined for us. And once we put our whole heart into it, God will undoubtedly lend a hand discreetly, visibly or invisibly...

* * *

But I would like to return to the "paradox" from before – that even though I dedicate myself completely to my work and sweat water and blood to do it as well as I can, it is clear that I am not the creator of that work that I created. day after day it comes out of my hands; or at least that if I really contribute something (which in fact I cannot even dream of denying), it is to a very modest extent, laughable so to speak. A bit like a stupid apprentice whom the discreet and benevolent Master allows to put his hand into the work, pretending to be absent, nevertheless watching out of the corner of his eye to ensure that it is a work of art and that, despite the mistakes of his flaws, errors and clumsiness of the apprentice's harvest, the undoubted mark of the Master.

How then does this strange collaboration occur between the Master and his apprentice eager to do well – between the so invisible Guest and my modest person? What exactly is my contribution? And how does the Guest and Master manage to do the most delicate part of the work and the most essential thing, when it would be sworn that He is not there and that He is struggling? 'only'?

There are the ideas that incessantly provoke and nourish the work: we should look at this, we should say, express that... (And "looking" and "expressing" are truly inseparable, one truly cannot reach to look in depth rather than expressing, and to express without verbiage rather than looking.) When trying to say what is perceived, there are the images that emerge little by little, silent images that must be translate into words. Those ideas, and those images (or simply the "turn" that is going to be given to the expression), are never "mine", they are not the product of a reflection: What Should we examine or say now? Or: What turn to give to the expression of such an idea? I always find those things already ready, coming from no where (and also without me worrying about wondering about their origin...). Clearly my role, first of all, is to welcome them, to trust them, responding to their silent demand to give them expression; and this without letting myself be impressed by the background noise or, above all, by that everlasting "voice of reason"⁴⁰ that they always want

distract me from them...

Furthermore, it is not unusual for several ideas to be presented at the same time and without telling me in what order to take them. Then there is a moment of perplexity, and then it is I (I have that impression now) who weighs and who disposes and who chooses: I start with this one, the rest wait... And the translation into words , barely, of the

³⁷Only in the fourth part of Cosechas y Siembras, "The Four Operations," was the writing quite laborious in occasions, and worst of all, in the story of gangster blackmail that is the subject of "The Apotheosis."

³⁸For more details, see the note at the bottom of the page ?? in the section "The soul of the message – or the work in broad daylight" (not 43).

³⁹Can I explain about those "scribe of God" provisions (and those of God Himself...) on page ?? of the aforementioned section (see the previous footnote).

⁴⁰I speak for the first time about this "voice of reason" in the section "The key to the great dream – or the voice of reason and the other" (no. 6).

ideas and images as they arise, I have the impression that 'that's me too. But as for the perception of something that must be captured and expressed, it does not come from reflection (although this can stimulate its appearance) but from listening: as if listening to knowledge that already exists. existed in me somewhere in the depths, and that, requested by that intense attention, it responded without words, with that movement towards the surface that must make it present to consciousness. Once the formulated response is received, I only have to translate it in turn as best I can. But to tell the truth, listening is almost always done while writing – there is no temporal separation between listening, the perception of what is breathed into me without words (as if it were the same thing sounded that was blown into me by the low how it is made and which way to take it...), and the translation at the end into the language of words.

The first writing is quite clumsy, almost all the time⁴¹, to the point of even worrying me: awkward syntax, inappropriate repetitions, words that only approximately "match" with what they are trying to express and that in fact, in that first attempt, I still don't feel more than very roughly...

But by the mere fact of the writing (even careless and poorly polished) of what is still only glimpsed, the understanding is already refined. When I reread it, on the same day if possible and if not the next day, a distance has already been established with the text I just wrote, at the same time that I am closer to what I examine in the exam. or I describe. I am not only in a position to round out the style by softening and lightening the phrase and the chaining of the paragraphs, but also to rectify or refine the expression where it appears insufficient or even frankly "out of order." the photo" (when I have let myself be carried away by the easy slope of some wildcard expression that decidedly misses the mark). As for the style corrections, 'that is almost entirely routine work, and of my making. On the contrary, the detection and correction of expressions or formulations that do not fit (even though they may look good) are of a very different nature. That is a true work of deepening, a creative work for the same reason as the first writing.

There I also have the impression that I am not the one who "decides" when a formulation poses a problem, nor the one who finds by my own means how to qualify it or even change it. Again it is a question of being in a state of listening to That or to That in me that knows, and that is manifested by that inner voice so low that it cannot be heard except in a state of listening. of intense listening. Leaving aside "the administration", without a doubt my contribution to the work being done is above all in that listening, a listening that involves my entire being. But on a conscious level, of course, this is experienced not as listening to an inner voice that all our conditioning pushes us to ignore as such, but as extreme attention to what it is about apprehending and expressing with delicacy. However, it is not on the sheet of paper that I am filling out in front of me or that I reread when correcting, nor anywhere else outside of me where the knowledge of what we are trying to capture is found. And this, as it is given to me, does not have the nature of well-prepared knowledge, already formulated with clear words, well seen in the field of conscious gaze. It has been formed, no one knows how, in the silence and secrecy of the deep layers of the Unconscious, those forever hidden from view. That's where you can be heard when you bother to stop and listen, with all your heart, and with your pen in your hand or in front of your typewriter...

It is that same "inner voice", so discreet that we tend not to notice its presence even when we are listening intensely – it is also the one that warns me when something, which in the first writing of the notes I had only indicated in passing with three hasty words (like something that was already known and that does not ask for further explanations), it must be developed a lot or a little, even at the risk of replacing a lapidary and somewhat obscure phrase with a whole new paragraph . But the most frequent thing is that only when the corrected text is clean (third stage of the deepening work and no less important than the second⁴²) do you feel

⁴¹This is the writing of The Key of Dreams, as it continues even now. As I noted recently, writing of Harvests and Sowing was much less laborious.

⁴²From various sides I am praised for the merits of composing machines or "word processors," which allow you to make all the corrections you want in the text, without having to rewrite it cleanly: the "printer" provides a text "nickel" at any time during work. For someone like me who writes a lot, that would be the ideal working instrument. I have been perplexed for some time. It has finally become clear that this type of ultra-electronic writing is no more suitable for my type of work than a machine gun could replace (despite its undeniable technical advantages) traditional archery. on Zen. For me it is important to maintain direct and intimate contact with the material support of the work – in this case, the sheet of paper full of writing. I need to see the blurs I make on it. When there are a few, it's a clear sign that I have to rewrite the entire page. Now, "rewriting" is not reproducing the text taking into account the erases that must be incorporated (the work that the machine would do better than me). The smudged page serves as a starting point for me to return to the entire text, often with notable modifications. This is part of the "deepening work" of writing, and it is a creative work for the same reason as the first writing, which we would not even dream of.

sufficient distance and freedom from the first writing (already revised and corrected in pen) to practice such modifications on it, of greater magnitude than corrections of style or refinement of expressions⁴³.

In short, it is as if there were a kind of “division of labor” quite clear between the invisible Creator, the One who lets himself be heard by the “inner voice”, and myself. All the ideas, and all the images and “verbal turns” to express them are “blown” to me as the work progresses. Likewise, in rereading and correction, and also when writing a machine cleanly⁴⁴, all the adjustments that are not only of style⁴⁵, but also concern greater precision of expression on, are blown to me by that same voice. In all of this, my role consists above all in attentive listening, practically at all times, and particularly intense in the most sensitive moments – those in which a new understanding emerges, or when an unsuspected ignorance is manifested, or when an emotion that seems to attract nothing suddenly comes to transfigure a reluctant understanding that was groped for...

3) Creation and listening

I think I can say that the work, and the work that is its fruit, is worth what that listening is worth, my most essential part in that half-work. And the main quality of listening, the only one that makes it effective, is faith in that voice that I hear; faith in the knowledge that it blows into me and in the impulses that it arouses, often so discreet that one doubts whether one has really perceived them. Only through that faith is it how those imperceptible motions that pass like a breeze become order and demand and are transformed into action⁴⁶.

To tell the truth, very often when the voice suggests to me (let's say) some image that at first glance seems outrageous or even totally impossible, and which is also perhaps going to launch me into a phrase that is foreseen to have no end, whose beginning is offered but I still don't have the slightest idea of how I could unravel it to the end... – then I feel a little dizzy, I want to go crazy – and yet! No! I also have, to cheer myself up, that reassuring idea that after everything I can always cross out everything, if what comes out is as silly as it seems. But I have never yet had to send him away, to regret, ashamed, having taken the plunge. Contact with my dreams, surely, is what has given me that bold openness (or that cheek...) that I often lacked before, that faith in what at first glance seems ridiculous, too “great” to my modest person⁴⁷.

So, wow! In my old age I have ended up learning not to let myself be derailed by so-called “reason”, that damn thing that keeps telling me that I have already done enough nonsense and that it is time to return to the ranks and not make myself noticed, too much. That voice, fortunately, I am beginning to know its song and to know where it is taking me: to the reasonable path of the sheep that returns to its stable...

And the other voice too, each time I manage to distinguish it better (I think), that is to say: distinguish when “that doesn't in trusting a machine (not me, at least...)”.

⁴³Apart from such insertions, which do not interrupt the general line of the first reflection but rather develop and specify what at the beginning had only been outlined, I can say that the definitive form of the text gives in essence a faithful and precise image of the reflection as it has really developed, without adding or removing anything. When my way of seeing things changes, whether on the same day or later, I am very careful not to modify that text, a faithful witness of a reflection that I do not feel I have the right to modify to my liking. Not to mention that this new version, which perhaps seems more pertinent or more profound to me, is no more “definitive” or more “absolute” than the one from which it emerged. In turn it will be absorbed and overcome (even considered totally erroneous and rejected) either by myself (if God gives me life...), or by those who read me with a disposition that responds to the spirit of search that animates my writings.

⁴⁴Of course, I also reread the “clean” writing, to make some final corrections, before entrusting it to a secretary skilled in her trade, who will make a “nickel writing.” Exceptionally, it may happen that my “clean” writing ends up being so full of crossouts that I have to type it again.

⁴⁵To tell the truth, when I am in the “second version” of writing, going through the first, I often have the impression that even “the style” is not mine – the movement of the phrase and The sound alchemy of words is formed between my hands without my conscious will or my “know-how” having anything to do with it. When I reread myself, I often have that feeling that I have already talked about and that concerns both the expression and the “substance”: I am incapable of writing like that...

⁴⁶Compare with the section “Act of knowledge and act of faith” (no. 7), mainly pages 14 and 16.

⁴⁷Sometimes I am also reticent (or rather, timid), I do what no one understands. But when I do it as I please, it doesn't take long for me to realize that what comes out would be rather convoluted, that “that's not it.” And at the same time “the voice”, discreet yes, but also tenacious in its own way, does not disarm and continues to make itself heard. Whether I want it or not, I end up listening to it and launching myself – into the adventure!

come from me". And yet I know that when I take the trouble to listen, when I have faith in it and my will is put at the service of that faith and my whole being is carried away by it – only then is when I am fully faithful to myself. same.

Since always, I believe, I have had that faith in the inner voice⁴⁸. Without ever having asked myself about it, I knew well that she was the best in me. Being faithful to him is neither more nor less than being faithful to myself. To have faith in her is to have faith in myself, in the best that is in me.

Certainly, depending on the time of my life, I have been more or less attentive to that voice. More than once, and even during certain long and arid stages of my life, I have turned a deaf ear, just as in others I have listened and been unfaithful to his call⁴⁹. If these last few years have brought me something of even more value than everything I have already received in a full life, it is that that voice has become closer and clearer, and that I am more attentive. This growing attention may be the result of a grace, but surely also of a knowledge of that voice; a knowledge that had remained diffuse, unexpressed, latent for a long time, and that with the writing of The Key of Dreams matures and becomes more precise and (this is at least my wish) becomes more active and takes possession. of my being more completely.

4) Who speaks through that voice?

As for knowing who speaks through that voice, that is the great mystery! Surely it is the invisible Guest, it is God in me; and if there could be the slightest doubt that it really is Him, those sudden moments of light like the one that illuminated me yesterday with such sudden joy would have already dispelled it. If there is any doubt and mystery, it is this: at the same time as God, wouldn't there also be someone or something different that speaks through that voice? , and, being perhaps very close and almost indistinguishable from Him, it would also be "I" – my "deep self"⁵⁰, or also what I have recently called "the best in me", but thinking also "the best of me"? I don't know, and perhaps I never will⁵¹ .

That voice tells me nothing more than what I am capable of receiving at each moment, as if putting itself "at my level" – that of my capacities for conscious apprehension and understanding. But that does not mean that it comes "from me". More convincing is that strong feeling, often, when it is discovered that what is made clear "was already known" in some way! Not that someone else, a certain distinguished "Guest" perhaps, knew it (perhaps even from all eternity...) but rather that deep down I knew it, that it was simply hidden somewhere deep, at the bottom of some lost dungeon, and that I just needed to fish it out from there, with a line and a hook!

Another thing that gives food for thought is that even by listening with all our heart to that inner voice that is presumed infallible (?), we do not become infallible. Even Jesus, who surely knew how to listen to the calling voice of the "Father", made mistakes⁵². However, I do not believe that they are really errors that come from the deep Unconscious, that they are due to that voice – which (as an emanation of my deep being) would be subject to error as every human voice is. On the contrary, I am convinced that the error⁵³ does not come from the depths or from the voice that is its messenger, but from the interpretation that the spirit gives, at a conscious level, to the message received. Above all, there are the distortions of interpretation that come from the ideological conditioning, often tacit and even totally unconscious, with which each person is impregnated to such an extent, no matter how educated and How advanced he is spiritually, it is rare for him to suspect their existence and even less so for him to discover them, and discover the way in which they influence his listening to things and himself.

⁴⁸Compare with the aforementioned section no. 7, page 19.

⁴⁹In this regard, see mainly the sections "The call and the rejection" (no. 32) and "Faith and mission – or infidelity(1)", "The Death calls – or infidelity (2)" (no. 34, 35).

⁵⁰The context will make it clear, it seems to me, that here I do not take the word "I" (or "deep self") in the sense in which I take it to mean often, as "the self" or "the boss" or "the mayor", synonymous with "ego".

⁵¹For this kind of "amalgamation" between "the Guest" and the "deep self", see especially the note "Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma" (no. 41).

⁵²See in this regard the notes "When you have learned the lesson – or the Great Farce of God" and "The Christian hell – or the great fear of dying" (not s 27, 28).

⁵³When there is true "objective" error, and not only different degrees of deepening of an understanding in development.

I return to the distribution of roles in creation, in the special case of the writing of The Key of Dreams. Finally, leaving aside that listening and my fidelity to that voice in me that knows, it would seem that my part in creation is almost reduced to the tasks of administration without more. I would then truly be (according to the daring image recently) the conscientious and diligent apprentice "eager to do well" who, with the tool in his hand and with an air of being alone in the task, accomplishes his work closely following the discreet instructions that the supposedly absent Master communicates to him according to needs, it is not clear how. To the point that I would be tempted to affirm that everything that is truly creative in work comes from God, and that apart from my faith and my love, I would not have put into it anything other than my sweat. from apprentice to piecework focused on his work. (Not counting, certainly, errors and clumsinesses and even childishness of all kinds that I cannot stop spreading!) And that joy (which I know so well!) that accompanies the progress of the work, and that work interior that is realized at the same time, that deepening of an understanding of the World and of myself – those are things that come to me in addition...

That "humble" way of seeing things does not displease me at all – I am already too happy to have such a Master to teach me, and with such discreet and tireless patience, how to create! However, there is a dream from last February that (among other more important things) lets me know (as if in passing but, it seemed to me, very clearly) that there would be a part of me of creative initiative (relatively modest, it is true) and that would really be of my vintage. And if I also trust the word of the apprentice, my part of creativity would be called to be more important and expand as my collaboration with God continues, in the coming years. and during the births that I still have before me⁵⁴.

56. The Tree of Good and Evil – or spiritual knowledge (7)

1) "Good and evil" by Law – or archaic spirituality

(August 14 and 15) It has been three weeks since I continued with this chapter called "Spiritual knowledge", arising from an imprudent attempt to delimit the links between the three levels of creation: carnal, mental, spiritual. However, I have never taken the trouble to stop to examine and try to describe what is to be understood, or at least what I exactly understand (or should understand) by spiritual reality and knowledge, by spiritual creation. Throughout all the sections and notes already written, so-called "spiritual" things, or the spiritual aspect of things, have often been discussed, without me yet feeling pushed to specify what meaning I give (and I think we should give that term⁵⁵. It's not that the thing seemed useless to me, if only to myself who had never made the effort to put in black and white the scattered intuitions about it that formed in me. During the last years. But I had not been called urgently for the purpose I pursued: to give an account of my experience of dreams. Finally, by writing that initial purpose I have grown considerably, while my understanding of spiritual reality has become more refined (and perhaps this is also the case for the reader who has followed me this far. ..). The moment seems propitious to me to try, as a closing of this "spiritual" chapter, to gather together, at least here, the fragments of intuitions that appeared when writing The Key of Dreams, on the question: What Is it spiritual reality?

While it is true that all knowledge, whatever the level or "plane" on which it is located, is susceptible to being encompassed and clarified by a spiritual knowledge that would be like your soul, or like the breath that gives its meaning and which is its secret life⁵⁶, without a doubt that is the reflection, in the psyche that apprehends and knows a reality, of a similar "objective" relationship between spiritual reality and the lower planes of mental reality (which concerns to the world of ideas, concepts, forms, structures, etc.) or carnal and material (which concerns the world of living or inanimate matter). These realities or worlds, it seems to me, are crossed from part to part and impregnated, as if by a subtle and omnipresent ether, by a spiritual reality of which they would be like "incarnations" or "manifestations", "tangible". (as regards the carnal or material plane)

⁵⁴Compare the note "Mission and Karma – or the Apprentice and the Master", in which the image also appears for the first time, taken up here, of the apprentice and the Master.

⁵⁵I mention this issue in passing in a note at the foot of page 30.

⁵⁶See the section "Spiritual knowledge (1): it does not exclude, but it includes and clarifies" (no. 47) and the following one.

and “thinkable” (as regards the mental plane, and more particularly the intellectual plane). The first, primordial reality, from which every other reality derives, would be the spiritual reality, the one that is “behind” every other reality. (Just as the extrasensory reality of molecules, atoms and electrons is found “behind” the material reality accessible to our senses⁵⁷.) And that ultimate reality, in turn, would be confused with the Nature or the Thought or the Act of God, be it “God” or “the Being” or “Brahman”...

Here I am recklessly embarked on a more than fluid terrain, in which I no longer have my experience as support, nor revelations through dreams or through other means⁵⁸, and where I run the risk of echoing myself, unconsciously, of such or such allusions found here or there at random from my few “spiritual” or “philosophical” readings, which would have “tilt” without me noticing and which would now make me ‘as. That is why I prefer to return to the “subjective” and therefore firmer terrain of spiritual knowledge. At least that is something of which I have direct experience, however limited, which will allow me to speak with knowledge of the facts even if it is only about what my own experience teaches me about it.

The traditional conception of the essence of spiritual knowledge, common (it seems to me) to all religions, is that it concerns above all the distinction between “evil” and “good.” This distinction was established in a way that was both categorical and simplistic by an explicit doctrine, clothed with absolute authority (almost always divine authority), including as a masterpiece a detailed Law⁵⁹. The “good” consisted in the observation of that Law, the “evil” in its transgression. The innumerable cases in human life (and by far the most frequent) in which the Law does not provide any convincing criterion of “just” action were always (as far as I know) ignored by religious thought. . These cases, we have to think, were outside the notion of good and evil. Not to mention that the Law is subject to interpretation and that you can often (“stretch” it) make it encompass and make it say whatever you want⁶⁰. The delicate question of good faith or bad faith in the interpretation of the Law, a question that ran the risk of raising doubts

57I have no doubt that atoms, electrons and other particles are really manifestations of a spiritual reality. By its very nature, it will always escape any attempt at mathematical “modeling” – if only because intention and purpose are realities that escape mathematical apprehension and order (“Gesetzmäßigkeiten”), which are one of its main instruments. This impossibility of an “ultimate” modeling of physical reality does not mean in any way that the conception of mathematical models that match such sectors of physical reality has become sterile, well on the contrary. But rather, in order to carry out a fertile work, it would no longer be possible to continue ignoring the very evident action, in the physical world, of causes and purposes of a psychic and spiritual nature. These, it is true, escape any mathematical description, but they must be taken into account in various ways, even if only by reserving in the most realistic models and more faithful than the traditional models some “margins of freedom” to take into account these “extraphysical” factors. (Compare the comments in CyS 0, Walk through a work, “Glance at the neighbors across the street” (section no. 20), and especially in the two long footnotes on the modeling on in physics.

For me it is equally clear that this “impregnation” of physical reality by spiritual reality is not limited only to the corpuscular level in the “infinitely small”, but takes place in all the successive levels of integration of physical reality, from the infinitely small to the physical Universe in its four-dimensional globality. This intuition also convinces me that the doctrine so tempting (and “official” for a century or two) according to which physical reality, or at least the laws that regulate it, are reduced to what happens in the infinitely small, it is false and it could no longer be “sustained” for a long time. I am convinced that at each “level of integration” of physical reality laws specific to that level appear, and that they are not a mathematical consequence of the laws that govern the lower levels. (I heard René Thom express himself in this sense in 1969, as something that falls under its own weight, at a time when I was preparing to launch myself into molecular biology. That surprised me then. , but I was not prepared to part with the consecrated views, and so satisfying to the spirit! 58 (August 16) Here the statement is hasty and I denigrate the Dreamer - after Writing those lines I remembered two dreams I had last year, in which this

impregnation of sensible reality by a spiritual reality was strongly perceived. For me it is clear that it is of them and not of “allusions found at random from my readings” (as I let it be understood in the main text) from where that intuition that I try to express draws its strength and its life, which turn it into something more than a speculation. ‘on, more or less verbal, taken from more or less forgotten readings...

59I use the term “Law” with a capital L when I want to emphasize a relationship of the individual with it in which it appears not as a law (among other equally possible ones), but as the law, which imposes on him with such a force that it erases and nullifies the thought or idea of any other law.

Next to the Law, which is undoubtedly its true social reason for being, a religious doctrine also includes a cosmogony, which accounts for the creation of the world and of man, and the place of man. in creation. The Law seems to me to respond to a need of a social nature, as the foundation of social organization, while cosmogony responds to a spiritual need of the human person himself – the need to understand the world and oneself, or at least the need to have a coherent and therefore satisfactory image of yourself. Both, the Law and the cosmogony, establish an intelligible order in human life and in the apparent chaos of natural phenomena, and with that they respond (among others) to a need for security that seems inherent to the human psyche.

60Surely tendentious interpretations of sacred texts, which profoundly falsify your spirit or even make you say the opposite of what they say, are the rule rather than the exception. One of the most enormous concerns the recommendation of Jesus “Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar’s, and to God the things that are God’s” (cf. Matthew 22, 15-22). Most Christians take it as a justification, by the authority of Christ, of unconditional and total submission to authority.

about its effectiveness in distinguishing "truly" between "good" and "evil" (of a "good" and an "evil" since they would be an "absolute", located even beyond of a Law that would only strive to give an idea of them and to transmit a spirit through some explicit and exemplary "commandments") – that question does not seem to have been considered by thought either. traditional religious. When the interpretation of the Law was made by a judicial authority, its good faith could only be considered ex officio as beyond all suspicion...

A third difficulty that also presents itself to the spirit is that other peoples, often neighboring peoples, had a different law, and therefore a different way of conceiving "good" and "evil."

The traditional attitude consists of evacuating this difficulty by affirming the superiority of one's own religion and of the Law that is its keystone, and even more often, by affirming one's own religion as the only v 'alida, and the others as false, lying, illusory, heretical, etc. (depending on the context)61. Even today it is the attitude that seems to me to be the most widespread among believers of the various religions, however with the nuance that in our time among educated believers it is often seen as a reticence, as a lack of conviction in that statement, made as lip service as out of a duty of loyalty towards his own religion rather than out of true conviction62. It seems as if in our days, in a more or less clear or more or less confusing way, men who have reached a certain level of education realize that no religion has a monopoly on the truth, to the exclusion of all others; and also that the notion of "good" and "evil" is more delicate, and expresses a reality of a more universal nature in space and time, than a simple "Law", That is to say, a list of commandments, precepts, and recommendations could not be established with validity for all times and all places.

But let's return to the purpose of trying to capture the "spiritual reality" and the ("spiritual") knowledge that we have of it. I would say that knowledge of a law is never spiritual knowledge, any more than knowledge of a doctrine (whether religious or not) can be described as "spiritual." It is knowledge of an intellectual nature that, in a strict sense, only gives us "knowledge" of a reality that could be called "sociological": in such a town or such a country (of which I am a member or resident) such law (whether religious or secular) is in force and is (more or less) generally accepted and constraining.

However, it is true that to the extent that this law is imposed on us in a more or less categorical way, this knowledge of the law has a very particular character, the character of the most obligatory obligation. as or less internalized that accompanies it. For this reason, more than sociological or pragmatic "knowledge" ("if I screw up in this, that can happen to me"), the written or oral law is above all the tacit law that has been permeated our childhood, is indelibly inscribed in the structure of the self. She is the mold in which the Group has cast us.

established, whatever it may be (encouraged in this by Saint Paul himself). To put it clearly: "let us give Caesar everything let him ask – and the rest (if anything remains...) will be for God" (which He never complains about). Since the times of the Christian martyrs have already passed, God will not complain: he will generously have the right to the masses, the prayers, and the alms on Sunday, not counting the candles and the images of Epinal ... (N. del T.: At the beginning of 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.)

