

18. XII The Funeral Ceremony

18.2.8. Masters and Servant

18.2.8.1. (a) Velvet paw - or smiles

Note 133 (24 November) cases raised in the reflection of the previous note, before yesterday, are not the only ones to my knowledge, which confirm this presentiment that a superyang imbalance in the father (that this imbalance takes despotic forms or not), reverberates in the children by a rejection of the yang, which in turn can be expressed in many different faces. In boys, in the cases that are known and present to my mind at the time of writing, this refusal takes the form of a repression (more or less complete) on the manly side in his own person - and this refusal will surely follow him throughout his life (except deep renewal, something extremely rare). The case of my mother makes me realize that it is not always the same in a girl - unless there was at my mother also some refusal on the side manly of his being, speaking more subtle and would have escaped me until now ¹⁴⁹ (*). Which is on the other hand, it is the opposite extreme effect - that of over-development of traits virile in it (in addition to an aversion to all that is feminine). I have heard of other cases in the same direction, in **men** (eg in the father of my mother) - that of a **revolt** against the father, expressing himself by the development of a strongly virile personality, able to face the father "to Since I have not had the opportunity to know such a case closely, I tend to believe that must be more rare. But it does not really matter.

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If there is one point common to all the cases of which I knew near or far, it would be this one: a p. 609

superyang father imbalance affects the child by an **imbalance**, which can be in the direction yin (case perhaps the most common), or towards yang ¹⁵⁰ (*). In all cases that are in my mind (without thinking of making a systematic survey of all those of which I have been aware), this imbalance free accompanied by **an antagonistic relationship with his father**. I have the impression that it is also accompanied by visceral antagonistic attitude towards third parties **men**, in which the lines are yang strongly marked, at least when they are not balanced by complementary yin traits - that is to say, vis-à-vis men who prevails a superyang imbalance, recalling that of the father. Such superyang imbalance (as the opposite unbalance) is certainly likely to generate a **ma-laise** by anyone, as I have already had the opportunity to see ¹⁵¹ (**). But this discomfort does not translate necessarily by an automatic antagonistic attitude - it is not uncommon, for example, that it resolves (or at least it disappears from the field of consciousness) by an attitude of submission, of admiration more or less unconditional, or allegiance.

The association comes to me here that it was these tones that were most common surely, in the relations to my person (prestigious halo), within the mathematical world - at least among those of colleagues (or students) who (as I wrote elsewhere) "did not feel protected by a comparable name", or (I will add here) those in whom a certain inner balance, some spontaneous knowledge of their own force, did not exclude such overhangs. But no doubt he is in the nature of such a relationship of "allegiance" that it conceals a hidden antagonism, which is

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manifest (openly, or in a way that is still hidden)

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¹⁴⁹ (*) A similar situation is that of a mother domineering temperament, invasive, superyang sign of imbalance. In the two cases which are known to me closely, this is translated in the girl by a very strong repression of the "virile" traits in her.

¹⁵⁰ (*) When I speak here of "imbalance towards yin", that does not mean development (perhaps excessive, one-sided) of its yin lines, but rather a **repression** of yang lines, which is not at all the thing-even. In the opposite qualified case of "imbalance in the yang direction", it is indeed an "excessive development" of yang traits, which often goes hand in hand with a more or less severe repression of certain yin traits.

¹⁵¹ (**) In the note "The Supèrère (yin yang bury (2))", n ° 108.

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when presents itself a favorable occasion. . .

I have just followed some associations, which resume and complete the reflection of the day before yesterday (in the previous note "The overthrow of yin and yang (2) - or revolt"), and thus also that of the note of 18 November, "The enemy father (3) - or yang buries yang". They make me realize that the relationship between a certain state of imbalance yin or yang in one of the parents (in this case, a yang imbalance of the father), and the its repercussions on the child is not unambiguous, as I hastily suggested. Do not doubt, the form in which the parental imbalance is transmitted, in this case the father, must depend on many other factors, both in the family environment (and more specifically in the person and the attitude mother), that the child's birth temperament ¹⁵² (*).

But to tell the truth, it was not in that direction that I thought I was going to engage, starting to think

sometimes. Rather, I was thinking of pursuing another association of ideas, which has been present since November 12, or introduced for the first time in the dynamic reflection of the **reversal** of roles yin and yang (in the note of the same name, "- or the vehement wife", (126)). Perhaps the reader will does he make the connection on his side - is it still that when I raised this issue on November 12, then the day before yesterday on the 22nd, there was somewhere in my head, as if in mute, the thought of two others occasions where there had already been talk of "reversal", during this reflection on the Burial. The first time it was in the note of the same name of the Procession V, "My friend Pierre" (note (68 ') of April 28). The second occurrence is, in the footnote, the reflection of 30 September, which is part of the note "The Funeral Praise (2) - or halo and strength". There is even a third such opportunity, but between the lines, at the beginning of the reflection due two days later, which opened the reflection "The key of yin and yang". (This is the note "Muscle and tripe (yang buries yin (!))" (106), of October 30.)

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the famous "association of ideas, inspired by the Triune Funeral in three parts", to which it is alluded - the same one that triggered me the same day, to leave on this digression on wine and yang that I have been pursuing for nearly two months. This might be the time now to never sell the wick, since I speak about it, not to mention that I've been thinking about it since the day after May 12, after the note "The Praise Funeral (1) - or compliments ", more than six months ago.

The common point in these three situations is that it is a "reversal" of roles between my friend and ex-student Pierre, and me. In the two cases that were formulated in clear, recalled a moment ago, I appear as the "collaborator" of my ex-student (if not exactly as his student!). The first time is like the one who would have contributed (in a confusing way certainly, but sometimes interesting, one concedes it) to the development of the "powerful tool" of l-adic cohomology by my brilliant predecessor and friend. The second time, when we are quoted in a breath (to have "linked the topology, the algebraic geometry brick and number theory by "interdisciplinary" means. . . "), it is by the clever way of a "forgetting" typographic that the same reversal of a reality is suggested, as by the greatest chances of 153 (*). The meaning of this reversal becomes more tendentious than a simple question of precedence (within here, of an institution that I was alone, with Dieudonné, to "start" at the scientific fique, but that I had left long ago), when we pay attention to the choice of epithets ("theories of legendary depth" for one, "brilliant discoveries" for the other who is entitled to more to the underlined, with everyone except me). This meaning has been illuminated "strikingly" in the reflection "The 152 (*) Thus, I find that in each of the three brothers of my mother (all younger than she) continued a development well different from that of my mother (who was a little bit like a swan in the duck brood), and also different from that of other brothers.

153 As I had been noticing it earlier in the note "The Massacre" (No. 87 °), chance often have it, as long as typographers and movers get involved!

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funeral of yin (yang buries yin (4) "(124), of November 10), by which the reflection on yin and yang was suddenly "landed" in full ceremony Funeral: to one the accumulation of epithets (dithyrambiques at times) yin and superyin, at the other yang and superyang. . .

This is what struck me already the day after the note

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"The compliments" of May 12, even before

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to have had the opportunity to explain it as detailed as it was two weeks ago. Next way I then felt things (and that I must see here), there was there a real **reversal** of the reality, or more precisely, a "reversal", pushed to an extreme caricature, of a basic reality that I felt like something nuanced, balanced. I saw myself as a person with strong dominant "yang" to see superyang, at least in my most obvious, most obvious traits, and especially, those who are apparent to others 154 (*). On the other hand, I felt in my friend Pierre a basic temperament yin, definitely more balanced than mine had been, the time we often saw each other and where he was a pupil.

I believe that this apprehension of reality was essentially correct. If it happened to me sometimes, in recent years, and even more recently 155 (**), to sense a note of original background "yin" in me, it seems to me that I was the first and only to feel it - that it is primarily through my features yang or "manly" enough often intrusive, I was constantly apprehended by others 156 (***) , both at the conscious level than at the unconscious level - at least as far as personal relationships are concerned.

These (apart from relationships, in love), also put into play especially, if not exclusively, "the boss "in us, which is conditioned. The new fact appeared during the reflection on yin and yang, that **in my work**, my approach things is strong dominant yin "female" does not contradict really what I knew otherwise. He nuances it, correcting it on a point where I had tacitly put everything "in the same bag". And all things considered, it seems to me that the sudden and strong impression I had in me, a "reversal" a caricature of reality, or more precisely, an **intention** of such a reversal

deliberate - that this "intuition" was also essentially correct, though summary. It is reality imperfectly seized by this intuition, which I would now like to delve more closely.

18.2.8.2. (b) Brothers and spouses - or the double signature

Note 134

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(November 25) I would first have to try to get a closer look at this impression, for me

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obvious that the "base note" in the person of my friend Peter is a **yin** note. As I see it, this is so at the level of the "me", as I have seen it express itself in particular in its relation to me and others, than in his work, ie at the level of the impulse of knowledge, of the creative faculties in him.

Regarding the first aspect, obviously he and I were **complementary** temperaments, with this extra nuance that there was excessive, "superyang" in mine, seemed to disconcert-somewhat, sometimes. It was especially, I believe, this constant forward projection towards fulfillment my spots, this **isolation** from anything that was not related to them, which aroused in him a kind incredulously surprised, where I felt a hint of loving regret - the same regret I had felt sometimes with my mother, when she saw me so cut point of the beauty of things around me 157 (*).

154 (*) And this, even in the years of "before leaving" now.

155 (**) In the note "The arrow and the wave" (n ° 130 of 19 November).

156 (***) And for myself also.

157 (*) My mother, as my father had kept the rest of his life a capacity for communion with nature, at the same time that a sense of acute observation for all that surrounded him, which I have both lacked until today still.

This was perhaps the only "yin" aspect of her being that she did not repress in her, which was able to flourish freely. On the other hand, 536

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It was not at home a discomfort, strictly speaking, sign of the refusal of a certain reality. At least I do not do not remind me once that I felt uncomfortable with him or that I had the impression of attitude or movement of rejection, taking distance, or even a clash between us. And I do not have no doubt that this was not a deliberate "diplomatic" intention in him, of decided to leave nothing out. On the contrary, he sometimes expressed this "astonishment" I was allusion, without any sign of embarrassment or irritation. Obviously, the basic tone in our relationship, and who never stop until today 158 (**), was that of a loving sympathy, than crossing no shadow.

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It remains for me a strange fact, and nothing I believe could have to suspect anyone, before p. 614 the episode of my departure from IHES (and even then, at the level of what "passes" directly in a head to head let's say) the fact that from the first years after our meeting there was a deep, essential ambiguity, in his relation to me, by the presence of a hidden antagonism, a desire at least to stand out from my person, and to evict. The latter manifested itself in a particularly brutal way (which left me speechless on the spot), still infinitely muffled in the way, during the episode of my departure from IHES (mentioned in the section "Eviction" (63)). My friend had recently been co-opted as fifth "permanent" at IHES, thanks in particular to my warm efforts in this direction. In the "explanation" that occurred between us (perhaps there were several, I can not say anymore), he did not leave to any moment of that perfect and smiling natural, with all the aspects of a kindly kindness, which made him so endearing. He explained to me then, without I detect any hint of hesitation or embarrassment, and again less antagonism or enmity, or secret satisfaction, which he had in those early years made the decision to dedicate his life and all his energy to mathematical work; that this dedication to mathematics who was his, for better or for worse, was to pass for him before anything else; that reason for which I expected the solidarity support of my colleagues and in particular, of himself (to ask for the removal of funds from the Ministry of the Armed Forces) seemed entirely foreign to mathematics. tick; that he regretted of course that this was a circumstance for me crippling, and that, given "axioms" different from his family, I was going to leave IHES for a cause which, from his point of view, seemed result ; but to his great regret, he could not associate, any more than my other colleagues, with a request that was foreign to him, and whose outcome was entirely indifferent to him (134 1).

I have given here in essence the "manifest", explicit content of my friend's speech, as returned to me my memory, without any effort to try at the same time to find and restore a style of expression, or the atmosphere of an interview, which I have retained no particularity beyond what I said here.

The episode takes place at a time when I did not have the slightest suspicion that behind the manifest content harmless (and sometimes strangely absurd) of a speech, often expressed in

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muted, and quite clearly, p. 615

a completely different message. This was surely perceived at the unconscious level, but passionately rejected, repressed from conscious field. As I imply in the note quoted "The Eviction", it surely took an energy considerable to succeed in evacuating a message yet quite dazzling! it's in this note though,

written more than fourteen years later, that I am bothering for the first time to submit this episode to conscious attention, and to clearly formulate its meaning, so long denied.

I followed one of the sons, the strongest, no doubt, of the associations that presented themselves to me. I did it as for the "projection towards a goal", which is one of the dominant features of my "me", this is also, perhaps, the only aspect of my person by which I managed to be more yang still than my mother!

158 (**) (November 26) If the base tone remained that of a sympathy, an attraction, it remains that since my departure, Over the years and more and more, this relationship has frozen, sclerotic, emptied of what gave him quality of life. I have the impression that

to find myself in front of a "shell" so perfectly sealed, that nothing passes either in one direction or the other. See about it Note "Two turning points" and "The Tomb" o n s 66, 71.

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against some reluctance, as if by this "digression" I was moving away from my main

Pos. However, I realize afterwards that it is not so. No doubt, the image of a person and a

temperament that spontaneously emerges from the description of concrete situations in which it is found involved, is more alive and more convincing than an enumeration of "traits", which would be supposed to

ner. Rather than getting started, I'd rather note another association, and engage in another

digression, comparing the relation examined here to that between Serre and me. At the level of the relationship between our people, the prevailing impression for me is not that of a "**complementary**" as with

Peter, but rather that of an **affinity** between two temperaments strongly "yang" one and the other. More than one

In the eighteen years of close mathematical communication, this affinity has been manifested

occasional frictions, expressed by cold transients, none of which have been of long duration. Such as

I remember, these episodes were caused by movements of impatient impatience at Serre, who

"passed" badly with the susceptibility that is mine. It happened that Serre was annoyed by the obstinacy with

which I pursued an idea against all odds when it seemed important to me. I took it out

on each occasion, without worrying whether she was going to "pass" or not, strong as I was of the conviction

rarely wrong) to have "**good**" view. I do not know why, Serre had developed a warning

against my cohomological "big fat" - maybe he was just allergic; just like André

Weil, to all "big blacks". On the other hand, when I started to develop "my" cohomological yoga,

in the second half of the fifties, Serre was practically my only casual interlocutor -

it was therefore badly barred! I

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believe that he did not agree to take a cautious interest in these works, and did not begin

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to realize that they were leading somewhere, that with the development of cohomology spreads since 1963,

followed the same year by my demonstration sketch ("in four shots to pot") of rationality

The functions ¹⁵⁹ (*).

It seems to me that the relationship between Serre and me was typical of a yang-yang affinity, unlike the

relationship with Deligne, who was a yin-yang complementarity. At the level of mathematical work and style

approach of mathematics, the situations were reversed. As I had occasion to say

already in a previous note ("The nine months and the five minutes", (123)), I feel the approaches of Serre

and mine as **complementary** in the sense of a yin yang-complementarity. It is this complementarity

even that was the occasion of occasional frictions, due to strongly yang temperaments as well at

him only at my place.

The relationship between mathematical approaches in Deligne and at home was different, not to mention

doubt. I can say, without reservation, that it was with Deligne more than with anyone else that I had

this experience of perfect **affinity** in the way we view and approach math questions

we were interested in each other. This experience was renewed each time there was a mathematical dialogue.

between us. It is quite clear to me that this is not a casual circumstance.

for example, the influence I have had on him during decisive years of learning.

This affinity has not developed during a long familiarity - it is it, on the contrary, presents

our first contacts, which was the force at work to create, almost overnight, a link of a

such strength, rooted in our common passion. This is a deep affinity between two approaches

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of

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159 (*) Another sticking point that I remember, probably more episodic yet, was my insistence to reattach

the shift theory to the quotient in algebraic groups and formal schemas (still poorly understood in the years

fifty) to questions of "effectiveness" of flat equivalence relations, or even (later) to the transition to the quotient in the

context of fpqc beams. These views, first taken by Gabriel and Manin, are now commonplace a little

everywhere in algebraic geometry and even elsewhere. It seems to me that the reluctance of Serre has dissipated, from the moment when

I ended up bothering (as no one else seemed willing to do it) to prove the first black and white

effectiveness theorem, for flat and finite equivalence relations.

