

Third part .
THE BURIAL (II)
or the Key of Yin and Yang
 413

17. The deceased (still not deceased ...)

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17.1. The incident - or the body and mind

Note 98

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(22 September) The latest notes for the Burial (except for a few low p notes. 421 of page) is May 24 - so it will be four months ago. The two weeks that followed, until 10 June, were devoted mainly to rereading and completing or editing here and there the notes already written, without counting a day or two visit from Zoghman Mebkhout, who came to read all the notes for the Burial before I entrust him to typing, and to make me his comments. I thought that the definitive manuscript would be ready by early June, and that he would be hit and shot (it was still optimistic ...) before the big ones university holidays. I wanted to send my "five hundred page letter" to each other before the commotion of departure on vacation!

In fact, the text of the Burial is still not complete as I write: like four months ago, there is still lack two or three final notes - plus 1 which it is added in the meantime: that I have just begun with the lines I write, as a quick account of what has happened in the meantime. On June 10, a new unforeseen broke out in the writing of Harvests and Seeds, rich in unforeseen: I got sick ! A point aside, suddenly appeared (while the minute before I had no idea), pushed me on my bed with a peremptory force, unanswered. Standing or even sitting suddenly had become very painful to me, only the reclining position seemed to suit me. It was really stupid, and especially at this very moment when I was about to finish a job all that was urgent, and that we speak more! No question of typing at the lying position, and even to write by hand in this position, it@not a sinecure. . .

1 (23 September) In fact, it appears that the "note" scheduled broke into three separate ratings (n ° s 99-101)

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It took me another two weeks, during which I was trying to keep going my work against everything, to get to the obvious: my body was exhausted and required with insistently, without seeming to hear, a complete rest.

I had so much trouble hearing it, because my mind was fresh and alert, all wagging to continue as if he had an independent life, totally separate from that of the body. It was even so fresh and so wriggling that he had the greatest difficulty in taking into account the body@need for sleep, constantly refusing to the limits of exhaustion, the expiry of sleep, this obstacle to turn in circles!

Throughout my life and up to three or four years ago, the unlimited capacity for recovery through a sleep profound and prolonged, had been the solid and salutary counterpart to sometimes excessive energy investments: when sleep is safe, we fear nothing, we can afford (without being mad) to start

body lost and exhausted in orgies of work - left to catch up with sleep orgies
repairer! This ability that all my life had seemed self-evident as much as the ability to work,
the ability to discover (and surely both are closely related ...), ended in recent years by
to fuse, and sometimes to disappear, for reasons that I discern poorly now, and that I do not really
makes the effort still to sound. More and more, when, after a long day spent on my typewriter
(or on handwritten notes) and obeying the injunctions of my body that refuses to continue, I am resolving
to go to bed, lying down (and the partial relief it provides to the tension of the position
sitting) immediately raises the reflection. This one leaves more beautiful, during hours or for the whole night
(or rather what©left of it ...) I realize that the system is not profitable (assuming it
be **liveable** in the long run), because (at least in me) a prolonged reflection without writing support ends
to go around in circles, to become often a kind of rehash - the wrong fold is well taken, and tends
to get worse. It had become, it seems to me, the big focus of energy dispersal in my life in these last
years, while other mechanisms of dispersion have been eliminated one by one, gradually, over the years.
If this mechanism was rooted in my life with such tenacity, if I was willing during all these
past years to pay such a price, it is surely that something in me has found its account, and there
would regain his account when the time comes. It would not be a luxury that I examine the situation closely - more
once in the past four months I have been about to do it.

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This was probably an urgent task. I came to understand, however, that there was still more urgency. he
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First of all, I had to go to the hurry: renew the broken contact with my body, help it to recover from the state.
of exhaustion that I finally felt and admit, and to regain the vanished vigor. I understood then that
for that, I had to give up indefinitely any intellectual activity - even that of
to meditate on the meaning of what was happening to me. It is with the notes taken today that this long
and salutary "parenthesis" in my large investments, which for a time (since the month of February
this year) were joined in the writing of "**Crops and Seeds**". This note is a whole
first thought, or at least some sort of summary account, about this "parenthesis" of
four months.

The time to understand, at the end of the ends, the need for a complete rest, a great fatigue had become
deep exhaustion. Without having been able to listen to the language of my body, which is peremptory, the few
derisory pages of comments and retouches to the Burial, torn from a state of physical fatigue in
these first two weeks, have been at the cost of an energy bet that with hindsight, seems demented!
Still, after these feats, I had to lie down for long weeks, not getting up
only a few hours a day for the essential practical tasks.

Remarkably, once finally **understood** the need for a complete rest, I have not experienced any
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difficulty to get completely out of intellectual activity, without any hint of "cheating". I did not have
not even making a decision, strictly speaking - just because I understood, I had already dropped out. The
tasks that the day before had kept me in suspense, suddenly seemed very distant, as belonging
to a very remote past. . .

The present was not empty so far. While for weeks and months sleep remained
reluctant to come, and that I was lying long hours, apparently in total inaction, I do not
Remember not once to have found the long time. I rediscovered with my body, and also
with the most immediate environment - my room, or sometimes the piece of grass or dry grass
bathed in sunshine right in front of my eyes, where adventure I had lay, near the house or during
a short (and prudent ...) walk. I spent long moments to continue the dance of a fly
in a ray of sunshine, or the wanderings of an ant or tiny green translucent critters
or roses along endless strands of her

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be, in inextricable forests such strands entangled in p. 424

my eyes. These are also the arrangements where, thanks to silence and a state of great fatigue, we follow with
solicitude the hesitant wanderings of the slightest wind through its guts - the provisions in sum where
we reconnect with the elementary and essential things; those where we know how to fully measure the whole
the benefit of a restful sleep, even the wonder that it is to simply piss without problem!

The humble functioning of the body is an extraordinary wonder, of which one does not become aware
(sometimes in his heart defending) only when this operation is disrupted one way or another.

It was quite clear that "technically", the bottom of my "health problem" was the disruption of sleep.