61These dispositions, it must be remembered, go well with the often somewhat conquering inclinations of the princes who govern us. In the good old days, it is often religious conviction that served as a pious banner to take over other countries or to devastate them and take away everything that was good to take. Today it is in the name of democracy, of the "free world" or of "socialism." Nothing very new under the Sun!

62This is the impression I have also had while reading Marcel Legaut. Krishnamurti is no exception either, except that he insistently makes it clear that religions are outdated and that it is really a waste of time to read anything other than the "Teachings" of his feather...

It is worth noting the extraordinary figure of R'amaKrishna (1836–1886), a Hindu mystic who has exercised an exceptional influence, and who has perhaps been the first spiritual and above all the first (and perhaps only) mystic in teaching and practicing religious universalism (or "ecumenism"). A Hindu of the Brahmin caste, he had the spiritual autonomy, almost unthinkable in his environment and in his time, to consider that no religion was superior or inferior to the others, and that for the believer animated by a thirst spiritual, each one was a path to God. That was not a theoretical vision, but a deep intuition (surely inspired by God...), which he subjected to the test of experience throughout his life, practicing the religious discipline recommended by religions and greats. religious currents that he knew, and reaching the experience of mystical union with God for each

a...

All he needed was, in short, to realize that God can also be reached outside of any religious ideology, and even outside of any particular "discipline." In my modest case, the encounter with God came first, and a certain "discipline of life" was established later, as one of the tangible fruits of that encounter.

2) Truth or obedience? – or man facing the law

That is why the relationship of a being with the law (which has been imposed externally before being internalized by him in this form or another⁶³), as well as his relationship with his parents who have been the designated instruments to mark it with the seal of the law (whether they know it and want it or not), is a crucial part of their spiritual adventure. It changes, more or less profoundly according to the stages of its journey, as its maturation continues. The quality of truth of that relationship in a given period of our itinerary judges our quality of truth at that moment. The “same” attitude of unconditional acceptance of the Law, depending on the stage and circumstances, can testify in such a case a quality of truth, of fidelity of being, and in another of inauthenticity, of flight from a higher personal responsibility, sheltering behind the easy security offered by the authority of the Law. The same occurs with the rejection (partial and conditional, or total) of the Law, whether affirmed by publicly as if he keeps to himself, and even if he remains unconscious and plays on two boards at the same time (which nowadays is by far the most widespread case): façade adhesion of the that oneself is the complacent cousin, and cheats to the extent that the circumstances are tempting and the risk minimal or nil...⁶⁵ In other cases (very rare, it is true), that rejection can be the expression fidelity to oneself is necessary, the more difficult and demanding (and therefore the more spiritually fertile) the more the rejected Law has been internalized and the more fidelity to the Law has reached to be in his eyes an essential part of fidelity as well; all the more demanding, above all, the more it puts the being in front of its radical spiritual loneliness, irrefutably tearing it away from the Group from which it has emerged and to which it continues to feel deeply linked, placing it only before the Group and before the hostility and reprisals of “their own”. In other cases, the rejection of the Law is equivalent to a desertion and a denial of oneself, under the pressure of events that put at stake the cultural and national identity of the people of which we are a part⁶⁶, or under the pressure of certain desires and appetites arising from

⁶³Almost always, if not always, the Law internalized in this way is to such an extent amalgamated with the structure of the self, that there is the intimate conviction that the main obligations it prescribes to us are a reflection of an “ethical knowledge.” more or less innate, rooted in our deep being, and that would have an absolute and universal value. That has been particularly my case. Until 1974 (at the age of 46) in my heart I considered “knowledge” as my most precious asset.

When the time was ripe, a few days' reflection was enough to verify to what extent the very notion of “obligation” that until then had constituted the tacit basis of my relationship with others, was insufficient to maintain that role. I plan to return in the next chapter to that important episode of my spiritual itinerary. This step was facilitated by a situation of ideological and spiritual “marginality” (which, to tell the truth, was habitual and almost congenital to me), so that it did not put me in a situation of conflict with a “Group” of which I would have felt part. See also the comments in the section “The call and the rejection” (no. 32), and especially pages ??–??.

⁶⁴I examine this crucial relationship with parents from various angles here and there in The Key of Yin and Yang (C&S III), and more particularly in the sections “Parents – or the Heart of the Child.” conflict”, “The enemy Father (3) – or yang buries yang”, “Father” (no s 128, 129, 147).

⁶⁵It also happens that there is a transgression of the Law that remains totally unconscious and is consumed in relatively deep layers of the psyche (deep enough to be sheltered from the inner Censor), without being qualified as a “trap.” I am thinking here above all of the erotic experience, mainly in love play, when impulses felt as “forbidden” are satisfied, often in a purely symbolic way, for example impulses that express incestuous archetypes, or the impulse homosexual. (These unconscious impulses are discussed in The Key of Yin and Yang, in the notes “Acceptance (the awakening of yin (2))” and “The Act” Cys III no. 110, 113). Such transgressions are all the more necessary to preserve the authenticity and vigor of the love experience, at least in the deep layers of the psyche, as the surrounding society is more puritanical and cultural repression is stronger. An overly vigilant activity of the inner Censor, especially if it is also undertaken with the unconscious experience, entails a true desertification of the being, in the very sources of its creative vitality. Even when the irreducible antagonism of the Censor (embodying the Law) against Eros is also played at an unconscious level, and although at a conscious level the values of the Law are very internalized, a true fidelity likewise (which here (which manifests itself especially if not exclusively in the Unconscious) would consist of “giving to Eros what is Eros’s”, and in preserving him from the protocol intrusions of the police-Censor, so that a mutilation fails. radical of his being.

⁶⁶I would not like to get too carried away by a moralizing attitude and by a priori judgments about the “duties of fidelity” that we would have regarding laws and customs in cases where these are abolished overnight by the power in power, as a result of, for example, the conquest of the country or simply a change of regime. The relative ease and speed with which such changes, apparently draconian, manage to impose themselves and enter into customs, in the space of one or two generations, show to what extent the Laws (and the doctrines or ideologies that govern them) base) are interchangeable – as long as there is one! A bit like a flock of sheep that cares little about who is the shepherd and what is the sheepfold, since there is a shepherd and a sheepfold. The case of the Jewish “diaspora” seems in this regard to be a unique exception in the history of people, and whose meaning still completely escapes me. This extraordinary fidelity of the Jewish people to their cultural identity, after their dispersion, is all the more notable since the history of the Jewish people in Palestine, according to what the Old Testament tells us without any fickleness of complacency, it has been above all the story of their infidelities to Yahweh the Law (hard to bear, it must be admitted, in the face of the seductions of the “dolce vita” of the neighboring peoples...).

Eros or the self⁶⁷ .

As a being matures spiritually, he or she realizes more clearly that the question of "good" and "evil" cannot be reduced to a "Law" or to any general "criterion"⁶⁸, which aims to apply indifferently to all men (or to those of a certain group), and to all particular cases (of this "type" or that other). This is so, whether the Law appeals to a divine or profane authority, whether it is instituted within a more or less vast human group, or whether it concerns only one who has conceived it and made his own as "his law", which commits him personally and which would take precedence over any other.

Although he recognizes that in every human group an explicit or tacit "law" that regulates to a certain extent the relationships between its members is something useful and even, almost always, indispensable, he realizes with increasing acuity that such a law does not It has more than distant relations with the knowledge of "good" and "evil." Increasingly, we would tend to see a law (including one that imposes itself with more or less force) a little like the set of rules of the game of society, rules that are above all a question conventions (chosen in a more or less convincing way...); but from the moment you participate in the game (even if it is obligatory and forced), it is (with exceptions) rather "good" to play respecting the rules, and rather "bad" to cheat...

But above all, it is the quality of truth, of authenticity of their actions, or on the contrary their "false", artificial, "easy", or mechanical character, which will tend more and more as a measure of their "good" or "evil" character, as the measure of "good" and "evil." That delicate discernment, never acquired, always to be renewed in every new situation one faces, taking into account "the law" simply as a restriction among others more or less imperative according to the circumstances, is the one who will increasingly be the light to illuminate and guide your actions; according to the law if possible, and against it if necessary, and in one case as in another, both spiritually and practically, at your own expense and risk, without having reason in any case or to regret of their setbacks, nor to boast or take credit for their successes.

Those dispositions of maturity, which I have just attempted to outline, can surely be seen as signs of a "spiritual knowledge," which will often remain unformulated forever and be expressed more by a way of being than by words or actions – a knowledge that clarifies that delicate question among all of "good" and "evil". But there is also a more elementary knowledge about "good" and "evil," which is not the attribute of maturity but is situated "in the moment," the result of immediate perception. Thus, in many situations in which we are offered a more or less extensive range of options to act (and often the range is wider than what we want to see...), we well know that the that should (8or should) guide our choice in no way is situated at the level of rational intelligence, of usefulness or comfort or convenience, not even at the level of our "wants" or our desire of this or that (and let the strongest desire win1), but the responsibility for our choice is placed on a very different level, precisely at that of "acting well" and that of "acting badly." ". This knowledge is already of a spiritual nature in itself, even independently of the ability to distinguish from the outset where "good" is and where "evil" is. The same thing happens with the knowledge that we may have of

67As I have tried to make clear in the penultimate footnote, the "desires arising from Eros" must not be treated with contempt nor must they necessarily be sacrificed to the demands of the Law, even in cases where it was very internalized.

Regarding the appetites of the ego, of course the main usefulness of the law is to put a brake and limits on the overflows of selfishness and aggressiveness of people (who on the other hand have had no difficulty in avoid them in a thousand ways). That said, there are cases where the law becomes overwhelming for certain categories of people (mainly with tax measures), and for them it is a simple matter of economic survival to defraud by all means.

Even outside of any "force majeure", in this time when "the law" is felt more and more like the result of political and electoral nonsense than as the expression of a divine or popular will, There are few people for whom respect for the law exceeds the level of fear of the gendarme and submission to the established powers, and who have the slightest scruple in leaving it a dead letter when they do not feel obligated and forced. to observe it. That is one of the eloquent signs of "the usury of the Times" of which I spoke in the section of the same name (no. 54).

As for iniquitous laws, those that go against the most basic sense of justice and human decency, God in His Wisdom has ensured that they are rare even today. He would have been able to convince himself that this has never worried good people (the "spiritual" ones no more than the others), except for a few stubborn ones here and there of whom He will not have He has stopped (he has all my trust up there) from taking good notes – for the Final Judgment! For a current and "very home" example, I am sure that among many others, I refer to Cosechas y Siembras, "My farewell – or the foreigners" (CyS I, section 24)

68Compare the reflection on this topic in the note "God constantly hides himself – or the intimate conviction" (no. 19), and in the section "God is not defined or proven – or the blind man and the cane" (no. 25).

having "acted well" in that case, or "acted badly" in that other⁶⁹ .

Certainly, there is nothing more frequent than the self-serving conviction of having acted well. The worst abominations are committed with the unwavering conviction of doing what has to be done (almost always with the total and unanimous approval of the Group with which we identify, it must be said...), of being "with a clear conscience" (who always has a good back). Even without a doubt they could not be committed without this, and in any case not with full knowledge of the facts⁷⁰. But that conviction and what is commonly called "conscience"⁷¹ come from the ego, they do not involve the layers of the psyche, no matter how shallow they may be, and they are in no way the reflection or source of true knowledge. These convictions are part of the accessories of the role we have chosen to play, and that "conscience" (whether "good" or "bad", the difference matters little...) is part of the script. These squeamishness develop in the peripheral layers of the psyche. I have no doubt that in that very common case, that of the everlasting "movie" that one tells oneself, one is perfectly aware of the game one is playing. But this knowledge remains at the surface of consciousness, and according to needs it is cornered in the more or less profound parts of the Unconscious.

3) The evil-doing father – or evil through ignorance

I am thinking above all of the evil inflicted by a father on his son more or less chronically, during childhood. Surely an evil intention is present much more often than is supposed; I mean dispositions of ill will, sometimes of hatred, often present before the birth of the child. I think that this ill will is never conscious. This does not diminish in any way its destructive effects on the child, nor does it mean that the malevolent father does not have to render heavy accounts to God in the hereafter, and that by assenting to his malevolent egotistical impulses, he burdens himself with heavy karma⁷². But the most frequent case by far is undoubtedly that of an evil inflicted through ignorance, without any conscious or unconscious malicious will, limiting themselves more or less to reproducing in their own children the type of education that one has received oneself and about which one has not learned anything, trying more or less to instill in them good manners and good principles according to the idea that one has of them. We often do evil with the best will in the world! Such has been my case with my own children, who nevertheless "loved" (but badly, as is usually the case with parents who love their child, and as is usually the case when we love or believe we love...), with whom I was very fond⁷³ .

⁶⁹The knowledge considered here should not be confused with the conviction (often to one's own advantage, as I emphasize in the following paragraph) of having "acted well" or "acted badly." Of course it is the most normal thing in the world to confuse them. Distinguishing between one and the other is not of the order of a method, of a criterion, but of the order of truth: each case is different from any other, and in each one, what is true cannot be distinguished other than being, in a state of truth. (See in this regard the references cited in the previous footnote.)

⁷⁰See the note "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" (no. 43), mainly page No. 118.

⁷¹He who takes as cash the declarations of "good" or "bad" conscience, whether those of others or his own, and who sees in the famous "voice of conscience" the pure voice of Truth that manifests itself to us to praise us or to shame us, and the guarantor par excellence of an immaculate spirituality, is still at the level of the spirituality of Saint Sulpice. I doubt that reading The Key to Dreams will be of any use to you. That voice is neither more nor less than that of the Censor, faithful Guardian of the Law and of the Group's consensus internalized by the ego. In the main text I have spoken of "good" conscience ("for one's own benefit"). As for the bad thing, I will give as an instructive example (among millions of similar ones) that of the SS concentration camp commander who, with all certainty, on the day he could not (for technical reasons independent of his manifest good will) to complete his daily "quota" of Jews for the crematory oven, he would not cease to have a bad conscience towards the Fuhrer and the Germanic Nation; At least if he is a scrupulous and honorable man worthy of the high responsibilities entrusted to him.

The inner voice of which I often speak in this book, the voice of the One in us who knows, has nothing in common with the voice, sometimes gurgling or honeyed, then complaining or growling, of the "conscience." " good or bad. She neither praises nor blames.

It limits itself, often in veiled terms, to letting people understand what it is – and that's enough! We are free to cover our ears, and to distract ourselves from a very simple truth that concerns and displeases us, and to cultivate at will (and often at the same time) self-satisfaction, or scruples, remorse, even the guilt carried or flaunted throughout a lifetime and which, too, are nothing more than another form, the shadowy form, of the same complacency...

⁷²Without a doubt, such dispositions of causeless ill will from a father towards his son represent his last reaction to a mutilation that he himself suffered in the days of a forgotten childhood. (See in this regard the notes "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" and "Creation and maturation (2): no "gifts" are needed to create", no. 43 , 49 , mainly pages N 120, 121, 144.) But that does not modify in any way his full responsibility for his actions.

⁷³I began to realize what had gone wrong in my relationship with my children starting in 1974 (when I was 46 years old), after taking a job (for the first time in my life). to formulate the vision of the world inherited from my parents, and to have

By "doing evil" I mean here: becoming the instrument of the Group's repression, helping to establish psychic mechanisms of considerable strength in the child, subordinated to the "escape mechanism"⁷⁴, which have the effect of blocking more or less completely the creativity of the growing child, and later of the adolescent and the adult. This situation, very rarely perceived because it is so universal and so impregnated we are by it, is not an exception. The exception is the opposite case, to such a rare extent that I am not sure I know of a single one. What is at issue here, very often, is neither the father's affection for his son, nor irresponsibility, nor even this or that particular act with heavy consequences that we could call a "bad action." "on" (surely done as the most natural and the most necessary and beneficial thing in the world!), but of an almost total ignorance of what really happens in the child, of his inner life (of which the existence is often ignored, or which we believe we have the duty to "awaken" or "form"), as well as what really happens between the child and oneself; and for that very reason, also an ignorance of what happens in ourselves, of what makes us see the child according to this or that cliché that is part of the air of the times, and act against it. that of this or that way (which is also part of it...). This ignorance has the nature of a lack of spiritual maturity, which is expressed by a lack of depth in the relationship with other beings, starting with oneself.

I think I can say that at its root is a defect in self-knowledge, and more particularly, the absence of knowledge, no matter how shallow it may be, of the repression that we ourselves suffered in our childhood, and of its multiple effects throughout our childhood, adolescence and adulthood.

It seems to me that (leaving aside the case of a true unconscious ill-will) this ignorance is not restricted only to the superficial layers of the psyche, which is in no way the effect of the blockage, in more or less deep layers, of a knowledge that would really be there and that we would have chosen to ignore.

(In such a case we would certainly be directly responsible for that so-called "ignorance", willed and maintained by us, and the evil we inflict would be imputable to us as an irresponsibility.) There are two reasons that make me think this way. One is that I do not remember ever having perceived, at the time (even if it was a brief flash...) or later, such unconscious knowledge of "doing wrong" to one of my children. The other is that in none of the numerous dreams that I have recorded that reveal any evaded responsibility, have I seen such irresponsibility towards any of my children⁷⁵. That's why I have the impression that it is ignorance in the full sense of the term, that is, neither more nor less than a lack of maturity. And it seemed to me to understand that God does not take into account such involuntary ignorance, such lack of maturity, whatever its consequences may be⁷⁶. In the case that concerns me here, it is also an ignorance to such a common point that it almost seems to be part of the human condition (at least in the current state of humanity), just as the fact of having suffered and internalized the repression ourselves with our eyes closed, and finding ourselves, to stop or to move forward (each one chooses!), on a "tightrope"⁷⁷ ...

And I also know that this "evil" of which I have received a generous portion in my own childhood has at the same time been the seed of a rich harvest that it is my turn to see grow and reap. And it is no different for each of my children, and for the "package" that I have partly contributed to carrying for them (just as we have all

verified its shortcomings. (I allude to this here and there in the sections "The Call and the Rejection" and "The Turn – or the End of a Drowsiness" (no. 32, 33), mainly on pages ?? and ??, and in the next chapter I plan to return to that important episode in my life.) In Cosechas y Siembras I touch in passing here and there on my relationship with my children, mainly in the sections "The enemy Father (1)(2)" (CyS I, no s 29, 30), "My passions", "Admiration" (CyS I, no s 35, 37), and lastly and above all in the note "The violence of the just" (CyS III, no 141), in which I examine a situation where, beyond mere ignorance, I had a great responsibility.

74 Regarding this "escape mechanism", see the note "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" (no. 43), as well as later, in this section. on, the sub-sub-section "The most absurd fact..." (pages N 118 and 36 36.)

75In the event that I had had some essential irresponsibility towards one of my children and had remained evaded, it seems difficult to me to conceive that the Dreamer has not given me some indication in this regard, and this is even more so as that my dreams confirm to me what I had already understood on the other hand: that no responsibility towards others, including those closest to us, is as essential or "judges" us as much as the one we have in front of us. to one of our children.

76First of all, I draw that conclusion from my dreams, but also from the testimony of the mystics of whom I have had knowledge, or from the writings and deeds of the apostles (even from the life of Jesus himself), in which more than once I have been stupefied by an ignorance that seemed to me to have serious consequences, without God Himself seeming to be bothered! (See in this regard the notes "Mystical experience and knowledge of oneself – or bargain and gold", "The apostles are fallible – or grace and freedom", "When you have understood the lesson – or the great Farce of God", "The Christian hell – or the great fear of dying", no . 9, 21, 27, 28.) Not counting, very recently, my own astonishing ignorance, that God has seen fit to dissipate in this case (once is not customary)...

77See the section "Creation and repression – or the tightrope" (no. 45).

been loaded), and that it is your responsibility to unwrap and eat, when the time is ripe and you decide to do so.

4) The act that does "good" is the fully creative act

(August 16) The more spiritually a man matures, the more apt he is to "invent" or "to discover" a meaning (or the meaning) of the events in which he finds himself involved, and the more This tends to blur the distinction between the "beneficial" or "evil" character of an event, a situation, or the acts and behaviors that triggered them. First in a confusing way, and then more and more clearly as he progresses, he understands that everything ends up concurring to the "Good"⁷⁸ – to the harmony in perpetual evolution of the All and the path towards the Being of it, itself and of each of the beings that populate the Universe.

This certainly does not mean that all kinds of value or valuation disappear (assuming that such a thing is possible for a human being), that all acts, behaviors, attitudes... are thrown into the same bag. But the "value" of an act is no longer judged according to its conformity with such "norms" (or such "Law") or such others, nor even according to its alleged "beneficial" or "beneficial" character. evil", when the chain of more or less direct or indirect effects of that act, even on the material plane (except in the short term) and even more so on the spiritual plane, escapes almost completely to human knowledge (and perhaps also, to a large extent, to that of God Himself...); without taking into account that the distinction between "beneficial" and "evil" effect is recognized as totally relative, depending on your own criteria of appreciation and the state of maturity in which you are when you make your judgment, that tomorrow could be totally different. He feels that he has reason to think that in the infinite Knowledge of God Himself, which includes all human knowledge and transcends them all, this distinction between "beneficial" and "evil" disappears.

In the perspective of a "spiritual vision", that is, a vision that at the level of the human psyche reflects (even if very imperfectly) the vision of God, the value of an act resides in its quality of authenticity, that is, in the quality of truth of the one who does it, at the moment of doing it. Regarding its effects on the future of the one who acts as well as on the future of the Universe, action devoid of that quality of authenticity, in truth, is reduced (on the spiritual plane) to an agitation that it feeds an agitation, a noise that adds to a noise. The act that is fertile by nature, both for the one who performs it and for the entire Universe, is the authentic act, the act carried out by a being in a state of truth.

It is true that there is no "objective criterion", no "method" or "recipe" to discern that essential quality of an act or a being at that moment, or its absence⁷⁹, in a way (say) that achieves "the agreement of the spirits" (assuming their good faith), in the way that is largely possible in matters of a material or scientific order. This does not prevent us from having an immediate, vivid and irrefutable perception of that quality in many cases, whether it is ourselves or others. Such insight through immediate perception cannot be acquired by "practice." Nor can it be acquired by the simple fact of a high degree of spiritual maturity. Without requiring a particular maturity (although it favors it), this discernment requires a state of inner silence, of listening⁸⁰, which in the majority (including myself) only occurs at certain moments. . Such a moment is itself an instant of truth: only the being in a state of truth is capable of discerning the truth or its absence in a being.

The perception of which I speak, when it is present, is as irrefutable as the sight of the Sun! Certain beings, among them numerous mystics, seem to have, on a more or less permanent basis, that gift of "reading the hearts of others," of discerning the state of truth of a being who is e before them, even from a distant being. I tend to think that this is not a capacity linked to a certain high degree of spiritual maturity, but rather has the nature of a charisma, that is, an exceptional capacity granted by God to

⁷⁸I have expressed myself in this sense in the section "The Concert – or the rhythm of creation" (no. 11, cf. page ??), "The Creator – or the fabric and the paint" (no. 24, cf. page ??), "The Sense – or the Eye" (no 40, cf. page ??), and also in the note "My friend the good God – or Providence and faith " (no. 22, cf. ??). I will return to it again in this sub-section (cf. page ?? below).

⁷⁹See also in this regard the section "God is neither defined nor proven – or the blind man and the cane" (no. 25) and the note "God constantly hides himself – or the intimate conviction " (no. 19).

The reflections of this paragraph and the previous one are already prefigured in the previous sub-section "Truth and obedience? – or man facing the Law", 25.

⁸⁰See in this regard the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 7), mainly pages ??, ??.

the fulfillment of the mission, and capable of being withdrawn when it is no longer necessary⁸¹.

This is how, I cannot say in what way, a profound change has occurred in me in the way of seeing "good" and "evil," a change that, on the other hand, does not manifest itself full light more than by the reflection of these last days. This change concerns both the "good" and "evil" that the events that happen to me entail, as well as my own acts and works or those of others. As for events, I realize that even the most painful or the most painful have the nature of gifts that come to me for my benefit – if the shell is hard, I have to break it to extract the sweet fruit and feed me! And what is valid for me is valid for everyone. And even if we were to reject and leave intact such a nut of misfortune destined for us, because the shell seems hard or the fruit bitter, or we rejected them all throughout our entire life, those same rejections would be the substantial meat of other fruits that one day it will be up to us (perhaps in a distant and future birth...) to finally crack the shell and eat...

Thus every event, in its ultimate fruits both for me and for others, seems to me to be "beneficial" in its ultimate essence, and this even in the case in which its immediate effect is felt as "evil" due to deeply anchored reflections⁸². How many times has an evil that hit me, often violently and completely, been transformed into a good, into knowledge, by the mere fact of searching for it and finding meaning in it, that is, of finding the substance that brings me back? ya! But it would not even occur to me to look for that "meaning" if I did not already know, through some deep and certain knowledge, that there really is a "meaning" in everything that happens to me, and that it is precisely in that sense, in that substance, where the "good" lies in everything, even the apparently most evil and perverse thing. That faith is prior, and not the endlessly renewed experience that endlessly confirms it. It is faith that is creative and not the assumed experience that, more than a confirmation (always welcome) of faith, is actually its fruit⁸³.