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mathematics, pre-existing to our meeting, and which express (I am sure) an important aspect of original temperament in one as in the other - a "basic tone" yin in apprehension and discovery things ¹⁶⁰ (*).

There is no question of "demonstrating" such an intimate conviction, any more than I would think of wanting "demonstrate" that the basic tone in my own mathematical work (say) is yin, "feminine". Everything at more is it possible sometimes, for such things, to "pass" a feeling from one person to another, and trigger someone else to become aware of something they had not previously lent to Warning; something that had escaped his conscious attention, yet still being "recorded" already somewhere, in diffuse form. The situation is surely blurred, as so often, by the efforts made by the interested to mold according to the values in honor, yang values, "masculine". While I can see that his mathematical work and the (considerable) influence he has exerted are deeply marked by his ambiguous relationship to me, I doubt however that the efforts in question to erase a basic temperament similar to mine, challenged - that these efforts were crowned

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of success. Certainly p. 618

dispositions of rigor, which did not play yet in him before my "departure", prevent it for a long time to look (at least in the writings for publication) on things too far below him, or on those who are today anathemas. Yet it seems to me that in what he publishes, he was able to prevent himself from follow the style of approach that is spontaneously his. This is the impression of the least that I had while flipping the few parsimonious prints except that he still wanted to send me to the grave, after my "death" fifteen years ago.

But of course, my apprehension of the mathematical approach Deligne draws primarily in the years before my "death", between 1965 and 1969. For five years we were then strongly connected to each other on the same things, and the mathematical communication was uninterrupted (except for a year that he spent in Belgium), and more intense than I had with any other mathematician, including mime (it seems to me) Serre. I have had occasion more than once to discuss these ¹⁶¹ years (*), intense creativity both in one and the other. They were marked at my friend's house by an impressive start, which, however, did not surprise me, as it seemed self-evident! It was the time when his sense was very sure substance, what is tangible behind the most abstract appearances, or in the formulations the more "nonsense general", was not yet obscured by a sufficiency, nor by the burial syndrome appeared later. He makes many contributions to these themes (extreme-yin, I might say) that later (with his blessing without reserve) have long since been excluded from the rank of "mathematics ¹⁶⁰ (*) (26 November) reflections of this note, in continuity with those notes "The rising sea" and "The nine months five minutes "(n ° s 122, 123) seem to suggest for anyone the presence of a " double signature "or a **double** "basic tone": one (most apparent probably) concerns the "boss", ie the structure of the "me" and the mechanisms that the govern; the other concerns the "Worker", aka the "child", that is also the impulse of knowledge, of discovery of the world, of creation (including, of course, the love drive). (It is, it is true, the most common thing in the world to take the boss for the worker and vice versa, that is to say, to take bladders for lanterns - but that's another story. . .)

So at home this basic double tone is yang (boss) -yin (child), Serre is yang-yang, Deligne is yin-yin (without there being in me any feeling of doubt, of hesitation about it). On the background of relations of sympathy with the one and with the other, it is this "distribution" of "signs" (or "tones") that makes, at the level of relations between people, my relation to Serre either of affinity and my relation to Deligne is of complementarity, and that it is the opposite for the relations between our approaches to mathematics.

Of the four possible "distributions", only the two-tone yin-yang remain. View the disadvantage of yin in our macho society, disfavor that will tend to play especially on the first tone (the "your boss"), I presume that the double-tone yin-yang should be less common than yang-yang. But I know at least one notorious mathematician, who tells me seems to match this signature. Of course, the second tone, or "original tone", is trickier to pin down, since it will be often "blurred" by external influences, by the desire to be and to do "like everyone else".

¹⁶¹ (*) See the notes including "The Child", "The Burial," "The eviction", "The inauguration", "Node" (in the procession V, My Friend Peter), and the note "The heir" (in Procession IX, My pupils).

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serious ¹⁶² (**): topos of formalism," big furbished "cohomological ... I review and rises pin these contributions, with obvious pleasure, in the introductory

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tion GAS ⁴¹⁶³ (*). Others such as

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(among others even more "muscular", who ranked him from the outset as one of the "big stars") are in my double report 1968/69 discussed in note "Investiture" ¹⁶⁴ (**).

Note 134 1

(26 November), 165 (***) typical detail, the military funds, about which nobody wanted raise a finger, as long as it was question they would be cause of my departure, were deleted the year even from my departure in general indifference! We never knew, sometimes it could be a problem guest mark a little fussy on this chapter. . . The funds in question represented only one part of IHES 's resources (5%, if I remember correctly). Without having to consult, he between my four colleagues at IHES (not counting the director) there was a great unanimity opportunity to get rid of me (almost at the same time, by the way, than the director himself). And me which was believed to me indispensable, and loved!

(December 6) The two physicists of the IHES, Michel and Ruelle, were dissatisfied that the "Phy-
"at the IHES is a little poor parent figure, next to the mathematical section, represented by Thom, Deligne and me (including two "Fields medals"!). This imbalance had just increased through cooptation Deligne (which was done with the unreserved agreement of Michel and Ruelle, unanimously done by the Scientific Council of IHES, except for Thom). There had been consultation between physicists

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and mathematicians of IHES, to pressure the director, Léon Motchane to restore fair
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balance between the two sections, to the extent possible. I suspect however colleagues physi-
siciens should not be upset offset this imbalance effectively, and much sooner than they
not have hoped, with the sudden prospect of my departure.

As for Thom, was outraged that the appointment of Deligne will be made against opposition formal. He described the contributions of Deligne, all unpublished, I referred to in my Sparkle report "inauguration", which obviously passed him over the head, simple "exercices"! What shocked him in Deligne's accession to the status of "permanent" to IHES, on a par with itself, it was the young Deligne - he was 25 years old - was not already covered with honors. according to Thom accession to such a post should come only as "the culmination of a career." We were far less than ten years later only heroic years when I welcomed an unknown Hironaka in makeshift premises. . . Still, that bitterness Thom was such that he then thought (according he told me in itself) to leave the IHES to return to his professorship in Strasbourg he had careful (wiser than me once, leaving the CNRS for IHES) to keep. For my sponsorship warm Deligne I had been the first and main cause of frustration, and I presume Thom was found in his heart, I did what I had earned by my impertinence in me

162 (18.5.4.4 **) (26 November), I remember also that some of these mathematical was exhumed loudly and without my name be pronounced at the "Symposium Pervert" in 1981 and the following year with "memorable volume" LN 900. On this subject, notes "The Iniquity - or sense of a return," "credit Thesis and comprehensive insurance", "Memories of a dream - or birth memorandum "n ° s 75, 81, 51.

163 (*) (November 26) These comments were added in a second edition of SGA 4, completely revised (especially for everything related sites and topos). They can give the impression that Deligne had been associated with the outbreak of main ideas and key findings that are "powerful tool" in the étale and l-adic. So I have there brought water to the mill of Deligne and cohomologistes my other students, sharing (ten years later) the remains a late master!

164 (**) I recall that this double report is reproduced in this volume 1 Reflections Mathematics.

165 (***) This sub-rating in the previous note ("Brothers and husband - or double signature" n ° 134) is from a footnote page to it. (See footnote at the end of the third paragraph of this note.)

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seeing forced to leave the IHES just months after introducing my brilliant "protected"!

As for the director, at a time when he found himself cornered by the unanimous desire permanent, pressing leaving, he then (as a proven tactic he handled to perfection) played the game of "divide rule ", using the issue of military funds as a convenient way to create a diversion, and get rid of at the same time the most troublesome of its standing. (Reversal of masterful situation while the secret he had kept around the presence of these funds seemed like a reason additional and urgent to force him to leave!) This does "not stop after my departure, it has when even dragged a long time, and his departure from the IHES closely followed mine - from that so that, like him, had been part of the IHES its early precarious and heroic years, and which,

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therewith and according to p. 621
his own, had ensured the credibility and sustainability.

18.2.8.3. (C) the Servant Yin, and new masters

Rating 135 (November 26) Among the many affinities between Deligne and I, in the years before my Initially, there was the pleasure he took, like me, develop (when the need arose) what I call the "big furbished." The greater part of my mathematician energy, not to say all, was dedicated to such tasks. If it was to build a house, make "wholesale furbished" mean: not merely to a tantalizing sketch of the house, or even two or three angles different, or even to make detailed plans, with ribs and everything; but to bring and cut one by one

stones which should be used to build; assemble the walls, lay the beams, rafters and tiles or lozes; ask doors and windows, sinks, pipes and gutters; and install (if this is beautiful and many live there yourself) up curtains on the windows and drawings on the walls. It can be a house with good size, as it can be just a shed of a room - mind in the book is nevertheless the same. And as long as we live it, we may well have everything thoroughly and to the end, we soon account that the work is never finished, it always comes from the new - at least when the "big furbished" forgiveness, the house is spacious.

The most of my mathematician of energy between 1955 and 1970 was devoted to start and developer zinc strand four **large** "big furbished" - without of course reached the end no, see above. These are, in chronological order, the cohomological tool drawings, topos, patterns ¹⁶⁶ (*). these four Master topics are also closely interconnected

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other, as would separate buildings ^{p. 622}

part of the same farm or hamlet, which all contribute to the same purpose. And each of these

"Furbish big" brought me absolutely without my having no attempt to develop other "big

furbish "already significantly less big - a bit like building a big house or even an entire

hamlet, one is led to install a lime kiln, a workshop of joinery and carpentry, etc. For example,

¹⁶⁶ (*) The "cohomological tool" did not wait for me to exist. This is some personal approach, which led

including the "control of étale" (which seems to me the main technical and conceptual ingredient in the de-

demonstration of the Weil conjectures, completed by Deligne). This is what I continue again, twenty years later, with "To the

Fields prosecution "in the direction" non-commutative cohomology "(or" homotopic "). In the direction" cohomology

commutative "I give some clarification on this approach in the beginning of the note" My orphans "(n ° 46). The

four "big furbish" in question here basically correspond to the five "Key concepts" in the note cited, except that

that "cohomological tool" corresponds to **two** such notions or ideas (ie, derived categories, and the formalism of "six") Operations.

It is interesting that the only one of the four "big furbished" (or main themes of research) that is named

Funeral in my praise (see notes n ° 104 and 105) are the topos. Coincidentally, this is also one of the three

buried under the care of my cohomologists students, who had not yet been exhumed in paternity of spare,

at the time of Funeral Eulogy. (This stands in 1983, derived categories are unearthed in 1981 at the Symposium

Perverse, and the grounds in 1982 in the "memorable volume" LN 900.)

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each year the need arose again to increase the arsenal of concepts and buildings cat-

RIQUES, two or three (small) "big furbished" additional. People from ten or twenty years later, that

found everything all cooked and sit comfortably in places (and even others who know

basically what stick), shrug a condescending air about as "non-sense"

unreadable (Deligne dixit) and hair cuttings eh four ("Spitzfindigkeiten" as the name was a

shows German correspondent, however well disposed towards me ¹⁶⁷ (*)). These are people who have no

idea what it's like to build a house on the bare earth, and who never build in no doubt,

merely playing to the owners in those that others have built for them, with their two

hands and with all their heart.

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I was a bit lively at the moment, seeming to put my friend Peter in the bag of those who "have no

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idea what it's like to build a house. . . *. He not only saw me at work, but it is with

pleasure he was building his side, as if he had never done anything for twenty years he was

in the world. Besides the story of "big furbished" and construction of houses and all that (in case the

player would be not already seen. . .) Is yet another aspect or another image, to identify some

something I had previously tried to capture somehow the image of "rising sea" and

by that of a wave train is following each other ¹⁶⁸ (*). This is the "yin mode" or "feminine" mode,

apprehension of reality, and the approach corresponding to impregnate and to generate a

image, which renders this reality with flexibility and fidelity. So here I am back by a detour through my own

person, in my initial intention - that of "pass" this strong perception in me, a kinship,

an essential affinity between the approach of mathematics at Deligne, and in myself. But in this

look at Deligne I just try to identify with an image, there has been an "interference" complete,

to me it seems, after leaving Death of 1970 - I think the "big furbished" are completely absent from his

publications "after". Certainly he could not have reasonably make use of this trait in his master disavowed,

to run down it, while tolerating that same trait flourish in him, according to his own nature.

It is true that if it is, not to follow an inner need, expression of a basic instinct,

but simply to increase prestige by the accumulation of **results** who "brand", my friend had

really no interest in continuing to bother with (more or less) "big furbished." In my day already

and outside the Bourbaki group (itself engaged in a "big furbished" good size!), it was already there

thing rather frowned. Nothing surprising in this matter, since the blinders "superyang" in our society and

consensus in the scientific world does not date from yesterday. It was perhaps the main reason

which houses I was enjoying building remained uninhabited during the long
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years, except

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by mason himself (who was at the same time as the architect, carpenter etc.). And today yet even part of my work has long since become common heritage (and even where there is still no other reference available that my writings), remains surrounded (at least for those who do not part of the beautiful world and who make it their duty to take high) almost a halo of fear as whether to enter would request almost superhuman faculties. It is true that it is often long and it not be otherwise, given that everything is beautiful and well made, and hand and in detail, from beginning to end, even with 167 (*) My contact assured me nicely, just to please me, he knew my work was "largely measurement free from such defects" ("frei von diesen weitgehend Übeln"). It was for her" flaws "in which no could miss falling (such as "Spitzfindigkeiten" of all stripes catégories), if we ventured to develop theory (as I suggested about the reasons) on foundations that still remain conjectural. Here we find the visceral rejection of "mathematical dream" referred to in "The Forbidden Dream" and in the three following sections (Sections 5-8). This is yet another one of the aspects of an automatic suppression of any approach or approach "yin" "Feminine" in mathematics.

168 (*) See the two notes "The rising sea" and "The arrow and the wave", n ° s 122, 130.

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18.2. THE KEY OF YIN AND YANG

each chapter in turn explanations saying where it is coming from 169 (*). It does not seem to me my students in the days when they worked with me unduly struggled to get into the bath. But it was at a time when the "tangible results" had finally take the deposit of the establishment mathematics, and my students were working with insurance to play a card "safe". I have the feeling that since more than one is happy to accredit against by the version "unreadable" 170 (**), in accordance with a fashion far more tyrannical today than it was in my time.

But even apart from the wishes of fashion, when making calculations of profitability and "returns" surely we will take care to avoid the "big stuff" like the plague. Develop a "big refurbished" and put available to all, this is a **department** that makes a scientific community, which often accept against his will. I've never been too bothered by this fact understandable reluctance; I knew

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I had "the right stuff", and that sooner or later, people could not help but come. p. 625

But even as they come to the "returns" in terms of "credit" can only be modest.

If I made a statistical report, not concepts, issues, ideas I have introduced and developed in the fifteen years from 1955 to 1970 and which are either entered the common heritage and anonymous, is buried without music (waiting to be unearthed large brass bands), but what might be called "the great theorems", I doubt I would find even ten. Maybe the total time spent directly their demonstration is of the order of a few weeks or months to break everything. There are not any had one before 1957 (theorem of Riemann-Roch-Grothendieck) - yet I know that I did not wasted my time during the previous three years. If it is the same, none of the "big theorems" would be shown at the moment (although it was not my main concern), if during these fifteen years I had stubbornly follow a passion to understand in me, trusting mode approach she dictated to me, that it is "profitable" or not (in terms of such desiderata or such others), or be seen or not in the big world. This approach was each time, leaving a strong initial intuition, or a handful of such intuitions, to take such a strong thread and any test that drew me into the unknown; and in so doing and to change view, I could not help but to As with the unknown amount in the process of awareness, such coarse stones that "Knows" by pruning, to build houses, very large and less extensive, and all good to be inhabited - houses where every nook and corner is destined to become welcoming and familiar place for more a. The doors and windows are straight and open and close without ajar and no squeak, the roof leaks and the fireplace draws. This is not necessarily Notre Dame de Paris, and there is not a "big Theorem" hidden in the bread bin of each - it's just the houses that he had built, and I have built to be inhabited. I found my joy to them, nice and spacious, knowing that the work I did, alone or in company, had to be done and that each time it was as good as I could.

This spirit also where I found the Bourbaki group in the fifties, and that I got felt comfortable, "home", notwithstanding the differences in background and culture, and challenges Casual I have mentioned in its place. By that time at least, it is a

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Spirit of **Service**, again, that p. 626

169 (*) It is only over the years, I think, that I realized the need to include such explanations often purely heuristics, trying whenever possible to communicate to the reader a sense of "direction" and about, strongly present in me as I write. Today, it seems more important to me that a thorough write-key demonstrations,

the reader will be pleased to replenish or even build from scratch, since it feels that it will, and that "Where" draws. . .