The deeper reasons for this disturbance escaped me and still escape me. It is by trial and error

I tried above all to get back to sleep, the big fat sleep as I knew it, and who shirked

Mysteriously when I needed it the most! I only found it recently. Useless to say

doubtless the idea would not have come to me to rely on seals, and if I have tried herbal teas or the orange blossom water (of which I became acquainted on this occasion), I knew basically that they were experiments. More seriously, I took this opportunity to make significant changes in my diet: reduction on starches for green vegetables and fruits (both raw and cooked), reintroduction (moderate) of meat as a regular ingredient of my food, and most importantly, drastic reduction on the consumption of fats and sugars, where there has been at home (as in many other countries of affluence) a systematic imbalance, since at least the end of the war. I was helped a lot, to realize the importance of such a change of regime to find a balance of disturbed life, by my stepson Ahmed, who practices Chinese medicine and who has a very good "feeling" for these things. He also insisted on the importance of an important bodily activity, on the order of a few hours a day, to make the weight in the presence of intense intellectual activity. It tends, if not to exhaust the body, by pulling the vital energy available to the head and creating a strong imbalance yang.

Ahmed did not just give me good advice, yang to which I am sensitive enough, for four or five years that I had ample opportunity to familiarize myself with this delicate dynamic of things. As soon as I was good enough to garden,

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and seeing me p. 425

put mine there to restart a little garden that looked bad, Ahmed taken the lead in initiating large-scale work: clearing new strips of land, bring back soil, transplant and sow, make terraces, retaining walls, rearrange the pile of compost ... Over the days and weeks, I saw unfold in front of me, under the impulse of my tireless friend, enough landscaping tasks to keep me busy for years, if not for the

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That was exactly what I needed, and what I also need in the long run to counterbalance to an intellectual activity too spirited. In this respect, daily walks that I could ask, as has been suggested for a long time, would not be of much help: the head continues to grind during the walks as in the bed, without being disturbed by the beauties of the landscape, that I cross without seeing anything almost! By contrast, watering the garden, my responsibility to take care that it is carried well, and even better by hoeing a vegetable board, I can not help but be careful and to get to know the texture of the earth, how it is affected by hoeing, by the vegetables as by the "bad" herbs that grow there, by the compost and by the mulching - and also, by force, to realize the state of the plants that I am supposed to cure, a state that reflects in to a large extent the greater or lesser attention I will have given them. This gardening activity, and everything that revolves around, responds to two strong aspirations or dispositions in me: that which pushes me towards an action which I see daily **take something out of my hands** (which is not the case for walk, and even less for the weights that suggested to me colleague and friend. . .); and that too pushing me towards an action where, every time I have the opportunity **to learn** from things. he would seem to be the best way to learn in situations where I "do" something - "something" that takes shape and transforms under my hands. . .

Once the state of exhaustion was gone, my recovery was, it seems to me, favor of two types of activity, or rather, two types of important and beneficial factors in my day-to-day activities, both in the house and in the garden. On the one hand there was **the physical effort**: even that I often felt tired and unenthusiastic before going to work - the more this work was "hard", doing wielding

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a heavy pickaxe or big stones say, more afterwards I felt fit, heavy
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a good tiredness. And there was also contact with **living things**: plants that had to be treated; the land that had to be prepared to welcome them, then mulch or hoe; the foods that had to be prepared and that I ate with as much pleasure as I had had to prepare the meal; the cat claiming his pittance, and his share of affection; the tools and tools too, and even the rugged pebbles and often badly licked that it was necessary to turn and turn in all the directions, in order to assemble them in walls which want to hold well standing. . .

Physical effort and contact of living things - these are two aspects that are lacking in the intellectual work, and that such work is inherently incomplete, fragmentary, and ultimately completed and compensated by something else, dangerous or even harmful. This is the third time, in just over three years, that I had the opportunity to realize it. It has become very clear now that I am placed before a drastic deadline: change a certain way of life, find a balance where the pole

yin of my being, my body, is constantly being neglected in favor of the pole yang, the spirit or (to put it better) head - or else, leave my skin in the next few years. That's what my body told me, too clearly that it is possible to say it! I come now to a point in my life where the need for some "wisdom" Elemental has become a matter of **survival**, literally and literal sense. It is surely a good thing - otherwise the so-called "wisdom" was perpetually postponed forever, in favor of this species of bulimia in intellectual activity, which has been one of the dominant forces in all my life adult.

Placed in front of a clear deadline: "change or die!" - I did not have to probe to know my choice. That's why for almost four months I've been able, without ever having the impression of to do violence, to refrain from all intellectual activity, maths or not maths. I knew, without having had to

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say, that at the limit, a living gardener is even better than a dead mathematician (or a "philosopher" or "writer" dead, do not worry!). With a little mischief, we could add: and even better than a living mathematician! (But that's another story ...)

I do not believe that I find myself once cornered in such a "limit" situation, where I would have to give up in the long run to any intellectual activity, whether mathematical or meditative. Rather, the task convenient

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The most immediate and most urgent in the coming years, I think that just reaching p. 427 a balance of life where the two types of activity coexist day by day, that of the body and that of the spirit, without either of them becoming devouring and stigmatizing the other. I do not hide that it's good in the direction "spirit" that are since my childhood my most powerful investments, that it is towards also that still bear to me today the two main passions which continued in these last years to dominate my life. Of these two passions, the mathematical passion and the passion of meditation, he seems to be the first named especially, if not exclusively, that acts as a factor of imbalance in my life - as something that would still delay an unfortunate tendency to "devour" everything else at profit from her alone. It's no coincidence surely, if the three "disease episode" in my life that marked a situation of imbalance, since June 1981, have been placed in periods precisely where it is passion mathematical that was on the front of the stage.