Certainly the "shell" that an event or situation presents to us and that contains the substantial fruit that we must crack, is more or less hard and leathery from one case to another. It often seems that the tougher the shell, the more substantial it encloses. But sometimes it also happens that there is almost no shell, that life (or God...) gives us fruits already prepared to be opened. And even important fruits – and yet they are often rejected⁸⁴! To the extent that every act creates an event or a situation (or modifies or transforms in a certain sense an event or a situation already present...), it can be said that the act is spiritually fertile, that is which by its very nature is directly fertile and not only "fertile in the (perhaps very long) term", to the extent that it not only creates or discovers or presents a substance, but also It does not surround it with a shell that is too thick and resistant. The fully fertile act, the fertile act par excellence, is the one that puts us in the immediate presence of a fruit without a shell, ready to be eaten.

81 See the note "Creation and maturation (3): gifts and charisma" (no. 50).

The following three paragraphs were inserted on August 21, when the present subsection and the following one were revised.

82 I do not mean to say that at their level of perception of a brute reality these "deeply anchored reflections" are necessarily erroneous, and that they do not frequently correspond to a perfectly accurate apprehension of said reality, for example to that of a malice of such person that manifests itself in the event. Such confirmation of an evil or destructive intention (which the "reflection" will make us feel, not without reason, as "evil") can also be the content of a direct perception. irrefutable, or the fruit of careful examination. I am not trying to deny all objective validity to those psychic reactions, sometimes of peremptory force, that make us feel such events or situations as "evil", nor to deny their usefulness in putting us on guard against a situation. which may require particular vigilance. But rather to realize that this "objective validity" remains subjective, and that it tends to erase another more delicate and more essential reality, which it is important not to lose sight of under the impact of the event, or to rediscover if it has been lost. Only in this way will the "alert reaction" really be a useful reflex, which warns us and perhaps wakes us up from indolence or carelessness, without disconcerting us or making us uneasy. leads to dramatization (and with that, often, to entering into the game of the one who wants to "manage" us...).

As for Epinal's image of "spiritual perfection" (Eastern version), with the traits of a man so far above the contingencies of this world of appearances, that not a hair moves Whatever happens to her (even if it's a bad toothache, without going looking for more heroic and extreme things...), it would be wise to leave her in the props warehouse of a certain theater called "Spirituality". Let him who obstinately strives to be like him only remember that, like him and like me, Jesus also knew pleasure and pain, and did not deem it necessary to depart from them.

83 Compare the section "Act of knowledge and act of faith" (no. 7), especially the footnote ??.

84 When writing these lines I think above all of the permanent "gift" that shines in the little child, and also of the similar radiance that shines in certain adults in whom it is preserved intact, with all its purity and its intensity, the same force of innocence. See in this regard the section "Rudi and Rudi – or the indistinguishable ones" (no. 29) and the note "The creative child (2) – or the field of forces" (no. 45).

Thus the "good" or "beneficial" act, the one that does "good", for me is not the one whose intended consequences seem such to me, nor the one carried out with laudable intentions, and even less so. the "lawful" act according to law or custom, but the spiritually fertile act. And no matter how modest and humble it may be, the fertile act for the one who performs it is also the fertile act for any other being and for the Universe as a whole. Such an act does not presuppose in the person who performs it any knowledge about the nature of the act or about its possible effects, probable or certain, neither immediate nor distant. It does not presuppose any particular spiritual or mental maturity⁸⁵. The fertile act is none other than the authentic act, that is, the one that is carried out in a state of truth of being. Such an act is accessible to anyone at all times, in all circumstances, according to their free choice.

Performing such an act is simply being true to oneself, to "what is the best in us." It is simply "being oneself," assenting to one's own spiritual becoming – truly it is being, and truly it is becoming.

It is listening and it is following the call of who we are called to be and who gropes through who we are. It is not an act of obedience, nor that of well-informed knowledge (even when it is very careful to be well-informed) (51), but rather an act of fidelity and an act of faith. Fidelity to oneself and faith in oneself, but also faithfulness to God and faith in God (although God remains forever unknown and unnamed), truly indistinguishable from faithfulness to oneself and faith in oneself.

Fertile act, authentic act, true act, faithful act, act of faith – that is also the act "pleasing to God", that is, the "good" act, the act that does "good", not according to the wisdom of men or according to human Law (even if it were granted by God...), but according to the Knowledge of God Himself, which reads in the heart of man the same which also sees, in its breadth and depth, the vast movement of the future of the Universe. It is the act of kinship that testifies (however humble) our likeness to God – to Him who very quietly illuminates us about what is true and calls us to create. It is, in the image of the Act of God, the fully creative act

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If in this understanding the notion of a "good act" has a very different meaning from that suggested by our mental habits, the notion of a "bad" act tends to disappear. An act is "more or less good," according to the state of truth of the being who performs it; it is more or less mixed with a bundle of non-truth, in the form (very often, perhaps) even always from a more or less strong contribution of unrecognized impulses (and therefore not assumed) that come from the "I", or from Eros⁸⁷. More than the "bad" acts that would sow or propagate or reinforce "Evil" in the World, we discern the sterile, useless acts, the acts-noise or acts-inertia, whose The only effect on the spiritual plane is to throw more noise into the ocean of noise of the world of men, to add more weight to its prodigious inertia. Lawful or not, moved by an evil will or by the "best intentions", reprehensible or praiseworthy (even "indispensable" and "necessary") on the practical, social or philanthropic level, properly speaking they are not acts. , that put human freedom and the power to create into play, but rather the more or less forced or more or less fluid development of totally mechanical phenomena.

5) The state of truth is the fully creative state

I would like to return to the state of truth. That is the creative state on the spiritual plane, the "fully creative" state from which spiritual work springs⁸⁸. It can also be described as the state of communion with the invisible Guest, with God in us: the state of listening to the inner voice, that voice that whispers to us, in every moment in which we are silent, which is essential to illuminate our free choice of the "just act" that corresponds to the demands of the moment⁸⁹. That creative listening is not

⁸⁵See in this regard the note "Creation and maturation (2): no "gifts" are needed to create", especially pages N 143–146.

⁸⁶Here, by qualifying creation on the spiritual plane as a "fully creative" act, I simultaneously understand that a creation that totally excluded the spiritual dimension could not be seen as a creation in the full sense of the term – ceases to be beneficial for the one who performs it, as well as for the World as a whole. I have already expressed myself in this sense in the sections "The Sense – or the Eye" (no. 40, cf. especially page ??) "On the soul of things and the soulless man" (no. 51, cf. . especially pages 9, 10, That

the creative act on the spiritual plane is none other than the "authentic" or "true" act, emerged already in the note "Creation and maturation". on (2): "gifts" are not needed to create" (no. 49), at the end of page N 143 and at the beginning of page N 144 (already cited in the previous footnote agina).

⁸⁷Here I consider the "drive of Eros" in the full sense of the term, also including the drive for knowledge on the mental plane (mainly artistic and intellectual). See in this regard the note "An animal called Eros" (no. 2).

⁸⁸See the reference at the end of the penultimate footnote.

⁸⁹Compare with the section "Creation and inner voice" (no. 55) and especially sub-section 3, "Creation and listening".

passive listening, which is limited to “taking notes”, but rather effective listening, thus transformed by faith in what is heard⁹⁰. In that immediate and naked faith lives the spark ready at all times to ignite, to extend and to transform into a creative act – like a fire that explodes and ignites and transforms a dead forest into heat and flames! It is faith, the virginal ardor of the soul, that awakens the strength buried or dormant in the depths of the underground and that liberates, animates and sustains. It is she who transforms a sheep from a sheep into an eagle, with powerful and solitary flight...

This ardent listening to the inner voice is also a state of openness to what arrives, the state of welcome. Through that voice, beings and things speak to us about what they are, even beyond what our senses and intelligence reveal to us. Through it we perceive, to the extent that it is given to us, spiritual reality. For those who, like me, have not reached the stature of “seer”, surely she is that “spiritual eye” that we use so little, and when we listen to her and hear her that is when we see (52) !

It is then that the grainy flesh and the changing shape of things are for us messengers of beauty, it is then that love works in us and puts us in unison with the love that humbly permeates all things and is exhaled in that perfume. of beauty. It is then that behind the chaos and apparent meaninglessness of the world and of ourselves we see meaning appear, and when through the innumerable dissonances of our lives we see the secret harmony of a human existence revealed.

6) The forbidden fruit (1): resistance and suffering of the creator

(August 16 and 22) According to the numerous echoes that reach me, it seems that creation, and especially spiritual work, was often not only laborious, but even painful and more or less tormented. However, my own experience has been very different. In my case, creation, sometimes certainly laborious, is not accompanied by suffering, but always by joy. Also sometimes, in the strong moments of meditation⁹¹, there is pain, but a pain that I feel beneficial, a blessed pain that is joy as well as It's pain.

I have good reasons to think that the feeling of suffering that frequently accompanies creative work, felt as an unfortunate brake on creation, is always due to a state of inner resistance against creation: it is a “suffering.” by friction”, an indication of a powerful unconscious brake, of a division in the one who creates. It is the division and it is the friction between those who assent to creative faith and will, and those who reject them. More precisely, it is the division between he who wants to know (since he who believes knows, and he who discovers believes...), and he who fears to know and resists with all his strength, sometimes with a desperate energy (and almost always successful...), against knowledge about to appear. I believe that as long as this conflict is not resolved, as long as “the one who is afraid” has not been clearly seen, and for that reason has not been clearly separated from the one who does not retain any fear in his desire for knowledge or in its thirst for truth – knowledge itself, the inner fruit of creation, keeps the seal of that violent division that marked its birth; Like a child still marked by his mother's state of division when she conceived him, he carried and nursed while a powerful part of his being rebelled against the dark works of the body and against the that was going to be born...

I am not saying that in my work there is no resistance to creation, and especially in spiritual work. Above all, it is a work of self-discovery – the work par excellence that goes

90Compare with the section “Act of knowledge and act of faith” (no. 7), especially pages ??, ???. See also the section “The narrow door – or the spark and the flame” (no. 9).

91On the contrary, in my case mathematical work has never been accompanied by suffering (as in some colleagues), and certainly even less so by pain (and I doubt that that is even possible). In this I see a sign among many others that my relationship with mathematics, at least when “I was doing mathematics”, is entirely devoid of any conflictive component: it is “love without conflict”, exempt from any trace of repression in the faculties of knowledge that are at stake.

Strange as it may seem, this is by no means the rule in scientific creation, but rather a very rare exception. (See especially in this regard, in Cosechas y Siembras, the succession of notes “Yin and Yang Mathematics” (CyS III, notes no . 119–125), and more particularly the note “The Funerals of Yin (yang buries yin) (4))” (no 124). See also the note “The providential circumstance – or the Apotheosis” (no. 151).) Almost always, under the weight of the dominant values and the cultural environment that promotes them, the entire “yin” (or “feminine”) aspect) of scientific work is systematically rejected. If my work has proven to be extraordinarily fruitful, I see no other reason than my total fidelity to all the means of knowledge available to me in mathematical work. In that job, it seems to me, I have always “functioned” with the totality of my means. That is also why, surely, these means have been deployed and multiplied in such an impressive way.

See my observations in this regard in the note (ÿ) at the foot of page No. 141, in the note “Creation and maturation (2): “gifts” are not needed to create” (not 49).

"against the current" of all the immense inertia accumulated in the being, while the custom is that the slightest premonition of the threat of a look beyond the facade raises a whole hasty cohort of insidious or vehement resistances. , to divert the inopportune gaze or to intercept it. I too have had to continue my work against strong and tenacious resistance, practically at all times. These resistances are anchored, I believe inextricably (at least in the current state of humanity⁹²), in the structure of the self. I don't expect them to release their prey in my entire life! And from what I have been able to learn about human behavior throughout my life, I have not the slightest doubt that such resistances are not a particularity of my modest person⁹³, but that at all times and in every man they have been planted in the structure of the self, and they cannot be torn away. We can see them as the attentive and watchful servants of the sacrosanct Image of ourselves, erected in us from the earliest childhood and which increases in weight and rigidity over the years and events – the 'Idol of lead (almost always gold-plated) infinitely dearer than the world and its wonders (which are no longer worth a flick, when He is threatened...), dearer than all the relatives and all the that we believe we love, dearer than life itself... It is they, the stealthy and inexorable forces that move the gears of that strange mechanism, with implacable effectiveness in all (or almost there...), that I have already evoked here and there (when encountering them at every step...), alluding to the "escape mechanism"⁹⁴; that mechanism that at every step pushes us to "challenge the testimony of our healthy faculties", to act the idiot in short and believe it (violating us when necessary...), to take prefabricated ideas, no matter how false and aberrant they may be. , carved to the size of the Image.

To tell the truth, before meditation entered my life (on October 15, 1976),⁹⁵ on the few occasions in which there was in me the beginning of an authentic spiritual creative work (however modest outside⁹⁶), this work was marked at first, which was also the most painful and laborious, by intense suffering. With perspective, I clearly distinguish all the power of a more or less completely contained anguish. The task of containing this anguish (decidedly incompatible with the Image!) and the perception of the resistances of which it was a sign, mobilized (and for that reason immobilized for creative, spiritually urgent tasks) the majority, and with a lot of my energy. Suffering was nothing more than the sensitive sign, strongly perceived although it frequently remained blocked at the surface of consciousness, of the tension of the being, trapped between the ascension (of a totally mechanical nature) of an "anguish". of rejection" in the face of a knowledge that is about to burst in and feels revulsive and therefore threatening, and the reflex (equally mechanical) of keeping that flow of anguish outside the field of conscious gaze. Under these conditions, it is not unusual for the spiritual work to suffer strongly, since in each case, above all, it was about gaining knowledge of myself (in light of the conflict situation in which I was then involved).

However, the third time was different, since the crisis led to the passage, one after the other with two days of interval, of two crucial thresholds in my spiritual adventure: first the "discovery of meditation" (in the wake of the collapse of the Image...), then the "reunions with myself" (immediate fruit of the messenger dream of which I have already spoken⁹⁷). Due to an apparently

⁹²As long as humanity does not emerge from its "childhood illness," whose most characteristic symptom is the "resistance to self-knowledge" that I examine here. See in particular the section "Creation and repression – or the tightrope" (no. 45), and the note "The two aspects of "Evil" – or childhood illness" (no. 43). .

⁹³After reading Krishnamurti, around 1971 or 1972, I had the pleasure of observing the action of these forces in others and being amazed, taking it as obvious that such crazy stories could only occur in others. As I explain in the following paragraphs, the first decisive advance in my spiritual adventure (on October 15, 1976) consisted precisely in the discovery that this was not the case. In Freud's language, I would also say that it was the day I finally discovered that I too had an "Unconscious"!

⁹⁴On this escape mechanism, see for example note 43 , already cited in the penultimate footnote.

⁹⁵I recount this crucial episode in Cosechas y Siembras, in the section "Desire and meditation" (CyS I, no 36).

⁹⁶I see three such episodes. The first is the episode of the "healthy tear" of the mathematical environment, in the first months of the year 1970. (See the section "The turn – or the end of a torpor", no. 33.) The second is set in 1974, and I allude to it in passing here and there, mainly in the aforementioned section and in the one that precedes it. I plan to return to it in the next chapter. Finally, the third is triggered on October 10, 1976, and leads to the decisive advance that will be discussed in the next paragraph, and which is the topic of the section on Harvests and Sowing cited in the previous footnote.

⁹⁷That dream was discussed at the beginning of the Key to Dreams (page 1), and then in various places, and most particularly in the section "The Key to the Great Dream." – or the voice of "reason", and the other" (no. 6), and more particularly on page ?? . See also in Cosechas y Siembras the note "The reunions (the awakening of the yin (1))" (CyS III, no 109).

fortuitous (and at first cursed!), and which later turned out to be providential, in the minutes that followed the crash that triggered the crisis, the resistance was somehow suspended and deactivated, giving time to the flow of anguish to invade the field of consciousness – and suddenly they overflowed! Like a sea that had broken and washed away the dikes, anguish burst forth in a torrent, for five days in a row...

It burst in until finally, without knowing what I was doing, I took the leap – a leap that in the following hours I recognized as the first great advance, the first decisive advance in my spiritual adventure.

It was the first meditation of my life, although I “meditated” without knowing it yet. The first time I looked, not only certain accessories of the Image, but the Image itself and the reality it hid. A few hours of intense work, without knowing what I was doing or where I was going – and I saw the Image sink even before I knew what I was about to look at⁹⁸. So I was not entertained, and even less disgusted, with the remains of the ‘Idol’. I knew that I had just discovered a crucial faculty, ignored throughout my life (just as it was ignored by everyone, to all appearances): the faculty of “seeing clearly in myself” and therefore, of seeing clearly also in the conflicts in which I am involved and by doing so, resolve them⁹⁹.

Looking carefully to see clearly in oneself is a job that is fundamentally not so different from any other work of discovery¹⁰⁰. I have called that work meditation. I had just discovered that there were things in me to discover, and that I was capable of doing so, capable of “meditating”: I had just discovered meditation.

With that crucial discovery, my relationship with spiritual work, or at least with self-discovery (which truly is your core and heart), was transformed overnight. nana in an irreversible and draconian way. The anguish, once recognized and faced, was deactivated – the tide of anguish gave way to a vast and powerful wave rising from the depths, which led me to the discovery of myself and others. like this, with the amazed exultation of the little child who discovers the world. The anguish did not reappear in the following months, once that first great creative wave finished unfolding and sinking again into everyday life. Afterwards, it is true, he made brief reappearances here and there, for a few hours or a few days, and even once, six years later, for a week or two, leading (after It is from that “rediscovery of anguish” so useful, that it gave me in its wake a deeper understanding of its nature) the following month in the meeting with “the Dreamer

⁹⁸See the already cited section of Harvests and Sowing “Desire and meditation” (CyS I, no 36). From that moment, I clearly realized that the “sunken” Image was not dead, and that it was going to be rebuilt in a short time. That situation of the Image being discovered and even sunken has been reproduced many times since then, and then said Image always recovered with agility, exceeding all my expectations! Today (it must be specified) he behaves as well as ever, and I presume that this will be the case until the end of my days. (Unless God Himself decides otherwise – but I think I understand that ‘that’s a kind of favor He never does...’)

⁹⁹That was my innermost conviction, and I was willing to put it to the test. With the perspective of eleven years, I can say that I was not wrong in the essentials. Furthermore, in the following days and weeks, I already had ample opportunity to verify the fruitfulness of that “faculty” that I had just discovered. Above all, I was able to completely and definitively resolve a good number of inveterate ambiguities (which were expressed with chronic doubts and until then obstinately removed from consciousness, which affected, among others, my love life and erotic impulse in me). A few months later, with a lightning meditation of a few hours, I saw also resolved, and (as it turned out) in an equally total and definitive manner, the conflict that had been For almost twenty years I felt that it weighed more on my life.

Well underlining this, I must add that I had a tendency, until last year, to overestimate the penetrating power of that faculty of meditation by itself, which is basically nothing other than that “sound reason”, put at the service of a desire to know and (in the most sensitive moments) a thirst for truth, which has no fear (conscious or, above all, unconscious...) to know As I already emphasized in the first section of the Key to Dreams (“First reunions – or dreams and self-knowledge”), even in the best conditions the conscious gaze does not penetrate further well beyond the superficial layers of the psyche. It is true that seeing clearly in those layers is enough to profoundly transform existence – because all the “cinema” that we tell ourselves and others, that is where it really is! To see clearly in them is to leave all “cinema” behind – and that is already immense. But that does not mean that certain deeper blockages, and certain mechanisms linked to them (for example, in my case, the insidious mechanism of burying the past...) are deactivated. Not even assiduous and intense work on dreams can achieve this by itself (and I will return to this point in the chapter devoted to work on dreams). Here we touch, I believe, the domain par excellence in which man by himself (even if the spirit were not divided in his desire to know himself and renew himself...) is impotent. Only the Act of God has the power to untie in man what has been knotted in him deep down, in the forgotten days of his childhood...

¹⁰⁰The main difference between the work of mathematical discovery, say, and the work of meditation, leaving aside the effects of that work on the psyche, is found in the nature of the resistances that are at play, resistances incomparably stronger, as powerful in meditation. That is why it seems to me that the work of self-discovery is the most difficult, the most delicate of all. See also in this regard in Cosechas y Siembras the two sections “The forbidden fruit” and “The solitary adventure” (CyS I, nos 46, 47).

in person"101. But in all those cases, it was no longer the same anguish; not the resurgence of a submerged block of anguish, much less the anguish faced with a fearful task in which one was engaged, but rather "fortuitous" anguish, so to speak, "circumstantial" or "take-off" anguish, certainly revealing signs. and welcome (once recognized) a momentary state of closure and tension, and no longer the emergence in consciousness of an inhibited fear and symptoms of a chronic state. With the perspective of eleven years (eleven years of almost uninterrupted and often intense maturation, often listening to messages from the Unconscious that come to me through my dreams...), I think I can say with certainty full knowledge of the fact that that memorable day, which was also the day when for the first time the fear of knowing showed its face, the fear of knowing disappeared from my life

But for my current purpose, even more important than the vicissitudes of my relationship with anxiety is the fact that since then the resistance against the work of self-discovery was perceived. At the same time it was also the end of the division within me in that work.

Today I would describe this situation by saying that the resistance to knowledge comes from the Self, from the "Pattern"102, while the desire and will to know the truth (when they are really present) are from the soul: from the child, who follows the fiery and often sacrilegious impulse of an innocent and ardent curiosity, and of the spirit, faithful to the call of a mission that he still ignores. Before that crucial step of a double threshold103, the soul did not know that it was different from the "I", in fact it did not know anything other than that "I". In the absence of clarification about herself, she identified with him by hook or by crook. In moments of crisis that caused a healthy outburst of the spirit, it was as if it were the soul itself, which made an effort to understand its state, and which at the same time was afraid to know104; that it was she who was secretly, violently, rearing up against the dark and fearful threat of a knowledge about to appear, against the intolerable risk of the desecration of the Image and a rebirth of the being. Thus the best of his energy was blocked to hide that heartbreaking division, certainly not in accordance with the Image, so beautiful and so edifying (and which until then he had never bothered to examine its nature nor its origin...).

Once the fateful double threshold had finally been crossed, that truly crazy story was suddenly resolved! At last the soul was reunited, henceforth one with itself. The obstacle to her progress, the obstacle to her discovery of herself as well as of the psyche of which she is the soul and which she is in charge of, was no longer in her, but outside of her. . And finally that obstacle was clearly recognized, in the tributary resistances of the Self (aka the Ego), at the service of the Image – of that Image tirelessly reconstructed and embellished as soon as it is destroyed...

Certainly resistance with consequences, strong and obstinate, and at the same time so skillful (when one is not on guard...) in making the change with such virtuous and reasonable airs... But after all, The old Sioux that I was had already seen many others and they did not impress me at all! Once these resistances have been seen, and only then, or at least when their existence and omnipresence has been well understood (although their action has not ceased to remain hidden)105, the knowledge we have of the nature of the work of discovery of oneself begins to be realistic. Then that work begins

101See the section "Encounter with the Dreamer – or forbidden questions" (no. 21).

102About the "I" (or more modestly the "I"), alias the Patron, see the family portrait in the note "The little family and its Hu'espèd" (no 1).

103This "double threshold" consists of the "discovery of meditation" and the "reunions with myself", in the interval of two days. In what follows, it becomes clear that these reunions of the soul with itself play a role no less important than the first of those two steps.

104That "as if" truly corresponds to a reality, I believe. As long as the soul does not know that it is different from the Self, it is irremediably contaminated by all the ambiguities and all the maneuvers of the Self, and that "fear of knowing" (however unconscious it may be, that does not change anything). Without a doubt, the soul itself was very present. It may even be true that fear, as well as most if not all feelings, are typical of the soul, and never of the Self (nor of Eros), although they are frequently aroused by attitudes, choices, , movements of the Self (or Eros, or both). In this case, the fear of knowing would be the result of the state of division of the soul that at the same time wants to know itself, and (due to its identification with the Self, due to its ignorance of itself) reh 'use to know.

105The action of these resistances is always "hidden", at least in the sense that they are never taken for what they are. They always present themselves under appearances that are friendly to our knowledge project, and constant vigilance is needed to avoid falling into the trap. A natural inertia makes us too prone, even when we already know the song and are supposed to know (from experience) what to expect, to forget the existence of these bitches, even to imagine that they are already disarmed and that we are above those contingencies. When such a feeling of false confidence, of false security begins to set in, it is a very bad sign and we are surely already on the verge of "letting ourselves be fooled" and that they are already taking us.

overcome the stage of simple skirmishes of the soul, which tries more or less to free itself from the usurpations and rudeness that come from unknown neighborhoods. It is then, and only then, that we can ask ourselves the question (which always ends up finding a solution...) of how to mislead such resistance, and how to make it fail.