170 (**) The thing is obvious that for the only Deligne, still repeated to me the thing in person during his recent visit. he was SGA 4 (of which more than half is developing with extreme care the language of topos), declared "unreadable" by My friend, as justification for his brilliant "operation SGA 4 1

2 ".
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I found. Service of a **task**, and beyond the task, other men serving, greedy like us include small and large things and understand them thoroughly and to the end. This "service" was taking not face austere duty or asceticism. He spontaneously and joyfully stemmed from an inner need, he expressed a common thing that linked the men so different.

And it is this same spirit that I recognize still in the Cartan seminar, where so many French mathematicians made their debut, and later (in the sixties) in my own seminar (meeting the acronym AMS, "Algebraic Geometry Seminar Marie Wood"). One difference between the two seminars is that mine were heavily focused on the development of "big furbished" mentioned sometimes (hence " **my** " furbished), for which he was never too arm, while the themes followed by Cartan from one year to another were more eclectic. More importantly I think that was common to both seminars, and above all, what seems to have been their basic function, their **reason for being**. Actually I see two. One function of these seminars, near about Bourbaki was to prepare and put available to all easily accessible texts (I mean, essentially complete), developing detailed how important themes and difficult to access 171 (*). The other function of these seminars was to create a **place** where young researchers were motivated safe even without geniuses of power learn mathematician profession on full current issues in contact with eminent men and benevolent. Learn the business - ie, put their hands in the dough, and thereby, find opportunity to make oneself known.

It seems that my departure in 1970 marks the end, in France at least, the "major seminaries" - places **sustainable** when, year by year, are under construction some of the major themes of mathematical contemporary - and places **caring** too and inspiring for

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all who come to put the
p. 627

hand. I do not know if there is anywhere in the world (in Moscow perhaps spurred on by IM Gelfand?). What is certain is that such places are decidedly against the spirit of the time, just like the "big furbish", written down on paper, carefully, to be available to **all**.

It is not by chance that nobody writes virtually careful presentations and (temporarily) ex-haustifs on mature themes developed for ten years when it was not twenty, obviously crucial, and that meanwhile are accessible only to a handful of people "in the know". Whoever is part of the "big world" mathematics, if he is also part of the same time of the "handle" in question will have no difficulty in If required to make them aware of by those who did not ask better. The others

limpet! In the sixties, I saw a proud bunch of books that claimed to body and cries to be writings. I would have written myself, but I could not do everything at once. None of these books, to I know, is still written at present 172 (*). But I know more than one (even if that

among former students) who was quite on the pace and had the feel and the hand to be able to write without such evil book he needed (and still need). And the few who came back later work some, I do not feel that this is the abundance and the difficulty of their most personal work that the

171 (*) "On the difficult access," either because these themes remain imperfectly understood, whether they were known only rare insiders, and the scattered publications that dealt not gave an inadequate image.

172 (*) (28 November) I should make an exception here theses were written under my leadership. The spirit that animated me and, I believe, was communicated to my students, for the time at least they worked with me, was the one that inspired me for my own work; ie, in graphic terms, "build houses" which obviously was needed, even if

I was often the only one to feel the need of a particular "house" special. I feel that in general (except one exception) that feeling ended by communicating to the student, and that he was "hung" on such a subject, and subsequently was identified strongly about chosen. If one puts aside Verdier, who did not bother to make available all the work of foundations agreed between us and still waiting to be written, the thesis work of all students who did their doctoral thesis Status with me became what may be called "standard references". These are good houses to be inhabited, and none of which overlaps with any other. . .

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would have prevented ("sorry but I really do not have time!") to render this service to the famous "community mathematics. "For so it is even likely that it would have made it notorious as

author of a book read and quoted (even if all it exposes does not come necessarily
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him - but the "how" p. 628

is by no means negligible amount. . .), As the package more or less thick its reprints.

Obviously, this is not a simple "lack of time" that keeps each other, with unani-
impressive moth-eaten, to make available to all the remaining few privileged ones - or to have
(if only here or there, the time to write a book say) an **attitude of "service"** . Here comes irresistibly
ment association with the seminar SGA 5 1965/66 whisked away for eleven years, for their own benefit
staff, by the very people who were the first and exclusive beneficiaries, my friend Peter and my
cohomologistes other students in mind! It is true that there was a body to share, so motivation
a bit in this special case. But I also think of other cases where the service accumulated filled
patent gaps, and where it was brushed aside with one hand by the people in place 173 (*). We say that it is
yet the case a bit special, it was myself that was targeted when he was visible
it was I who had inspired the work in question. Yet I feel in all this a "zeitgeist"
which surpasses all case.

The aspect of "zeitgeist" I'm identifying here somehow, is the **discredit**
strike an attitude of service - discredit that I perceive through a crowd converged signs, and for
me is a patent fact. Everyone is free to deny it, as it is also free to examine itself, and the
note. My purpose here is not to "prove" a reluctant reader, but to try to understand its meaning.
In the context of this discussion, there is one direction that jumps. The service attitude is
typically an attitude "yin", "female", and it is not surprising that it is part of the lot of those
are devalued. The shade I perceive increased many times, is that such an attitude was just
good for those who do not have the means to an attitude of "master" - the work done in this spirit
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was the work of **subordinate** , good for the rank and file among those who ride carriage of great ideas and p. 629
the "brilliant discoveries."

Yet I also know that there are not that - because otherwise, why we prevent at all costs
"Rank and file" of good will (when by chance he is found) to quietly in his corner bass
task that rightful finally providing the solid references where previously we had to
just say (when deign to say something...) "We know that..." or "we can show that..."
or more rarely and honestly "we assume that..."? !

I was confronted for the first time to this troubling question it eight years ago, when Mesa-
Yves Ladegaillerie ventures to get to "cram" his thesis 174 (*). It was, I admit, at a time when my
interest both for mathematics, for the world of mathematicians, was more marginal.

I was a little flabbergasted, without trying to elucidate the meaning of this mystery. At variations, my
attitude has not changed much in the years that followed, until February, with reflection poursui-
life in Crops and Seeds. Yet, by dint of picking up signs, and even without meaning to, I could
help gradually to capture in as so little sense, or rather, the senses. I see two indeed. Mon

Regarding my person - it is burial syndrome to me, which I have not quite finished yet
to tour. The other has nothing to do with this particular person or another. This is an **attitude**

exclusivity in the possession and control of "information" scientific , attitude prevailing in

173 (*) I am thinking, of course, the work of Yves Ladegaillerie, and that of Olivier Leroy, which was discussed in four notes
Previous sections ("You can not stop the progress," "Coffin 2 - sectioned or cut," "The note - or the new ethics"
"Coffin 4 - or topos without flowers or wreaths," Notes n ° s 50, 94, section 33, footnote ° 96).

174 (*) See about the two notes n ° s 50 and 94, cited in footnote previous page.

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the "establishment" scientist, and making a sort of caste ruling by divine right, within the
so-called "community" Science 175 (**).

This is a theme I have already touched (barely, barely) in note

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"Ethical consensus - and

p. 630

information control ", and some also in " The "snobbery of youth" or defenders of purity "
(25), (27)). I suspect that this is a **new fact** in the scientific world, which came to settle

stealthily in the past two or three decades. I do not think I was among those who
propagated and welcomed the "new ethics" unwritten ethics of the "two weights - two measures" 176 (*). Yes

I have a co-responsibility in its advent, it would rather do happen have not seen 177 (**). before these
last few years, I did not suspect that the information which I benefited all azimuths freely

almost since my first contacts with the scientific world in 1948, had become over the
years, I do not know how or when, a **privilege** huge I shared with a handful

buddies -a **class privilege** , to use a term a bit much rehashed, and yet here I
appears to take a reality all that has tangible.

But my purpose is not to make a "class analysis" of the mathematical world, and "relationships

force "and" means of power "in the world - no more than make one." table manners "is time to return

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About a more limited - to understand that, in its essential springs major p. 631

protagonists, the "news item" My early funeral!

18.2.8.4. (D) the Servant Yin (2), and generosity

Rating 136 (28 November) The two previous notes were essentially digressions around theme of yin-yin affinity between Deligne and I, at the mathematical work and approach of mathematical. I do not know if they have contributed to "pass" the perception I have of this affinity and its nature, which for me is not subject to doubt.

I have written elsewhere that "in my work, I am also" yin ", as" sea and movement ", as one can be."

On reflection, I would say it's not true at face value - that "can be" more, because (as

I see it) is the Deligne more than me. Or at least, the "yang in yin" seems more accused me

home, that home. What is passion in me, it takes more Weighted paces. The when I start

forward boldly, more than once it will remain on a conservative expectation, and often founded. for some

I have an idea primer, an "end" by which I can get, I do not hesitate to get into a quagmire

I substantial mathematical sense, without worrying about first look a little closer the initial idea

("Ihr auf den Zahn fühlen", as we say in German...), Nor to predict the outcome of the battle. Sometimes the idea

do not hold up for any a priori obvious reason, which escapes me as I am fire and flame

"Jump into the juice." I end by well realize - sometimes I feel quite silly, and yet it is rare

I have launched myself regretted. It's that way and not otherwise, I established contact with a

unknown substance - in rubbing me, be it "wisely" or not.

175 (**) (6 December) Note that the thirst for domination is an imbalance **superyang** , and form by far the most common of a such imbalance. It corresponds to an obliteration of yin term "female" in the couple yin-yang "master-servant", or "this dominating (or control) - this is, "neighbor of the couple" control - service ".

176 (**) I do not know if there are many among seniors or colleagues of my generation, or even among colleagues and friends more young people who had seen it. I doubt there is only one among "those who welcomed me fraternally, in this world that became mine "who Crops and Seeds is dedicated - except perhaps Chevalley It's part certainly things I would have liked.

talk to him - but he is not there to tell me. . .

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young people who had seen it. I doubt there is only one among "those who welcomed me fraternally, in this world that became mine "who Crops and Seeds is dedicated - except perhaps Chevalley It's part certainly things I would have liked.

talk to him - but he is not there to tell me. . .

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My friend, him, first probe and examine - and it starts, when it feels safe, if not the end point, it that would be asking too much, but in any case where there is land, and he will not return empty-handed. I do not have never in his work feel any **dispersion of energy** , as there often was

home - rather than at home **every time wear** . From this point of view, his work style was

the mark of a **mature** , while mine was rather that of a **youth** , sometimes blundering force

be spirited. At our first meeting, however, it is me who approached

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forties, p. 632

when he was twenty. And more than once I felt home to me a kind of smiling indulgence

that some benevolent than an adult would have overlooked a child he would have affection when he saw me

embark again in some (small) "big furbish", never suspecting anything. . .

The aspects I mentioned here are probably detect discomfort in work "net", published that

present a final stage or advanced at least one reflection. My requirement in my job is not

lower than at home, and I hardly confided notes to a typist or a printer, when they

had reached a stage where they met the need in me complete clarity. By cons, in style

I'm writing in "Reflections Mathematics" (especially in "In the Fields of Pursuit"),

the original approach to the work is apparent on every page. The reader may find it "hiccups"

numerous. They all are of low amplitude - spotted most often the next day or two days later when

this is the same day, and ground in the following pages. (So be also surprised me myself

same - it's one of the signs of this extraordinary "ease" in my mathematical work, I mentioned

Besides 178 (*).) One reason for the presence of "small failures" of course my lack of familiarity with

a subject to which I had not touched for seven or eight years - and these blunders are also rarer

gradually as the work progresses, the contact lost gradually recovers. Nevertheless, this way,

every time, taking for "cash" without hesitation that restored me enough memory

nebula, things that I knew more or less in time, illustrates this aspect "go-getter" and

sometimes rough, which is (among others) the aspect of "yang in yin" in my mathematical work (or

non-mathematical). I am convinced that a text just as spontaneous, to be written from the pen of Deligne

would be much closer to what is commonly considered "publishable" - even as

publishable according to demanding criteria that are his.

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If I insist here on the character of "maturity" to "very yin yin" in work style and approach to p. 633 mathematical my friend, this is not to suggest by that the idea of any imbalance in his work, so that this work would be marked by a lack or absence of qualities "yang" "Manly". If so, the work would not carry on every page, like those of the Serre mine, delicate brand, and can not deceive the **beauty**. But this is not the place, nor would I not have done in the case of Serre in mine, to follow regarding respect the delicate harmony of yin and yang, the "feminine" and "masculine" in his published work which is known to me, and in what is known to me its work through personal contact I had with him for nearly two decades.

It should not be assumed either that this finding I make a balance of yin and yang, or a kind of truism, it would apply immediately to any man who for one reason or another did figure "Great mathematician." This perception of beauty that I mentioned just now, is not also present, nor to the same extent, to the work of all mathematicians that leave a lasting impression on the mathematics of their time. Among those, I know two who, like Deligne appear like being yin dominant both in their work and in their personality, and whose work did me no 178 (*) See note "The trap - or facilitated and exhaustion", n ° 99. It seems to me that this "facility" is even greater now than it once was, before my "start". That seems linked to a maturation that took place in me during the fifteen passed and which is felt in my mathematical work elsewhere.

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point this impression of an inner balance, a beauty that never leaves hungry. The Yin imbalance takes such an extreme character, in one of these colleagues, it seems entirely incapable, if only to formulate clearly and correctly any definition or any statement (without even speak of an idea ...) - as on many things he has deep insight, and he introduced many important and fruitful ideas. They took the body each time by working other than him. Obviously, there are at his repression of rare effectiveness of natural traits and strengths "yang" as well in his work as in his ways of being. This repression assumes the proportions of a true impotence, including in his work, where he would be unable to carry through any thing by its own means. He compensates for this weakness by being an attitude of megalomania, internalizing the same time the flaws he likes to grow in it, like it was **thanks to them** that he could have

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design ideas

p. 634

(in his eyes) make him **the** great scholar of the millennium. . . 179 (*)

I feel a crackdown in the opposite direction to my friend Peter, evacuating some traits "yin" and the leading (With varying success) to be modeled on a superyang image. This repression is very far indeed, the opposite extreme case I have just mentioned. It is not going to erase the reader or the listener the feeling of beauty, satisfaction without any aftertaste of uneasiness, which are signs of understanding true, making every moment in their fair share and clarity, and in the shade, the mystery. That is to say the brand "superyang" chosen by my friend does not encroach on the work itself, the times of work I hear, where the presence of the "boss" should be erased as often as it is (I think) at Serre, or my 180 (**).

It is against at the choice of the **themes** of work, it seems to me that the role of the boss becomes important, even intrusive. There is this fixed idea to stand out of me, and thus, the refusal follow such inclinations of his own nature that associate too strongly in him the image of the master denied. Also, if he happens to like to each provided great ways to demonstrate difficult theorems (or, "Proverbial difficulty"), and even introduce good ideas and develop them, he would not think of "Rethink" naively in his way and if only in outline, a science (such as topology, which would need yet well ...) - if not, create from scratch a new science, "shoot to light new worlds" (as I wrote elsewhere) (136 1). Yet if there is someone to which I have no doubt that he has the means, it's him. If something has lacked until today to do so is the **generosity** - the true generosity, which is both calm assurance, that makes us keep the momentum of our own nature where it takes us, without us

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worry or encouragement,

p. 635

or "returns".

But there is also the joy of simply "build houses" big or small that others will live, not that this is necessarily the dimensions of "a science" or a "new world" - that of carry around and ask beams and stone like the first mason or carpenter came without fear is making being taken for this or look like such - or making everyone what (at the discretion of some) must remain the stronghold booked the very small number. This is a service attitude, a certain humility expression yet the same generosity mentioned earlier, the same fidelity to his own nature. My friend has bartered

against an attitude of complacency ("I - do such work") and a caste attitude 181 (*), in the choice 179 (*) I'm talking about attitudes and ways of being that I could see the time before my departure, when I had the opportunity to familiarly meet this prestigious colleague. It is not excluded that something has changed since (although this would be anything more than rare. . .).

180 (**) I return to this early printing at the end of the sub-grade n ° 136 1 (4 December) to this note.

181 (*) This attitude "class", my friend and the "big mathematical world", appears in my thinking first in the two notes (March) "ethical consensus - and information control" and "The snobbery of youth - or defenders of purity "(n ° s 25, 27), and it reappears in the note last week "Yin The servant, and new 548

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Working themes supposed to "acceptable".