We could say that this is not quite the case for this last episode, which occurred during the writing of Harvest and Seeding, which is a period of reflection on myself, not to mention a period of meditation itself. But it is also true that this reflection on my past as a mathematician has been constantly fed by my mathematical passion. It was so especially in the second part, the Burial, it seems to me, where the egotistical component of this passion was particularly involved. Firstly strong and constant. Yet, even in retrospect, I do not feel that at any time, this reflection has taken a rhythm, a tuning fork devouring, even dementia, as in the previous two occasions where my body was finally forced to sound a "fed up!" without reply. Separate view the context of a lifetime, my intellectual activity for a year and a half (since the "recovery" with the Poursuite des Champs, followed by Crops and Seeds) appears to be continuing at a rhythm of the most reasonable, without forgetting to drink or eat (but sometimes even a tad, the to sleep. . .). If it ended up leading to a third "health episode" (to use a euphemism), it's undoubtedly on the bottom of a whole life marked by this eternal imbalance of a head too strong, imposing rhythm and law to a robust body that has long cashed without flinching 2 (*).

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Over the past two months, I have had ample opportunity to realize the irreplaceable benefit p. 428 from a body work, to the intimate touch of humble living things, silently talking to me about simple things and essential that books or reflection alone are powerless to teach. Thanks to this work, I found sleep, this companion even more precious than drinking and eating it - and with it, a revival of force, a steadiness that suddenly seemed faint. And I could see that in the season of life that is mine, if I want to continue for a few more years this new mathematical adventure started last year, I can not do it without endangering my health and my life, if not with my two feet firmly planted in the potting soil of my garden.

The coming months will be those where a new way of life will have to be put in place. and conciliate day by day the labors of the body and those of the mind. There is work to do!

2 (*) I should do here except the five years from 1974 to 1978, which were not dominated by a large task, and where manual occupations have absorbed a significant part of my time and energy.

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17.2. The trap-or ease and exhaustion

Note 99 (September 23) I had to force myself last night cut short, so as not to continue my thrust until two, three, am in the morning and being caught up in a gear that I only know Very good. I felt refreshed, and if I had followed my natural incline, I would have even continued until early morning ! The trap of intellectual work - at least that one pursues with passion, in a matter where we end up feeling like the fish in the water, as a result of a long familiarity - it is that it is so incredibly **easy**. We shoot, we shoot, and it always comes, just shoot; it's hardly that sometimes we have the feeling of an effort, of a friction, sign that it resists so little. . .

I remember, however, from the time of my early years as a mathematician, a persistent feeling of heaviness, gravity that had to be overcome, by a stubborn effort, leaving in its wake a sensation of fatigue. It was mostly a period of my life when I was working with insufficient tools, even inadequate; or later, when I had to acquire tools more or less painfully few "all-out", under the pressure of a medium (essentially, that of the Bourbaki group) that used them commonly, without their *raison d'être* appearing to me as and when years. I had the opportunity to talk about those sometimes painful years (see "The welcome stranger" s.9, and "hundred irons in the fire, or: there is no point to dry," said ° No 10) in the first part of Crops and Seeds. It was mostly the period from 1945 to 1955, which coincides with

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my period of functional analysis. (He
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it seems to me that among the students I had later, between 1960 and 1970, this resistance against a learning without sufficient motivation, where we swallow notions and techniques on the faith of authority seniors, was much less strong than she was at home - to be honest, I did not perceive it at all.)

To come back to my point, it is from the years 1955 and following especially that I had the impression often to "steal" - to do the math by playing me, without any feeling of effort - just as my elders whom I had so long envied for such an almost miraculous facility, which had seemed to me out of reach of my modest and heavy person! Today, it seems to me that such an "ease" is not not the privilege of some exceptional gift (as I met some at a time when such "don" seemed completely absent from me), but it appears of itself as the fruit of the union of a passionate interest for such a subject (as mathematics, say), and of a more or less long familiarity with it. If the "gift" really intervenes in the appearance of such ease, it is undoubtedly by the time factor, more or less long from one person to another (and sometimes also an opportunity to the other in the same person, it is true. . .), to arrive at a perfect ease in working on such or such a subject 3 (*).

Still, the more things go - with the passing years - the more I feel this "ease" when I do math - things just want to be revealed to us, if we just take the trouble to watch, to scrutinize them a little bit. It's not a question of technical virtuosity - it's clear that from this point of view, I am in much less good condition than in 1970, when I left the maths: since then I have had the opportunity to unlearn what I had learned, "doing maths" only sporadically in my corner, and in a spirit and on very different themes (at least at first glance) of those of yesteryear. I do not want to say either that it would suffice for me to fix such famous problem (de Fermat, de Riemann, or Poincaré say), to fight my way straight to his solution, in a year or two 3 (*) Yet I know many mathematicians, who each produced a profound work, and who never seemed to me to give that impression of ease, of "ease" that we are talking about here - they seem to struggle with omnipresent gravity, that they must overcome with effort, at every step. For one reason or another, the "natural fruit" just mentioned, did not "appear on his own" in these eminent men, as he was supposed to do. Like all unions do not wear not always the fruits we could expect. . .

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17.2. The trap-or ease and exhaustion

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three! The ease of which I speak is not one that seeks and achieves such a **goal**, set in advance: p. 430 to prove such a conjecture or to give it a counterexample ... It's the one that allows you to jump into the unknown, in such a direction whose obscure instinct tells us that it is fruitful, with the intimate assurance, which never be denied, that every day and every hour of our trip can not fail to bring us his harvest of new knowledge. **What** knowledge just for us the next day, or even already the hour that follows on this very day, we certainly foresee it - and it is this "presentiment" constantly taken of short, and this suspense with which it is body, which constantly push us forward, while these things themselves that we delve into seem to draw us into them. Always what becomes known goes beyond what was sensed, in precision, in flavor and in richness - and this in turn becomes a point of departure and material for a renewed presentiment, darting in pursuit of a new stranger eager to be known. In

this game of discovery of things, the **direction** we follow every moment is known to us, while the **goal** is forgotten, assuming we left one goal in fact, that we intended to achieve.

This "purpose" in fact was then a **starting point**, the product of ambition, or ignorance; he played his role to motivate "the boss", set an initial direction, and trigger that game, in which the goal does not really depart. As long as the journey undertaken is not a day or two, but is long-term, that it will reveal us over the days and months and where it will lead us after a long cascade of adventures unknown, is for the traveler a total mystery; a mystery so far, so out of reach, to tell the truth, that do not care! If it happens to scrutinize the horizon, it is not for the impossible task to predict a point of arrival, let alone to decide according to his wishes, but to make the point where it is at the moment same, and among the directions that are offered to him to continue his journey, to choose the one that from like the hottest. . .