But the essential thing here is not a question of "relationship of forces" or "strategy" (which have nothing to do with creation, and even less with love and spiritual work). , but a question of "morality". When the soul's faith in itself is rooted in a clear and sure knowledge of its indestructible unity¹⁰⁶ its progression ceases to be the painful and groping march of that which is caught between the desire to seek and the afraid to find. Under the midday sun or in the thick darkness of the night, ardent and serene even where she suffers laboriously, her journey is joyful and wings carry her forward, to meet the Beloved who awaits her...

At first glance this may seem like a paradox, that a knowledge of oneself, no matter how shallow it may be, must necessarily go through an awareness of the resistance to the discovery of oneself. However, very often and in a totally similar way, it happens that the sudden light of an instant of truth appears, as if by miracle, only by virtue of the humble verification of a state of non-truth in ourselves. . Furthermore, these two situations are closely linked: the resistances are nothing more than the "forces of interference", which try by all means to disturb the inner silence of a "state of truth" about to be established or already established. established – that state that is the only one that allows us to become aware of ourselves (contrary to the ideas, often favorable, that we feed on our own). And they are true forces and not simple inertia, of prodigious vehemence (at least while they are not seen, understood and accepted...), that rise up to help the threatened Idol!

They could rightly be called the "anti-truth forces" – those that oppose step by step, what do I mean, millimeter by millimeter, to the spiritual creative forces of being, and this all the more as effectively as they remain unrecognized. To truly see them is to see the "non-truth" acting in us, it is to see what in us constantly eludes the truth and drives the false...

As I already let you understand¹⁰⁷, in my case these forces almost always take the appearance of the "voice of reason" (giving me where it hurts...), when it is not that of simple decency, crossing out of digressions and cutting a hair into four, when it is not nonsense, nonsense or even simple delirium, that kind of petulant madness that incessantly incites me to stick my nose where no one sticks it and do and say what no one in their right mind would ever think of doing or saying!

When we are not constantly on guard against being led astray by that familiar voice with such a convincing accent, it is very rare that our fragile faith in the other voice, so discreet and so low, is not disconcerted. And even if she resisted well, it is even rarer, surely, that she does not remain very intimidated and little inclined to venture too far outside the limits of what is "reasonable" and what is "decent" so peremptorily marked.

To use this time (once it is not customary) a somewhat warlike comparison, the enterprise of self-discovery would be like the conquest of a vast unknown territory, by the entire army of all our faculties. In this perfectly equipped elite army, even in its general staff and in the immediate environment of the Chief of the Army, forces of the adversary have infiltrated (God knows how...) forces of the adversary, to sabotage their morale and dissuade them. to advance even an inch. His work would be effective as long as the Chief was afraid to look directly at the situation, even though a multitude of signs already clearly warned him. By his own choice, he would be the victim of an ambiguous situation, all the more dangerous since he himself would have ordered it to remain hidden, under penalty (who doubts it) of affront to the

through the tip of the nose...

As far as I know, the first person in the history of our species to have clearly seen those incredible forces of resistance in the psyche, and also and above all, not only in others but also in it, it was Sigmund Freud. He is also the only person I know who has seen them, with the exception of my modest self!

¹⁰⁶To tell the truth, to reach clear knowledge of that "indestructible unity", in that memorable year 1976, it was necessary that a few months before that crucial step of the "double threshold" that has just been mentioned, there had been (this time gently, and without any conscious work on my part that would have prepared it) another transformation, the extent of which was recognized until several years later: the rise from the deep layers of the "feminine" strokes in that all my life (except in my mathematical work) I kept repressed. See an account of that more discreet episode, less spectacular for its immediate effects, but no less crucial, in Harvests and Sowings, in the note "Acceptance (the awakening of the yin (2))" (CyS III, no. 110).

¹⁰⁷See the section already cited "The key to the great dream – or the voice of "reason" and the other" (no. 6).

discipline and the sacrosanct morality of the army (which is supposed to be without fear and without blemish). That this most timid Generalissimo recognizes and assumes his fear that did not say his name, misleads the infiltrated adversaries and, without putting them to death (that would be too simple!), sends those traitors home. and take measures so that they do not return again, the situation would have changed a lot! No matter how much the enemy harassed him on his flanks, he is now truly sure of his forces, nothing could stop him from advancing.

7) The forbidden fruit (2):

to. The most absurd fact...

(August 17) The existence in every human being of those "anti-truth forces", of those powerful (and often all-powerful!) mechanisms of rejection and concealment of reality, is for me the most important fact. absurd, the most astonishing, the most incredible (and yet true!) of human existence¹⁰⁸. From the dawn of time until today, these forces more or less completely dominate, day by day and hour by hour, everyone's life (including yours, dear reader!) and the life of the people. But the most delusional aspect of all in this delusional state of affairs is that it is so ignored by everyone – as in a madhouse in which everyone, including the staff and managers, were completely crazy, without realizing it. You're welcome, to such an extent the extravagances of each one would have become the most and the only normal thing in the world.

Even those who have dimly glimpsed that something, as they say, fails, are far from having realized its astonishing scope and, above all, the implications for themselves. Those who have realized this absurd fact in their professional lives, mainly psychotherapists and historians, are not distinguished from the rest: from the moment they enter home they leave their "professional reflections" in their offices. The therapist must be very clear that this type of thing (certainly somewhat strange, but one gets used to it...) only concerns his clients (if he receives them), and it does not seem to occur to him. never that the permanent film that he glimpses in them can exist in those close to him and even (of course!) in himself, and surreptitiously dominate his relationship with his loved ones, with his friends and with the same. And the same with the historian and the difficulties that arise at every moment, in his work always at the service of Science, the flagrant contradictions between the testimonies about the same facts (called "historical"), just as between the versions that historians give of them (although, it is understood, it is their version that is the good one).

In fact, among the people that I have had the opportunity to know personally (and I believe there have been), no matter how little, there is not a single one who has seen him or at least interviewed him, although there are not more 'as remedy any talk about 'el¹⁰⁹. And among the people I have heard about or know a little about through their writings, there are only two in total who I have reason to think have seen it: they are Freud and Krishnamurti.

¹¹⁰

Furthermore, what is essential has been missing in Krishnamurti, just as in all his adepts who recite a Krishnamurtian discourse without breaking a sweat: he never knew, or at least he never said, that what he had seen throughout the world (and already it has merit, since it was the only one...), that existed and acted on him in a very similar way¹¹¹. Furthermore, it seems almost unthinkable to me that he did not realize it at the moment of his great advance, when he

108Without ever taking the time to dwell on it much, I have been confronted with this "absurd fact" on practically every page of *The Key to Dreams*, in one form or another. In addition to the present section and the previous one, from the eve ("The Forbidden Fruit (1)"), at this moment it seems to me that the sections and notes that are essentially devoted to it are especially the following: "The key to the great dream – or the voice of "reason" and the other", "Man is a creator – or the power and fear of creating", "Creation and repression – or the tight rope", and above all "The Farce and the Party" (sections 6 , 34, 35), and "Presence and contempt of God – or the double human enigma", "The two aspects of "evil" – or childhood illness", "Mystification – or creation and shame" (notes no. 41, 43, 46).

109I myself have been part of those who "recite a Krishnamurtian discourse without breaking a sweat," in the years preceding the "leap" (in October 1976) that I have considered in the preceding pages. With the only difference that I saw it in others with great clarity (similar in that to the Master himself, whose books had encouraged me to look), but that did not make me advance, no more as of what did not advance those who were the objects of my charitable attentions. See in this regard in *Cosechas y Siembras* the note "Yang acts as yin – or the role of Master" (CyS III, no 118) and "Krishnamurti – or liberation turned into a hindrance" (CyS I, note no 41) .).

110(September 8) Reading the last published book by Marcel L'egaut, "Meditation of a Christian of the 20th Century" (1983), I am happy to note that L'egaut has also at least glimpsed that crucial fact, including the case of his own person.

111Compare with the note (ýÿýý) at the foot of page No. 49 (in the note "Marcel L'egaut – or bread and yeast", no. 20), and with the further note detailed on Krishnamurti and Freud, "Role of Guru and destiny of hero" (no), in chapter VII.

He detached himself from the theosophical ideology that had incubated his life until then, when his own and much more penetrating vision of the psyche and spiritual things emerged. But these "forces" or "resistances" must have quickly taken away the memory of what had happened to him at that moment of creative crisis. Afterwards he was intimately convinced (and surely as something that falls by its weight in someone like him...) that what he really discovered at that moment (and yet God knows it did not look like the pious commonplaces that he wisely recited before, following his benevolent spiritual tutors!), he had always known it by infused science – as certainly befits the long-awaited Messiah! And if after that magnificent spiritual advancement he no longer moved, it is surely not so much because he dedicated his life and energy to spreading his "Teachings" (which surely deserved it). , apart from the capital letter...), but because he was petrified in the pose of the Teacher and the Model, and allowed himself to be deceived by the mechanisms of escape and self-complacency that so clearly existed. seen in others, and which he kept highlighting¹¹² (and God knows they deserve it!)

On the contrary, until the last years of his life, Freud maintained an attitude of healthy distrust towards his own egoic mechanisms, and especially those we are dealing with here, the "cinema-forces" that They tirelessly make us take the radish by the leaves. The thing is apparently paradoxical and all the more rejoicing: he, who professed to ignore even the existence of a spiritual reality,¹¹³ did not cease to be spiritually alive until the end of his life. to grow in spirit¹¹⁴. He is the only person I know (apart from myself) who has clearly seen the hidden forces that act in his own person, and also not only in a supposedly overcome past, but in his present. He did not give in to the Master's temptation to set himself up as a model, to believe himself carved from wood different from that of ordinary mortals, of an essence superior to that of his students or even that of his patients. Surely he must have felt the greatness of his mission (one of the greatest, in my eyes, that has ever been given to a man to accomplish...), which did not prevent him from seeing himself like this himself with a realistic look, without complacency, vigilant.

He knew how, when the occasion required it in his eyes, to go beyond the vision of things and his relationship with others that the Image whispered to him, trusting of the message of their dreams (whose crucial role as messengers of the Unconscious knew how to recognize). It is possible and even probable that on the path of self-knowledge he went further than any other man before him, at least as far as the knowledge of the "I"¹¹⁵ (if not the knowledge of the self) is concerned . of Eros and certainly less of that of the soul). Surely he would have gone much further, and his vision of the psyche and the World, as well as his own person, would have been profoundly transformed, if he had not reserved a place of self-knowledge. the most modest and almost marginal (due to the fact, surely, that this investigation "only" concerned his own person!) in his work and in his work, which they intended to be " "scientific" and "objectives".

¹¹²As I remember in the penultimate footnote, for years I did the same as the Master...

¹¹³That is clearly, before anything else, the dimension that is missing from the great innovative vision developed by Freud.

But (as I already pointed out in the note "Homage to Sigmund Freud", no . 6) "that is almost a detail" (cf. page No. 15). This readjustment of perspective, which makes the true dimensions of the work appear, could not fail to be done, by the very virtue of the powerful fecundity of the new vision. What counts is the great Advance – a unique advance in the history of our species, of which Freud was the brave, upright and solitary worker.

¹¹⁴I have not yet found the opportunity to learn about Freud's life, as I would like to do. The little I know comes almost exclusively from what CG Jung says in his autobiography about Freud, whose work and thought were the springboard for his own. My high opinion of Freud as a man, although I still did not know him except for his main ideas, comes from the careful reading of a testimony that makes an effort (with an air of paternal superiority) to criticize him. . See in this regard the note "Testimony for the prosecution – or the ill-loved teacher". That "testimony for the prosecution" against the loving and ill-loved teacher, when one does not let oneself be carried away by the tip of one's nose, and takes the trouble to read the lines and between the lines, becomes quite a testimony. overwhelming against the witness himself, a bad-loving and ungrateful student of a honest teacher who strives to supplant (playing to be the father of a very wise "spirituality" with a guarantee of "scientific"...).

¹¹⁵As I emphasize in the following subsection ("The hard core – or the blinders"), it is above all that knowledge of the "I", so disdained by almost all spiritualists, that appears to me as the "hard core" on the path of spiritual progression.

Against this knowledge, against the profanation of the sacred Idol, crazy resistances arise, ready to devastate everything! That tangled ball of conflict in man is not located in the deep Unconscious, which does not participate at all in its clashes. And it is not by chance that what dreams tirelessly talk to us about (when we do not cover our ears so as not to listen to them...), is not about the life of the deep creative layers (which will undoubtedly escape always to human knowledge, or at least to human intelligence), but of that tangle that constantly pushes us, runs over us, scams us or makes us cheat (or play at dads...) – and it is also there where our tangible and immediate responsibility lies, and not in the "realization" of I don't know what ineffable states, nor in the production of highly erudite and wise speeches. Therefore, upon reflection (and at the risk of upsetting him!), the figure of Freud, in his courage, in his probity, in his fidelity to himself and in his truly Promethean mission, seems to me of a stature exceptional spiritual. And very few men qualified as "spiritual" (even if they were really in a t'uat'u with the good Lord) seem to me to have played as crucial a role as Freud in the spiritual adventure of the human species in finding the knowledge of itself. herself.

It is above all because of the conception he had of science and "scientific" objectivity, and for his deliberate purpose of not considering as "serious" knowledge more than that which corresponded to that conception, which is why he has remained a prisoner (it seems to me) of the spirit of his time, which in other aspects he far surpassed. It will surely take centuries before his great master ideas about the psyche are truly understood and assimilated in all their prodigious scope, even if only among the most educated people and most inclined towards a knowledge of man and towards an authentically spiritual life (inseparable, in truth, from a vigilant practice of self-knowledge); and when I say "centuries," that is an estimate that a year ago I would have considered delirious optimism! But with the help of the great Mutation...

b. The hard core – or the blinders

It would be difficult for me to conceive that a life, no matter how little "spiritual" it may be, is possible without it being accompanied by some fragments or scattered beginnings of self-knowledge¹¹⁶; not the possession of a certain mind (which today is the most common thing in the world in certain environments), but the thing. I do not think here of the sublime and ineffable things that pass between the soul and the Inexpressible and that fill countless tons of pious and delightful books, of which only a few I have had in my hands, but I have an impression on that they form a "genre" (baptized "spirituality"), quite appreciated in my faith in our days (so darkly materialistic...) more than ever. I think of big things like a house, the outrageous and shameless scams mounted by the self to shock the gallery including oneself – things not very far away and that one does not have to go diving in unfathomable depths (to go fishing such once a whole panoply of mythological erudition...); things within reach and in the flower of consciousness and so great in fact that it is pure wonder how they manage to walk around with them, some for a day and others for a lifetime, without ever realizing it! And I also think of the waters of desire that rise without noise and that surround the dams and filter and insinuate themselves and are satisfied freely, neither seen nor heard, God knows how...

There is a lot to look at without having to leave home, and easily enough to spend a lifetime, or even a few years.

Certainly, not everyone is given to be so passionate about what no one ever looks at. But the absurd thing is not that no one looks, but that everyone acts as if they don't even notice its existence! The sublime books on the soul never talk about it, except for some modest and desolate allusions to the "sin" of this and that (certainly pride, but also concupiscence, holy horror!), among the traps into which we must guard against falling, and which must be circumvented to elevate the soul towards elevated things.

However, one might think that this concerns the soul, what happens under its nose, with its tacit assent (while it perhaps runs or is supposed to run about elevated things)! For my part, I am naive enough to believe that the patent scams in which the soul participates, pretending to be unaware of anything, are not without influence (let's say) on its relationship with God, or at least on His relationship with her; that while she launches herself (in her free hours) into dreaming everything in pink about the Superior Realities and about the illusory character of this Valley of Tears, He does not think less about them - even if, according to His custom, He remains silent. I even go so far as to think that the question of the soul's relationship with God does not truly begin to arise until the soul finally begins, however briefly, to confront itself with that gyro that it drags with it without deigning to notice its presence. existence. And even if it has begun, it will not be close to finishing, even animated by an authentic thirst for spiritual life, by an authentic longing for God. For the hard core of the viaticum, in its spiritual journey, that core that will have to break and break again throughout several existences, does not lie in God, quite the contrary. God is not the shell, He is the fruit. We are the ones who secrete the shell, and the beautiful discourses about God thicken and harden it and distance us from Him. Getting to the fruit is breaking the shell, and no one breaks it without at least realizing that it exists.

God, He is called to dare – and when we dare, He is knowing, who will tell us according to our needs where our teeth are and how to use them. No problem on that side!

116As I write these lines, I have been a little perplexed when thinking about the case of Krishnamurti, because nowhere in his books and other texts that I have had before my eyes is there the slightest trace of "fragments" or "beginnings" of self-knowledge! (Although very often it is about self-knowledge). Should we say then that Krishnamurti's life, at least after the great breakthrough, has not been a "spiritual" life, "however slightly"? What is certain to me is that there has been that long period (which I am tempted to call "stagnation") in which no progress was made, sliding into complacency, surrounded and imprisoned by a court of fervent admirers. However, his "Comments on Life" attest to an exceptional quality of presence, after conversations that he noted with notable acuity. If my memory does not deceive me, at least that book is an authentic creation, even (it seems to me) on a spiritual level. For the moment there is a mystery there, which perhaps will be clarified when I find the free time to immerse myself in reading that book again...

And it is not He who keeps those blinders that do not allow the soul to see anything that it drags with it. If they are always there and prevent her from seeing, it is because she wants to. Surely he doesn't want to know about the blinders or what they hide from him. Worse for her - she will have to go back to doing her duties as long as it takes, birth after birth, until finally, tired of fighting, she ends up risking looking and begins to have knowledge of herself and that ballast it carries...

In other words, the spiritual adventure of the soul, before being the adventure of its relationship with God, is that of its relationship with the psyche of which (as its name indicates) it is the soul, and therefore and at the same time the responsible man. And her relationship with the psyche is nothing other than her relationship with the body, with Eros and with the "I" – the body in which she is rooted during her terrestrial journey, Eros halfway between her and God, the self halfway between her and the Group. There is that "hard core" that I was talking about, and it is triple – but the hardest part of the three is the self and the relationship with the self. And he is also, the self, the half-servile, half-recalcitrant instrument of the Group, which he has carved to measure and has put on blinders.

And I see two crucial steps (or "thresholds") among all on the path of the soul in search of itself and God. One is the one in which it discovers itself, and in discovering itself different from the "I" and for that very reason something different from an inextricable network of reflexes and appetites. The other, when he discovers the blinders, and at the same time frees himself from them¹¹⁷.

In my case, the two steps took place in the interval of two days¹¹⁸, and in the reverse order of what I just said. I suspect that in most "spirituals," and perhaps even everyone except me, the soul begins by discovering itself. It is then, it seems to me, and only then that it is ready to second step, that is: they have discovered their blinders¹²⁰.

Surely there must be quite a few, but so far I have not been aware of any. In each of the texts and testimonies that I have read so far, from the pen of this or that notorious spiritualist, I have always had the very clear (and in each case very frustrating!) impression that there was no he had taken that step¹²¹.

¹¹⁷It goes without saying that by "blinders" I mean the inveterate dispositions of the psyche that make it adhere more or less blindly to an Image of itself of its own making, and systematically ignore all the nonsense of the self. (and also the pushes and gratifications free of Eros). When I talk about the crucial moment in which one "frees" oneself from the blinders, that does not mean that the whole picture suddenly becomes clear, nor that the bullying and pushing of all kinds cease as if by enchantment. Nor does it mean that the forces that incessantly push the spirit not to look have suddenly been disarmed – they have only lost their prodigious vehemence. Now they are rearguard forces that try more or less to limit the wear and tear, in the face of the advances of the "enemy army" (formed by the faculties of knowledge, from now on well united under the command of the spirit). (See the parable "a little warlike" at the end of the preceding subsection "The Forbidden Fruit (1)", where this crucial turn in the spiritual adventure was already discussed). This turn is in no way a "happy end", after which everything is order and beauty (in the style of spiritual clichés about the soul that has "realized God" and everything arrives...), but On the contrary, the beginning of a hard and probably long stage, of tenacious and rigorous work, against the current of the inertia of the entire psyche, and of the "anti-truth forces" coming from the self...

¹¹⁸See in this regard the preceding subsection, page 32 et seq.

¹¹⁹(August 25) Without a doubt it would be more accurate to say that at that moment the adventure of the "discovery of God" begins for the soul, even if for long years it still does not (as was my case) The thought of the "soul" and "God" comes to him. To tell the truth, the same day I crossed that threshold I already made the "encounter" with God, in his capacity as a benevolent Dreamer, who had sent me the messenger dream and awakened it with the birth of myself. But then I had no idea about my "soul" (a word that was practically absent from my vocabulary!), and even less did I think about God – while my thoughts barely stopped at the Dreamer, which had just manifested itself to me in such a decisive way! (See the section "Encounter with the Dreamer – or forbidden questions", no. 21.) Perhaps it would be more accurate to consider that at that moment he was not "prepared to meet God" with full knowledge, of cause – and that is the reason why that meeting was not held until ten

years later.

The thought of my father in prison also comes to me. (See the section "Splendor of God – or the bread and the decoration", no . 28.) That was surely an "encounter with God", but it took place without my father having crossed the threshold of the that I speak (and that I would never cross throughout this earthly existence) – without having first made the "discovery of my soul." The rest of his life seems to show that he was not truly "prepared" to make that encounter, and thus nourish his life. It can be thought that this Act of God, arriving before the time, was a particularly exceptional initiative of God, undoubtedly called by a psychic and spiritual situation equally out of the ordinary.

¹²⁰In Freud the situation was the opposite: he discovered "his blinders", but it seems that he did not (at least in the same incarnation) discover his soul, undoubtedly because of his deliberate purpose of deny all spiritual reality. It seems possible and even plausible to me that he is strictly the only one in this case: to be one of the few to have discovered these "blinders", without making in the wake of that crucial discovery (if he has not done it before) the discovery of his soul.

¹²¹However, I should except Lao Tzu, in whom that impression is not so "clear." But nothing in the Tao Te Ching, it seems to me, has the air of alluding to the reality of flight. And it seems almost unthinkable to me that if Lao Tzu had really seen such an "absurd" event, so incredible, he would not allude to it at least in indirect words.

c. Bad company

Certainly, this does not mean that in these spiritual men there is a total absence of self-knowledge. Not being attentive, even if only occasionally, to the secret movements of the psyche, is also to close one's eyes completely to the nonsense of the self, is to share the common self-complacency, something that seems to me incompatible with a spiritual life in the true sense of the term, with a "spirituality" that is not limited to the exercise of devotions or the production of a "spiritual" discourse¹²².

But I have the impression that the common tendency in them is to be with Eros and the self, and often also with the body, on a skirmish warpath. They would very much like to consider them something negligible, while only the soul and its eternal destinies seem worthy of attention to them. But (at least to the extent that they are authentic spiritualists, and not just representatives of the good society of "spirituality") they have enough lucidity, and above all, honesty with themselves to realize, even if only at first glance. Unfortunately, these soul mates are not such a negligible quantity¹²³. It should be and it isn't – a very common situation, certainly, but no less vexatious and frustrating for that! Totally identified with the soul (and they are surely very right), they are a bit like a distinguished person who found himself alone in undesirable company (such is at least his impression) and who, instead of becoming intimate with his less brilliant companions, he tried to keep his distance. From time to time something itches and she has to scratch it, surely it's those lice that have given her fleas or something worse, who knows... In that case she tries to keep her composure as best she can, too honest however to pretend that it doesn't itch. The bad thing is that their companions, who must have very thick skin by my faith, seem very comfortable and never scratch themselves!

That is why we should not be surprised that the psyche, or "the psychic" (as they sometimes condescendingly say), has a bad press in spiritualists. The custom is to oppose "the psychic" to the "spiritual", understanding that as soon as it is declared that something is "nothing more than psychic" it is already adjudicated and there is no point in wasting time looking at it. no matter how little. Even Marcel L'egaut sometimes follows this movement, but (it seems to me) with mitigated conviction. The only "spiritual" (if they must be called that¹²⁴) that I have seen take "the psychic" totally seriously, even as forming the substance of the spiritual adventure and as what it is about understanding and comprehending above all, is Krishnamurti. That is a crucial point among many others in which his thought seems truly innovative to me, like a breath of fresh air in the confined and incense-overloaded environment of a "spirituality" separated from the hot blood of life (53).

d. The Moralizer – or the seal and the sword

This attitude of disdain towards the psyche, clipping the wings of all self-knowledge that is not epidermal (while such knowledge is nevertheless frequently praised as a defense of conscience...), me It seems to generally go hand in hand with a disapproving attitude towards curiosity. And this certainly, under the unusual form of "self-curiosity" (itself an expression of self-love), is the force that acts in a knowledge of oneself that goes further. beyond the skirmishes and self-reproaches directed at this or that "stain" considered devastating, beyond a generous (and easy...) general condemnation of oneself as unworthy in all aspects of the least divine attention¹²⁵.

Furthermore, this visceral distrust of many spiritual people towards curiosity (and especially active curiosity!) in turn seems to me to be a close relative of an equal distrust, when it is not antagonism or even (in extreme cases) disgust and hatred, towards the loving impulse. Surely many of them must have felt darkly (and without having to wait for a Freud to have the rare courage to see it and say it clearly) that said curiosity (which is none other than the "yang" manifestation of the impulse for knowledge) is linked to Eros, that unwelcome among the unwelcome! Which is, to say the least, the impulse of Eros turning so quickly ~nam, ~nam! towards the tender flesh of the body and other tangible and good things

122See above the beginning of b. and the corresponding footnote.