Finally there is a third position or strength, by which "the boss" weighs on the choice of working themes My friend, the substance that gives herself to sound, a force that sets it imperative barriers. This is the syndrome of "master of the funeral," or **syndrome gravedigger** . It is not only here to refrain from appoint one who must remain ignored. It is also to bury his work itself, or more precisely, of the " **cut** " net, as the **chain saw** in its own work as in the other, at each of the limbs spouting a vigorous trunk 182 (**). As I said before yesterday yet (in the previous note, "Yin Servant, and the new masters"), among the four themes I discussed and developed during my period of "surveyor", between 1955 and 1970, only one has been "taken" and used to light by my brilliant student and juice

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cessor, the other three were "bucked" - muted, p. 636
it is obvious. very partial exhumation There has been a theme in 1981, another the following year - as stunted shoots that have taken on the stumps healed mistresses cut branches, and that would circumstance surrounded by colorful tinsel and garish neon story to deceive. . .

Rating 136 1

(December 4) 183 (*) My own approach consistently led me to "rethink" in background fills what was on my way mathematician, whether the thing most insignifi- appearance fiasco, or whether the dimensions of "a science". It is true that, having only two arms like everyone, I could not every time go so far in the implementation of a work program remake "thoroughly a science," as I did in the case of algebraic geometry, to From a few simple key ideas around the notion of schema. Even then, when I invested a large part of my mathematician energy for twelve years in a row, I was far from "closing" the planned program - for this, I would have had as many as twelve more years! (And person after leaving do cared to continue the work, which had (wrongly) seem ungrateful. . .)

As other case I've thought a science, but certainly go that far, I point has **lgèbre homologique** (both commutative and non-commutative - the latter also did not exist at my initial thoughts of 1955), and **topology** , with the introduction of the concept of **topos** , always waiting days its time to become the daily bread of topologist surveyor, as well as the various concepts of "spaces" and "variety" is commonly mania today 184 (**). No doubt some im- parts supporting the current topology will hardly be affected

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the systematic development of the point p. 637
topossique view topology. Also this view rather seem to me the crucial element in the "creation all parts of a new science "- of this science that achieves a synthesis (completely unexpected yet when I landed in the fifties) of algebraic geometry, topology and arithmetic 185 (*). Beyond the building of the new algebraic geometry, and through the "master the étale "(and that of l-adic cohomology ensuing) is developing a master contractor of this new science still evolving and developing a solid technical foundation, which been for me my main contributions to mathematical my time. The "Yoga of **reasons** ", which remains masters " , n ° 135.

182 (**) I see myself confronted for the first time the reality of "Chainsaw" on May 19 in the reflection in the double note "heirs...", "... and Chainsaw" (n ° s 91, 92) and in the four coffins following notes (and, together with "The Deadman "form the" Van Funèbre "or procession of the Burial X) 21 and May 22 (notes n ° 93-96).

183 (*) This sub-note to the note above ("Yin servant (2) - or generosity", n ° 136), comes from a Footnote page one. (See reference in the third paragraph before the end of the latter.)

184 (**) compare with some comments in the second part of the end of March notes "My orphans" (n ° 46), and its subnotes n ° s 46 5 to 46 7 .

185 (*) See footnote on previous page. (11 March 1985) The term "completely unexpected" is probably excessive, because the foreknowledge of such a synthesis is already in the Weil conjectures, who acted as a powerful source of inspiration. 549

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conjunctural still seems to me like the soul, or at least as a nerve center of all of this new science, so vast that until today I had not yet thought of giving it a name. We could be called, perhaps, the **arithmetic geometry**, suggesting that name the image of a "geometry" we develop "above the absolute basis" Spec Z, and which admits of "specialization" both the "algebraic geometry" Traditional different characteristics, in geometric concepts "transcendent" (above the basic body R, C or Q ...) via the concepts of "varieties" (or better, **multiplicities**) analytical or rigid-analytic, and variants thereof.

I see another "new science" yet I had interview since the sixties, taking its source in my thoughts started homological algebra in 1955. It is a comprehensive synthesis of ideas from homological algebra (as developed in contact with the needs of the geometry algebraic, or rather, of the "arithmetic geometry"), the homotopic algebra, "topology General "topos version and finally the theory (in limbo since the sixties) of ∞ -categories (Not strict), or, as I prefer to say now, of ∞ -fields. I expected as much from Of course, this synthesis was to be taken over by some of my students cohomologistes to com-Mencer by Verdier

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whose famous thesis ¹⁸⁶ (*) was just supposed to go in that direction. It seemed that the p. 638

development of a satisfactory common language with any generality and flexibility all desirable, was to be matter of a few years of work, surely exciting, by a small core of researchers motivated. After some very patchy start in this direction by some of my students cohomologistes my starting in 1970 sounded the signal of an immediate abandonment of the work program, among many others who kept my heart. That's why I came back on some of my ideas in correspondence with Larry Breen 1975, with the hope of resuming life in a vision of the things I felt they are "on the way" and that "everyone" takes care to circumvent soigneusement, whenever it faces. In my letters to Larry Breen (reproduced in chap. I, "To the Fields of Pursuit"), I propose to call the name **topological algebra** that science still in the making, that in a decade or two I was alone to glimpse ¹⁸⁷ (**). Finally, weary of war and desperate to see someone else as I get down to work that twenty years longed to be done, I started to work in February 1973 with "A des Champs Continuation", to draw at least in outline the supervisor for I see to do.

It is clear that there is no comparison between the "arithmetic geometry" which discussed sometimes, and topological algebra, one of the main roles in my eyes is that of "logistical support" in the development of this new geometry. For that it gets to the stage of full maturity attested (Say) a mastery of the concept of pattern, comparable to the control that we have the cohomology spreads, you have probably expect that several generations of surveyors will it be harnessed more dynamic and bolder than I've seen at work; let alone a comparable mastery at the **geometry**

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algebraic anabelian, which seems to me (with reasons) as one of two p. 639

parts "hot" arithmetic geometry, discernible now ¹⁸⁸ (*).

¹⁸⁶ (*) See note on it "Thesis credit and insurance all risks", n ° 81.

¹⁸⁷ (**) Except at the most the only Deligne, which I had grown to have communicated a vision, it is despatched to bury with the rest in the aftermath of my departure. I refer repeatedly in Crops and Seeds, in this part, the oldest of all, my entire foundation program a kind of "all azimuths geometry" - including in "The Dreamer" (Section n ° 6) and notes "My orphans", "Instinct and fashion - or the law of the strongest," "The crony" (n ° s 46, 48, 63 " ").

¹⁸⁸ (*) (For some key ideas of anabelian algebraic geometry, see Outline of a Program, para. 2 and 3.)

By "nerve" here I mean some of this "arithmetic" geometry that brings her hunches, son drivers, and problems completely new compared to the achievements of the sixties. (This "acquis" consisting essentially in a framework and a language, and a common homological and homotopic formalism for the three disciplines encompassed by the 550

18.2. THE KEY OF YIN AND YANG

Finally there is a fourth reflection direction, pursued in my past mathematician, going towards a renewed "from top to bottom" in an existing discipline. This is the approach "topology-Moderate" "topology, on which I lay somewhat in the Outline of a Program" (para. 5 and 6). Here, as so many times from the distant years of high school, it seems I am still only feel wealth and the urgency of working to foundations, including the need here seems obvious to me yet than ever. I have the distinct feeling that the development from the perspective of moderate topology in the spirit mentioned in the Outline Program, to represent the topology of a renewal Ported comparable to the perspective drawings made in algebraic geometry, and this, without require much comparable dimensions of energy investment. Moreover, I think that such a topographical

Moderate nology will eventually be a valuable tool in the development of arithmetic geometry, for happen in particular to formulate and prove "theorems comparison" between homotopic structure "Profinite" associated with a layered scheme of finite type over the field of complex (or more generally, to laminated schematic multiplicity of finite type over the body), and the homotopic structure "discreet" corresponding Dante defined by transcendental path, and assumptions of module (of equisingularity particular) suitable. This question only makes sense in terms of a "loosening theory" accurate for laminated structures, that as part of the "transcendent" topology seems to require the introduction of context "moderate".

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Going back to the person of my friend Pierre Deligne, he had ample opportunity during the years 1965- p. 640 1970 close mathematical contact with me, to get in-depth with this set of ideas and geometric visions, I have to review in broad strokes. (Except topology ideas moderate, which begin to sprout and intrigue me only from the beginning of the 70s, if I well remember.) His vis-à-vis the role of this vast program was twofold, and in opposite directions. On the one hand, relying on the ready tool of l-adic cohomology, and ideas (remained hidden) of the theory of motives, he made outstanding contributions to the development of geometry program arithmetic. The most important are probably starting a theory coefficients Hodge mixed, and especially his work on Weil conjectures and l-adic generalization. On the other hand, other the **tools** and ideas which he had a direct need for his work (and he has tried systematically of obscure origin), he did everything possible to thwart the natural development of the rest: it is "the chainsaw effect", which I have had ample opportunity to talk in my reflection on the Funeral, including even (as allusive) in the note above (n ° 136). This chainsaw-effect has been partially blurred by the partial exhumations (1981 and 1982), "as stunted growth that would have taken..." under the surge of immediate need. (These exhumations circumstance just mentioned yet at the end of the previous note.) He also did everything possible to constantly give the impression (Never say it plain...) That the authorship of ideas, concepts, techniques, and whose results he used he was careful to conceal the origin, came back to him, when he generously attributed to some other of my alumni or employees.

All in all, after this quick retrospective of what has been so tenaciously cut up and buried by arithmetic geometry.) Perhaps it should join the two preceding a third such "nerve center" intimately related to grounds, namely the theory "the Langlands" of **automorphic forms** . If I refrained to talk about it is because my unfortunate ignorance always about the theory of automorphic functions. (I do not know if the opportunity arises, pushing me to finally fill so little that ignorance. . .)

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My friend, I return to the impression that prevailed in the previous note, when I suggested that the interference the "boss" of egoic greed in his work, was limited mainly to the choice of **themes** work.

After all, the provisions of gravedigger-chainsaw are apparent in his work, with very few exceptions close, **anywhere** where the opportunity arises - and I realize that these "opportunities" are endless! **This syndrome gravedigger** (closely related surely to the highlighting of superyang values) seems

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to have

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had on his work and his work truly effect "invading" without common measure with that of his pro-yang options; and this effect is in no way limited to the choice of topics, the "boss" put at the disposal of "the worker-child", then withdraw on tiptoe. It seems to me otherwise the boss hardly off the worker while at work, he is so worried that he could forget mandatory instructions; in other words, the work itself is well invaded often by **interior dispositions** entirely foreign to the very nature of the work discovered which is momentum into the unknown. This is something that also was strongly felt many times over thinking about the burial, and I tended to lose sight during my long reflection on the yin and yang.

18.2.9. The claw in the velvet

18.2.9.1. (A) Velvet Paw - or smiles

Note 137 (December 7) For over a week that I did not continue with the notes, except for work housekeeping (including subnotes two preceding notes). I had to make me pull three teeth (That's what it is to approach the sixties...), Necessary but brutal intrusion, which meant that I worked recently at a slightly reduced speed. I took the opportunity to fall back on in correspondence pain. Here everything seems back to normal. . .

In the four previous notes (from 24 to 28 November), I tried especially to identify more closely or affinity relationship of complementarity between temperament and mathematical approach to Deligne and home, to get to this place "reversal" of yin and yang roles, I had grown perceive in the pre-

Presentation my friend tries to give of himself and me, at least in terms of personalities "Mathematics" of the one and the other. Along the way, moreover, other aspects of reality appeared for my friend or myself, and beyond our persons, aspects also of the world of mathematicians or just the world of men. Finally, it seemed to me that this is the attitude of service and signs of the disappearance of such an attitude in the scientific world, that was the new thing most significant that is introduced in this stage of reflection, as I try to suggest the name "Master and Servant" I gave him.

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To return to the original about "locate" a reversal, I feel I now have

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sufficiently identified the real situation concerning my friend and I to give it away. A first point to be made is that this initial intuition of a reversal of yin and yang roles, which I came after the reflection of May 12, "The Praise of Death (1) - or compliments," was indeed correct. It was clear already, from the reflection of 10 November in the note "The funeral of yin (yin yang bury (4))" (n ° 124), that my friend is trying to give a supervirile picture of himself, and superfeminine me. The issue raised in the note of November 24, "The reversal (3) - or yin bury yang" (n ° 133) was whether this statement is indeed a "reversal" of reality. The "fact new" appeared in the note "The rising sea. . ." (N ° 122), that as my friend, tone basic in my approach to mathematics was yin, "feminine", could in a moment to doubt.

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The reflection of the last three notes has however dispelled that doubt. It was clear from the outset that always I am perceived by Deligne (along with my fellow students and former students), while the conscious level at least as strongly (too much perhaps...) manly ¹⁸⁹ (*). But it appeared that more in Deligne and the relationship between me mathematical level and on the bottom of a strong affinity yin-yin, played Also a **complementary** yin-yang (might be called "secondary" in contrast with the affinity acting "primary"), in which it is indeed me who plays "yang", manly, with a component "yang in yin" clearly more pronounced at home than it is at home.

Deliberation that I have seen in Deligne, who seems eager receive an echo of many sides ¹⁹⁰ (**), therefore appears to me indeed

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as a **deliberate reversal of roles**, and more spe- p. 643

cally to **roles yin-yang** ¹⁹¹ (*). It seems to me that this is another important aspect of Burial, is adding to the four already reviewed above (in footnotes 13 and 17 November "backward-looking tive (1), (2)", n ° s 127, 127'). It is all of these five aspects, interrelated surely he would Now assemble into a coherent overall picture of Burial.

Such a table, to be convincing, will again bring together, in a common perspective, **three "planes" successive**. In the foreground there is the only Deligne Grand officiate at my Funeral, non-student and non-heir Master said deceased, and having no place to be or to have been. . . This is obviously to the deceased himself (but who is he, a deceased, contained a tacit), **the** central character of the Funeral Ceremony. He is followed closely in the background, with "the busy group of my former students, carrying shovels and ropes strength" (to quote memory enumerating Cortèges, in "The Scheduling Obsèques"). In the third plane finally, are the congregation (almost) entire, coming celebrate my funeral (and those of the four co-dead, holding on to the tile in their "coffins securely screwed oak"), and lend a hand at the funeral.

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Between these three areas seems to be a perfect harmony, a "**Unanimous Agreement**", like you see p. 644 reign in any other funeral celebrated in shape, between the Priest filled with a holy componction, the family of the deceased wearing the occasional air, and the bulk of the audience, singing where you need to sing, and keeping silent where it should be quiet, never, never go wrong.

To continue on this last image, I now see myself placed in the position (less comfortable as the dear departed, decidedly out of it. . .) From that placed in front of a so touching together, propose impertinently want to guess the true thoughts and motivations and agitate each other, priest and family of the faithful behind the air of solemnity or contrition séants

¹⁸⁹ (*) In fact, the current values being what they are, I doubt that a scientific prestige can be carried by a picture

(Generally accepted and received), which is not necessarily an image "yang" or superyang. It is at only unconscious, it seems to me that the "feminine" in nature in my approach to mathematics was perceived both by my friend and former student, that in mathematical general public (that, at least, so little contact with the kind of things I have work).

¹⁹⁰ (**) Here I think of the "puffs insidious contempt and derision discreet" mentioned in the introduction (see Int. 10, "A act of respect"). I do not have to amaze me when I see some of the most prestigious among those who were my students give themselves the tone. The thing that seems to me common in many "flashes" which reached me over the years, it is just a condescending affection against highly featureless "yin" in my approach to mathematics and in my work. See also about the comments in footnote 23 June page, in note n ° 96 "Coffin 4 - or topos without flowers or wreaths."

191 (*) The first time this deliberate reversal of roles appears in my thinking, it is the reversal of roles in the master-student relationship, then I am introduced as "collaborator" My student, taking himself face the **true** founder and master of the étale and l-adic. (See about the two notes "Reversal" and "In Praise Funeral (1) - or compliments, "n ° s 68 ', 104.) It is interesting to note that in the " couple "" teacher-student "is good the master who plays yang (as the giver, or speaking), "active", and the student yin role (as the one who receives, listening), "passive". Again, brilliantly made by my former student reversal can be seen as a reversal of roles yin-yang, in the same direction (yin-yang-yin yang becoming) as that is the main message of my praise Funeral, messages appeared in the note "The funeral of yin (yin yang bury (4))."