Such is this "incredible facility" I mentioned earlier, about discovery work in one direction entirely intellectual, like mathematics. It is **hampered** neither by internal **resistors** 5 (*) (as is so often the case in meditation work such

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I practice) or by **physical exertion** at p. 431

provide, generator of fatigue that ends up giving a stop signal unequivocally. As for **intel-** efforts **lectual** (assuming we can even speak of "effort", reached a point where the only "resistance" is left is the time factor. . .), it does not seem to generate fatigue nor intellectual nor physical. More precisely, if there is "physical fatigue", it is not really felt as such, if it is not aches occasional, for sitting too long in a fixed position, and other same kind. These are easily eliminated by a simple change of position. The supine position has the unfortunate virtue of making them faint, and thus to encourage a revival of intellectual work, instead of much needed sleep!

There is, however, I finally realized, a physical "fatigue" more subtle and more insidious than a muscular or nervous fatigue, which is manifested as such by an irrevocable need for rest and sleep. The term "exhaustion" here (rather than "tired") would better define the thing, although it is understood that this state is not perceived as such, in the ordinary sense of this term, which signifies extreme fatigue, manifesting itself 4 (*) Yet I know many mathematicians, who each produced a profound work, and who never seemed to me to give that impression of ease, of "ease" that we are talking about here - they seem to struggle with omnipresent gravity, that they must overcome with effort, at every step. For one reason or another, the "natural fruit" just mentioned, did not "appear on his own" in these eminent men, as he was supposed to do. Like all unions do not wear not always the fruits we could expect. . .

5 (*) But I know a remarkably gifted mathematician, whose relationship to mathematics is typically confrontational impeded at each step by powerful resistances, such as fear that such expectancy (in the form of a conjecture say) can prove to be wrong. Such resistance can sometimes lead to a state of intellectual paralysis. Compare this with the previous footnote.

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especially by a great effort necessary to only get up, walk a few steps, etc. It is rather from "exhaustion" of the body energy to the benefit of the brain, which is manifested by a gradual lowering the general "tone" of the body, its level of vital energy. It seems that this exhaustion by an activity excessive intellectual I mean: not compensated by a sufficient body activity, generating fatigue Physical and need rest) - this exhaustion is gradual and **cumulative**. These effects must depend on the once **intensity** and **duration** of intellectual activity during a given period. At the level of intensity where I pursue intellectual work, and with age and the constitution that are mine, it seems that in Me cumulative exhaustion in question reaches a critical threshold, dangerous, after a year or two of business uninterrupted, without compensation by regular physical activity.

In a sense, this "ease" of which I speak is only apparent. The intense intellectual activity involves considerable energy is clear: energy is taken somewhere and "spent" in a job. he seem that "somewhere" is at the level of the body, "cash" (or rather, **pays**) as spending can (sometimes steep) that the head is paid lavishly. The normal route to recovery of the energy supplied by the body, is sleep. This is when the head becomes bulimic she finally impinge

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on sleep, which is to eat an energy capital without renewing it. The trap and danger

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the "ease" of intellectual work is that she relentlessly urges us to cross that threshold, or staying beyond when it is crossed, and over this crossing does not report to our attention by usual signs, unmistakable, fatigue or, exhaustion. It takes great vigilance, I go account, to detect the approach and threshold crossing in question, so that is engaged around

in pursuit of an exciting adventure. Perceive this vacuum energy to the body of a demand level listen state with respect to the body, which I have often missed and that few people have. I doubt elsewhere such a state of communion conscious attention to the body to flourish at anyone, a period of his life dominated by a purely intellectual activity, excluding any physical activity. Many knowledge workers also feel instinctively the need for such physical activity, and arrange their lives accordingly: garden, mountain, boat, sport. . . Those who, like me, neglected this healthy instinct in favor of a too intrusive passion (or excessive lethargy), sooner or later the Brunt. Three times in three years that I spent at checkout to have done without complaint I have say, or rather, thankfully, realizing each new episode-disease I was only the fruits of my own negligence, and in addition, it also brought me a teaching, only perhaps he could give me. The main lesson, perhaps, that gave me the last these episodes and that just ended is that it is time to take the lead and make it unnecessary now such calls to order - or more concretely: it is time to cultivate my garden!

17.3. Farewell to Claude Chevalley

Note 97 in my reflection yesterday and today, I deliberately left out of all events which is placed right in the episode-disease, in the first days of July, at a time so I was still bedridden. This is the death of Claude Chevalley.

I learned it by Article Liberation wave more or less dedicated to the event, a friend had me past the off chance, thinking that might interest me. There was almost nothing on Chevalley, but some Bourbaki bread on which he was a founding member. I felt stupid while learning the new. It had been months since I saw myself about to finish with Crops and Seeds, hit shot Paperback and everything - and ride

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Paris dare dare to bring a copy still warm! If there were

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17.3. Farewell to Claude Chevalley

a person in the world I was sure she would read my pad with a real interest and pleasure often, that was it - I was not sure at all if there would be someone other than himself!

From the beginning of my reflection, I realized that Chevalley had brought me something to crucial point in my itinerary, something sown in effervescence, which had germinated in silence.

What I felt then connect to it was not so much a **feeling** of gratitude say, or

sympathy, affection. These feelings were present surely, as they are also present to this or such other of "elders" who had welcomed me as one of them, more than twenty years earlier. What made my Chevalley different relationship to my relationship with any of them and most of my friends, not to tell everyone is different. This is the feeling I think, or rather, the perception of a **relationship** vital, beyond differences of culture, packaging of all kinds that have marked us from our youth ages. I can not tell if it reflected something of this "relationship" in the lines of my thinking when he

comes to him ⁶ (*). In the period of my life which refer these lines may appear Chevalley more like an "elder" again, this time at an understanding of some basic things

life as like a "parent". This is a distance yet my subsequent maturation had to reduce and

perhaps abolish, as was the case long ago in the mathematical level, in my relationship him as my other seniors. If I now try to understand in words the meaning of this relationship, or

at least one of his signs, he comes this: either we are "free riders" - one guest

and the other in her own "solitary adventure." I am speaking on my own in the last "chapter"

(and name) of "Fatuité and Renewal" ⁷ (**). Perhaps, for those who knew Chevalley (and same for others), is that part of the reflection more apt to suggest that I would express that

namely that concerning.