123See in this regard the aforementioned note "Mystical experience and knowledge of oneself" (no. 9).

124See the footnote cited in the penultimate footnote.

125Such a self-flagellating attitude seems to me to be common especially among spiritual Christians, whose humility (if it really is that) is sometimes exasperated and degraded into attitudes (often more verbal than real, fortunately) of a true aversion to themselves. See in this regard the frequently cited note "Mystical experience and self-knowledge" (no. 9).

(oh impurity!), as it made the flesh of things intelligible if not sensible (which is hardly better and the bonfire is already beginning to be felt...). It is above all in spiritual things, and in those more or less related, where this distrust (or that fear...) is most inveterate: "reason" (to give that name to the Fornicator) Wouldn't it occur to you to poke a prying and impudent nose into the reserved domain of revealed truths¹²⁶?

As for the "psychic", I agree that it is not the "spiritual", but it is very close! (and here we must censure the good God, who has not arranged things very well, in His infinite Goodness...). But above all it is not pleasant, even decidedly not one of the things made to be looked at, but (with the help of God) to be overcome with eyes closed and noses stuffed, or if not at least exorcised by the holy sacrament of confession, like someone who occasionally scrubs toilets without looking too closely...

(August 18) Here we find again the deliberate moralizing purpose, the one that refuses to know what is, since it does not want to hear or talk about anything other than what (according to its peremptory science) should be. I have the impression that the moralizing discourse, as well as the endemic distrust towards the curiosity of the spirit (living force of intellectual creation), are stronger in the Christian tradition than in anywhere else, while disinterest in that unfortunate "psyche" is a trait common to most spiritualists of all religions (if not all). Be that as it may, each of these three attitudes, which provide mutual support, seems to me like a heavy burden bequeathed, certainly, by a venerable tradition, but from which each one will have to separate sooner or later¹²⁷.

With this "moralism", which characterizes what I would call "archaic spirituality", we have unexpectedly returned to the starting point of the present section – river on "good and evil" – to the attitude that takes the observance of a moral Law (and even more often the pious discourses about it...) as the alpha and omega of spirituality. I am convinced that the great Mutation will mark the end of moralism as a dominant and, so to speak, "official" attitude (due to the universal sanction of religions) in collective spiritual life.

There would be a lot to say about moralism, that inexhaustible faucet of hollow discourses and watered-down commonplaces, tirelessly and gravely repeated, which until today has occupied the place of official "spirituality" in so-called "civilized" societies; common plague (it seems) to all the "great religions" and afflicting secretion of the "spirit of the flock". It did and continues to make good friends with human greed, hypocrisy and bestiality, and it is in the name of sacred duties preached with anointing that for countless centuries armies have confronted each other, fires have been ignited, bonfires and programs are unleashed (waiting for men to become men...) I see an intermediate stage, undoubtedly necessary, between the animal state of which we are the half-arrogant, half-ashamed heirs, and the human state at which that we are called. The moralizing Moralizer is at the same time the seal of the Group and of the repression of the Group marked on the being, and the edge of the sword by which the being thus marked transmits that seal of weak servility while at the same time transmits life...

Nor is it a coincidence, since everything is related, that it is precisely this attitude that, in beings led despite everything towards the spiritual search, is the great obstacle to self-knowledge¹²⁸. I turned to the testimony of the mystics, as that of some "spiritual brothers" that I had great desire to know, and I have already expressed my astonishment¹²⁹ at their extreme indigence (if not total absence) in the knowledge of Yeah; of that almost total lack of interest in what nevertheless affects in the most essential and most neurological way

126As a particularly striking illustration among a thousand, I point to the ecclesiastical uproar over Darwin's theory of Evolution, and the little cultural crusade that had to be led to the Vatican not long ago, with the support of an army of qualified and renowned people, to obtain the publication of the works of Teilhard de Chardin on that subject still considered thorny in high Catholic circles.

127Here too, with a decidedly and explicitly non-moralizing attitude, Krishnamurti joyfully breaks with the moralism of rigor in spiritual milieus. Of the three "burdens" that we are considering, only one has been carried out, that of the rejection of curiosity. It is true that he did not have to carry it much, since he was content to stay still...

On the other hand, L'egaut, who advanced with strides, had (if I'm not mistaken) to carry the three, although the three had to lighten up considerably along the way...

128Furthermore, this obstacle seems all the more serious in the spiritual ones since it can be thought that very often, when their decisions are taken through religious means, they have internalized that attitude more strongly than most. moralizing, and that they have often made her the judge and the test of their fidelity to their spiritual vocation.

129See note No. 9 on mystics, cited several times, especially page No. 21.

to their spiritual progression, which they have placed at the center of their existence.

and. The End is on the way – or the first Priority

To tell the truth, it was a real shock to face such extreme ignorance in beings who are exceptional for many reasons and who, above all, have the privilege of an intimate, trusting and loving relationship with God (56) . Above all, he was "confused" because God had not deemed it useful (it seemed) to "give them a sign" to dispel (or encourage them to dissipate themselves?) at least that ignorance among others, perhaps even more. Larger but with fewer consequences in their maturation.

Since then, it is true, I have been able to realize that God never seems willing to intervene to dispel ignorance, at least not in the case in which it ignores itself and in man there is no burning desire for knowledge that acts as a call to God, undoubtedly unspoken but nevertheless powerful (as has been my case, it seems to me); and that it is so, no matter how heavy the consequences may be, both personal for the soul directly affected, and for others whose destiny is closely or distantly linked to theirs¹³⁰; even the large-scale and very long-term historical consequences, involving an endless procession of innumerable sufferings for millions and millions of human beings over centuries and millennia¹³¹. It seems that this "respect" (so to speak) of God for human ignorance¹³², or (to put it another way) His extreme reluctance or His refusal to accelerate in any way the journey of a being in his spiritual becoming¹³³, is part of the Spiritual Laws that He has established from all eternity, or of the inviolable rules that He would have given Himself; that this respect perhaps participates in the same Spirit as His infinite respect for the freedom of every man, and that in fact it is, in the eyes of God Himself, inseparable from Him.

It is true that human "wisdom" remains confused in the face of such respect for God in the face of freedom, in the face of a free responsibility of the being in its own future, that all our education received, all our acquired reflexes push us to ignore purely and simply – a respect so great that it puts ahead, for a single human soul, an unimaginable sum of sufferings and errors of countless human beings, which are perpetuated on the scale of entire continents and for millennia. It seems that in God's Designs for man, human freedom and responsibility are the first and inviolable priority, while time, mistakes, errors and suffering (it would be said that they extend to infinity and without measure) any) would not have the slightest consequence for Him! Amazing inversion of human perspectives, when we see what for man is universally ignored and despised told first by God, and what most impresses and frightens our imagination and our conscious thought considered by God as something without consequence¹³⁴; If not, it is only as the price of the ultimate fruition of that "first", as the path towards the ultimate deployment of the free creativity of being. Towards a perfect creativity that is not granted by God but that, in germ from the Beginnings, has created itself and has been born in the very slow and painful labors of itself giving birth to

130Here I think, first of all, of parental ignorance in the relationships of the father with the son. See about it above subsection 3) "The evildoing father – or evil through ignorance", page 26 et seq.

131I think above all of the "ignorances" and "errors" of the apostles and even of Jesus, and of the consequences that the contemporary world continues to endure. (It is true that the apostles, Jesus and the good God are not the only cause, more was missing, but all the Christians who have come after have had their own part...). See in this regard especially notes 21 , 22, 27, 28, and more particularly pages 57, 58.

132When I speak here of "human ignorance," it is understood that it is true ignorance, often the result of a lack of maturity, or a lack of insight. It is not a question of what can be called "deliberate ignorance", to which I alluded above all in the aforementioned subsection (page 27). It is true that God often draws attention to such subterfuges in the dreams that he sends us, but surely without any illusions that we will take note....

133(August 25) Here I put in the foreground a certain aspect of God's relationship with man and with his "walk", which however should not hide the complementary aspect: that all crucial progression in that walk, that each of those steps of a decisive "threshold" is the common work of the soul and of God, in which (such is my intimate conviction) the essential creative Force, the Act that transforms the being, comes from God – man's part consists of actively assenting, collaborating with all his heart and all his will, to the Act of God. But perhaps it is accurate to say that there is no initiative of God in the psyche, which causes a progression, which in one way or another is not called by man, by an intense desire in him (even if it is unconscious) to progress. In the absence of such a call from man, God remains mute, and is very careful not to "push" in any way. And if, however, He calls before being called, He always does so in a very low voice, so that He leaves us complete freedom not to listen to Him...

134Compare note 22 already cited, "My friend the good God – or Providence and faith", and especially page 59.

itself, carried to its end by the vast and deep waters of the River Time.

VI THE TRIP TO MEMPHIS1 (2): SOWING FOR A MISSION'

57. Act (1): the tear

(September 4) Here I am finally ready to resume the thread of the story: the story of my relationship with God. I had left it in suspense due to the unexpected arrival of a religious and metaphysical reflection totally out of the program, which has kept me in suspense for more than two months². Therefore, for longer than I had been writing the Key of Dreams when I prepared to leave my "thread", just to jot down in passing (a digression of one or two hours in my story, everything...) an impression that had shocked me: that God had this strange habit, of always speaking in such a low voice...

I had arrived, in my retrospective of the episodes that seem crucial to me in my spiritual adventure, to the "great turning point" of 1970: when I left, never to return, the environment of which I was a part and to which I had identified for twenty years of my life. That episode (which at first I did not plan to mention more than in passing and which I included as to my regret, it seemed so "out of place"...) is the subject of reflection "The turn — or the end of a torpor" (section no. 33), June 21. In the next two sections ("Faith and mission — or infidelity (1)" and "Death calls — or infidelity (2)"), written in the following four days (June 22–25), I go back thirteen years to examine, for the first time in my life, the unusual episode that now appears to me as the first call to enter into my mission. Insistent call, clearly heard and yet not followed! In my life, so rich in errors and disorientations of all kinds, this episode (at the age of thirty) was perhaps the first truly essential infidelity to myself; perhaps also the only one, at least of such magnitude. Following that call would certainly have been madness in anyone's eyes³, according to the famous "wisdom of the world." But not to mine, at any time during that memorable year. If I did not follow it, it was not by rejecting the call, but by forgetting it. Like the "rich young man" in the parable⁴, I preferred to remain a prisoner of my "goods." (Of which, at a certain moment, I knew how to feel the laughable character after all, or at least all its shortcomings...)

On the contrary, thirteen years later, bitterly tearing myself away from the institution on which I had been the first to establish its fame and in which I planned to end my days, and then leaving (due to the internal logic of the new path to the end undertaken) the mathematical means to become, during a few tumultuous years, a tireless apostle of Life, threatened by the madness of men - is in that moment (it seems to me now, with the perspective of seventeen years) when I finally "got moving" to enter into my mission.

Certainly, as I have already pointed out⁵, although it entered the path of a "great cause", of a burning task of immense dimensions (dimensions that in the end even seemed to me to surpass mere human possibilities...), that path was not yet what I would call a "spiritual path." Firstly, it was in no way linked to an inner depth, of which, to tell the truth, I had not the slightest idea at the time. In the following three or four years is when, through the hubbub of discussions, analyses, positions and the most varied manifestos, it is born in me, little by little, that premonition that not only the fate (and even the physical survival) of our species is inextricably linked to a profound transformation of mentalities, but also the "task" The most essential thing I had before me was to make such a transformation in my own life.

They were years of intense ideological and spiritual effervescence, not only in my life but in that of hundreds

¹ (N. del T.) Allusion to the novel *A Summons to Memphis* by Peter Taylor, published in 1986, in which a New York editor receives two successive calls from his sisters asking him to return to Memphis on a matter urgent family. Unable to refuse, he begins a journey to the South... and to his own past, in which he discovers that the injustices or cruelties – real or imaginary – that he reproaches his father for "this was something to be remembered, not forgotten. This was something to be accepted and even welcomed, not forgotten or forgiven."

² Between June 26 and September 3. For a retrospective of the work in question, see the beginning of the sections "The Impossible Convergence" and "Creation and Inner Voice — or Spiritual Knowledge (6)" (nos. 37, 55), as well as the beginning of the note "The Law, the speech and the Noise — or a millennial cycle closes" (no. 57).

³ Except for my mother, who was in a position, she herself, to understand that everything can be subordinated to an inner call. Furthermore, I had to make him understand that I was preparing to leave mathematical work to become a writer, and it was not something that he disliked...

⁴ See in this regard the beginning of the note "Death challenges — or infidelity (2)" (no. 35).

⁵ In the section "The turn — or the end of a drowsiness" (no. 33), footnote.

of thousands of men and women, in the wake of the “events” of May 68. Above all young people, but also some less young like me (who was then 42 years old), they rose up all over the world, and more particularly in France and the United States, to “change life.” But at the moment of tearing myself away from an orbit of life (but that was “life”?!?) that seemed of immutable stability, so strong was the impulse in me that maintained it, even One did not suspect anything of that effervescence that arose everywhere, and of which nothing leaked into the hermetic glass in which it remained enclosed. I dedicated myself entirely to my passion for research, identifying both body and soul with that gratifying role of pioneer and great visionary in which she immersed me.

I was forced to this tear by an apparently fortuitous circumstance⁷, by a burst of fidelity to intimate convictions so deeply rooted that making compromises with them (an idea that, on the other hand, never surfaced) would have been a betrayal. to the deepest part of me, beyond my superficial identification with the role assigned to me—identification without a real basis in my deep being. To what extent was this the case, to what extent what seemed to me an elementary requirement of integrity in the exercise of my profession⁸ was considered null and void, and even vaguely ridiculous, by all my friends and even by my students in my adopted world, with which I had so warmly identified — I did not learn that until that moment, and in the months that followed. That experience, which progressively reveals to me, and in an increasingly irrefutable way, a difference (which I would now call a difference of spiritual universe) essential, irreducible and unbridgeable, with beings that I had felt and believed close (or that I liked and it was convenient for me to believe close, despite everything that told me otherwise...), the experience therefore of the illusory character of a certain vision of reality that implied to me neurologically, and in which I had taken pleasure until then - it is surely what made the decisive act of tearing so painful and so bitter. And having realized my illusion instead of continuing to cling to it no matter what (pouring all the water I needed into my wine...) is what made that act irreversible and gave it its full scope. . From then on it was no longer, as it seemed at first, the act of simply leaving an institution that in my eyes had detracted, to parachute into another, presumably better one that already opened its doors to me. doors; but rather the act of a man who cuts his moorings - who leaves a means and the values and way of life that accompany it, never to return.

In the space of a few months, my dominant passion and my main tasks, my field of action, the friends with whom I would do things in common, were going to be totally different from those I had been with. been throughout my entire adult life.

Certainly this change, moved by a fidelity to my deep being, did not, however, affect the layers of the psyche, no matter how shallow they were. Outside of my scientific hot springs, if the new look that I then directed at the world (as one who had just disembarked!) really included me, it was more because of my role in society and the contradictions inherent to that role, which because of who I was and which in truth, without realizing it in the slightest, I was almost totally ignorant. Who he was, he was not truly going to begin to discover until six years later, when he discovered meditation⁹. But that crucial discovery of myself could not have been made, surely, if I had not first been prepared by the discovery of the world around me, and by a confrontation with other different ways of looking at it. And the act of “tearing” my adoptive environment was at the same time, without even realizing it at the time, precisely the act by which I pushed and crossed a door that until then I had kept closed on me! which now opened wide onto a new world! Only then did I understand that the environment in which I had lived peacefully had also been my prison. A very comfortable prison, certainly, golden and padded and with rarefied air, from which I ended up tearing myself away so painfully, half asphyxiated, to

⁶See in this regard the note “The Great Cultural Revolution will be unleashed by God” (no. 18). During “the events”, above all I was a spectator, astonished and amazed at what was happening, a true fairy tale from Utopia! In any case, I ended up joining a Committee of professors at the Faculty of Orsay, in order to launch a project to reform the University (which had no future, who doubts it), based on a separation between the research function and the teaching function.

⁷This is the discovery of the presence of 5% that came from the army ministry, in the financing sources of my institution (EI Institute of Advanced Scientific Studies in Bures sur Yvette). For my details, see CyS III note n 1341.

⁸This is the total rejection of research for military purposes, and the interference of the army in scientific life, mainly as a source of financing (see the preceding footnote). My anti-militarist convictions, as strong today as before, are not limited only to my professional life. I don't even want to hear about wearing the uniform, or letting myself be carried away by I don't know what circumstances to become an executioner, or a police informant - even if I had to let myself be shot, if you had to go through there. This is the reason why I did not apply for naturalization before 1972 and remained stateless until that time. The chances of finding a stable position in scientific research somewhere, being stateless, are most problematic. I was willing, if necessary, to give up my first vocation, and settle for a craftsmanship that attracted me, such as carpentry or cabinetmaking.

⁹Regarding this discovery, see the sub-note “The forbidden fruit (1): resistance and suffering of the creator” (no s 56, 6)), mainly pages 247–249.

come to my senses and breathe in gulps of the invigorating air from outside!

It was a liberation, yes. And, I believe that for the first time in my life, I was then made aware of the wonderful joy and plenitude of someone who feels the release of heavy obstacles whose existence he had not even sensed until then, and sees them open up before him. an unsuspected world, calling you to discover it. And I think it is also the first time¹⁰ that I experienced that strange thing, which was going to be renewed so many times: that something that came to me with all the appearances of an "evil" against which my entire being It resisted and revolted, once consummated and assumed, a blessing was revealed.

58. Act (2): all creation is a beginning without end

(September 5) Having torn myself away from the closed universe that until then had enclosed my adult life, I found myself catapulted into the post-May '68 effervescence, which in those years attracted the spy ýritu of many of the most vital beings. It was an atmosphere of ember of cultural revolution, opening a path a little in all social strata and in all media, ready (so it seemed) to flare up again to consume a dying world.

It is not my purpose to entertain myself here with a picture of that great creative fermentation, as I experienced it as a witness and co-actor. For two or three years (between 1970 and 1972), as one of the main animators in the group "Sobrevivir y Vivir" (to which I devoted myself with an ardor similar to that which I had previously put into my dedication). on to mathematics), and as director and chief editor of the monthly bulletin of the same name, I was as interested as one could be in what was happening a little everywhere, both in Paris and in the provinces and outside. in France, and particularly in the United States, where the "counter-culture" was strong. I spent six to eight days a day with the correspondence generated by our action, and the best of the time that remained was devoted to verbal contacts, mainly in meetings and in the permanent group. There were also the "interventions" abroad: public discussions on the most diverse topics (all linked and showing the great Crisis of Civilization), in party rooms of the town halls or in towns. in the fifth hell, in research institutions, universities and schools, from the most expensive to the most infamous schools, including a small community school on the outskirts, with some formal and somewhat astonished children ...My university degrees and (on big occasions) my reputation as a learned scholar served as Abrete-sesamo with an infallible effectiveness that was surprising! Often, the officials who invited us¹¹ were very far from suspecting that such a distinguished gentleman (at that time a professor at the Collège de France) was traveling expressly to sow confusion in minds. Someone must have spent a long time wondering who had reached them...

That was also the period of my life, by far, in which I met the most people - to the point that sometimes my head was spinning!, even though I am of a milder temperament. very lonely, I think that directly or indirectly, as for the people I have met and frequented since, many of whom have been important in my life, those encounters arose from those tumultuous years, in which I rubbed I spend more time with my peers than in the remaining years of my life all together.

I have tended to forget a little that period of intense fermentation, which only lasted a while before decaying and being more or less reabsorbed (at least it might seem that way) into the general inertia.

Certainly, the immense hopes that it gave birth to and that it motivated, hopes as crazy and as "impossible" as the events ("part of the story" nonetheless) that unleashed that sudden and healthy fever, remained without a future. Not only did the cultural revolution on a planetary scale not take place, nor did any other notable event of the same order on the scale of a country or even a city. But it would seem that the universal inertia of hearts and spirits had increased from year to year, surrounding one another.

¹⁰However, there was a similar occasion, when the death of my mother, which I talk about in the section "Death challenges — or infidelity (2)" (no. 35).

¹¹Often the invitation was addressed to me in person, but frequently I asked to be able to bring one or two "colleagues and friends" with me (from Surviving and Living, it must be said!). His active presence had the effect of livening up and relaxing the debates, as they were less focused on the person of a "famous guest" (who did not have the style of the "distinguished gentleman"...). These invitations were almost always suggested, with the greatest innocence in the world, by personnel from the institution who were sympathetic to the group, after reaching an agreement with us.

one and dragging into the habit of selfishness, routines and self-satisfied mediocrity those who allowed themselves to be lifted up, for a few years, by a generous faith in the creative capacities that there was in themselves and in the man. In that unequal combat of the spirit that matter imprisons and burdens, of the creative processes that darkly persist within an amorphous mass weighed down by an immense inertia, of an uncertain future crushed by the full weight of today's determinisms. , from yesterday and from an immemorial past, it would seem that the gross weight of mass and number had finally won and had erased even the traces, infinitely fragile, improbable, ephemeral, of a future creator and human. At least that was the unexpressed impression that ended up settling on me over the years.

It was still mine last year. I had ended up resigning myself, in short, to not expecting anything from the outside that would feed or at least stimulate my own walk. Everything, or almost everything, that came to me from there, after the intense and fruitful years of the beginning of *Survivir y Vivir* in 1970-72, seemed to me above all like so many pesos and traps to stop me or dissuade me from moving forward...

However, after the unprecedented harvest of dreams since last year, and especially metaphysical dreams and prophetic dreams, and also due to the reflection carried out with writing the Key of Dreams, my perspective to evaluate the place and scope of things has been greatly transformed. I am led less and less to allow myself to be impressed by the overwhelming evidence of the quantitative, of the mass and of the figure, that heavy shock weapon of inertia. I begin to realize that all that immense mass that God, much better than man, knows how to judge, weighs very little in His scales! While a single creative act, however minute it may seem, as an act in which God himself participates, has the weight of eternity. At least I know, from one of my dreams, that such an act lives forever in the memory of God – recorded instantly and with consummate artistry on plates of fine gold, to be preserved for all eternity. But if it is true that God is Action, surely the Memory of God is not an archive or a dumping ground for mummies (even if they are made of gold and beautiful...), but rather a living presence in God and, for that very reason, called to other Acts. in power. Acts that await their time, under the watchful Eye of God, to be born and to perpetuate and complete the one of whom they are children.

In other words: every creative act, no matter how minute it may seem, and even when it seems lost forever and forgotten, is a beginning, a fruitful generator of an endless succession of acts arising from it, which continue it. uan and they finish it. Every creation, as a work that is not only of man but also of God, has eternal life and value¹².

Little by little, this virtue of "beginning" becomes clear to me in the act of tearing that I focused on yesterday, an act that, however, I had a tendency to forget and underestimate, as something minuscule in short (almost "the smaller"!), among many others that have subsequently appeared in my life, and that seem to me to have a very different scope! To tell the truth, already in the following months, first by clumsily getting into motion, then little by little caught up in the ardor of a new creative enthusiasm, in resonance with that which I already darkly felt unfolding in so many others around me - already Those painful moments I had to go through, like those of a tiring childbirth, were well forgotten! I was not led to become aware of the lessons they held for me until fourteen years later, under the impulse of the writing of *Cosechas y Siembras*. However, this new fullness of a very different life and creation that I had lived since those months¹³, were already among the first fruits of those "painful moments" of which I no longer had more than a vague memory. And the much richer harvests that I have harvested over the years until today are daughters of the same ignored, decisive act: the act by which, at last, I set out.

Certainly, although at that moment there was something in me that really "moved", nevertheless I was not totally renewed, as if by magic. It was, I have made it very clear, a beginning. The beginning of a long and laborious work, with its long downtimes, and also its sudden accelerations, unforeseen and unpredictable, in which suddenly, in the space of a few hours or a few days, the stages of months are burned and of years, and even of entire lives... A work that continues even today, and that, if I do not fall asleep along the way (God forbid!), will not conclude (provisionally, without doubt...) more than with my last breath.

¹²Compare the last paragraph of the note "Creation and maturation (2): no "gifts" are needed to create" (no. 49) (page N 145).

¹³This "new plenitude" and this "new creative enthusiasm" appeared especially after the month of July 1970, when it was established in Montreal (on the occasion of a mathematical colloquium at the University of Montreal, and extra-mathematical discussions that encouraged him) the "Surviving" association, which would later change its name to "Surviving and Living".

59. A charrúa named Esperanza...

I have also tended to somewhat underestimate the intense work of reorientation that took place in the two or three years after the tear, when for the first time in my life I consciously tried to form a coherent overall image of the world that surrounded me, and also the drift to which I was dragged. Certainly, as long as this work was not supported and sustained by a true awareness of myself and by a work of inner depth, I was like a colossus of iron with feet of clay. That did not stop it from being an authentically creative work, and one that I surely needed to go through, before being ready for the even more essential work of discovering myself (involving resistances of very different strength...), which was going to provide the immovable base that was still missing.

For a long time, the fruits of that first work remained unknown, so fused with me would be this new knowledge of the world, its drift and the disintegration of its values. Surely, the lucidity that it allowed me has helped keep me from dispersing myself in perhaps useful activities, even "indispensable" from a superficial "utilitarian" perspective, without being truly fruitful. I am thinking mainly of routine militancy, which continues its career by the mere effect of the inertia of the acquired impulse. After a certain moment, the militant activity could not have nourished more than an Image, going out to meet what everyone expected of me then: to remain wisely in the orbit of my new trajectory, duly inventoried and classified — and let no more be said!