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This is a moment that reflection has continued, with the main thread tacit driver, about prepare necessary to apprehend the closest of the three "planes" of the table - that of priest chasuble, sorry, my friend Pierre Deligne I meant. It is on this plane that I would now my attention.

I will say from the outset that aspect (or "parts") of the table which was featured in the note "The Fos Soyeur - or the whole Congregation "(n ° 97), namely the component" retaliation for dissent, "not me seems to play a role in my friend more erased, if he even comes into play. I did not have any now feel that my friend Pierre felt the least "challenged" by my "dissent".

Instead, it was the big deal, as he would probably never dare to dream, to elegantly rid of the presence of a teacher a little too far in this institution where he came to the age of twenty-five years, to access one of the most envied situations (or at least the most enviable) in the mathematical world. The fact that this dissent be gone be accentuated in the months and years followed, was experienced, it seems to me (maybe not at the conscious level, but whatever the bottom), as a even greater boon, who betrayed him thank you, no hint of resistance coming from anywhere (as he was able to render account progressively over the years), a "legacy" impressive 192 (*). It's not he would have pretended to

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complain, even in his heart or his own blind, this boon ines-
p. 645

Perea! And it seems to me that the same must be valid, relatively speaking, for most my students "before" (I left), and in any case, each of my five cohomologistes students. If one or one of them, either in his heart or in a more or less clearly expressed 193 (*), could suggest a sense of dissatisfaction, frustration because of my dissent, I tend to believe that this is in the nature of a **rationalization** of fossoyante attitude towards his master providential tially disappeared, rather than a **question** (was it one among others) of it. Which strengthens me this conviction, as regards my cohomologistes students "in general", as their leader preeminent Deligne is that the signs of the burial was going to happen (as long as the auspicious occasion to appear - and, oh unexpected miracle, she appeared) - is that these signs are apparent already before I left in 1970, and in any case soon after the famous seminary of SGA 5 1965/66 for the I know killing. It is no coincidence, surely, if with all so perfect, every five 194 (**) is are disinterested about the fate of the seminar where they learned their trade, and at the same time, beautiful mathe-

matic that were almost the only ones, for twelve years, to have the privilege to know and use. I quite extensive on the subject during the debate on the fate of SGA 5, to be useful here to say more. I only recall, in terms Deligne, in three of the four articles that wrote even before my departure in 1970, the intention to conceal, or at least to retract and minimize as far as possible the influence of my ideas, is clearly apparent, without having expected

192 (*) See, about this "heritage", the note "The Heir" (n ° 90) and the under-noted (n ° 136)) of the note "Yin Servant (2) - or the generosity "(n ° 136).

193 (*) The only one of my former students who had heard me in a sense these tones one (with, in addition, a certain shade disapproving) Verdier is there of that one year. From time to Surviving and Living, it seemed against by sympathizing with my dissent. he even had a cordial collaboration episode with his wife Yvonne, occasionally (if I remember correctly) of the organization a traveling exhibition on the initiative of Robert Jaulin (including Yvonne was student), to which I joined as survivrien participant ..

194 (**) (12 December), I should nevertheless set apart JP Jouanolou, who ended up writing three consecutive presentations of the seminar, developing concepts and techniques which it would have a direct and immediate need for his own thesis.

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18.2. THE KEY OF YIN AND YANG my "dissent".

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So what is the root and the special nature of this antagonistic attitude, eager competitor p. 646 supplant, clear in my friend to me - attitude that has coexisted with affectionate sympathy and confident, and a fellowship in the mathematical level, in the early years of our meeting? I have even the belief that it should be this muted since we met, and probably even from before; and also, it has rather resulted from the outset of the role that was to be mine with him, she did was prompted by a particular characteristic in me - if not the entire set of "features" that have I could keep with him that role. It is the role as it strives to erase twenty years, surely it involved, but are not sought on either side, and by necessity, an aspect "parternel". And he There's no doubt in me that it was around this aspect that is knotted the conflict - a conflict that already existed in him long before he heard my name nor (probably) the name of our common mistress mathematics.

This belief, in fact, is not the result of reflection, let alone pretend I the "show".

Rather, it came in the years after I left, I scarcely know myself when or how;

I think gradually, by dint of large and small signs, on none of which I'm stopped, if only for that

Within a moment, and yet all together eventually leave a trace of knowledge, disseminates

and imperfect indeed, but knowledge yet, was there one day ... I could probably, by a

hard work updating half buried memories and probing them one by one, to deepen and

materialize this knowledge remains somewhat imponderable; and it is quite possible (and even likely)

such work would reserve me many surprises. Yet I do not feel motivated me to do. This is without

probably because (rightly or wrongly) it seems to me that this is not really my job, but my one

friend - what I sonderais here concerns the much more, it does not concern me. As for me

concerned, this intuition or "knowledge" or "belief" that I just made, is enough for my desire

of this understanding, and I shall trust without reservation.

As so often in my life, I am confronted by a relationship

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antagonism to the father, where I face p. 647

surrogate father, father "adopted" (much, it seems to me that father "adopted" 195 (*)). This,

more deliberation with my friend reversal of roles yin-yang, associates immediately in my

mind with the situation described in the note "The reversal (2) - or ambiguous revolt" (n ° 132) - location

whose relationship with my mother to his father is to me the most extreme prototype. Yet differences

between the situation in question, and of the relationship of my friend Pierre to me, obvious from the outset.

In his relationship to me, I have at any time seen the shadow of a tone of "rebellion" or would it

as antagonistic as ever so slightly virulent, aggressive, showing claws and teeth, it was in a

smile. Smiles certainly have not lacked either party, but it was from him or smiles

195 (*) (December 12) I have been aware, in writing these lines, how it should be cautious in such statement

"no symmetry" roles, and all the more so that these roles are played at the unconscious level. I presume that this

level one, and apart from the actual mathematical communication, I had to get so little at a time, in the

role "father" all prepared by the context. But this role was not clearly of comparable weight in my life and in

the relationship to my friend than my mathematical passion; he remained episodic and there should no longer be some trace after

my "start" of the mathematical scene in 1970. By cons, attachment of my former student myself, for better or

(Especially) for laughter, has continued to manifest all the fifteen more years that followed, both in his same work

by maintaining, against all odds, followed by a personal relationship with me.

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sympathy (as I felt them) or sometimes innocent surprise, and sometimes almost pained when he

could see (and I finally feel the intimate nuance satisfaction) some blows, casually

and velvet paw, had the fly where it was expected.

In other words, this antagonism, he speaks against me or with respect to third parties

(When he was reaching through them the late master, yet still alive in him...), Has

always taken without a single exception, the yin extreme form: the one who delights (and excels) to achieve and

injure or to remove or crush, with every appearance of the most exquisite delicacy. While his

deliberate choices for his mathematician branding are superyang (as were probably

mine without more besides that home success), it seems to me that the relational level, the basic tone (screws

Screw me at least, and those it regards as part related to me) is decidedly and

the line, superyin. (But I'd do one reservation about this, important matter, on which he

I must return.)

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Another difference "glaring" between the relationship of Peter to me, and that of the "ambiguous revolt":

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from the little I know his family, I understand that the father of Peter is a man of temperament

gentle and modest, so not the "profile" that would cause a revolt reaction, subsequently postponed to a

surrogate father.

18.2.9.2. (B) The reversal (4) - or conjugal circus

Note 138 (December 8) In closing the discussion last night, I got a little painful impression one that comprises less. Before going to bed, I stayed a moment longer to follow associations raised by the last reflection. I grew aware of a few points of light, that will I think use of lights in the thinking of today.

The most important of these associations surely belongs to this aspect "velvet paw" by my friend, delighting in scratch (and sometimes deep and ruthless) with the most innocent air in the world, "with all the appearance of the most exquisite delicacy." This picture, came the turning of a comparison (with situation of "revolt" mentioned above) which had been wrecked, struck me immediately as rich meaning, as an essential aspect of this "antagonism" I intended to probe. And in retrospect, this evocation of the image "innocent smile and velvet paw" - restoring the essence of an experience close twenty years, I think **the** "hot spot" in the reflection of yesterday, **the** "point of light" while unexpected I groped in the dark. If this impression of groping and darkness yet prevailed beyond is that, too busy with ideas I had had in mind The moment before it was over and continue or place, I had not managed to be attentive to "tilt" delicate that had made me, from the appearance of the image. And in the still half hour that followed, pursuing some associations related to this image and one or two other times in the past thinking, attention is dispersed again. Only now, taking in hindsight a day interrupted the thread of reflection, I see a fit perspective it had escaped me sometimes again, rereading the notes of yesterday. If I take care to follow the strongest association of all and most closely related to my experiences in aside for the moment other more

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"Structured", more "intellectual", there comes this. I see myself income p. 649

suddenly, as in a single print that would summarize them all in this multitude of special cases (experienced either as a co-actor or as close control) the **marital circus** - Circus of the couple man-woman. The circus of the couple, married or not, with or without children, young or old or young-old or conversely, in Down and Out pulling the devil by the tail or the rolling carriage ease, it's all the same circus the couple does not change either. I see myself suddenly back by one aspect of this circus that struck me 556

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among all (I have a long time, we must say, before we see something other than just the fire...): This is the tactic very special, very "innocent mines", "I did not say nothing," tactics "velvet paw" played by the woman, in a game where ever it is she who leads with a perfect tact and no less, and where ever he is following (and often cash) without realizing anything. I saw very few couples who work on the air there, with variations to infinity is an understood thing left to care gifts improvisation of one and the other, not counting individual temperaments and other circumstances. I have had a chance just today still see a particularly dazzling display, Yet on which I renounce digress here.

It is a description so slightly colored and nuanced of these circus games, in outline all at least, or if only the evocation of tones (velvet paw precisely the side "she") wherein he plays, which was largely absent in the thinking of November 12, I just retrace in the notes "The reversal (1) - or the vehement wife" (n ° 126). Obviously, I continued this reflection against the grain of a reluctance, so that it ended up taking on the appearance of an austere analysis "forces motivations" - definitely I was not like that day It was the first time, in "The key yin and yang", he discussed the reversal of yin and yang. "The extreme case that had obsessed me some time, and which continued to do so even as late as yesterday, was that of my mother (included in Note of November 22, "The reversal (2) - or ambiguous revolt", n ° 132). I took care, however, in my "analysis test at four points" to release the first of the three "points" in order to apply the vast majority (if not all) of the couples I have known so little closely, without their predominates needs

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sarily (albeit in concealed form) vehement tone of "uprising" (ambiguous). This p. 650 Nevertheless there is another common thing, and I missed that day. She only started dawn last night, during that half hour well spent when I let my thoughts wander in the wake of reflection "in shape." This important common thing, that I had seen previously that in the extreme case "vehement wife" is the subtle play of the **reversal of yin yang roles**. I hesitate whether I should write that this game is the "spring" of the game to which I alluded earlier, or that is **identical** to the latter, surely, what for it (and often for him) is the quintessence the male role, the devolved to man role is the **possession of power** - often fictitious possession certainly, but which in any case draws an element of reality in the social consensus. Maybe I tended to underestimate the strength of this element of reality there, the strength of the **symbol** of man, as representing an **authority** in front of the woman - and in particular, its strength as a force in the motivations of the wife. I suspect that for her, "be a man" or "human being" is, above all else, **exercise**

power . The "role reversal" of the motives egotistic 196 (*), is probably no more, nor less than **the exercise of power of women over men** .
Given the existing consensus, this exercise of power of women can hardly be done in a clandestine way.
It is not to control or to

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pretending to decide (with the expectation that the decision will be followed), p. 651
but to **make it work** - and above all, to go crazy, and this without ever seeming. That's it, the famous marital carousel, which rotates without ever being unemployed! The tactic to keep moving, 196 (*) It has been discussed elsewhere in passing the reversal of yin-yang roles at the erotic drive and in the game lover. (See especially note "Acceptance (the awakening of yin (2))".) The erotic impulse is by nature alien games the self, including power games, even as the ego is eager to make it an instrument to serve its own purposes, and skillful to achieve (in at least some narrow limits and distorting and mutilating the drive original). That is if there is relationship between the two types of "reversal" yin-yang, ie between one hand free game of the two drives yin and yang **and** in the lover, **and** in the lover, and the other set of obsessive incessant and insidious demonstration of power of one spouse over the other, it seems to me that this relationship can hardly be other than this: that each of the two types, in every moment, exclude the other.

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transmitted without words mother to daughter, a woman or girl to girl, from generation to generation, is the tactics mentioned yesterday around the corner, the **tactic "velvet paw"** . Little we will be careful, one recognizes it as an infinity of diverse faces, from the extreme yang case of vehement wife, played to me by my mother, in extreme cases of yin doleful wife (or even, overcome), I saw embodied by a Another close relative.

It seems to me that there are very few women who practice this age-old tactic, and that the thoroughly mastered 197 (*). It is daily practice especially in the marital circus, without however limit to it. It seems to me that it is not practiced from woman to woman (perhaps simply because it is more difficult to "walk" a woman than a man). By cons, in some women, this tactic becomes second nature in its relation to **all** men, or nearly so - those, all at least, which are received by it as having a pronounced manly character.

If I speak of "tactical", it also expresses an incidental aspect, the aspect of "tactical" precisely a more important reality: that of an inner attitude inveterate against "man" in general, or at least with respect to one, father, lover or husband in particular, who in his life plays a privileged role as **man** , invested (by social consensus, or by his own choice to it) an **authority** . This attitude is not not always in the nature of a thirst for domination (as in the "strident wife") - at At least not in the sense that we usually hear the word "domination." Rather, it is a hunger, which sometimes is devouring, **exercise incessantly action**

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on the other, to "keep moving" (meaning: in p. 652

movement around himself to it. . .). For that, often, all means are good. One of these ways to perform an action, and hence power, is **hurt** and sometimes hurt as deeply as we can, to outright KO, and ultimately, destroy, physically or mentally, provided only that the opportunity is favorable; and this, again, without seeming to touch it with "all the appearances of most exquisite delicacy. "More than once I myself was" sent by the wayside! "Often, caught devoid as co-actor or as a witness, I gasped in apparent gratuitousness of the act injures or destroys, with an innocent smile or absently but still casually, stark an infallible instinct the time and place to touch the other where it can be most deeply affected - that this "other" is the father or the lover, husband or child, or an acquaintance or a stranger (for little only that the opportunity is there to hit and to reach. . .).

18.2.9.3. (C) The ingenuous violence - or the placing

Rating 139 (9 December) I then touch the extreme case, yet not uncommon, of **violence to the violence** , the **gratuity** in violence and malevolence. This violence, that she strikes abroad or be as close and supposedly loved, is clean or the woman, or man, it is not "yin" or "yang". But **as** baffling and insidious under which I met here under the mask a lack of air or distracted naive sweetness - this form there, which eventually became very familiar to me, me appears to be clean especially to women. This is surely a circumstance related to consensus social "patriarchal", which invests the man of authority and power, vis-à-vis women's 198 (*). This form is 197 (*) It is also true that there are very few men who "walk" from the hip when "on" apply their tactic. I myself unopposed market for most of my life. That began to change really only with the appearance of meditation in my life, at the age of forty-eight years (it's never too late to start). Today yet sometimes I let do it. (Not often it is true, and never for long...)

198 (*) The consensus elsewhere, and the authority of man in his relationship to the woman, they are much eroded in recent generations, more and more nowadays. I would be the last to complain! It does not appear however that this change superficial in laws and customs, has changed little in the deep springs and the "style" of relations between

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his way to it to satisfy a desire for

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power to be forced (by necessity) at p. 653

follow other paths than those open to man, is not any less compelling, less consuming in it - on the contrary! Apparently unable to deploy in daylight, to be condemned lead to an existence occult, only exacerbates this proliferate and do more hunger in her, point in many cases, to actually "eat" his life and that of his family.

This hunger is not always achieved, far from it (fortunately!), The dimension of the gratuitous violence all-round ; and records on which it is deployed does not place all in shades of violence. So the tones of discreet derision are often rule, giving wind a veiled antagonism or a secret enmity, simply mischievous tone in an indulgent affection coloring a little playful on the edges are not excluded either. And while it is true that the proven tactic of "velvet paw" is privilege and weapon election of women, this privilege is however not exclusive. Many times I could, and very carefully, see wield this weapon by men 199 (*), with a Master equally perfect 200 (**). Remarkably, in all these cases,

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the man who had appropriated this own gun to the woman, was p. 654

someone who tended to repress some manly side of his being, and (by the same token, no doubt) to Molding compositions according the **breast model** .