To meet him and talk to him so slightly surely would have allowed me to better understand this friend

than in the past, and to better position and this essential relationship, and our differences. If there were, apart from Pierre Line,

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a person for whom I felt a wait to give him personally the text p. 434

Crops and Seeds, it was Claude Chevalley. If there was a person whose comment, mischievous or sarcastic, I would have particular weight was himself again. In that day the first week of July I knew I would not have the pleasure to bring him what I had best to offer, nor hear even the sound of his voice.

The strange thing - and that probably helped to make me feel so **stupid** on the stroke of this new

- is that more than once in recent months, citing an upcoming meeting with Chevalley,

I remembered that he was struggling with health problems - and there was in me as a concern,

consistently ruled that this meeting could not take place, that my friend could perhaps disappear

before I came to see him. The course idea crossed my mind to write to him or call him, if that to inquire about his health and how he was, and say a few words about the work I was engaged, and my intention to go see about that. The fact that I rejected the idea as foolish and obtrusive (that there was really no reason... etc.), as is done so often in situations of this kind, illustrates how I, like many others, continues to live "below my ways" - pushing the obscure prescience things that blows me knowledge that I am too busy and too lazy to hear. . .

6 (*) See "Meet Claude Chevalley - or: freedom and good feelings" (section 11), and the last paragraph of the section Next, "The merit and contempt."

7 (***) See above, in that sense, the two sections "Forbidden fruit" and "solitary adventure", n ° s 46, 47.

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17. The deceased (still not deceased ...)

17.4. The surface and the depth

Rating 101 (September 24) After the digression of the previous two days around "episode disease" of months, it is time that I resume the interrupted thread in June, where I had left. I then foresaw that there would still two final notes, which remained to write a "Eulogy Funeral (2)" (which would result and would complement the note "The Eulogy Funeral (1) - or compliments" May 12) and "From Profundis "final, where I intended to sketch a record of all of my thinking about the burial.

The substance under these two notes was still warm when I got sick -

I was about to throw everything on paper, just time to finish finalize the whole previous notes, to have the feeling of working on "back" solid and tidy. . . during three full months (since June 23 exactly) where I virtually stopped all work on the burial, except occasional strikes of corrections, it is me, unfortunately a bit out of mind. I feel even a little silly, embarrassed in any case, to me wisely to fill blank pages waiting behind voucher impositions under the pretext that they Figu

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rent in a draft table of contents, and I had

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imprudently do there allusion here and there in a text for publication. This is especially true for "The Eulogy Funeral (2) ", and even sometimes reread the first juice" The Eulogy Funeral (1) "(aka" compliments ") was not enough to warm up for me a substance which for months had had time to cool down in its corner!

Yet the next day May 12 when I wrote that note, and everything in the month that followed, I do swarmed into the hands to dig deeper into this new mine which I had just put hand without even known. When Nico Kuiper had the attention send me the jubilee brochure the twenty-fifth anniversary of the IHES last year, I had to spend that half hour to go (there including the two topo, half page each on Deligne and me), without finding special. The one thing that struck me was the absence of any allusion to the difficult early years of IHES where his reputation was established in the local property, myself (with the first Geometry Seminars Algebraic) being the only one to represent the "field". I thought about it months later, writing note "The healthy tear" (n ° 14) in March 84. Not being sure of my memory, I for conscience Nico asked to send me another copy of the wafer (not arriving more to lay hands on first). It was a second opportunity to retrace the two topo in question, one eye may be a little less hasty. Yet, again I am not connected, definitely. I note in passing, with some surprise, he says in the guidebook on Deligne as "Axis director of its work is "Understand the cohomology of algebraic varieties", "who would have grown! To forget the thing for a or two months (until I have to remind myself, by writing the note "Denial of inheritance - or the price of a contradiction ", n ° 47) For cons, I did not realize that the history on my word. "Cohomology" is not pronounced any more than the word "scheme". In the state of inattention that is mine then nothing yet makes me suspect that this anodyne text, somewhat overloaded with hyperbolic epithets, made function Funeral Eulogy, "served" (more) "with a perfect tact!" A fingering so perfect even as I application if any of the readers of this board (a bit boring at the edges, has the force intentionally ointment all azimuths, as occasion required should we believe. . .) Noticed it more than me, when my first and my second reading.

This immediately joined a finding that comes up to me, each time for one reason or for another, I have to look with

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care so little intense and sustained something

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I contented myself earlier to look "through" with the "usual" care, routine, that I give to things and small and large events that pass in my life daily. This situation

17.4. The surface and the depth

frequently occurs in times of meditation, which many times leads me (often also "of Sewing up "and without deliberately) to submit to a closer examination of such events day or night (including dreams), who had spent more or less unnoticed in my state of customary attention or whose meaning (often clear and obvious) had entirely escaped my first conscious attention.

When I speak here of "care so little intense and sustained," what I mean basically it is a **awake look**, a fresh look, a look that does not weigh down the habits of thought, or "know" that their serves as a facade. If only for one reason or another, we are led to ask a waking glance careful about things, they seem to turn our eyes. Behind the apparent flatness of the dull and smooth things we present our "attention" Everyday we see suddenly open and animate a **depth** unsuspected. This deep life things did not wait to be here we take the trouble to be informed - it is there for all time, it is part of their intimate nature, whether mathematical objects, a garden lawn, or all the forces psychic acting on such a person at a given time.

The **thought** is an instrument among others to reveal to us and allow us to probe the depth behind the surface, this secret life of things, that is "secret" because we are too lazy to watch, too inhibited to see. It is an instrument which has its advantages, as it has its drawbacks and limitations. But anyway, it is rare that thought is used as an instrument of discovery.