To tell the truth, everything around me seemed to push me towards the assigned role, the "niche" prepared for a kind of "pope of ecology"¹⁴, half-Guru half—"distinguished savant", half- "long hair" impeccable medium-eminence. And such a role certainly did not fail to have the approval of a strongly implanted part of my being! But if it happened more than once that I entered that role (of which I then felt the danger more than I perceived the insidious attraction), I was no longer the one who He truly could have settled in and taken pleasure in it for a long time. I had set out, and when later it happened that I fell behind, not without a certain complacency at times, at some stage that was agreeable to my faith and even comfortable, something in me, at Sometimes under the blow of a forceful external event, he would immediately warn me that I had already wandered enough.

Fidelity did not come from me but above all from God, who, instead of letting me waste my years in silence, each time ended up making me understand in one way or another (often through a very sense) that it was time to shake myself off and get back on the path. He made me feel, irrefutably, that I was stagnating. I can't stand stagnating anymore! And when the message finally passed the threshold of reluctant ears, it left again...

I also think of a certain commiseration with which I have rethought (oh, only in passing!) the great hope that animated those intense and generous years — that of a Renewal that everything seemed I was going to call, which so many signs seemed to announce! That hope was sustained by an immense faith in "the man." Blind faith, without a doubt, inextricably mixed with an almost total ignorance of nature and the limits of man in general and of ourselves in particular, and with an insidious hunger for illusions in which our ignorance was anchored, in which afterward I have seen nothing but the egotic bargain and have ignored the precious golden nuggets of a creative faith. However, with what joy I have recognized that same faith (under a different face it is true and above all, stripped of the illusory mantle that had so hindered and hidden it in us recently...), between the lines, tenacious and insistent throughout the entire work of a Marcel L'egaut¹⁵! It has been very recently - the first and also the only time, since those distant years,

¹⁴That term had been used by Pierre Fournier (without any pejorative intention, quite the contrary - he was extremely sympathetic to the Survivir y Vivir group), in one of his articles full of a bitter verb, in Charlie-Hebdo. The term made a strange and ambiguous impression on me, which I still remember while I have forgotten almost everything! It was like a discreet warning, regarding what was already in store for me—if I wasn't careful! Compare also with Cosechas y Siembras, the section "The Guru-no-Gur'u — or the three-legged horse" (CyS I, no 45).

¹⁵In what I have read so far of Marcel L'egaut's work (I am in the sixth volume...) I have not found any allusion to May 68 or to the "counterculture" movement that followed it, either. Some echoes must have reached him but he clearly wasn't connected to those wavelengths! However, it was much closer than he suspected, and than he undoubtedly still suspects today. By his solitary "return to the land" in 1940, he was a precursor, ignored and ignored, of that collective movement that emerged thirty years later. Equally due to a kind of "community" nostalgia, which seems to have been one of the guiding forces in his life. On the other hand, he must have been disconcerted, even repelled by the anarchic, often even dissolute and in any case very "sexually liberating" aspects of the community movement after May 1968. Not to mention that The spiritual dimension of that movement, which gives it all its scope, was expressed in forms that should not have been accessible to it at that time. The fact is that it was almost never about the good Lord or praying! I think the time was not ripe yet

in which I hear resounding in another like an echo of that crazy hope of reckless immaturity (and yet already, perhaps, secretly visionary...); an echo with lower and deeper tones, fed by a vision long matured throughout a life of hard work, meditation and prayer.

For long years, for nearly fifteen years, that disappointed hope went deep and left an enormous void in me — a void, however, that I have never dreamed of in my life. want to fill It became like a part of myself, which I carried with me as something inescapable, familiar from now on, certainly a little painful or painful! but from which I did not even dream of wanting to escape. Or in other words, a few steps in front of me was that great emptiness that seemed to cut off the future, and that accompanied me, retreating every time I advanced — a emptiness that threw away the veil of a tacit, incessant question about everything he did: what is the meaning of what you do, when the world of men, whose existence is the only one that gives full meaning to your actions, is disintegrating, and in all likelihood is destined to disappear from tomorrow?

I never tried to push that question aside, to get it out of the way with an “answer,” which could only be factual while the time was not ripe for me to give it. In those years I carried that silent question with me, like the fruit of a knowledge, certainly incomplete and precarious, but which I did not dream of rejecting, or even minimizing. No more than I felt inclined to confront myself with that question. To tell the truth, she did not question, although it might seem like it, the meaning of my life, or the meaning of existence. On the contrary, now it seems to me that it was part of that meaning, and that it was necessary for me to carry it like this in silence. The meaning of my existence, after the inner renewal, the “re-birth” that took place in 1976, was rooted in a depth of my being beyond the reach, I believe, of any threat of physical destruction. of my person, or even of all humanity and of that unheard-of miracle that is life on earth. Furthermore, in periods of intellectual creation that questioning ceased. Or, if it was present, at least it did not reach the work of spiritual discovery, by which my very being was transformed.

Now that I think about it, I realize that that void left by a hope that was “true” also had the quality of truth—it was a fruitful void. And the unanswered question that that emptiness kept in me also had the quality of truth, it was also fruitful.

That enormous emptiness and that question were like a large field, plowed with the shining plow of Charr'ua Esperanza. The Farmer left and forgot the charr'ua, and perhaps the winter frosts have burned and hardened that land that was green and now seems desolate. However, a dark and intense life is already working in your gut. With the first showers of spring, that field is ready for the Sower...

60. The Blow and the Tempest

(September 6) An “apparently fortuitous circumstance” (I said the day before yesterday) triggered the decisive act that, in the space of a few months, was going to profoundly change my life. It is notable that at the same moment (except for one or two years), in tens and hundreds of thousands of lives of men all over the world, “seemingly fortuitous circumstances” acted in a similar way, triggering in each of them a shock of magnitude comparable to the one that occurred in me then, and an inner work that transformed her more or less profoundly; for a few years for some, and irreversibly for others. I remember well, as if it were yesterday, to what extent I was seized by that impression of an extraordinary convergence in the future and the itinerary of beings coming from totally different environments¹⁶, each one

so that two searches arising from such different inspirations and ideological horizons would meet again. But I also believe that this reunion not only had to be done, but that it has already been done.

The community movement after May '68 did not lack faith or generosity, but rigor. The one who is not content with frothing reverberant surfaces, and does not reject prolonged and hazardous descents into the depths. The one who sustains prolonged perseverance, when the goal recedes to the infinitely far away. The one who calls, and returns friends and lovers, to solitude and to his sister silence...

16(September 7) As I write these lines, I am reminded of another occasion, this one very close, in which I was overcome with such an impression of an (“unthinkable”!) convergence, at encounter the thought of Marcel L'egaut. (See the section “The unthinkable convergence” (no. 37), and more particularly page ??.) On the other hand, it is notable that this impression of

weighed down with no less different education and cultural blinders, and initially moved by equally different shocks and motivations. One day, in each of us, something suddenly "tilted" with an unrepeatable force; a drop (ridiculous in itself) that made an invisible glass full to the brim overflow, and made us cross an invisible threshold in front of which we may have been blocked for a lifetime... A crossing without return¹⁷, without much realizing at the time what was happening.

For me it was the generalized scientific-military bossing that ended up getting me going. For another it was the noise of day and night that suddenly revealed itself to him in all its insane dimension. For another, the same air he breathed, to which he had never paid attention and which, now he felt good, was insidiously eating away at him. Or the long studies to which they had dedicated themselves with a conviction of commission and which they discovered, with a sudden and dazzling clarity, that they had no sense at all - squeamishness of dressed monkeys! Such another expelled from his home with his family in the short term, for some shady real estate speculation. Or the silent threat of a nuclear power plant not far from there - were we going to serve as benevolent and passive guinea pigs for the wise atomic Lords? Or such a model husband or such an honest wife suddenly realizing, with a dazzling flash of evidence, the extent to which their married life had been a desert, separated one from the other, as if by a curse. secret and mysterious, of what gives the strength and sap of a life as a couple...

What was common in all cases, I believe, is that an order of the world that had seemed the only one thinkable, with which we were impregnated to the point of being inseparable from ourselves, suddenly It was revealed as something external — something strange, deep down, to who we are deep down; strange and, at the same time, perceived as overwhelming, inhuman, enemy — intolerable.

In no way was it the attractive, euphoric nature of going against the grain, of some "contestational" fashion, in which some and others would have been happy to come to make their own ailments more expensive. On the contrary, those sudden revelations, through which the being becomes aware of a hitherto internalized limitation, and at the same time experiences, with an unrepeatable acuity that catches it off guard, the mutilated character of its life, causing that shock of being suddenly confronted with the intolerable - it is in solitude where they arise. Or more precisely, they base the one they visit on the loneliness, hard to bear, of the man who suddenly feels different from the others: all the others endure it, just as it had happened to him himself, without even having aspect of realizing. From now on, only he endures, knowing that what he endures mutilates him, day after day. Only he, day after day, feels the sting and affront, repeated incessantly, of the intolerable. And being the only one to feel this way - a misfit in short, an asocial with a psychotic profile... - makes the hated limitation even more intolerable.

For these men and women (and often also children, whose insulating shell is less thick and less watertight), discovering that they were not unique in their species, that others had gone and were going through such pitfalls. and they were not afraid to talk about it, it was a liberation. The most useful work, I think, that we were able to do through the group and its bulletin¹⁸, was to help some of them get out of that isolation, often experienced as a weakness and as helplessness, since discovering themselves bearers of a movement that surpassed them just as it surpassed each of us in Survive and Live, and that surpassed the small group we formed with oh how modest means. They were like so many "isolated points", precious "fermentation points" that they themselves still ignored. I dreamed that those points would become knots

"convergence", of a "disturbing force" as I wrote then without forcing the note in any way, has not then aroused in me the memory of that impression so similar (if not as powerful) that inhabited me or for two or three years; That was sixteen or seventeen years ago. This shows to what extent the memory of those times, a memory that emerges progressively by virtue of writing, was relegated to the dungeons, like some blurred and inconsequential stages of a past that would already be surpassed. And I'm just beginning to sense that this past has to teach me many things about what is being prepared at this very moment in a plan out of my sight, and that is preparing to manifest itself and take possession of everyone's lives. ...

(Compare the two notes "The Great Cultural Revolution will be unleashed by God" and "Unthinkable May 68 — or the general rehearsal" (no. 18, 44), in which this presentiment timidly begins to come to light.)

17I say "without return", without forgetting the cases, surely the most numerous by far, in which life ended up falling back into the primitive inertia from which it had separated itself, for the space of a few years.. . Although from now on that episode would be denied and more or less inhibited from conscious memory, it is nevertheless not erased. An intimate knowledge that is the fruit of a creation can be denied and inhibited; a maturity that appeared then (and then was unexpected) can be abdicated. But neither a maturity nor the knowledge that constitutes his flesh is erased.

18That bulletin never had a "commercial" presentation, which would have made it acceptable to press sellers. In the end, it was much better — the dissemination was ensured, without major problems, by groups of sympathizers everywhere in Paris and in the provinces, and it gave rise to numerous contacts that would not otherwise have been possible. Would have done. After a circulation of a thousand copies of the first bulletin, as the group Sobrevivir y Vivir and its newspaper found its true face, the circulation increased to nearly 15,000 copies, with income that, towards In the end, they more than covered the costs of manufacturing and distribution. With, it is true, a considerable investment of benevolent work, which undoubtedly would not have been able to be maintained in the long term.

interweaving the meshes of a vast network that would end up covering the entire country—networks that were loose at first and destined to become tighter as the situation matured. Above all, our task would be to provide the first threads to intertwine those potential knots, to knot and form the first meshes, and to encourage the continuation of similar work wherever we could.

I knew that the creative force that should animate this work, arising from the silent fermentation of spirits, was in no way concentrated in the editorial committee of our modest newsletter¹⁹.

He was there where there were men who were awakening, who became aware of an essential, irreducible dissatisfaction, who had already allowed themselves to be beneficiaries, passive and unconditional, of an order of the world in the future sense, although it was darkly and tacitly, as inhuman - as deeply foreign to his nature as a man. Our role was not to say what should be, and even less how to follow it²⁰, or even to point the finger at “the culprits” (although there was no doubt, when the occasion demanded it) . , in shaking some coconut tree...). Our role was, above all, to help each other, each one confronted with his loneliness and his feeling of helplessness in the face of the immense, ineluctable weight of an implacable and inert world that crushed him, to become aware of his own very living resources. , ready to act, to create and to transform, however humbly, wherever they were. In that spirit, “tomorrow” could not be a project conceived in advance, cooked up and presented by some to be ratified by the majority.

It would be a common work rooted in the present, born day by day from the apparently dispersed acts of everyone. Therefore, a created work, of which no one in the world today would know how to predict the face, although one could not and should not stop constantly making an effort to sense it...

That movement that we knew how to perceive and in which we were ferment, that we saw accentuated both in ourselves and around us with the innumerable echoes that reached us from everywhere, however it did not continue to deepen and amplify. as we had expected. For me it was even more than a simple expectation or hope. There was total certainty that the development we expected was something that had to happen, so numerous and eloquent were the signs that went in that direction, so irrefutable did their meaning seem to me.

If that vast movement that began then has declined, it is certainly not due to this or that fault or deficiency in any of us personally, a matter of dedication, organization, lucidity, probity. or what's me. The fate of humanity and its opportunities for Renewal did not depend on the handful of more or less available good will that we formed! The times, surely, were not yet ripe, as everything seemed to indicate. Not for the Great Leap, at least! And this lack of “maturity” of the “times” was reflected, at our level²¹, in an equal lack of maturity in us.

¹⁹Perhaps it would have taken me a while to realize this, given the environment and environment in which I landed, if I had not been helped by several friends who decided to join me, and who from the start had a much clearer vision. as penetrating as mine. Among these, I would especially highlight Claude Chevalley and Denis Guedj, through whom I learned many things then, as well as F'elix and Mati Carrasquer (friends from a very early date) and Jean Delord. Except for the latter, all of these friends appealed quite explicitly to libertarian ideas and options (without locking themselves into them in any way); ideas and options for which I have always had a spontaneous sympathy, and which I had time to lose sight of a little during my life as a “vedette” and a “great boss” of mathematics...

(T.N.: F'elix Carrasquer, born in Albalate de Cinca (Huesca) in 1903, carried out at least two educational projects: the first, the Eliseo Recl 'us school in Barcelona in 1935 , and the second the militant school in Monz'on, Aragon. His pedagogical projects were based above all on the concept of self-management, freedom and de facto equality between teachers and students. He died in 1993. His work "The Collectives of Arag'on. A self-managed living, promise of the future" can be read at <http://kehuelga.org/biblioteca/colec/carrasquer.html>. Other works are "La autogest'i'on a debate ", "The school of militants of Arag'on" and "Marxism or self-management."

²⁰We continually found ourselves confronted with the painful need to disappoint the expectations with which they often approached us, haloed by the prestige of "science" and that of our action, certainly of modest dimensions but also (and Without a doubt many felt it) unique in its kind. They would have liked to force us to play augurs, to make use of a superior "knowledge" that we did not possess any more than anyone else; Trying ourselves, as best we could, to make an image of what was happening, of that world that was falling apart, and to open a path through a chaos that was not about dominating or controlling. They would have liked to force us to define a vast program (a task of which we felt very vanity...), to distribute tasks, to give guidelines, to enroll.

I felt the full weight of that force, weighing down on us to push us towards a role, a rewarding role certainly: role of Boss, of Guru, of Hero - but a role that would not have been true, even if it were true. perfectly credible to most. In the absence of entering it, we had to ceaselessly acknowledge our ignorance, where they waited for the definitive and sure answer, to endlessly refer to themselves those who came to us with the impossible hope that it would resolve We were the problems of their lives for them, or we gave them something to forget them. I remember as if it were yesterday that incessant rush, always, always disappointing the expectations of those who came, and so rarely being able to truly give...

²¹However, I should except Chevalley, who had a maturity that was lacking, I think, in the others. See in this regard, in Cosechas y Siembras, the three sections that talk about him: “Encounter with Claude Chevalley, or: freedom and good feelings”, “Merit and contempt” (CyS I nos 11, 12), and “A farewell to Claude Chevalley” (CyS III no 100). Unfortunately,

themselves, but of which none of us (I think) were clearly aware. And it is possible that I am the only one who now realizes, with the perspective of time, of that immaturity — the only one, perhaps, who has not stopped at the point where we were then. , but in fits and starts it has continued its rise stumbling along the path of knowledge. But even if there had been a hundred of us dedicated body and soul to a common action (as I myself was then), and with all the maturity in the world on top of that, I don't believe for a moment that that would have changed something essential in the global situation; unleashing, let's say, a true cultural revolution in France, with the spirit of the beginning that took place in May 68 and deepening and amplifying it.

To tell the truth, I now see that such intensely creative background waves, just as those that sometimes lift and carry one's soul forward, are of God much more than of man²². And what makes God act at one moment and seem to be without question at another, no man knows. However, I believe I know that neither the prayers nor the imprecations and blasphemies nor the expectations nor the fears of innumerable multitudes have the power or virtue, by themselves, to incite God to act. And on the contrary, it happens that what happens in the secret of a single heart, even ignored by it, has the force of a call, eliciting in response the creative Action of God²³.

However, those signs that I and others had perceived, that had aroused in me that "crazy hope", that total security, I did not invent them! And I have not the slightest doubt, no more than before, that these signs had a meaning, although their exact and immediate scope, which I then thought I grasped, actually eluded me. Each one of these signs was full of meaning in itself, each one clearly taught me that something important was happening in such a being, or in such a place involving such other beings, and it is also true that these scattered events , which were surely the sign of many other authentic acts, all pointed in the same direction.

Now I would say that then the Spirit of God was blowing strongly in that direction, and that certain beings, instead of closing themselves to the Breath as each one is free to do, dared to allow themselves to be penetrated no matter how little.

It was a powerful Breath, without a doubt. And why it blew just then, for a few years (only to stop immediately, even to this very day), I believe no man knows. Maybe a warning, for those who know how to read it? Or an opportunity offered to wake up and get going, for those who know how to take advantage of it? A Promise, to illuminate a fruitful hope in those who let themselves be dragged and carried away by the madness of faith? Or a Sign, insistent although temporary, a wink from the Eye of God, a hidden confirmation, for those to whom He would reveal the proximity of the Storm and the Cloudburst? Or to the intention of those who understood his announcement and said to themselves: how could the impossible, the unthinkable, be fulfilled?

Indeed, although the Breath was powerful, yet it did not yet break into a tempest. Then it was not the blinding Tornado that raises in compact whirlwinds the arid sands of meaningless knowledge, transforming air and space into a scorching desert of swirling sands! That Day, no one could ignore the power of the Breath that creates devastation. He who does not allow himself to be pierced by the passing Breath, who keeps the locks of his being closed - he will be dragged and thrown into the beyond - his mortal body will die²⁴. And then there will be many, surely, who will die in their body for refusing their soul to the Action of God, many who will not be allowed to be washed in the fountains, under the powerful waterspouts of the Chaparr' on, to be purified and enabled to work in renewal.

61. The new man — or the surface and the depth

(September 7) In those years of somewhat feverish flowering of the "Counter-culture", it was a lot about

For health reasons, Chevalley could not participate more than from afar in our action. However, I feel that, without being sought by him or anyone, he exerted a great influence on the spirit of the group and its evolution.

²²That impression already emerged strongly throughout the note "Creation and maturation (2): no "gifts" are needed to create" (no. 49), mainly on page N 142 .

²³Compare with the note "When you have understood the lesson — or the Great Joke of God" (no. 27), mainly page No. 79. Likewise the sub-sub-note "The End is on the way — or the first Priority" (no 56, 7).d., mainly page 268.

²⁴Compare the note "Marcel L'egaut — or the dough and the yeast" (no. 20), page N 54, and mainly the footnote of page (*) on that page.

"change life". In any case, what was certain was that those who were committed to that intense movement had really changed their lives. And often in a very radical way - even more radical than in my case, who continued to exercise my trade (undemanding, it is true, to the extent that it had slipped into the background of my interests) and benefiting from the material security (and therefore also the freedom of movement) that it provided me. This radical transformation in the ways and styles of life and in the mentality that permeated them, no less than the "convergence" of which I spoke yesterday, had to impress – at times I felt! In it was the breath of a faith and generosity worthy of the evangelical era! There were many who boldly let go of the moorings, renouncing the securities of the old scleritized and dying society (the "consumer society" as it was kindly called, always without disdaining the products it offered in such abundance...), to begin a "new life" from scratch, a tentative beginning of a new society, of a new World that would be human.

For my part, I did not doubt that it really was the embryo of the society of tomorrow that, certainly through inevitable errors, but animated by a creative breath that could not be felt, was sprouting and forming before my somewhat astonished eyes in a festive atmosphere and with the joyful carelessness of the flowers of the field! The contrast was striking, certainly, between the old world from which it had just emerged, and that new world about to be born as if from nothing by I don't know what enchantment!

It is true that from a simple material point of view, this new world derived its existence, in a hundred and thousand ways, from the old one of which it was an unusual offspring; God knows how, attached to him, totally disapproving of him, in close symbiosis with him and gnawing at him without rest. One might think – and this was, without a doubt, our "great hope" – that the spirit of the new world was thus going to gnaw and gradually win over the old and transform it, in the manner of an almost imperceptible ferment. , working a heavy mass that is apparently inert and that nevertheless ends up "winning" it and making it rise... But it is also true (which I only noticed progressively, and perhaps without giving it all the weight that corresponded to him...) that the "gnawing" was not a single meaning - that the old world, or rather "the old man", also insidiously gnawed at the new man who emerged It was in us.

Of those two movements that responded to each other, we saw above all the one that nourished our crazy hope (which well deserved such encouragement...). On the contrary, we had a tendency to ignore or underestimate the other, a bad omen. To give it its full weight, we would have needed a rigor with respect to ourselves, and a depth of vision, which (I believe) has been lacking in all the actors in that short and memorable epic of the "Counter-culture." It did not lack the spiritual dimension, which, on the contrary, was the first thing, but rather the rigor conducive to true deepening²⁵. Even the impulse of a generous faith, a living force that works in such deepening, cannot in any case, in the long run and with its presence alone, replace it²⁶ .

That "new man" who manifested himself in a way that was often disconcerting for many, but perhaps also, at times, in a way that was a little too resolute, even striking — like a flag proudly raised with the sign of Aquarius²⁷ ... , and yet it was not a hollow fiction, a pure facade covering a nothingness, a pose. It was the projection of an authentic aspiration, arising from the depths, kept prisoner for generations, centuries, perhaps millennia. The new man, the true one, is really present, like a germ that calls for a future and that asks to be born, in the deepest part of each of us. So deeply hidden that rare are those who life has led to glimpse it even if only for a moment. And even rarer are those who do not fear him, much less than those who would not fear the devil himself! Surely for this reason (among other equally real, but superficial and secondary causes) "the marginals" (aka "the long hairs") were already causing, in so many good people, visceral reactions of antagonism and aversion. For for these people, as well as for the marginalized themselves, they represent as an effigy and symbol of the man hidden in us (ignored, despised, crushed and yet unavailable to discouragement...) and who asks to be born...

Certainly, the symbol or the effigy is not the thing. The marginal, although he has chosen a truly new role, is no more the "new man" than is the first citizen who passes by. More precisely, if there is any difference, it is that in the marginal there is at least a first awareness of that aspiration that rises from the depths, and that he translates it better than better in that staging. of what his conscious represents to him as the image of that famous "new man." Image and staging that sometimes bring true creativity into play, but most of the time are much more strongly dependent on the inertia of the ego (with its everlasting mechanisms of vanity, the search for security and of hunger

²⁵This intuition appears for the first time in a footnote ((14) page 5) in the penultimate section "The act (3): a charrúa called Esperanza" (no. 59).

²⁶I would add that in turn, this deepening nourishes faith, and that this nourishment is even indispensable to it. In the absence of a deepening animated by faith, it, no matter how alive it is at the outset, goes out and ends up losing its creative power.

²⁷(N. del T.) Constellation of the southern hemisphere and sign of the zodiac (January 20 – February 18).

of wishful thinking) than moved by the creative forces of the soul. By proudly claiming the values that adorn the “new man” and finding there a gratifying self-image and a reassuring new identity, the marginal, no less than the common mortal, is alienated from his deep being, of that “new man” in the one who calls him – he is no less afraid of him, deep down and whatever he thinks, how “bourgeois” that he often looks over of the shoulder! Although he has really completed a step that he has not yet taken, a certainly courageous and important step, there are still a thousand and a thousand steps to take of which he has not the slightest suspicion (and some of a very different scope!), to make him discover becoming and becoming, discovering that true “new man” that he imagines he is already and of whom, for that same reason, he is incapable of perceiving the wait and waiting for the call.