This same tactic is frequently observed, and is almost the rule, in the power games that are played by children, boys and girls equally, with respect to the parents, or vis-à-vis other adults taking place. This is also immediately arise association with the situation of writers and journalists in countries (the past or present) where there is a direct or indirect censorship, making it impossible or risky expression Public direct and unvarnished his true thoughts and feelings. The main difference in the latter case with previous is that in it the use of indirect expression, veiled, sometimes symbolic, of his true feelings, no longer the work of the unconscious, but a conscious thought. The reason is, surely, that there exists a sufficiently widespread consensus in favor of the ideas and feelings unorthodox (it is "passing" without seeming), so that the person no longer feels himself in the obligation to hide himself, for fear of appearing as a hideous distorted in his own eyes.

Only in extreme cases of fierce political or religious terror (as there would in the Middle Ages or in the Soviet Union and the satellite countries of Stalin's time) that the impulses are inorthodoxie are forced (at least some) to dive deeper notch again, slipping away under the internal censor, as is that of censorship established in the manners and police equipment.

These examples seem to suggest that the style "velvet paw" (or "I did not say nothing, thought nothing, nothing wanted ") appeared, more or less automatically, in any situation so slightly sustainable, where doubt the fact, pointed out at the end of the discussion in this paper, this attitude of antagonism, and his means of expression by a power game (or reversal of power), is much more the result of a **transmission** of a " **legacy** " of generation to generation, that of "objective" conditions inside the family.

199 (*) However, I note the difference in the cases known to me, that when there is violence apparently "free"

(I mean, unprovoked) vis-à-vis a relative or friend, it is every time a person vis-à-vis which the applicant maintains (albeit unwittingly) a bitterness or a long animus, materializing into concrete objections (Although these remain unformulated most often). The only exception in this regard is my friend Pierre Deligne in his relationship to me and to those he likens to myself as belonging to my "sphere of influence". It therefore is an attitude antagonism and violence (! cozy, certainly) not "personal" because, I mean not involved in grievances (real or imaginary) that would feed in "against those it seeks to achieve. This is against a behavior that is meeting in many women, not just (as here) vis-a-vis close friends or acquaintances or foreigners, but also vis-à-vis such among the closest, as the lover or husband (of course, and priority), or brother even her own child.

200 (**) It appears, moreover, that this tactic implemented by the unconscious, always inherits it that "fingering" and this almost unerring, so rarely present in a fully conscious action. I do not think I ever saw him do use this tactic, without it being masterfully.

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a balance of power against us makes it impossible, or at least dangerous for us to express candidly directly, feelings, desires; ideas and intentions - and, in particular, feelings animosity or enmity against those who are perceived as acting on our stress (and no-MENT, coercion precisely claiming prevent us from expressing our true feelings) 201 (*).

It is not also the only

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If appears the style in question, and the interior dispositions that

p. 655

covers. Often, this "balance of power" is more or less fictional, it much less corresponds to reality "Objective", taking into account provisions (or average power) of the real or those perceived as "oppressive" to **the idea** rather (conscious or unconscious) that we have. This idea is rarely ment the result of a careful and intelligent examination of a given reality, but it is almost always part of "Package" of packaging of all kinds that we receive in our youth, given over some fundamental choices that have taken place in us from that early period. Thus, whether in a girl or a boy in the choice (unconscious, of course) an identification with **the mother**, requires the adoption a whole set of attitudes and behaviors (such as those who express themselves through style "Velvet paw"), and mime time ideas (most often unconscious, but whatever) that the underlie (such ideas on a balance of power, and antagonistic reflexes that accompany these ideas). In the opposite case of an identification **with the father**, but when the father himself has incorporated in its person certain traits typically "female" (or are such in our society, at least), it is understandable the effect can be quite similar to that in the first case.

The point I am getting here is that in our society, and in at least circles

of which I was part, it seems to me that this style ("velvet paw"), and this interior attitude "female" that

I examine here, are only in a very limited extent individual spontaneous reaction to relations

Objective Force, established by the company or by the particular conditions surrounding our childhood (or, our age

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adult at a given time); it is rather a " **legacy** " listed in either of our parents

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(When it is both at once?), Who himself had taken to a parent to him. Obviously, this

Legacy then preferentially follows the lineage **mother**, is transmitted primarily from mother to daughter. But more

once I could see almost get a transmission from mother to son. Nothing leads me to believe that the

Transmission can also occur, exceptionally, father to son, or even, daughter to father.

18.2.9.4. (D) The slave and puppet - or valves

Rating 140 (10 December) I want to follow some associations around the theme of **violence free of**

tuite. This was the theme which had begun thinking of yesterday, and I was myself away for

return to a review of the "feminine" style (or "velvet paw") in games of power, and as a means

expression provision vis-à-vis others antagonism (especially vis-à-vis men felt as

strongly masculine or as in any capacity whatsoever in authority, prestige or power).

As I said yesterday, violence (apparently) free, violence "for fun", not more

201 (*) As I write this, the thought occurred to me that the situation I have just described is precisely that which we

found ourselves faced in the early years of our childhood, we all without exception, as saying. A large part of

our unconscious mind (the part might be called "the dungeon", usually seen in unconscious as a kind

of "garbage pit"), is nothing more than the response of our children's psyche to this peer pressure, which we

strength (it's almost a matter of survival) to bury far from our own eyes, in repudiation of sign, all in us

falling foul of social censure. This censorship is soon internalized into an inner censor, whose sullen

presence guarantees the sustainability of this premature burial. Yet despite the Censor, impulses, knowledge

and unorthodox feelings duly buried, unable to speak, sometimes exacerbated and formidable efficiency,

indirectly, often symbolic, yet perfectly concrete. The "velvet paw" offers an example

particularly "striking" - and often disconcerting. . .

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unique to women as men. Everyone has got to be there suddenly faced at the turn

the way, both in the face of the "most exquisite delicacy," than under the blow boot or

machine gun fire in the belly. This style, the style "yang" certainly is still rarer by

These days, so-called time of "peace", and in civilized countries like ours. For the majority

of us, well behaved and more or less well-situated people in a crowded country, the violence-dit-

well-his name is not part of daily life, as is the case of the other, felt violence,

ingenuous air. Yet it is only through the column "various facts" came the first major daily

or listen to information 202 (*), to realize that gratuitous violence "hard", even at home,

always run the streets. This is not always up to slaughter by

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top of that, the little old anonymous p. 657

we took fancy to rob. But when young people in search of adventure "borrow" the car left

unwisely opened before at home, it is rare that leaving her in a ditch ten or twenty kilometers

further, he did have to carefully prior sacked. Even in peaceful countryside where I have the good fortune

to live without too much worry about anything, any farmhouse or cottage will remain unoccupied for long that

already it is looted from top to bottom (that's the utility) and more copiously vandalized (that's for

pleasure). In all these cases I just mentioned, free of violence appears in a particularly

striking, because he (or she) is that it strikes a stranger, someone often we never saw and we will never see.

So this is where violence might be called " **anonymous** ." Historically probably, wars have been a kind of collective orgies of such violence - the time when the opportunity to kill gratis is king and when the life of a particular wave is zero at the pleasure of pressing a trigger and experiencing his power to slouch ahead falotte a figure and unnamed. . .

If there is one thing in the world, as far back as I can remember, that every time I left distraught and speechless, it was to see me again confronted the violence beyond belief, that applied and destroyed for the sake of hitting and destroying. If there is one thing in the world that prints in us indelible sense of "evil," it is neither death nor pain the body can endure, what is that thing there. And when such violence (it takes hard face or leads, it may seem "big" or "small") comes to you unexpectedly by beings who are dear to you, it is safe to touch strong and deep, to bring out (or reappear...) and wash over you a nameless agony. The root of this fear plunges the deepest, when it is to implement the loose soil and fresh from childhood and even small childhood. This anxiety then, "the best kept secret in the world" in my life as a child in my life adult, appeared in me in the hands of the mother, in my sixth year.

It was at the age of 51, during the month of March 1980, I updated the episode of implanting anxiety in my life. The influence of anxiety on me was defused even before a large measure at least,

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with the appearance of meditation in my life (in 1976), are gradually taking a place p. 658 growing. A third turning point in my relationship to anxiety occurred in July and August 1982 in During a careful examination of the anxiety mechanism in my life everyday. The creative situations anxiety, from my childhood until middle age, were those in the unknown depths of my life, made me relive again "what is beyond belief." They are also those, exactly where I still saw myself confronted with the familiar signs of violence apparently inexplicable, incomprehensible, irreducible ... The sudden burst of violence that suddenly resurface and unleashed a wave of anxiety distraught immediately taken under control and repressed. This visceral reaction remained identical to itself 202 (*) These are the things, it is true that for a long time I stopped doing, contenting myself with occasional information by interposed persons.

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until today, at pretty much 203 (*). If there is something yet changed over the recent years is the emergence of a **reflection** in the wake of anxiety, which makes understandable and often obvious, which appeared under the mask threatening to "what is beyond comprehension," the delusional; and especially the last two years, by the appearance of a **look at myself**, a look of interest and solicitude for the anxiety itself, a reflex movement of a peremptory want me strength to hide myself. Or to put it another way, my relationship to anxiety has become, especially since two years, not a visceral rejection relationship, or lion tamer or gravedigger, but and Increasingly, a relationship **Home** caring and loving message she brings to me about myself - as on my far as my past and my present its action. This, I think, the last step I stepped up to now towards a **self** inner increasingly full vis-à-vis for others, that is, before anything else: vis-a-vis my family and my friends 204 (**).

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That is, it seems, violence-who-says-not-his-name, the violence on "feminine" mode, which is the most p. 659

generating strong anxiety, much more than most spectacular violence of the full punch mouth. The one who plays the muffled violence, and thereby also affects those secret valves release others in anxiety waves nameless and faceless - it holds in hands a powerful weapon an authority or a simple coercive power. And maneuver at will and his imagination, with air innocence, these valves anxiety, is a **power** sharper and probably more dangerous, so Just as occulte.- remains that all power of fact or principle, established by social consensus. This is the "Right hand" of the woman on the man, in a society where it says (or claimed) dominate; and this is also the price that "it" pays for its illusory superiority (present or past). If **slave** (and in our countries, it is less and less), it is **puppet** in his hands or nearly so (and it is still today as much as it ever was).

In recent years, every time I see myself confronted with a gratuitous violence situation (that celle- it is exercised against me or against others, it manifests itself on the Brutal or insidious) me comes with an unanswerable strength association with **self-contempt** - or rather, I **see** that contempt itself even one that affects openly or in his heart, to despise others. I have no doubt that this

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not there in me a simple mechanism push-button, a dada "philosophical" or "psychological" I p. 660

would be just glad to get out occasionally, as a way perhaps to exorcise a convincing formula anxiety I mentioned, sticking a label nimbly mat on an unknown threat. It's a **knowledge** simply, an essential relationship, deep and (after view) obvious.

203 (*) (December 14) It would be more accurate to say that this reaction remained "similar to itself in pretty much" **up moment** of my meditation and July 1982. While the "provocations" taking me off guard were many since then, the "gut reaction" in question has appeared only once, there is a year. It was an opportunity Then a short meditation "circumstance", a few hours, which fully clarified the situation. Of a situation confused inner clashed with simplicity and assumed the anxiety that accompanies us to carry the message of our confusion, disappears without a trace, if not that of a knowledge and a renewed calm.

204 (**) was discussed already in this "last step" at the end of "The sense" (n ° 110), under somewhat different lighting a liberation from the need **for approval** or **confirmation** that "truly the" hook ", discreet and a Robustness, where conflict can "hang" in us, and where we are. . . under another person's addiction. . . , where in fact we "hold", and (casually) we maneuver at will. . . "(This passage, definitely could have been written in that day - yet I swear I have not copied)!

I can not tell if he still others such "no" to cross before me, that will give me back to see my autonomy Current as still on, and not complete (as I tend however, somewhat naively perhaps, to the believe. . .).

The emergence and development of a relaxed and attentive relationship to anxiety is indeed a **release** in relationship to others. Indeed (as stated in the following paragraph), is the opportunity for others to "manipulate at will the Valve anxiety "in us (including by alternately dosed and administered sensitively, gratification and rejection), which represents its primary means of power over us.

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This knowledge does not "evacuated" nothing, it just allows me to **locate** an unknown. It is no a sentinel placed there to bar the way to distress, or to expel it from the site. This is not the nature of knowledge, in the sense that I want. Knowledge is part of a **quiet** inside, she helps to give her seat. It's a restlessness in us, against which pushes us constantly wanting bar the way to the "intruder", lest they jostle a "quiet" composition. The calm which I speak is not afraid of the intruder, it makes us welcome. And surface agitation created by the new meeting anxiety does not disturb this quiet, but it contributes to it.

18.2.10. The violence - or games and the sting

18.2.10.1. (A) The violence of the just

Note 141 (December 13) With my "valve" in the previous note on the "slave" and "puppet" I surely found a way yet to displease everyone, and (if I read...) to make me deal with all the names ! Unless the hypothetical reader (or reader) will applaud all happy, who knows, confident the image is sent and applies to the whole world except himself (had herself); and except perhaps yet, at most, the sarcastic author. By this assumption besides, it would make my modest person a credit that does not deserves. At most I would venture to admit that in recent years (Especially since some meditation on anxiety, in July and August 1982), I began to get even even to be released, the famous "circus" - the marital circus, certainly, but also of others like him like brothers. There was even in the first part of Crops and Seeds, a section in this direction which looks good that color, named "Finish the ride!" (n ° 41 of last March). The, it was not the marital circus, but a mathematical circus, where he turn over a good part of my life, like everyone else. But it is also true that a few weeks after that section

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the promising name on April 29, a note appears "One foot in the ring (n ° 72), whose name p. 661 seem to advertise a different story! The difference with before, perhaps, is that it still happens to me here and there to turn in a carousel (and I see little more than the mathematical arena continues attract me. . .), It's me (or someone in me at least) and anyone else who has these son to me are circling, and they stopped for me to be invisible.

These reservations, I can say that most of my adult life (and more precisely, to upon discovery of meditation), I "walked" from the hip (like everyone else, yet) both in the marital carousel (he turned briskly for no less than twenty years!), as in others. I do not regret it, because the knowledge I have carousels of all kinds, I owe everything in First to those in which I myself have turned. If I've shot so long, it was because the student has been slow to learn - and also, surely, that more than one way I found bait. They finished at the end purposes, lose their strength and their charm, are we to believe. . .

It seems to me that in all these carousels, I was always the one who "walked", and never one that "was walk. "Or to put it another way, I do not think I ever had a shadow of a propensity for the famous style "velvet paw" - it happened to me to play hard claws, but never, I think, of sunk claws in a velvet blanket. It is a trait among many others, which show that at the level of the structure the ego, the "boss" of it in me so that is conditioned, the basic tone is very "masculine" without no ambiguity for the shot. The yin tones, "feminine", dominated by cons at the "child"

the original in me, that is also in the knowledge of instinct and the creative faculties.
I would add a few words about the "senseless violence" in my life. In the previous
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Note (of it three days ago), I mentioned in the lighting of one who happens to be the target of violence, or one of the least who is confronted by others (it was as a witness), when I write:

"If there is one thing in the world, as far back as I can remember, that each time left me helpless and speechless, it was to see me again confronted with this violence beyond belief, one that hit and destroyed for the sake of hitting and destroying. . . "

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These lines, and those who follow them, correspond to reality, the reality of my own experiences in all
p. 662

case, and probably also to the countless men and women who, like me, have faced violence there. They could give the impression that whoever wrote them is itself fully foreign to this violence, that all his life he was free from such delusions. There is nothing yet. I reminds some relationships in my life, four in number, three of which are placed in childhood or in adolescence (between the ages of eight and sixteen years), footprints relationships of enmity based on no specific grievance staff, speaking in the form of systematic and ruthless mockery, or by rufflées and other brutalities. The first victim, a classmate (Germany again), was the scapegoat of the class. The situation has dragged on for years, I think I remember. Both cases following are placed during the war, during my stay (at the end of a French concentration camp) in Relief of a Swiss children's home in Chambon sur Lignon, "the Guespy" between 1942 and 1944. This time the "ugly" were one of my friends (whose parents, like mine, were to be interned as German Jews), and one of our two supervisors, one and the other of German language as me. They were one and the other a bit Butt still a group of young boys and girls, sometimes ruthless, including myself - but I think I was leading their life harder than any of the gang. Cohabitation under one roof, and the common situation of refugees whose status under threat constant of a raffle Jews by the Gestapo, could arouse in me feelings of solidarity and respect, but it has not happened.