Its most common function is not to discover the secret life in us and in things, but rather the hide and freeze. It is a multi-purpose tool available to both the worker and Child Boss. In the hands of a sail becomes, able to capture the strength of our desire and carry us away into the unknown. In the hands of the other it is immutable anchor, that tub or storms arrive shake. . .

The thinking was going to stray a bit, and now she returns to the starting point - which is as the finding on which I had

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arrested yesterday: how, by habits and conditionings p. 437

inveterate, I live below my means! (In what I am, again, in very great company...).

It is in favor of a gradual discovery of Burial, from facts as big as the volume

LN 900 s (*), that attention lazy finally finally awaken. A reading of the note "Denial of inheritance - or the price of a contradiction "(n ° 47) brings me on May 12 read the third time the two famous (!)

"Topo". This time, though, I noticed a slightly unusual detail: no matter at any time

of "cohomology" (or algebraic varieties or patterns) in the small text rave style

me is enshrined in the jubilee brochure! The thing seems quite comical to merit a footnote

page, I set out to write too dry. Along the way, I realize one or two other details

"Comical", which had not yet caught my attention: it was nice to be a third reading, it

remained too superficial, mechanical - to pretty much, I confined myself **to repeat**, **to reproduce**

the readings above. Only by writing what was to be a footnote on page, and

Note that became "The Eulogy Funeral (1)," little by little I am stung me to the game, that **curiosity** has

awake, made me come back again on these texts, looking a little closer this time. It is

only then that this transformation took place which I mentioned earlier - that "depth" is

open, intense life behind the flat facade of a laudatory speech, served in a flons-flons

great opportunity! It is this curiosity that turned a mechanical gaze, repetitive, distracted, at a glance

"awake". . .

8 (*) See Note "Memory of a dream - or the birth of reasons", n ° 51 and the following footnote "The Burial - or New Fathers ".

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"The awakening" in question was not instantaneous besides, it happened gradually, with tracking thinking continued in the note-to-bottom-of-page-sic. To be honest, it was not complete until the point yet this final note, as the hour was late (I seem to remember) and encouraged me to "finish" 9 (**).

But I had no sooner placed this point, or at least the next day that I realized that

I was far from having exhausted the subject of the Funeral Eulogy. It was only then that I felt

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fully

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how these two texts, so short and insignificant in appearance, were rich in meaning, real mines

to be honest ! And I was far from having made the rounds of what they had to say, as long as I started to listening. . .

(25 September) It was not even that night, I cut short reflection, as she had just start, would he seemed to me. Yet it was half past three in a row I was sitting at my typewriter, and small discrete signs began to show me that it was time I got up and moves.

I will remember the first time I have come to lead a "strong and sustained attention" on writing, text and where I lived day after day, for months in a row, the amazing metamorphosis of a "Surface" dull and flat, taking life and revealing a rich and precise meaning, a "deep" hidden. It was also, at the same time, my first lengthy meditation in the mind of a journey into the unknown, that would last it would last ... The starting material was the voluminous correspondence 1933-1934 between my father (emigrated to Paris) and my mother (still in Berlin then, with me who was five years old). my purpose was to "get acquainted" with my parents. I discovered last year that the admiration I they had dedicated all my life, and who eventually congeal into a kind of filial piety, and covered maintained a great ignorance about them. This phenomenal ignorance in which he appealed to me all my life to keep me, is indeed appeared to me in all its dimensions that during meditation Long term the following year to August 1979 to March 1980.

I had begun to "prepare the ground" throughout the month of July 1979, in particular making a first reading of all correspondence on the sidelines of a work on a "poetic book my composition " 10 (*) which I was then in the process of finalizing. Every evening I spent some hours reading three or four letters and answers, with interest for sure, and I would have said so without hesitation, of closely. Yet I realized obscurely that I was staying abroad, outside of what I reading - that the true meaning escaped me. What I read was pretty crazy often, as

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if this man and
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this woman that I saw live and parading before me had nothing in common with those I had increased know - those my memory restored me a clear picture, intangible. lack of work patient, meticulous, demanding that I read, I would have pursued as and when due I advanced, I was just stunned, without more, the (relatively) little, in these letters, which was pretty "big" to hang my superficial attention. What was recorded was superimposed and without the "well known" that was from my childhood and until those days again (without my ever visited me account, certainly) the invisible and immutable foundation of my life, my sense of identity. Supposing that I@ me then held in this first reading, surely the thin layer of "facts" new and undigested who had mistresses and superimposed on layers would quickly be eroded and washed away without hardly trace, in the months and years to follow.

9 (**) All the more surely, I already came the same day to go through the long and substantial reflection "massacre" (n ° 87), to which I refer also to the end of the note "In Praise of Death - or compliments" which was chained to it.

10 (*) Reference is made to the book and the episode of my life it represents, at the end of the "Guru-not-Guru, or the horse three-legged "n ° 45, and in Note ° 43 to which there is referred.

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17.5. Praise writing

At the time of this preliminary work, my main investment was also in writing an or-vrage which then absorbed the bulk of my energy. I was well aware of the limits of a job done on the sidelines of another, and it would take me back over the beginning to end, by working on parts in which I will invest myself fully. I anticipated that it would be a matter of weeks - in fact I spent seven consecutive month, devoted to scrutiny of the letters and writings left by my parents, whose party Here more "hot" is surely the correspondence in 1933 / 34. Seven months, moreover, after which I finally cut short, I realized that the subject ("get to know my parents") was inexhaustible as say. He had become more urgent now to **get to know me - even** helping me all these things I had learned on my parents, and thus, indirectly at least , . . on my own childhood forgotten. . .

I spent almost two hours to travel the beginning notes of this meditation on my parents, started on August 3, 1979. Contrary to what I thought hastily remember, I did not realize even then, if it can just be very confused, the need to review thoroughly, "from beginning to end" (as I wrote earlier), letters and other written records of my parents that I had read in the past month.