In other words: here there are two realities of a different nature. There is the deep reality, the germ of what can and would like to be and that no one can yet predict, the call of a future even unsuspected or perhaps already darkly sensed — the true new man, the man of the depths. dadities, “the deep being” that lives and waits in each one. And there is a superficial reality, which is like a deformed, tendentious and crude representation, static, not to say a falsification, of that deep reality, always shifting and ungraspable. (Let's call it the effigy, or the new effigy to remember that it is supposed to represent the new man, and that it has represented a new kind of self-image, invented by the counter-culture for its own.) And here it is What fails: between the superficial reality and that of the depths, there is no organic link, a continuity that would intertwine them, involving the psyche in its entirety, layer by layer²⁸. From this lack comes the largely artificial character of the effigy, “fitted” into the psyche instead of being confused with it, a simple “script” for a role played with conviction—a role whose choice reflects an aspiration. It is profound, but it is no less a role. In the marginal, the surface is not fed by the depth, any more than in beings who have opted for more conventional roles, conscious acts and behaviors are not moved by the creative forces that arise from the deep layers. The intermediary “dungheap” of the subconscious and the middle layers of the psyche, fiefdom par excellence of the ego and effective screen to intercept the messages and movements coming from the depths, is no less overflowing in this man than an authentic and The generous impulse of his being has led him to want to embody the role of the “new man”, which is the role of anyone else.

Clean that “dung heap” however little, and thereby make it less opaque and reestablish the contact between the surface and the depth, with a creative process that involves and transforms the psyche in its entirety, instead of being content with preparing the surface to your taste and staying there — that's work. I have called it (at least as I have practiced it) “meditation work.” L'egaut, who continued this work in a completely different way, calls it “inner depth,” a term that lends itself better to the broader meaning that I contemplate here.

If the maturation in me over the past fifteen years now provides me with a new look at the reason for its ephemeral character as well as its undeniable failure (patent failure at least from a purely historical perspective, if not from a spiritual perspective²⁹), perhaps above all by revealing to me what, through the present reflection, emerges as the “fundamental contradiction” of that movement. It's this.

The true reason for being of the counter-culture, even in the eyes of those who were its actors, was surely to realize “here and now” the new man: the only one who had the vocation and capacity to create new life, the embryo of a new society emerging in extremis from the decrepit body of the dying society. But the new man is not improvised, even if it is with the impulse of a bold and generous faith. The new man in us is not the one we imagine, and that we strive to establish from what we imagine. No one knows him, only God. And no one ever achieves it, not even in the most intensely creative moments of their life. The new man is not in today, in the famous “here and now” so celebrated, any more than he is in tomorrow, which is nothing more than a deferred today. . The new man, in truth, is God on the horizon, calling in us a journey towards an unknown destiny. And that future is not that of an instant of ardor and faith, nor of a month or even a few years, moved by an exalting and generous vision.

It is every moment throughout life. And even when he is animated by joy, it is not a party but a job. Endless work, resumed without ceasing, in which each completion is the crossing of a threshold and a new beginning.

It is the work by which man, discovering himself, deepens himself, and by going deeper, he discovers himself more deeply. One of the crucial stages of that endless journey into the Unknown is the discovery of the

²⁸Compare with the reflection in the section “Work and conception — or the double onion” (no. 10), and particularly page 28.

²⁹From a spiritual perspective, there could not be an action that was creative and that is a pure “failure”: every creative action is fruitful, and that fruitfulness is not limited to an instant, it has a timeless quality. . See in this regard the section “The act (2): all creation is a beginning without end” (no. 58).

presence and action of God in us. But no more than the previous ones, this is not a completion by which we would have "achieved", finally, the "new man". It is a greater beginning, opening our gaze to an infinity even greater than those we had previously glimpsed...

However, if we persist in searching for a "new man" of flesh and blood, and I am cornered to describe him, I would say that he is the one who has become aware of the process of spiritual becoming and gives it a central place in his life. Understanding with this, not that he professes such and such ideas about "spirituality" and about the place that should be given to it, but that this man is spiritually on the move—a man in whom the work continues day by day. (conscious or unconscious) of a spiritual becoming. Which is to say, a work of discovery of oneself (often through one's relationship with one's neighbor...), and (if granted) of God's action in one's life. the30 .

Without a doubt, if a new society is to be born on top of the old one in full decomposition, it will be due to the emergence of this new type of men. Men as limited, as fallible and conditioned, as subject to errors, aberrations, weaknesses as any other. Men no more intelligent and perhaps not even necessarily more mature than such others. And yet a man different from any other because of that work that continues in him and that others evade - that work through which he constantly, whatever his errors and his involuntary blindnesses, finds contact with himself again and is fully himself. .

I have attempted a description, if not truly of the "new man" always calling and always out of reach, at least of a quality that seems essential to bring him closer constantly: that of a persevering, rigorous and faithful "adherence" to the path. invisible, to the endless path that leads there. But has there been a single "marginal", in France or abroad, that corresponds to such a description, however slightly? I highly doubt it³¹. Furthermore, I do not know any marginal person who has even had any idea of the existence of something similar to a work of deepening, of a spiritual "becoming", and of what that could be; or who has had any suspicion that in the absence of such work, any project to "change one's life" remains a seductive and inconsequential utopia, and its implementations are reduced to so many other implementations, whatever the enthusiasm, the energy, the good will that is put into it.

In truth, in the absence of being accompanied by a spiritual deepening, none of such projects and no outline to carry it out has in itself the creative power that could make the new society spring up around it on the putrefaction of which, spiritually, is already dead. Rather, these projects and those endless efforts are part of the process of decomposition of dead and condemned things, by which the ground is already being prepared in which the new must emerge. Creative processes at their own level without a doubt. But that is not even, properly speaking, "the new", any less "the new man".

To tell the truth, leaving aside some beings scattered among the masses and whose faces and names only God knows, it would seem that these new men, ferments of the future of the World, have not yet arisen. Without a doubt at the Hour set by God, they will be revealed to themselves under the breath of His Storm and under the waters of the Cloudburst.

62. The call of silence

30 (September 8) The attentive reader will have noticed with what reluctance I undertake here to venture a "description" of him who would deserve the name of "new man" ("of flesh and bone"). When we imprudently give in to the incitement or call that pushes us toward that type of description, we are doing nothing more than, out of ignorance or lack of breadth of vision when it is not out of simple vanity, presenting a description. with a more or less veiled and properly idealized view of oneself.

I don't claim to have escaped that. At least I have tried to apprehend what this man-ferment could be, through a quality (to which I return two sections later) that, capturing that essential something in him that turns him into an active ferment, is so little limiting as possible.

Surely I have only achieved it imperfectly. The thought has occurred to me that this description does not include men like Rudi, "the child in spirit" that I discussed earlier (in the section "Rudi and Rudi — or the indistinguishable ones", no 29). They are men (ferment if there is one) who in their own way – the way of the child, of perfect simplicity, are already one with that "God on the horizon" that a moment ago I pretended would never exist. That's how we achieved it. It is also true that I have the impression that a man like Rudi never had to achieve a state that, on the contrary, seems to have always been his!

31On the other hand, we would be unwelcome if we thought of complaining about this to the said Counter-culture, since these "ferment men" are still something much more than rare today (as I emphasize below, in The last paragraph). Complaining about it to her would be, on the other hand, complaining about it to God himself, who (I have no doubt about it) has aroused and animated with his breath that vast underlying wave, truly unthinkable in simple terms. only of psychic determinisms, much more so when it has not been ephemeral...

(September 9) How was this dark knowledge of a need for inner transformation born and developed in me? Or at least, at first, a transformation of my life (if not of my person), deeper than a simple change of environment, activities and vision of the world? A change that, however, was felt at the time as a total shock, opening me to a totally different life - a life, for everything it involved in me, of a plenitude such as I had never known before. , and that at times filled me with a marvelous gratitude, as if in disbelief of what was happening to me!

It is true that then I lived with a tone that, at least in the long run, did not agree with my deep inclinations. Surely, my fundamental vocation is that of "researcher". I have been a researcher all my life since adolescence³², whether my search is intellectual, carnal or spiritual. For three or four years, my research brought me into contact with men—not just a few, intimate friends of yesteryear, as was previously the case, but many men and women from all walks of life, with innumerable faces covering so many unknown destinies, glimpsed in a whirlwind, barely the time, here and there, to glimpse their mystery... Ephemeral contacts, which necessarily always remained on the surface. "Strength" that was due more to a lack of depth in me, of true presence, than to that ephemeral character. Even with my new friends, those with whom I engaged in an intense common action that totally absorbed me and with whom, and sometimes through whom, I progressed in the feverish work towards an understanding of the world, to whom I felt bound by shared feelings of warm affection—even with them the contact remained hardly less superficial than that which I had previously maintained with my mathematical friends or with my students. Even more superficial, perhaps, on my part than on yours, so deep is my tendency to be more interested in things than in beings, more in the order that governs the World and the lines of force of its future, than by the beings that populate it and their intimate experiences.

The fact that I got as involved as I could, in as personal a way as I was then capable of, doesn't change much. Nor that he has been able to see, and overcome, for better or worse, the trap of the "militant" or "missionary" attitude³³ which, under the guise of the Cause that needs the support of all, does not approach a new face other than to immediately "make him aware", which in this case means giving him my Truths (even if they are warm!) and enlisting him in your service if possible, or failing that, putting him aside. No, escape that common stereotype, which then lurked around the corner! But I must say, however, that what united me with my new friends, as was previously the case with my friends in the world I left, was no more than an accessory and secondary sympathy. I knew I had them. First of all, they were the tasks that we had in common and to which I dedicated myself to such an extent that at the subjective level of intimate experience (remaining unexpressed, certainly, even to myself), and I want it or not, they truly appeared to me as my tasks³⁴. And whether I wanted it or not, as in the past, my interest in my neighbor continued to be conditioned by those tasks and by the part that he was willing to take on. It did not flow, simply and spontaneously, from the living source of a sympathy that preexisted every task, every "research."

That ambiguity in my relationship with my neighbor has not yet disappeared from my life. And in no way is it something special about me. That "gift of sympathy" that I was thinking of a moment ago is certainly one of the rarest and most valuable things in the world. I don't know if one day, in this life, it will be granted to me. Of course, it was in those years when, more than at any other time in my life, I was in daily, "massive" and intense contact with my neighbor, so that I mobilized all my energy. It was time to assume it - it was then that I was most insistently confronted with that continuous ambiguity, which during my life had already followed me step by step. I darkly felt its insidious presence, without ever having the lucidity to stop in it, to confront it as something that posed a problem and that was well worth stopping in. The very idea of "stopping" like this over something in my own life, of looking at it, of interrogating it in short after having previously felt the silent (and yet how insistent!) interrogation, instead to be content with following "by eye" the slope of the fully outlined mechanisms of attraction-repulsion, pleasant-unpleasant — such an idea had never occurred to me yet. I could not have come from any example around me, from a way of doing things or from an inner attitude that one day I would have witnessed. I do not remember, on the other hand, that this question, concerning both the quality of the relations between us within the small nucleus that we formed (around the writing of the newsletter Surviving and Living), as well as our relations with the outside, has never been evoked among us, and I doubt that anyone has raised it. I think that none of us had the maturity then to perceive it clearly enough to be in a position to consider it ourselves.

³²To tell the truth, that vocation has already been visible since my childhood, at least from the age of seven or eight.

³³On the other hand, in that I was helped by several friends from *Survir y Vivir*, with more experience and maturity than me, who I evoke in the footnote (18) page 8 in the section "The Breath and the Tempest" (no. 60).

³⁴Compare with the reflection in *Cosechas y Siembras* in the note "The return of things (or a blunder)" (CyS II o 73).

The fact is that by my vocation, which has made my life an endless investigation, as well as by my inclinations that agree with it, I am made for a life much more of solitude than of encounters, much more of silence than of words. Only at dusk³⁵ have I recognized this deep need with all its strength and have stopped hindering it with a false "generosity", which makes me put myself at the disposal of others with a deeply annoying and totally superficial availability. . Going like this to meet my true needs and desires, that in the end has nothing worth giving³⁶. To be able to give something of myself that is valuable, it must have matured in me, like a fruit of which I would be the first to feel the weight and taste the flavor. Without that, my "availability" is like the polished flat surface of a mirror, sending back to the other only the reflux of a superficial movement that makes him come towards me, and that he finds in me with the same spirit with which I receive it without truly welcoming it, lending myself to it without being able to truly give myself.

* * *

It took me many years before I perceived those things clearly—clearly enough so that, without even having to make a decision, my life would withdraw and concentrate on that increasingly insistent and more imperious need to loneliness. Beneficent solitude, blessed solitude saturated with silence, fertile matrix of the work that had to be done in me and that, surely for a few years, had been calling me...

The truth is that after one or two years of intense militant activity, he began to consciously feel this growing need for meditation and silence. But perhaps it would be more fair to say that I felt, first little by little, the totally superficial character, and in the long run (as time passed and the new activities and the new role that they granted me...) repetitive, of the movement in which I had become involved and which ended up being perceived more and more as an agitation, rather than as a true creative movement.

It had been a creative movement, certainly. But at that moment, imperceptibly, I felt him slip into a routine. The discovery of the World and our neighbor gave way to recently acquired reflexes. A counterpart, surely, to the superficial level at which the close relationships maintained around the common project were maintained. Yes, the reflexes were honed, distinguishing such "profiles" in the interlocutors (which would then be appropriate to address in such a way), memorizing a whole range of such questions or objections that were repeated incessantly. , and to which it was no longer necessary to look for hesitant answers, but simply to return (as if by pressing a button!) such a prepared reply.

A pertinent reply in itself, even evident, and yet already hackneyed, by dint of having been said and re-said.

In front of us there is certainly a lot of confusion, also a lot of fear that does not say its name (and that then I only guessed), an immense reluctance to confront reality (reluctance and fears that come to us from the remains of a past). millennial...), an irresistible tendency to adhere to calming ideas, sometimes bordering on the grotesque and the weak (but in which unconscious black humor and provocation perhaps also had a role to play...); sometimes also, in the "officials" who identified themselves without reservation with the established order and institutions, and even in wise men haloed with prestige (and power...), a gross bad faith under smiling, peremptory airs and distinguished, that took your breath away...³⁷.

³⁵Starting in July 1979, when for the first time an almost complete loneliness left me. This lasted more than a year. It was the year in which, twenty-two years after my mother's death and thirty-seven years after my father's, I "met my parents" for the first time. and what his life had been. It was then that I discovered the sources of conflict in my being, which date back to the distant days of a torn and forgotten childhood...

³⁶These reflections apply to more or less all the relationships I have had with others, except those based on something that was done in common. Among these, certainly, we must count my relationship with the women I have loved, who for a long time had a great place in my life.

³⁷Here I am thinking especially of the official positions taken regarding the debate on the nuclear industry. They were slavishly reproduced by the entire mainstream press, which never even alluded to the existence of a debate on formidable problems that, today more than ever, seem insoluble. That was the first time I was able to witness firsthand what could be called true intellectual corruption (certainly a symptom of a deeper spiritual corruption...) both in the scientific media. ifics affiliated with the nuclear-military complex, such as those of information. (Corruption that, in the first named of the two, has only progressed in terrifying proportions.) The only newspaper "established" in France that gave counter-information (and also as it would be) on the nuclear problem, and more generally on the ecological crisis, was Charlie Hebdo, especially under the impetus of Fournier. Unfortunately, Charlie Hebdo's audience was very limited, and then it barely went beyond the more or less marginal media.

Certainly, each of the innumerable questions, raised in public debates or in correspondence (growing to the point of overflowing...) around Surviving and Living, was urgent and important. Each one was the starting point towards a depth that, as soon as it was continued a little, led directly to the great questions: those of our time, and also, often, those of all times. But at the level at which contact was continued, even at the level at which we then found ourselves, that "depth" itself had to remain superficial. Whatever we did, it involved nothing more than our "surface" thinking, conscious thought, the intellect, without including the deeper parts, much more powerful and predominant in the psyche. (we still didn't have the slightest idea about them at the time³⁸). We confusedly presented, without any of us (I think) fully realizing, that depth necessarily involves what is most intimately personal — what is always you, not only in private debates. public and in the correspondence established around a militant action (even if it is an action that aims at "cultural subversion"), but on all occasions. Only once or twice, in those two years of intense "cultural" militancy, did it happen that, for a moment, the armored defenses that imprison the untimely violence of a liberating emotion arising from the depths were swept away. (To immediately leave us with that feeling of ambiguous discomfort, not to say shame, having been overwhelmed and dragged thus by the unpredictable and the misunderstood and for that reason, not having known how to be there that time, at all, "at the height"...

At the point where we were, that great Debate that we had come to sow under the pressure of the times, a debate that was certainly hot and had a thousand and one faces, then it could not be more than limited to one surface, carefully circumscribed and marked by invisible and vigilant forces. On the other hand, isn't every "debate" like that, everything that is not close to others, finally, more than in general, and even if there was no hesitation in getting involved in a totally personal way? That "involvement" itself cannot be deeper than the self-view of the one involved! And even if the gaze had reached a depth, this, in truth, is not something that can be handed out upon request. It is not in the nature of serving as a means to encourage or fuel a "debate". It is situated on a totally different level than any debate, any discussion, any opinion about this or that, any "pro" or "against" option. It is only given in very rare moments, which no one can foresee (but only God, perhaps...), and even less can it be consciously prepared. Then it is communicated in a work born from that depth and nourished by it, matured in silence, and carried for a long time with tenderness...

Those things, I believe, were "known" then somewhere in me, but at a level that escapes the gaze of conscious thought. On the contrary, with more and more force, that feeling of a totally chaotic, disorderly "agitation" came to light in me, succeeding the vast-reaching wave that had swept me. brought back to the beginning — an agitation made up of an infinity of small "superficial movements" arising from fears and appetites, from expectations and fears, from peripheral reflexes as well as from ego forces. dominating otics of countless millions of beings dragged in the great drift of the Times, and in which my own will and my voice, striving obstinately to force its wake, were finally nothing more than one of those waves among millions of others that spread in all possible (and even impossible!) directions at the same time, becoming entangled and finally annihilating each other, as if shaken by the effect of the laws of chance in the immense Wheel. of a kind of inexorable giant T'ombola.

Or to put it another way: I had that irrefutable feeling that my activities had (I couldn't say when or how) ceased to be an act, and that more and more my voice was found hopelessly swallowed up in a sea of noise; that was part of that mounting tide of noise that filled and submerged that insane World whose very meaning and what was substance was dismantled and disintegrated in that chaos of noise. My efforts to channel what could not be channeled, to give a direction to what could not be directed and was disintegrating before my eyes in that chaotic agitation, in that blind frenzy, destroyer of all meaning and all life - those efforts themselves were part of a chaos, feeding with their laughable contribution that process of chaotic disintegration, that frenzy of the delirious verb, that roar, that noise...³⁹

It is because of that acute perception of a cacophony of noise in which I myself participated (perception

³⁸To tell the truth, from my reading of Krishnamurti, which put the fly behind my ear, I had some idea at that time, and I had ample opportunity to make observations in that sense a little everywhere around me. around. But (as I have emphasized elsewhere) that did not help me much, in the absence of seeing the action of the unconscious forces in myself, or at least realizing their existence. (Compare with the sub-sub-section "The craziest fact" (no 56, 7), a.), mainly the footnote (*) page 255)

³⁹Compare with the apotheosis of noise in the note "Law, speech and Noise — a millennial cycle closes" (no. 57), page 176.

emerging in consciousness but even more powerful, surely, in the submerged layers...), so a nostalgia for silence came to light in me, all at once. Nostalgia certainly very discreet and oh how unusual! that arrived like hairs in the soup while the World, to survive and to live, had the greatest need of our efforts! So unusual that for a long time I had to repress it hard, sweep it out of the field of clear consciousness. By dint of pushing (discreetly...), he nevertheless ended up infiltrating, and ended up, almost fed up, by admitting his existence. I even managed, once or twice, to talk about it to another, with that strange impression of "acting nonsense" (the voice of "reason"! without a doubt, again her...!), so far was it then from my well-tempered mental habits to pay attention to such "imponderables" unworthy of dwelling on them, instead of following, imperturbably, the path that had firmly taught me It was laid out. And I still remember my surprise that a dubious allusion awakened an echo, and that others had also felt the insidious dominance of noise, and just as I felt (although they were no longer there) as willing as I am to follow them...) the insistent attraction and the silent call of silence.

63. Knight of new life

(September 10) It is above all, I think, because of that growing perception of the over-saturation of the world and of myself by noise, and because of the nostalgia for silence that was born in me, So that feeling or (more accurately) that knowledge of a need for inner transformation, evoked at the beginning of yesterday's reflection, entered my life. Surely, I darkly realized (without believing it too much, how ridiculous the idea would undoubtedly have seemed to me, once expressed...) that that silence to which I aspired as if in spite of myself was the transformation What called me was that "new life" that in the same movement with thousands of other beings, carried with them by the same breath, I felt called to create. Two years ago, in 1972, according to a handful I was speaking and theorizing about that famous "new life," already emerging in an abundance of experiences of community life a little everywhere, in urban environments as well. than in the countryside, in France certainly but with more vigor, even more massively, perhaps in a more diverse, richer, more radical and also, now, more as structured, in the United States⁴⁰. Finally it was time, leaving to others the worry of writing and discussing about the old dying world and the new one that was being born, to throw myself into the water to learn to swim by swimming and to live ("new") by living! !

The most convincing and pertinent considerations had really convinced me that the community way of life was what was called, in the society of tomorrow that was already beginning, to replace the traditional family, decidedly in decline. and henceforth surpassed. That was the way of life, that was taken for granted, that I was going to commit to: I was going to "start a community." Like someone who is preparing, in short, to found a family, when all that remains is to find a wife. I was only waiting for providential companions, men and women or couples with or without children, who would join me (if I did not join them) to make the journey together! !

Certainly, he was not unaware that most communities, emerging like mushrooms on a rainy morning, disintegrated by the afternoon. But the idea that the same thing could happen to me did not even occur to me, so filled was I with an unconditional and unrepeatable confidence in myself, so sure did I feel that I would know how to commit myself only to the right moment, with companions as trustworthy as myself, with resources no less valuable than mine. Without saying it or even implying it, I secretly already saw shining before my eyes a kind of pilot community, called (it was taken for granted) to have great projection for its initiatives and also for its quality. of life and human relationships, very open to the outside (it was also taken for granted), a valuable connection of Surviving and Living in the community fabric that I already saw spreading over the country...

⁴⁰I had the opportunity to see on the ground, unfortunately a little "on the fly", the Counter-culture in the United States, during a tour of a few weeks that I made to fifteen American Universities, invited as a mathematical lecturer, but in fact to encourage debates on the Crisis of Civilization. Finally I had much warmer and more interesting contacts with the counter-cultural student population on university campuses and with other "down town" marginals, than with my colleagues, from whom practically none were willing to part. of their routines of thought and life. On the contrary, I was strongly impressed by the strength, originality and richness of the community movement in the United States, at a time when the similar movement in France was just beginning to emerge.

Even "silence", surely, should be included (but I couldn't say how) in that beautiful vision of a kind of experimental cell for the body of tomorrow's society. I was certainly not putting myself on the path of "silence"! It took even more years for him, like a nocturnal thief, to stealthily come to visit me here and there to strip me away one by one, like so many heteroclite pieces of furniture that get in the way, of the illusions new and old, firm or wavering, to which he had been so attached. It took even more years before the great plunderer finally stayed to live and his sister, loneliness, became (this time I think forever...) my loving companion.

I have already alluded⁴¹ to the two community experiences that I carried out one after the other, in an interval of less than a year, each one ending, after barely a few months, with the most serious failure. sour and regrettable. The first community, with the evocative name "Géminal", in a fairly large city in the Paris region (in Châtenay-Malabry), in the winter of 1972/73. The second in the countryside, on a plot of land of about thirty hectares without water or buildings, in Lod'evois, in the summer of 1973. It involved establishing an agricultural community centered around a herd of goats. starving, all suffering from mastitis and other similar illnesses. Although less sick than us, the community members of the new life, as sick in the soul as the previous owners were, while those poor beasts were only sick in the body. That community exploded (after a few weeks) under the pressure of the pent-up violence accumulated in some of us, while the previous one disintegrated into reluctance and corruption.

I could write a novel about each of those two vaudeville epics, but I'm not likely to find the free time to do so. And when I think about it now, I realize that it is evident that what happened could not stop happening, given the context and the state of immaturity in which I found myself, saturated with naivety, so blind to the others. as of myself, and intimately convinced of the opposite, as I should. Clearly I had to go through there, to continue and complete my learning "the hard way" about myself! This would be the moment to try to unravel how those two humiliating and painful fiascos have finally been necessary and beneficial to me⁴².

At that moment, it is true, I was very far from extracting all the juice. I only began to learn the most important thing they had to teach me the following year, in the spring of 1974: the lesson of my own insufficiencies and, above all, of certain inveterate mechanisms in me that continued with my eyes closed, and whose fruits I inexorably reaped, throughout my life, in harvests of pain and bitterness. After those two eloquent failures, I still let myself be carried away by the everlasting reflex of seeing the failures of others in large letters, and mine in a faint dotted line. I couldn't get rid of the idea (although I was beginning to feel confusedly that there must be something that didn't fit...) that also that time, as so often, wow! He really hadn't been lucky, falling with precisely those he shouldn't have. I certainly recognized that I was responsible for my choices, and mainly for who I did things in common with.

I had lacked clairvoyance, it was assumed, by allowing myself to be dazzled or deceived. But I couldn't, with the best will in the world, see any further. He had big blinders, such as he had so often had occasion to notice on others (so big, in fact, that sometimes he couldn't believe what he saw...); including recently and very closely, in my famous new life communities. But (similar to all my classmates) I did not see them in myself, too convinced in advance that I (and that was the least important thing!) was free of such annoying accessories.