In all three cases, the person that I took as target of malevolence was sweet-natured, rather shy, not combative, as I sorted once as "soft" or as "loose" and that the coup was Part of the features that were supposed to make a lackluster character. In an era devastated by breath of violence and human contempt, and I filled with aversion to the violence of war or concentration, and all that accompanies them, yet I felt fully justified in contempt and violence that I was subjected to others, simply "because" I was pleased me to classify it as "Unfriendly" (and other qualifiers to match...), After which all (or almost) became allowed to do not to say, highly commendable. I flattered myself that to have the spirit "logical" and just,

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I did not see when my behavior, and justification by antipathy (which I would not have
p. 663

Although thought to fathom the true nature), were exactly the same as those of the German good complexion thirty years vis-view of "dirty Jews" (things that I had seen up close in my childhood); and they were those that also made possible the unprecedented explosion of violence which then swept over the world. I was sure mine (in the wake of my parents) to distance myself from this violence as a strange aberration (and sometimes even that "beyond comprehension"). I was full of haughty condescension vis-à-vis all those soldiers or civilians, who in one way or another would consent to be active workings or liabilities in the heroic mass graves and the abominations that accompany them. At the same time, My modest and in my own limited range, I was like everyone else. . .

If I try to discern the cause of a strange blindness serving a deliberate contempt and violence, it is this. The violence that I myself had to suffer during my childhood from the age of five years without ever having been designated as such to my attention entant had finished
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by creating a chronic state of tension, remained unconscious and carefully controlled by a will well soaked. This tension, or accumulation of aggression without particular target, creating the need for a landfill aggression. This "need" was not yet in physical nature - the opportunities to let off steam by suitable physical activity lacking in any of these cases - but **psychic** . Surely there must have accumulated resentment, especially unconscious and of course that does not materialize into tangible grievances vis-à-vis a particular person (one of my parents say, or people who took their place) on which I could then refer the feelings of resentment and give concrete expression, violent perhaps. There must have in me a violent "vacant", widespread violence, wandering in search of a

target on which to discharge. It seems that often it is the animals (insects, frogs, dogs or cats, or oxen or horses ...) that the costs of such violence wandering in search of a victim.

This was not the case for me, I do not remember in my life martyred animal small or great.

Apparently I needed a scapegoat closer to me, a **person** ! When looking for one, surely evil one never has to find.

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I have no doubt that what I've just written well described some aspect of reality. I feel yet p. 664

This description is still the stuff of surfaces, it identifies only a certain aspect "mechanistic" without really get deeper into the unconscious lived. For now, instead of this experience, there is a kind of large "background", vacuum. This is not the time and place to override, to probe further that this "background" covers, which dissolves in the "empty". Is the famous "self-contempt," which asserted so peremptory still in the note there three days, and suddenly, now that he is **me** , seems to have vanished without a trace? This would be the time now or never, finally, to have the Net heart, to elucidate this "fuzzy" tenacious and ambiguous that continues to mark the knowledge I have of myself Also, as before the "fuzzy" surrounding the role and existence of anxiety in my life. It was there, the anxiety, the "best kept secret" in all my life, had he seemed to me. Is there another secret, best kept still, barely grazed here and there, in two or three occasions, since I happen to meditate? I have the feeling of having everything in hand to find the last word - including the sudden influx of interest well familiar, that tells me that the time is ripe to launch me! Yet I feel that I will not do it here in this meditation somehow "public", or at least, to be published. This has had at least, among many others, the virtue of unexpectedly mature a question suddenly become very close, finally recognized as crucial to an understanding of myself, whereas previously it was a bit of an issue among a hundred on a long waiting list I may never see end. . .

It is quite possible that I have the opportunity again to meet one or other of the three men (including Both are almost my age) who were once innocent targets of violence and aggression in me ; or if not, at least I will have the opportunity to write so of them. It will be a good thing for me to make amends, and in full knowledge of the facts. Maybe it will be a good for him also. Strangely though, I do not feel that none of the three myself ever really wanted, and my violence has triggered in him a personal animosity for me Specifically, rather, it seems to me that all the context in which it was taken was to be lived by him as a kind of calamity, that he could not even be a question of escape, and that my own person was perceived more as one of the extras in this calamity than

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a relentless tormentor p. 665

(I was) and hated. It may be of course that I'm wrong, and I will never know - as he can

I also have the chance to face one day that karma then, I have sown in blindness.

It must have been, I think, a maturing in me in the years following the episode "Guespy" without

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Yet there has been any discussion about it, provided he can remember. Still, he there was subsequently effective reflex in me, that would have banned me again associate myself with acts of collective violence of a group against one of its member. I do not believe that the thing is reproduced in my adult life, nor I have ever been tempted to still play such a role, I had to feel how it was false, and without courage under playful outside and "sports". That does not stop after the war again, life is abundantly charged to accumulate before me charged situations of violence veiled and anguish, and perpetuate in me the deep tensions that had marked my childhood and my adolescence. It is in this context that is located a fourth relationship, marked by movements occasional animosity and violence that I call 'free' - unfounded or caused by specific complaints or even (I think) by acts that can be considered "provocative." This is my relationship with one of my son. Yet I know I was not less attached to him, and I did the "loved" not Unless my other children. But at some level in the unconscious, there must have been in me a refusal certain aspects of the person, precisely those who made softer and more vulnerable and more difficult also to understand, that his brothers and sister. Really, it "fit" not at all, much less that my other children, with the beautiful superyang images I would have liked to find made my children - and this even less, some harsh circumstances surrounding his first two years and had a great impact, have made it harder for him to build trusting relationships with his parents. Still, during the time when he still lived with me in the same house until about the tenth year, I happened to submit to humiliating nature of punishments imposed booming voice. They were there things that had completely sunk into oblivion, like a certain atmosphere that had finished permeated the air family - these are some dialogues with her sister and two brothers, there are two or three , who opportunely made up as

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these things be little in my memory. Maybe the day

come when he too will be willing to talk to me - he who, perhaps, among my children, as did the expenses of a family atmosphere full of muffled anguish and not assumed tensions; or at least, the one with the most "scooped" in the hands of his father, while each had its full share of the "package" parental. I know at least - and I am happy - that which prevents either of my children maintain a simple and trusting relationship with me, her father, and all talk of a heavy past and the probe, it is not a fear that they would have kept vis-a-vis me, and they would try to hide. But again, this is not the place in these notes to probe further a complex situation, which implicate six or seven other people as well as myself. What mattered to me above all is to make the unvarnished finding the occasional appearance here and there in my life and in my own actions the same apparently gratuitous violence, which so often "left me helpless and speechless" when I met in others. This observation is not made in an "intent" special, he does not pretend to "explain" or "apologize" gratuitous violence in anyone any more than it is supposed to explain or excuse mine. It is not not possible, even probable, that deepening reflection, both violence and that in others that in me, eventually enlighten each other. This is the stuff that ends up ahead of itself by Moreover, without being sought. If I did this, it's simply because he was on the way and that (otherwise cease to be true) I could not not do here.

18.2.10.2. (B) mechanical and freedom

Note 142 (December 14) Reflection of last night reminds me opportunely this thing has so tend to forget, especially (in this case) that I, **myself**, so tend to forget that: I'm not "better" than anyone else, I'm cut from the same cloth as everyone else; exactly 566

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as such of my friends that I am about to place on the spot, at the center of attention without complacency. . .

Yesterday I gave a sort of description of the occurrence of violence (apparently "free" as discharging a voltage and an aggressiveness

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accumulated as scapegoat who, for one reason or p. 667

another is to have the head of employment. This description "mechanistic" and superficial, certainly "well known", accredit an **attitude** all too" mechanistic "vis-à-vis the violence there, in himself or in others. It is then seen as a kind of inescapable fate, destiny rooted in the structure Unfortunately even the psyche - what can we do about it! This attitude, in an appearance "rational" or "scientific", seems to be nothing more than the rationalization of **abdication**: the abdication the presence of a **free** creative self and others, which opens the option, everyone, **to assume** the situations in which we are placed, instead of passively follow the sloping lines mechanisms all tracks, ready to take us in charge at all times. While it is true that it is rare that make use of this option "freedom", the mere **presence** of this option and creative opportunities in us one chooses or not to make use of, any changes completely the nature of things. It is **there**, and no other thing that situations involving relationships, or a person to itself or the world around, have a dimension that is absent when instead of people, it is (say) computers, so sophisticated they are. It is here also appears for each of us the privilege of **responsibility** for our actions and motivations of our actions. This responsibility is not lifted that often we resort to the convenience offered to us to hide our own motives.

To return to the present case as an illustration, if I could play the great souls while making use of my power to torment as fellow who had done me no wrong is because behind a "good faith" surface, I chose an attitude of bad times rough, phenomenal, that was palpable all so at the time, that now in retrospect, forty years later. This was indeed a **choice**, nothing no obligation to do, and which amounted to condoning tension and aggression accumulated in me (while calling me, of course, beautiful ideas "non-violent"), and discharging the "fresh" (sic) on scapegoat at hand. Such violence - that is to say, too, almost all violence and abominations that plague the world of men - can not take place, and their secret function can be accomplished, as **long** as it remains strictly secret precisely (then

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even she burst p. 668

the eyes); So long to get caught to itself "bladders for lanterns" to play with belief double foul play, obscuring for the needs of our most basic faculties of reason knowledge. We are encouraged there, it is true, by the air around us always, while ever since we saw around us eager to punish her by consensus subterfuge, if rude they are, the fiction of service that had his assent. And my own subterfuge, in cases species I mentioned, was indeed the consent or tacit encouragement from others, otherwise I could not hold it and continue my game.

Assume a situation, by cons, it is neither more nor less than the address **in good faith**, in the full sense, ie: without the use of the facility offered to us to hide us the ins and outs obvious by coarse subterfuge. It is also, quite simply, make use of our healthy schools

perception and judgment, without taking care to conceal them for the needs of a cause or so other. Something that may seem strange, and yet it is so simple and obvious - when we approach a situation such arrangements, of "innocence" provisions, one that immediately transforms and deeply, so confused and tied it may have seemed. Or rather, if it were "tied" in effect and did not move a muscle for a long time, it's because we empêchions ourselves to evolve, of "flow" according to its own nature; we were obstructing its spontaneous movement, following

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matching the example of all those who surrounded us since our childhood. Simply **cease** to stiffen, to **stop** obstructing, for things that seemed frozen recovering moving, so that what was stuck to unstuck, and the harsh accumulated tensions are to finally release and resolve themselves in a new and large movement finally reappeared. This "ease" or "convenience" that we have, with the encouragement of everyone, "that the moon lanterns ", and thereby block which is made to flow, has done nothing" comfortable "! Stagnation Inside it we cushy household, we pay an exorbitant price - that of an inner tension, and huge investment of energy and to maintain this tension, and fiction bladders = lanterns. That said, everyone does his idea at any time - it is our privilege. And in all

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moment by what we

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do we sow, for ourselves and for others. And harvest what we **sow** starts in the same time.

18.2.10.3. (C) Greed - or bad deal

Note 143 It is time perhaps to return to the "forefront" of Burial, ie the proponents and outs of the role that played the Grand Officiant at my funeral, my friend Peter. I was back there already A week ago, in the note "Velvet Paw - or smiles" (n ° 137 of 7 December), for me away again by this digression (five consecutive notes) to "claw" and "velvet". I feel that this "Digression", as many others that preceded it, was not useless.

If I have been led, it is precisely because the most striking apparent, perhaps, in the way My friend took charge of his role, is the persistence, with no inclination to break at any time of purest style "velvet paw", serving antagonism flawless and never said his name ²⁰⁵ (*). Another highlight behind the comely and well-tempered appearance of knowing smile and bring her tunes, many times spoke in my friend, vis-a-vis myself or one of those he placed among of "mine" (at the mathematical work), a clear intention, and free appearance, **harm** or **injure** . I'm pretty lying on concrete facts in this sense, in the first part of the burial, to be useful to come back here on it. It is indeed malicious provisions (strictly circumscribed in the field of scientific activity, it seems), of " **violence** " in a sense strong of the term, even though it remains strictly secret - always immersed in exquisite claw downy bristles. And this violence, this ill have all the appearance of the most confusing **free** - it seems they are exercised for the sake of harm and hurt,

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Like every time we see facing such a situation, this one seems so incredible that often

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we hesitate to believe the testimony of his faculties healthy ²⁰⁶ (*). Challenge this testimony, as is customary current, is one of countless ways not to take a position, and thereby perpetuating, it is surely better to ask about something, go around, looking perhaps aspects that we can have escaped and who provides an approach that can integrate into his experience. Few should be those, I think, that at no time in their lives will have passed by such malicious provisions without cause - and consenting to remember it is already not possible to **bring** a situation fact that current reflexes rather encourage us to evacuate posthaste. It is surely also good ²⁰⁵ (*) As I have had occasion to emphasize already elsewhere, that the antagonism, or a deliberate rejection or ridicule, "Never say his name," is in no way special to my friend Peter, but (as far as I have learned) is to all participants in the Burial, without exception. Thus these "funeral Yin" by derision, the base note in each of the participants (and as befits such an occasion funeral) itself - yin!

See also, for this character "occult" of the Burial, the note "The Gravedigger - or the whole Congregation", n ° 97. ²⁰⁶ (*) See the note about "The Chinese Emperor's robe," n ° 77.

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probe further to see if there would not be some hidden grievance that would cause and spring of violence who appeared without cause - as it is good also, if appropriate, to recognize for what they are "Grievances" can, the style (for example) that I practiced myself, know that such a desolate figure

who deserves any care etc.

But in this case, I'm sound, I see nothing that appear from near and far, like a **grievance** that my friend might (wrongly or rightly) feed against me, or against any of those he has chosen as target of malevolence. He himself has at no time left to hear anything that go so slightly in this direction; besides, surveyed more than once by me about such its acts left me speechless, he at no time admitted that there may have in him toward anyone the shadow of enmity provisions. I ended up feeling a secret gratification in it, in my meetings occasionally, when I used its reasons all there were objective, with that air of his own innocent surprise a little amused. . . In short I entered a game he led at will and according to his pleasure, and with intimate satisfaction I long to hear. (Still, it was very far from being the first to me and go crazy!) I still ended up, better late than never, out of this ride then 207 (**)!

If on the other hand I probe myself reviewing my relationship with my

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friend since we met there p. 671

nearly twenty years (in 1965), I no trace either of something that at no time could have been because of some grievance against me. In the conventional sense, superficial things, I can say that everything time, especially in the first five years of close contact, I "have done him good."

But this finding immediately reminds me of another, less superficial - that of **complacency** in me against him, which appeared during the discussion in the notes "Being apart" and "Ambiguity" (n ° s 67 'and 63 ".) It is clear that this complacency was not" well "for him - and also, that provisions of my brilliant young student and friend to me have developed in close symbiosis with my own arrangements, especially with this complacency. It is not impossible, even, the latter, at some unconscious level, was (not only perceived, obvious thing anyway, but more) experienced by my friend as a "complaint" as a scenario may be too familiar and hackneyed to satiety in his young age child prodigy a little around the edges, and it was served again (albeit quietly) again. He thought perhaps naively, that by the feet in the "big world" mathematical, everything would be different from what he had known - and then no, it was always the same tobacco! (And by his own deliberate choices, today it is still the same tobacco again, and bigger still, what is more. . .)

What it is exactly about it, I probably never know. It is also not my job

get the clear, even if I have enough power for thin antennae do it by my own means. Yes

"Grievance" there was, it was in any case, at most, a grievance "extra", which contributed to his flick

Started "something" - a **game** , moved by a force of any magnitude; a force which I feel

long presence, but whose nature remains enigmatic to me. Before leaving this "first map " of the table of the burial, I would at least try to speculate on the nature of that strength.

There is, obviously, an **eagerness** to supplant, oust, delete, and also that of **appropriating** the fruits

toils and others love with mathematical lady. Yet it is clear to me that this is **not**

a simple "bulimia" prestige, admiration, honor, or even power, which is the mainspring

the role that is his in the Burial. How many times, during my reflection on it

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role was I p. 672

before seeing how this **obsession** in him was to bury it buried itself! He received

shared by his exceptional gifts and an equally exceptional situation, all it took for

207 (**) It was 1981 - this is the "second turn" referred to in the note "Two turns" n ° 66.