I leave at least hear anything in that direction in my notes. After a summary reflection of a day or two, making the provisional assessment of my many impressions, a tan

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Tinet confused, resulting from p. 440

reading this, I do not pretend to take it by working on meticulous parts. I makes rather (as something that goes without saying) with playback (also high speed) has to **ther** letters (including a voluminous correspondence with my parents in the years 1937 to 1939), and with a parallel reflection fueled by reading impressions. This is leading to another, during the month of August and the following month, I began to learn what it is that **work** on a letter (or other written testimony of a life), that allows to grasp the true meaning, sometimes dazzling - yet a sense that the person wrote often likes to ignore, to retract to itself and to other seen or experienced! while managing to spread "between the lines" of sometimes ostentative way incisor. And it must be rare or qu@sinuation provocative (sometimes fierce...) reaches the recipient, it is perceived and "hosted" by him at level, while also takes care not to let this perception, this knowledge into the field of his gaze, and enters full sail, too, in the same game of "neither seen nor known". What are the most obscure passages, inevitably, those who seem curling debility (or dementia...) And defy rational interpretation, which the curious eyes are most rich in meaning: true mines, providing irreplaceable keys to penetrate further into the simple and obvious meaning behind accumulation apparent nonsense. Such passages, frequently in the correspondence between my parents, and especially in the letters of my mother who led the dance, of course I have completely "passed over the head" during my first readings, during the month of July. I started to hang in there, here and there, in the following month. It was only in September that the various intersections make me understand really, I had maybe missed something essential in what I had to learn the letters from 1933 to 1934, and bring me back to them, making me a first reading "depth" of some. This Reading upset immediately to bottom image I had, since childhood, the person my parents and what had been their relationship with me and my sister.

17.5. Praise writing

Rating 102 (26 September) For two days here I am in full in "reminiscent autobi- cal "while I left to write (" cold ") following a certain note on a praise Fu 427

17. The deceased (still not deceased ...)

Nebre. I do not know if this digression will have known so little warm my ardor! It is time at least I get to the point that I had in mind when I got started pre 0

yesterday, a bit towards "On

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the art of reading a message that pretends not say what he has to say. "This kind of text message is more Often I@ suspected it once. . .

It goes without saying that the question of "how" of this "art" does not arise as long as one is willing (as I it was the biggest part of my life) to be taken for granted and literally everything you said or writing, and not to look or see, and nothing to anyone, other intentions than those expressly expressed by the person concerned. It arises by cons when one is confronted with that indefinable expression, in such a declaration, or tirade narrative, something "wrong", that there is something fishy, that something "happened" somewhere that is not supposed to have been called (qu@iez you so you imagine the !). Sometimes it is the perception, elementary and disconcerting inconsistency, an absurdity, if sometimes huge and elusive at the same time apparently it seems to defy formulation, limits it appears to be debility or delirious. These situations are often overloaded with anxiety - and it is by instant influx of anxiety, never recognized as such but blurred and retracted as soon as a wave of violent rage, distracted, invariably I reacted to such situations, Hence the absurdity suddenly burst into my life: an unacceptable absurdity, incomprehensible, heavy threats, shaking to its foundations every time my serene vision of the world and myself! he has been the case at least until I discovered "meditation" when an intrepid curiosity enterprising defused and taken over these waves of anger and anguish. . .

It is curious, that is, the desire to know, that made me find spontaneously under pressure needs, this "art" to decipher a text garbled testimony - or more modestly speaking, a method suitable for limited resources and cumbersome that are mine. Though I do and might be curious, first reading (or even second) of these letters heavy with meaning, everything essential passed me by above his head - "I could not see that fire." Sometimes, commenting on some often confused impressions, about maybe this or that particularly obscure and confusing way, I came over to the pen penetrate deeper into the meaning of a text which had seemed airtight. Along the way, I was sometimes brought to copy, the citation purposes, more or less long passages that were distinguished either by a dark, either because at first glance they gave me the impression of being "important" for a reason or other. As the days and weeks, I realized that merely **copied** verbatim

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such a passage

I scanned the text, amended surprisingly my relationship to this passage in the sense of an opening an understanding of its true meaning.

This was something entirely unexpected, as my initial motivation (the conscious level at least) was question of convenience. I even remember that for a long time, there was in me an contained impatience to spend precious time doing clerical function neither more nor less, I gnawed my brake reached the end and wrote as fast as I could. . . But there is no common measuring between rapid eye browsing in the reading of written lines, and that of the hand that transcribes word for word. It was nice write fast, the "time factor" is absolutely not the same. And I suspect that this "time factor" is not a purely mechanical way, quantitative - or rather, it is one aspect of a more delicate and rich reality. There is no common measure in effect at me at least, between the action of the eye that runs through lines another has thought and written, and the act of hand that letter by letter, word by word rewrote these lines. Surely, there is a profound symbiosis between the hand and the mind or thought; and at the same pace of the writing hand, and without any deliberate, the mind can not help but to reform, rethink the same words, phrases flocking charged

17.6. The child and the sea - or faith and doubt

meaning, and these speeches. For a little desire to know animates the hand that reproduces letters, words and sentences, and that animates this spirit that, in unison, the "reproduced" too, to another level - surely this double action creates an otherwise intimate contact between me and this message I'm getting the scribe-editor, the act, particularly passive and without support or tangible trace of the eye that just reads.

This groping intuition goes in the direction of a long observation - is that home Rhythm thought working (either mathematical or other work, including the work I call "meditation") is often (if not always) that of the writing hand, and not that of the eye that reads ¹¹ (*). And the **paper trail** foreshore

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See by my hand (or sometimes by the typewriter manipulated ^{p. 443} by my hands ...), the rhythm of thought which progresses without haste and without dawdling, is the support essential equipment that thought - both his "voice", and "memory". I suspect also that it must be more or less the same (perhaps to a lesser extent yet) in most if not in all "Knowledge workers."

17.6. The child and the sea - or faith and doubt

Rating 103 (September 27) Anyway, the fact is there; as I can "enter" a theory mathematical writing that I hardly begins to enter a text message in the "between the lines" a message that in the **rewriting**. My first meditation work "on texts" has become a apparent flatness began to open on a living depth, and the absurd to find meaning, **from the moment** I started to rewrite the message verbatim, or (if it has dimensions prohibitive) passages flair that made me feel as crucial.