However, now I distinguish several immediate fruits, to which I was far from paying attention then, so violent was the self-accusation that came to me for those humiliating failures. The most obvious of these immediate beneficial effects is that I then understood, once and for all, that I was not cut out for community life! For the same reason, by force, I was less convinced that the family of the good old days, "patriarchal" and all that..., was destined to disappear to give way to communities. (Even today, I would be very careful not to venture a prognosis on this matter!) Then I began to appreciate the value of being in my own home and, if I am not forced to do so, I don't see myself ever giving up. This is such an invaluable advantage.

Now I don't see myself living in the city either - the tentacular, devouring and frenetic city of today, an arid and noisy symbol of the dementia of our time. However, the acquired habits are something so strong that it was also like a tear, escaping the attraction of the giant melting pot of the Parisian agglomeration to parachute into a lost corner. God knows where However, for a year or two I had felt the need to take the leap. The life of tomorrow, and especially the life of the past

41See the note "The turn — or the end of a drowsiness" (no. 33), page 117.

42These fiascos were not only "humiliating" for my brand image, but also "painful" as they affected me in a deeper way, above all because of the deterioration that was accentuated, in such an environment not conducive to the expansion, among some of my children me too.

Tomorrow, it is not the Paris of today, it is not there where one can truly begin to live, and in any case the new society cannot be created! Whatever it was, the prospects of "creating new life in the countryside" (where just a piece of land was available, with a small group already preparing to settle there and inviting me to join them... .) are what finally motivated me to get the energy to break the ties of the city and become a peasant. Here's something good that was done!

64. The messenger

(September 11) As I began this chapter, I planned to move immediately to what seemed to me to be the next particularly notable "moment" in my spiritual adventure, after the great spiritual turning point of 1970; moment that took place four years later⁴³. But more than ever, the thread of reflection escapes me! It has been just a week, and in seven complete sections, that I have stopped at the episode of my involvement, body and soul, in the Counter-culture movement, an episode that extends from 1970 to 1973: from my "break" of the mathematical environment in the early 1970s, until the collapse of my second and last community experience in the summer of 1973. The stubborn movement that immersed me during those last days in the significance of those a years, which I have rarely thought about until now and always without stopping, for me is a sign of the importance of that long episode in my life; and also, surely, of its importance for the message developed in the Key of Dreams, a message that is revealed to me as the writing progresses.

In my life, they were crucial years of formation. Years of preparation above all, whose best fruits, on the level of spiritual life, would not be formed and mature, one by one, more than over the course of ten or fifteen years. us that have happened since then. In the autumn of 1973, when I took an unknown path that would later take me further and further away from the fervor (and also the agitation...) of the great tasks undertaken In general, the most visible fruits occurred more (it seems to me) on the intellectual plane than on the spiritual one. In those years, a vision of today's world began to form, of the unprecedented Crisis with which it is confronted, and also a vision of man and his wandering journey through from the prisons of their own mirages. In order for this outline, certainly very partial⁴⁴, to be spiritually fruitful, nourishing a truly spiritual life, it still needed to involve me in a more essential, more neurological way than the mere social role that corresponded to me — It was necessary for the silent, invisible and omnipresent Image, the heavy and rigid Image that had merged with me and had crushed me all my life, to be discovered, to be seen at last and to sink... The first threshold which finally made me enter (without being able to formulate it in those terms at the time) on a "spiritual path", with the first outline (oh how timid yet!) of an itinerary of self-discovery, he was going to transfer it the following year⁴⁵ .

On another level, those years consecrated my departure, now without return, from the mathematical environment that I had left, just as they also consecrated, irrevocably, a change in the way of life. The unrepentant citizen that I was, prisoner as I was despite myself of the super-concentrations of high-level scientific gray matter that some large cities represent⁴⁶, became the tenant and permanent inhabitant of a rustic country mansion, surely centenary, with thick walls as they are no longer made, located in a picturesque and tiny village on the side of a hill in the Lod'evois, from now on participating, for

⁴³I have already alluded here and there to that "moment of truth" (and for the first time in the three consecutive notes "The lost reunions", "The call and the rejection" and "The turn – or the end of a drowsiness", no s 31–33), mainly on page 103. I plan to talk in more detail in the next section.

(September 28) See better sections 67-69 in the next chapter.

⁴⁴He was very aware of this partial character, of the absence of a coherent overall vision of the world. However, even that spring, it did not even occur to me to dedicate myself to minimally consequential work to remedy it. I explain my distrust of such work in the section "Encounter with the Dreamer — or forbidden questions" (no. 21), mainly pages 56 to 58.

⁴⁵It is the "moment of truth" that we mentioned above (see the penultimate footnote).

⁴⁶In fact, that was the only reason that kept me close to the big cities, while my spontaneous inclinations led me more towards country life. Even in the city, I led a retired and sedentary life, separating myself only reluctantly from my work. Once I "made the leap" and settled in the field, I was able to verify, during my periods of intense mathematical work, carried out in almost complete scientific solitude, that my distance from any great center of "matter" "scientific gray" was not a handicap, quite the contrary. It led me to go off the beaten track much more than when I was living the life of a scientific "star."

nothing, in the quiet rhythms of local life.

For the message of the Key of Dreams and, beyond the message of a particular book, for my mission, those fruitful years in which I enter the mission are also those that, suddenly, put me in intimate and intense contact with the great Crisis: Crisis of civilization, "evolutionary" Crisis⁴⁷, unprecedented spiritual Crisis...; and also in contact, for that very reason, with the perspective of the great Mutation to which this, necessarily, confronts us - under penalty of perishing! Of perishing, and of dragging in our own destruction the prodigious and delicate fabric of life on earth, that wonder of the wonders of Creation, fruit of the incessant creative labors of Life since the most remote times, which continue without rest to this day for thousands of thousands of millennia... That inescapable Deadline, that heavy threat but also (when a living faith, a crazy and reckless faith transforms it...) that unprecedented and powerful provocation of all the creative resources forgotten in the thickness of man, it was in those years when for the first time I was able to at least glimpse (if not truly grasp) its titanic, Promethean measure - and sense with vertigo (of which he was almost not aware, he was still so immature to assume it and overcome it...) that its dimensions, in truth, infinitely exceeded mere human possibilities.

Perhaps the fundamental fidelity, at least the one that has made me suitable for the mission of "messenger" entrusted to me, is that of having carried the knowledge of that fearful Deadline without the fickleness of getting it off my back by cornering it, walking it in the Unconscious, or immediately forgetting it under the charm of the present moment and in the flow of life that continues and demands its rights, nor pretending to mitigate all its unthinkable reach. Certainly those "states of the soul" that I have ventured to evoke here would seem to almost everyone (and also to a part of myself, which without a doubt will never disarm itself in all my life) vain psychological subtleties, chimeras without importance and not worth mentioning. However, such "subtleties", such "chimeras" surely (now I have full conviction) are the first in the Look of God! They are surely not oblivious to His strange choice, even a ridiculous choice in view of my very un-Catholic character, to designate me as His messenger (or one of His messengers, if any). another rises...), to bring to a World slumped, collapsed and drowned in its own noise, the crazy announcement of the Mutation that is already being prepared in the secret of the Action of God - of the Threshold that we must transfer, whether we want to or not, without even the option (which until last year I thought was open) of perishing! This is not His design for us, that we sink without return into the gigantic garbage can open and full of our violence and greed. Certainly, innumerable multitudes will perish in the Storm - surely all those will perish who until the last Hour remain deaf to the calls to wake up - but Man will awaken to his human destiny, he will shake off his thousand gregarious slumber. times millennia inherited from the flock and will live! It will awaken and set out on its way, at last, not by human action, pulled out of its clumsy thickness as if in spite of itself, but by the Impulse of God arising from its depths - depths unsuspected, forgotten, never known...

In a vision beyond my personal history, surely it is that mission of announcing that which now appears to me as the heaviest fruit, the richest for its unimaginable Promise, of those turbulent, intense years, often confusing and problematic and yet pierced by immense hope — a true hope. Fruit perhaps foreseen long before my uncertain birth, before my first uncertain steps as a child and as a man, held by an invisible and loving Hand; fruit called by an Action and a Becoming that, at this moment when I write, are before us, invisible to my scrutinizing eyes as well as to the eyes of everyone... But fruit that in those years, for The more ignored it was, it was up to me to let it germinate and form, and begin its secret maturation in me. She continued darkly, tenaciously, far from every gaze except Una, throughout the following fourteen years and even in these notes and at this moment when I write.

Or is it better to say that I am squeezing a heavy and ripe fruit, which has just broken away to fall into my large open hands? If the fruit is the message, the announcement of the Promise and its upcoming fulfillment, this was given to me in prophetic dreams, more than six months ago. That was, perhaps, the last harvest of those forgotten sowings⁴⁸, which now corresponds to me, a jealous servant of the Lord of the Harvests and under his attentive and discreet Look, to transform into wine.

⁴⁷For that "evolutionary" aspect, see the note "The Great Evolutionary Crisis — or a turn in the helix..." (no. 37).

⁴⁸It is a dream from last February that has drawn my attention to the continuity between the mission as it has been revealed to me now, and the forgotten times of Survive and Live. I have no doubt that it has been under the secret action of that dream that I have been led in these last days to this long "digression" on the period of Surviving, at the expense of my projects planned.

65. Crossing the desert, and revelation — or sowings awaiting their harvests

(September 13) The “tearing” of the mathematical environment that took place in the early 1970s (without my realizing it at the time) put an end to a long period of spiritual stagnation, twenty-six years old. It begins in March 1944, after he came to the realization (although full of consequences in itself and pressing questions...) of the existence of a creative Intelligence, Creator of the World, and after having immediately decided that this fact, after all, did not particularly concern me. I give an account of this stagnation in the section “The call and the rejection” (see page 113 49), the last of the three sections (no. 30 to 32) dedicated to the episode of my first encounter with the idea of God, or rather with the irrefutable fact of God’s existence, then set aside (as a kind of simple “metaphysical curiosity”) in favor of concerns that then seemed to me of greater interest.

I am sure that He who I treated with contempt was not upset — it must be said that He has seen a lot! Surely He was waiting for His time, and He knew it would come. Many times I have noticed that He has tireless patience, and that it often amazes...

That episode took place at the age of sixteen. Until last November (forty-two years later), as far as I remember, my thoughts never stopped on God, nor did I entertain the idea that God might have some interest. It is in my person⁵⁰, that there was a relationship between God and me, and even between God and every man, every human soul. Perhaps that would have ended up becoming evident to me, if I had had the idea of devoting a reflection to the question of God’s relationship with Creation in general, and with men (and my modest person among them) in particular. After all, he was well placed to know that whoever creates does not cease to have an intimate and lasting relationship with the work that is born in him⁵¹! But I don’t remember that the idea of such a reflection even touched me⁵². If I have ended up having knowledge of a relationship between God and me, through an immediate and irrefutable experience, and even (this is evident from the outset) as intimate and as strong as the one I have ever linked to a being close⁵³, that has been only because of His initiative. It is He (a “He” that is also “She”) who has made Himself known as The closest and The closest, as The most loved and The most beloved. It came not as the end of a work of reflection, and even less as that of a mystical search, or of a longing for extraordinary experiences called “mystical” (a longing that there would be perhaps been provoked by what could have come to me from the so-called states of “realization”, achieved by such and such prestigious figures). I was dedicated to intense research work on my dreams and far from dreaming anything like that! The knowledge of God came to me like love is born in the morning—like a revelation. A totally unexpected revelation I can say, even unthinkable before it happened - and yet, as unthinkable as it was, it was received with admiration certainly, but also as something natural, in the “order of things” - almost like something that in unknown depths of myself I had already known, and that an intimate knowledge that had been present for a long time was suddenly revealed to me... But I anticipate a lot!

In the account of my itinerary (finally taken up with the present chapter), I have not stopped at the long

49In said section, I extend that period of stagnation over thirty years, until 1974. This was due to not having perceived the full spiritual scope of the “tear”, and of the following years. This scope appears progressively, with the reflection carried out first in the section “The turn — or the end of a drowsiness” (no. 33) that follows the aforementioned sections, and then throughout this chapter.

50(September 14) After having written those lines, I remembered an exceptional, even unique, moment in November 1976 (a few days after the “reunions with my soul” of which I have spoken elsewhere). Then I “prayed” for the first time in my life without a doubt, a few moments, intensely — and my prayer was answered. I will return to it instead, in the next chapter.

51It is true that there was in me a deliberate purpose of good tone, frequent in the scientific circles that I frequented (a tone of which I was impregnated even up to the moment of writing *Cosechas y Siembras*), consisting of minimizing that bond, affecting a “detachment” from the work carried out. I discover and realize my attachment to my work, first in “The Weight of a Past” (CyS I, no 50, last section of the first part of *Cosechas y Siembras*, with which I thought I would close my already long testimony about my past as a mathematician); then two months later, with a much more compelling acuity, in the note “One foot on the merry-go-round” (CyS II, no 72), in the wake of the discovery of my early burial...

52For the reasons for my reluctance towards that type of reflection, see the section (already cited in a footnote of the penultimate section) “Encounter with the Dreamer — or forbidden questions” (no. 21), mainly pages 56 to 58.

53The terms “so intimate and so strong”, as will be seen in the following lines, are a pure euphemism. They correspond to my way of feeling things after the first “mystical dreams” recognized as such when I woke up in November of last year.

period from 1944 to 1970, except for the episode (located right in the middle) of the first call to enter my mission, and my rejection of that call⁵⁴. It's not that those years weren't, in their own way, important.

But in the perspective in which I place myself here, focusing on the events indicated in my spiritual itinerary, and above all on the crossing one by one of the main "thresholds" that have marked it, I do not see more So the aforementioned episode is outstanding enough to compel me (in some way) to mention it - and especially during the writing nothing has "risen up" to demand to be examined and clarified in this way. I think I can say that they were years of abundant sowing - often sowing of bitterness, which it was up to me to make grow in me and reap. However, if I speak of "stagnation", it is not to suggest a lack of seed, seed that on the contrary 'Life' brought me in profusion (and from which, to tell the truth, it defended me). as he could...), but a sterile field and a reluctant, even absent, reaper.

Lack of rain, it was difficult for the seed to cling to the stony soil and it was even more difficult for it to grow! And the sickle, forgotten, useless, rusted and dulled by remaining idle...

Therefore, this period covers, except for a few years, what is usually considered essential in a man's life. Thus, it includes practically the entirety of my marital and family life, which extends from December 1957 (immediately after my mother's death⁵⁵) until December 1971, when I left the marital home never to return. 'as⁵⁶. I had three children (in 1959, 1961, 1965). A first child, the result of my first love relationship (still during my mother's lifetime), had been born in 1953, and a fifth and last child (from a short-lived companion, with whom I lived). ѕ between 1972 and 1974) was going to be born in October 1973.

That marriage and the life as a couple for fourteen years, the loves that had preceded it and those that followed it, and the children that were born from them⁵⁷ — all of that has weighed on my life with a weight no less heavy. than in that of others. But my purpose is not to write a biography or a biographical sketch, and this is not the place to expand on that topic, which I have limited myself to touching upon in passing here and there in the Key of the Dreams, and in Harvests and Sowings. It would take one volume, if not several, and I doubt that I will ever write them⁵⁸.

At a very different level, that period coincides (except for one year) with that in which I devoted myself body and soul to mathematical research: since 1945 when, as a seventeen-year-old student, I neglected the Faculty classes (without much interest for me) to continue an ardent and solitary mathematical research for three years, until 1970, twenty-five years later when, "wise" and "great boss" at the peak of his means and prestige, he left the scientific environment (if not, in the long run, my mathematical passion) never to return. Thus, this period of almost complete spiritual stagnation coincides with that of a particularly intense intellectual creation⁵⁹, feeding a vast innovative vision and animated by it. My mathematical work, at least all the part of that work that was published, began and developed in the twenty years between 1950 and 1970. Also that work, and my life as a mathematician, for my loves with mathematics and by my relationships with my mathematician friends (in love like me with the same lover...) and with the students who became (at least it seemed that way to me then) my friends, with everything that those relationships have entailed at the level of the unsaid, the hidden and the vanity that will never, ever say its name! — all that was also seed for future harvests in a very different field than the one I thought I was sowing! The meaning of those always unforeseen and often unexpected harvests, and of those passionate and carefree sowings that prepared them, I scrutinize throughout my long "Testimony of a life of a mathematician", called "Harvests and Sowings". This is not the place to return to that.

⁵⁴See the two sections "Faith and mission — or infidelity (1)" and "Death challenges — or infidelity (2)" (nos. 34, 35) for that episode, also evoked right at the beginning of this chapter (second paragraph of section no. 57).

⁵⁵I speak of that death in the second section cited in the preceding footnote.

⁵⁶That rupture came as the outcome of an insidious and inexorable degradation throughout the fourteen years of common life, to which I have already alluded in passing. At the moment of taking that step, I didn't even have to make a decision — I knew that no matter how attentive I had been to my own life during all those years, I would have taken it a long time before, and without a doubt many evils (of which at that moment I could not yet perceive the full extent...) would have been avoided.

⁵⁷He should except the last of those sons. Although he has my name, I have not been able to maintain relationships with him and his mother (they live in the United States). After his first year of life, I have only seen him once, in the United States, and that was ten years ago.

⁵⁸If it were possible for me to continue a reflection on my life destined to be published, it would undoubtedly be about my childhood, and about the rediscovery of my childhood and the tears that marked it and remained deeply imprinted on my being. This work began (with a first decisive breakthrough) in March 1980. It became deeper starting in August 1982 (immediately after the "Encounter with the Dreamer", which has been discussed in the section of the same name, no. 21), thanks to the messages that came to me in dreams that restored a traumatic experience forgotten since childhood.

⁵⁹I admit that I do not have the feeling of having yet completely resolved this apparent contradiction, and I do not doubt (as I point out, for example, in the section "Beauty and Contemplation", no. 49) that In my mathematical work, at least at the time of the work itself, a spiritual dimension was by no means absent. Surely that "component" remained very fragmentary in my life, it involved layers or sectors of the psyche that were too limited to have a fruitful, or at least life-giving, spiritual action. That was what I already felt at the time of the first "call" in 1957 (as in the aforementioned section "Faith and mission — or infidelity (1)", no. 34). I return to it again, without yet being able to see it completely clearly, in the section "On the soul of things and the soulless man" (no. 51) and (a little) in the following one.

66. Working-years and Sunday-years — or tasks and gestation

After this brief retrospective on the meaning of a “long desert crossing” that I embarked on in the fiery years that I have evoked in the eight preceding sections, it is time to take up the thread of my story again. .

I stopped at the regrettable end of the second community experience, in August 1973 60 . That was the moment when I was left alone with the roommate I had been living with for just over a year, and with whom (as it should be) I was counting on finishing my days. As. She was pregnant, her first pregnancy, and a child was going to be born in October, at the Lod'eve clinic. Furthermore, the thirty hectares of weeds, a legacy of the “community” that had vanished and of which she and I were the only survivors, had been left to me and my responsibility. careful. For some years I still made an effort to encourage the formation of a small group of neo-rurals there, with which I would eventually associate in one way or another that would have to be found. . At the moment, he was making valiant efforts to maintain a garden and enlarge it, preparing, above all, as a “novice gardener,” long, tall piles of magnificent compost for what he already saw coming! It was also then that I learned to use the drill and other suitable tools to prepare the house (received in a rather deplorable state) and make it habitable and suitable for winter. I also had the project of building a large clay dome, without a frame, in the traditional Nubian way, to settle in later - it was not land or clay that was missing! Always passionate, then, with the idea of “new life”, which he was not going to abandon just like that. In collaboration especially with the marginal people of the place, there were a few in the region. But without any desire to relaunch myself into militant activity, while on-site opportunities, even urgent ones, were not lacking. Well healed besides the idea of trying another community life - in any case not in the form of cohabitation under the same roof.

To tell the truth, not a single one of the projects and predictions that I made then and in the following years came true: everything that I undertook, on the path of the “new life”, fell apart. . It was not, I believe, due to a lack of conviction or energy, but rather due to abandonment. Rather, I believe that this was not truly the path that was then before me, the path of my mission. And all the innumerable failures of those years, both at the level of my relationships with others and at that of my companies, I now see as so many warnings pushing me towards the still unknown path — the one I expected. that I discovered it and invented it as I committed to it and uploaded it. (Without seeing him yet or discerning the meaning of what he was doing...)

The following five years, until the end of 1978, are very particular years in my life. It is the only period of my life that was not dominated by an entire task to which I would have dedicated myself thoroughly to bring it to a successful conclusion or at least as far as possible. It was certainly not that he was unoccupied. I have never lacked interesting, useful, instructive, even exciting occupations, no more so in those years than at any other time since adolescence. But now they were just “occupations.” They were not experienced as great tasks, which would have required me completely. Then I was not projected with all my strength towards an unknown future, towards the fulfillment of the task that I served and that, at the same time, overwhelmed me. They were years in which, as much as possible, I lived in the present. The years in which I gave myself, alongside a “doing” that no longer kept me totally prisoner, the pleasure of living. Of living, and of looking, listening, with no other reason or cause than to live, look, listen. I had spent almost thirty years of my life working like a damned man without ever stopping — working on “mates” first and “ecology,” “Survive and Live,” “Cultural Revolution,” and all that. later — now I gave myself a few years to wander around. Five Sunday-years in total after thirty working-years!

It was not the effect of any deliberate decision. It was like that, I simply couldn't say how or why. Furthermore, I do not remember, during those years, having realized that, which is nevertheless shocking, and even less dwelling on it: here, what is wrong with you, since you are not involved with any great task? I didn't realize it until much later, in passing and without stopping⁶¹ .

With the perspective of ten years, I sense that that very long “Sunday” was something necessary and healthy. The work that had to be done in me would not have been able to be done, and what had to be born, born, if I had not been granted that respite. Just as a pregnant woman would slow down a life that may have been hectic,

⁶⁰This is what I have just confirmed, searching through a dossier of letters and papers from that year. I had almost forgotten the chronology of the events, which were already very blurred, like almost all my memories...

⁶¹I think I remember making that observation in Cosechas y Siembras, perhaps in “The Key of Yin and Yang” (CyS III).

so that in a propitious calm the much deeper and more delicate work that continues in her comes to an end, under the action of dark forces that are in her but that at the same time infinitely surpass her and that she does not controls. Those years, which at a superficial glance could seem wasted⁶², as a whole (if not separately⁶³) were nevertheless exceptionally fruitful years on the spiritual plane—infinitely more fruitful on that plane (the only one that counts the eyes of God) than the previous thirty "hard" years.

They were the years in which, after long and often arid sowings, the rain finally arrived, the crops began to grow and the first harvests began to be collected - abundant beyond what wisdom! human could predict or hope!

It was also those apparently "idle" years that matured in me very different tasks, tasks that I would not have suspected then. Just as a young mother who breastfeeds for the first time is faced with tasks of a completely new dimension, of which the occupations that previously absorbed her certainly would not have been able to give her the slightest idea. Seen from a spiritual perspective, our activities of all kinds, no matter how absorbing and useful (even indispensable or fascinating) they may be, and even if we dedicate ourselves to them with passion, make us move within the circle of the known. By themselves they do not open us to new worlds. At the limit, if they do not give in when the time comes, they tie us down, preventing the hatching of what should hatch. For the forces that in the dark recesses of being make the new arise and sprout and germinate, and make it come to light when the time comes - those forces are not of man, and they act following paths and purposes, both close and distant things, which man can at most sense (in the ephemeral moments of greater clarity...) but never foresee or predict and even less direct. It cannot even support them with a consciously decided and systematically pursued activity. In those sensitive moments where there are any (and which no warning or trumpet announces!) in which the being itself emerges and prepares to transform itself under the action of dark forces that are not ours, the best we can do for Our part is to fully assent, with everything we are, to the One who acts in us, to let Him work without interfering too much with our will and with our ideas about what it is appropriate for us to be or do. And also that assent of being, our only and humble contribution to the unknown Work that is carried out in us, is fulfilled and renewed day by day without even realizing it, in the shadows and in silence., in very deep places forever hidden from the dull gaze of consciousness.

⁶²However, during those years the idea that I might be wasting my life never occurred to me, and I have no reason to think that it was present in an inhibited way. On the contrary, I am convinced that deep down I knew (although I did not realize the reasons at the time) that my time could not have been better spent.

However, in 1979 I received an echo from one of my former students, who then told me that it seemed to him that during those years I had been "desperate" (that was, I believe, his expression). 'on), and that he even feared that I might end my days! At the moment I was stunned, then I told myself that surely this had been his way of defusing the questioning that my departure from the mathematical world represented for him and my other students: assuming that I had gotten lost in a fatal tragic impasse. It is true that with the discovery of my anticipated burial by the eager cohort of my students, under the direction of my friend Pedro who acts as High Priest, that fear (or expectation?) of my upcoming end receives an illumination. It's unexpected and, if I may say so, a totally new charm...

⁶³The year 1975, and the period of a year and a half between March 1977 and September 1978, each mark a fairly clear stop in my spiritual progression, after the important thresholds crossed in 1974 and 1976., which I plan to return to in the next chapter.