Some will say that without reliable criteria "objective" to ensure the validity of an "interpretation", presented as a result or culmination of a (supposedly?) "work" to say a text, one can say exactly everything you want in any text or speech, invent such a "message" we please to lend him. Nothing is more true and certainly safe ment examples abound! I doubt elsewhere (except perhaps in a discipline defined as history - and again. . .) It is possible to identify such criteria.

This would not be much good anyway: either to stop anyone inventing galore inter-fanciful interpretations, nor allow anyone to probe and discover the true meaning of a message, a situation, event. Rules and criteria are ingredients of a **method**, which has its uses and its importance (often overestimated besides, to the detriment of other factors and forces of one other nature) as a tool for discovery and consolidation in the development of scientific knowledge or technique, in that along with a knowledge one: drive or fix a car, etc. On the other hand, the level of knowledge and self-discovery and others, the role of the method becomes completely accessory: it's "stewardship" following for sure, when the key is there. And draw or from a method, or even to cling tenaciously, does nothing to the appearance of this most essential thing - on the contrary!

To put it differently: one who leaves to find such a thing decided

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in advance (he qualified for "real", ^{p. 444}

or "truth") will have no difficulty to find, and even prove to his satisfaction - and surely

¹¹ (*) This circumstance, which seems to play at home to a greater degree than most of my fellow mathematicians, I had previously made it difficult to insert myself in the collective working sessions of the Bourbaki group, finding myself incapable

follow the readings at the rate they were continuing. I have also never really liked **reading** mathematical texts, even those beautiful. My spontaneous way to understand math has always been the **making**, or the **remake** (in helping me to need, here and there, ideas and guidance provided by colleagues or, failing better, by books. . .).
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he will find much the way one or another, if not a crowd, delighted to enter into covenant with him and share beliefs and satisfaction. It's like the butterfly hunter, who goes with his net a beautiful butterfly (stuffed if it is), and that the fate all happy (and to its satisfaction) returning his "hunting".

And there is also one which is faced with a stranger, like a naked child in front of the sea. When the child wants to know, he comes in and knows - whether warm or cool, calm or agitated. This attracts such unknown thing, and left for knowing, surely the experience or less. With or without a net, he found the true, or at least **the** truth. His mistakes as his findings are steps in his path, or rather, in **his loves** with what he wants to know.

I know whereof I speak, because in my life I have been abundantly turns, and butterfly hunter and this naked child. There is no difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. I doubt that the "objective criteria" are Here a great help, it's much simpler than that! One has only to use his eyes. . .

And there is no either difficulty distinguishing successive stages, settling successive stages sive in this journey which I have just mentioned, from this step "dead" or invalid tipped flush consciousness does still suspect "something" beyond a certain flat surface and amorphous we have somnolent eyes, and through "awakenings" successive leads to an ap-grasping more and more delicate, more intimate, full of that "something." It is not likely essentially different, whether the journey in the discovery of mathematical things, or in the self and others. The sense of a **progression in knowledge**, which deepens little little (albeit through an accumulation of errors patiently tirelessly corrected) - this feeling is also undeniable in this case as in the other.

This **insurance** - there is one side of an interior disposition, the other side is an **opening doubt**: an attitude of curiosity excluding any fear with respect to his own mistakes, which allows the *dépister* and correct constantly. The essential requirement of this double seat, this **faith** must to accommodate doubt as to discover, is the absence of fear (whether apparent

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or hidden)

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about the "release" of the research enterprise - from fear in particular that the reality we are about to discover challenges our beliefs or convictions, she disenchanted hopes. A such fear acts as a deep paralysis of our creative faculties, renewal of our power.

We can discover and renew ourselves in sorrow and in pain, but not in fear before which is about to be known, which is about to be born. (No more than a man can know a woman and to develop, in a moment he is afraid of it, or act that the in it.) Such fear is probably relatively rare in the context of scientific research or any other research which theme does not involve any degree deep our own person. It is against the great stone stumbling when it comes to the discovery of self or others.

Yet the feeling that accompanies a discovery, large or small, is also undeniable in the case the discovery of self or others, in the context of an impersonal research, mathematical by example. I have already had occasion to refer to this feeling. He is the reflection at the level of emotions, a perception of something that just happened - the appearance of something **new** - and that "some thing" appears as tangible, irrefutable as (I apologize rehearsals!) that the appearance of a mathematical statement say, or a concept or a demonstration, what we had never dreamed before.

IT also seems to me difficult to distinguish or separate this feeling that accompanies discovery particular, the sense of progress which I mentioned earlier, which accompanies a search. The "large and small" are discovered as the **bearings** successive materializing an increase, as
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the **thresholds** successive we must take. Progress is none other than the result of crossings these thresholds, accessions of each of these levels to the next.

The "feeling" or better, reflecting the perception that renders this process is a "test" of course, unmistakable - I do not remember that he ever misled me, either math or meditation: I have had to see, with hindsight, that feeling would have been illusory. Often it can probably residue from

The distinguishing right from wrong, or discern the true that is in the wrong, and wrong in what is supposed to be true. But it is mainly a **guide** irreplaceable in any real research - a ready guide to inform us check the time (as long as we take the trouble to consult it) if we are wrong, or are on a track.

Listening provisions with respect to the course guide are nothing,

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it seems to me that in another p. 446

Instead of my reflection 12 (*) I named "rigor". This rigor is not essentially different, to me it seems, whether the requirement in mathematical research, or in the self-knowledge, without what it can not have such knowledge. But it goes without saying that this does not mean that the presence of this rigor at the level of such intellectual work or guarantor or sign of his presence for knowledge of self and others. In fact, the opposite is true, that I have seen in countless opportunities, starting with myself. In this area there the "rigor" of which I speak here appeared in my life along with meditation. Or rather, I can not really distinguish between the one and the other. Meditation moments in my life are other than where I examine my person (the often through my relationship to others) in such a frame of extreme demand with myself.

12 (*) In the "Discipline and rigor" on n ° 26, where I talk about the "rigor" as "a delicate attention to **quality understanding** this every time "in a search.

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