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exceed by far his master, and leave a deep imprint on all of mathematics

his time. It was enough that he let children play in it at will, without the piss instructions, barriers here

and prohibited sense there - by simply limiting itself to ensure the necessary stewardship strictly. In doing so,

and without either pushing or pulling or to elbow, the "boss" in him, neither more nor less likely greedy

that anyone would certainly not have missed every imaginable brand prestige, admiration,

honors, and power moreover, has not even know what to do, then that's the bleak that in

give their heart and does not let large leisure to the boss to play the bosses. . .

Certainly, in terms simply "Utilities," it was a bad deal badly, to embringuer

Burial in which stuck him on the legs for fifteen years or more and who had gone to paste it

after his life, if bulky deceased had suddenly advised to shake the ceremony, lifting the

lid of his coffin at the time (just like) where least expected! (The bets are open

the impact of the unfortunate incident on future updates of Pierre boss. . .) Or to put it differently,

My friend had the stuff (for his intellectual means, at least), and the nobility, to be

a mathematical Peter the Great, and he chose instead to play small-Pierre. It has the air of a

bad deal indeed, at least if the continued implementation was indeed above all the satisfactions

conceited.

18.2.10.4. (D) Both knowledge or fear of knowing

Note 144 (December 15) By the end of the reflection of last night, there was in me the slight discomfort

one that, in a peremptory air, is an argument of impeccable logic, while avoiding the feeling diffuse yet there was something wrong. That "something" appeared, however, as soon as I stopped writing. A wave is the way to phrase it: the "logic" of the unconscious, which presides in our most critical choices, is not that of conscious reasoning

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ordinary, and even less

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the 'orthodox' reasoning. In this case, the perception I have of the "assets" of the young man Deligne in the second half of the sixties (say), and the weight I give them (which goes in the same sense, at least, the weight that will grant them any reasonably knowledgeable mathematician) - this perception and weight (I would like to describe as "targets") are unrelated provisions and feelings of the person himself; with those, especially concerning his own abilities, which form While the key-asset among all those he has.

I have the impression that however conscious level at least, and with all the standard clauses that modesty demanded, my friend had built and made his flatterers echoes returning from her beautiful long time, surely, about his unusual gifts. But there is for me no doubt that a more level deep, or that are taken without words the great choices that dominate life, this "objective" version things became (and still is) a **dead letter**. In its place there is a **doubt** insidious, no "Proof" value (... Or superiority over others) never uproot - doubt the more stubborn he remains forever unformulated. I perceived my friend, as I have seen in other less brilliantly gifted, and it is the same. This doubt is the messenger of a stubborn **inner conviction**, which also remains unexpressed, more deeply buried that same doubt: an inner conviction of helplessness, and land irremediable. It is also, this "self-loathing" of which I spoke at the beginning of Crops and Seeds in the context of a reflection that remained "general" 208 (*). It reappears in a more impersonal context and a different face, there is a month or two, as a "sense of crack" 209 (***) - this vague feeling

208 (*) See "Infallibility (of others) and contempt (of course)", n ° 4.

209 (***) See note "Half and whole - or the crack" (n ° 112) of 17 October.

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I had made the observation for the first time by myself, two days after I discovered the meditation. And many times also in the reflection on the burial, there was a sudden perception Acute this "intimate conviction of helplessness" by my friend, throwing new light on this situation that seemed to defy common sense. . . 210 (***)

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I know this firm conviction in my friend or any other, is itself like **the shadow** of a p. 674 **knowledge** - the knowledge of a "crack" just that there is indeed, a "mutilation" suffered, and sanctioned and maintained until this day even by his own acquiescence. The shadow does not return Yet the knowledge it came from, beneficial by itself as all knowledge - it is rather a deformed and gigantic caricature, a version-bogey. Thus distorts and makes unrecognizable knowledge, is **fear** - fear just to make contact with this knowledge itself, to let go of the depths where it has always been repressed, and assume the humble reality it is a true reflection.

Contact this dreaded knowledge, plus a fully conscious glance this known reality in the deeper layers, and fled - this is, truly, which means resume Contact fully with it in us (to be called "strength" or "child"), "grew and died a long lost lives. "For it is that strength and certainly nothing else, the childhood strength, makes us able to assume the knowledge of it in us that is cracked, crippled, paralyzed. And assume also means resume contact with this **other knowledge**, prior to that of our most essential and mutilation although it: the original knowledge of the presence of this "force" that rests in us, a force that is not that of muscle or brain, which contains one and the other.

Something that may seem strange, this lost knowledge of the presence in us of this "force", this **creative power**, as evident from indestructible our true nature - this knowledge is retrou-EBV through the discovery and the humble acceptance of a **state of helplessness**, solved by this acceptance even. Knowledge of a state of helplessness covers and conceals knowledge, deeper in-fouie again, our creative force. This one is like the key that opens us to it, and the other one inseparable in truth, as front and back of a **same** knowledge 211 (*) items of the **same** fear.

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When I say "force" hidden in each of us, there is no question here of an abstract thing p. 675 and wave, an all verbal subtlety of "philosopher", or some philosopher psychologist at the edges. It is this strength that allows you to "do math" (or "making love" ...) as a child breathes - that is to say, without carefully compel you not to leave the wake left by your predecessors, and repeat Application with gestures and revenue (or cliches...) that were theirs; and it is also one that gives you courage and humility, in your own home as in that of others, to call a spade a spade and not pull the wool over our eyes, even if you doing going against the best established consensus

or the most inveterate mechanisms and better run-in yourself. (*)

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210 (***) on this subject see the note "Reversal (3) - yin or yang bury" where (among others) are discussed some such "moments sensitive "reflection.

211 (*) In this picture, of course, " **the place** " is the knowledge of the state of helplessness, the inauthenticity of "crack", then that **upside** , more hidden, is the knowledge of our undivided nature and our creative power. I still found and yet over the years that it is "upside down", the most deeply buried knowledge of both, which is the subject of the the strongest fear, and the most vehement denials. It's not so much the familiar and innocuous trained monkey status and (most or less) "learned" that worries anyone, but the innocence of the child who feels things as they are and call them by name and did and said as he feels no shame to be different from what "is" expected of him.

212 (*) (16 December) The action of the creative force in each of the renewed strength (or "children's strength") is recognized by fruit, both by the works of the hand or the mind, as the facts of the life of every day, in relationship to others and the people and things around him. I have noticed again and again that creativity in everyday life is something much less
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The first example came here my pen throws out its juice - he has enough surely make the heart beat any young (or less young) researcher loving glory. Who would be the intrepid pioneer Science still in labor, and as prominently in all the textbooks, such a Kepler father of modern astronomy! But when it comes (as did Kepler and others) spinning her tenaciously own thread in solitude and indifference of all (when it is disdain or hostility) for thirty years or even for that one - then there is suddenly no one! It wants to be in textbooks in good company in stock, but we **fear** as being alone, if only for a year or alone

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ment one day. But the one who "knows" the presence of the force in him (and to know he did not have p. 677

to never speak or to others or to himself. . .) - that one also knows well that he is **alone** , and being alone he because no anxiety. And whether it be in the textbooks is the least of his concerns - and especially in the times when he works.

It is also this same Kepler, in his same work, "went against the consensus more established "in his science, and established thousands of years, what is more. In his time (where the Inquisition yet exist) that was much less convenient than today, where we have a good chance of losing his job, or not find, but without risking to finish at the stake. To go back to Kepler, I do not know what he was in life everyday, against "the best established consensus"; Perhaps there he stood tile, like everyone else. What is certain is that today as once and forever, there are not many people not to deviate one bit from these consensus-the. It's probably still the same tobacco - the **fear of being alone** , backhand deep and almost necessary common that by "works" (in the conventional sense - i.e., the "items" tangible shaped by hand or by mind, creativity).

The presence in such a person's life, a continuous creativity, is the sign of a "contact" continuously, if fragmented and if imperfect as it is, with the creative force in him. This is something else that the only kind of presence "gifts", and an investment of continuous energy draw portion, speaking in a more or less significant production, more or less "Public" too, but that has not, by itself, creative power, under renewal.

In my intellectual pursuits and especially in my mathematical work with "gifts" modest (but investment-considerable), it seems that this "contact" with the strength in me, that is also the tacit knowledge and deep that I had were almost intact. That is to say, that pretty much I "functioned" in all my ways (Designers) in that area (very fragmentary it is true) in my life, almost without loss, misuse or blockages energy by "frictional effects" usual. One of the most common among them is a certain timidity that if Sou Wind makes us deaf to the voice inside blowing us what we have to do, when it teaches us is "new" precisely, that is to say, leads us on paths that we are the only ones to tread. This kind of inhibition then, almost ab- feel my relationship to mathematical (and this, to me it seems, more and more over the years), has existed against other areas of my life as well as in anyone, particularly precisely in that of "" everyday life. "

Going back to mathematical activity, I see a relationship somehow reversed at my former pupil brilliant. it has from "gifts" that I have always amazed and delighted, incommensurate with mine. (It is true that the longer I live, better as I see it is not **there** the essential thing to do innovative work in science or elsewhere; see this reflection in the note "Yin Servant (2) - or generosity" (n ° . 136)) The investment in math is considerable, as was mine once, and from a young age he enjoyed exceptional conditions favorable for the development of his gifts, and for the design and development of a work that is commensurate with these. Twenty years later, I am still waiting and this work is still on my hunger! There is surely a "contact" with the creative force in him, evidenced by the beauty of these things he did - but this contact is disturbed, tormented. My friend's relationship his work, and even in his same job is a conflict relationship - work becoming, increasingly over the years, a **instrument** in the hands of the "boss" to satisfy **his** cravings, foreign to the thirst for knowledge and experience of the child. I doubt that such a relationship conflict can be resolved without having first been assumed - that is, before anything else: recognized. At least, not once in my life have I seen such a thing take place without the other. That's what made me write

that knowledge of our helplessness was "the key" to recover the full knowledge of our creative power and again, fully, the creative power itself. My mathematical work, the question does not arise, since there no work in this deep freeze, equivalent to a partial impotence, which would have made me "run" on a low only part of my possibilities. The question arose for against me as for anyone, at my lived daily in my relationship to others and to my own person, my body and my body impulses. It is at this level I have experienced again and again, that taking cognizance of a blockage, a "impotence" was indeed the **key** who freed a prisoner creativity.

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universal in man: the need for approval, confirmation by others (and there would it u **n** that approves and confirms). . . 213 (*)

18.2.10.5. (E) The secret nerve

Score 145 I am me away again my point! I had gone on the realization that my "Reasoning" Last night was next to the plate, when I wanted to "pass" this conviction in me, that the motivation of my friend to play the role I know in my Funeral, and how I know it was not **greed** (prestige, admiration, honor, power). It is true, of course, bartering in a child's momentum against a **role**, he had made "a bad deal", even from the point of view "Returns" prestige side etc. But that proves nothing. Such "miscalculations" are also the almost absolute rule, you seem to me there, and not the exception, in the choice (at the unconscious level) of our

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major investments and options. But even as the reasoning is worthless, yet I have p. 678 no doubt that what I wanted to convey is the perception of a reality that it is **not** this real greed, which has become increasingly consuming and truly share in the life of my friend, that this is not **it** yet, which is the **nerve** in this role, my friend, as **the** key figure in the implementation of my funeral.

If I try to identify more clearly the distinct feeling (without it no longer matter so little of "establish" its merits), we get this: this is **free** in the act antagonist or malicious free that many times left me speechless, that "frame" absolutely not with the "explanation" boilerplate: greed. In terms of prestige, admiration, honor, at least, and even "power" within the meaning current term, my former student and brilliant friend was getting nowhere, neither in the time nor in the longer term, in playing, vis-à-vis one that outside its master, this "disregard discrete metered and gently" which he had the secret; or playing the same disdain (less carefully dosed perhaps) vis-à-vis such researcher lesser status than him, or vis-à-vis its past or present work, in order to discourage him whose insurance its own powers of judgment was not as firmly rooted in me; or such other yet, which had courageously persevered against General scorn which my friend gave the tone, robbing the fruit of perseverance against all odds. While it is true that in the latter case, as in others, my friend pretends to appropriate the fruits ripened by others in solitude (and sometimes disdain of his Elders), this "benefit" -There (in style "Thumb" 214 (*)) is so ridiculous point when we consider **who is** the which appropriates so that the "explanation" advanced hand herself in smoke!

I know, for myself, and obvious knowledge that it is not **this** benefit then that is the "nerve" such appropriations. I direction against **the intoxication of some power** -A power more delicate, and more exhilarating doubtless that power in the conventional sense, such as scientist and importance commonly exercised by serving

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in Committees, Councils, and similar Jurys, directing an institute, or p. 679

Research brilliant young researchers, or talking to the ear of a minister. The "rapture" of which I speak is appeared (for the first time in reflection) in the note "The perversity" (n ° 76), when I am there suddenly confronted with "an act of **bravado**, a kind of intoxication in such a complete power, he can afford even view (symbolically...). . . true nature of spoliation "perverse" others".

This was an act of brilliant bravado ostentatif, yet at the same time **secret**, unformulated, slipped away casually, with even a semblance of occasional explanation for this strange name "beams 213 (*) I agree here, in another way, findings that had emerged already in the sections "Forbidden fruit" and "The Adventure lonely" (n ° s 46.47), and also, by the way, in the note "Acceptance" (n ° 110).

214 (*) See notes "Go!" (n ° 77) and "Ownership and disregard" (n ° 59') about this ownership style in my brilliant friend and former student.

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perverse", what more natural it will enlighten you on that in three words, in addition to a small list of" what should have its place "in our modest and brilliant article... 215 (*)

I recognize, again, the style "velvet paw", aka Style "go!" - and behind the uniformity

a **style** that has become familiar to me in more than one and more than one, I also feel the **common nerve** : this **thirst** driving, eating, exercise power; a **certain power** and a certain way - the power of the cat the mouse, when he played his great game with that perfect grace (only the mouse is not able to appreciate its value), and "the most exquisite delicacy" for sure - or power as a smart wife husband on her big boobies. . .

From the case raised by my friend, I have already been led to speak of "style" in question, and its meaning, in the general context of couples of all kinds. It was in thinking of it a week ago in Note "Reversal (4) - or conjugal circus" (n ° 138, December 8). It is here that for the first time, with all the clarity it deserves, the "nerve" of the game "velvet paw" (aka "Go!") as a **power play** . As a power game, however, very special nature: the fascination of the game on the one who practices, charm often devouring consists precisely in the **character of the occult power** exerted by him, this character "neither seen nor known," who can play the other (**for** him, never **with** him. . .), Turn the round has its way, still leading the way, where the other follows balourdement blow on 0

So, in response to these little clumsy blows by invisible son mania that his imagination and in his p. 680 have fun. . .

It was enough for me to write last black on white what was obscurely felt for years probably, without my ever bothered me make clear - it will only have this short effort to condense words which long remained diffuse, so that what yesterday seemed to me "enigmatic" (Ie, the nature of "some force" in such a friend) suddenly opens me its obvious sense! This "force" in him, or (as I wrote earlier) the "nerve" of such acts which may appear "inexplicable" (or even "exceed understanding "), I had already identified well in reflection of 8 December. But as the starting point that critical thinking was a good game "enigmatic" my brilliant friend, it's a **different** experience, richer and more intense than associating with his person, which fueled this reflection; a living, he fully assimilated (or nearly so), and that blew my knowledge already formed that lived more epidermal my sporadic relationship with friend Peter could not then contact me.

Certainly, it is this experience then it was ultimately to understand, and thereby fully assume; and If I started then no inner reserves in a digression on the "carousel couple" is that I felt that this carousel then had something to say about the relationship with my friend. The thought of it continued to be present in the background as a discreet base note.

The "junction" complete the two has not yet made that day or the following days. Without a doubt the time had it not fully mature yet. For the junction is done without reserve or effort, with ease of evidence, he first had me "clear the ground", following stubbornly and without haste, a one, the most compelling associations that demanded my attention. I did not unwelcome things, and I knew it was there that I had to do - take care of what called me insistently, without me distracted by "about" or a "thread" (reflection), or by a program loop.

For so I spuds and I bine, the forces of the earth and sky make their work. In the evening, you only to come and collect the ripe fruit to the point, which falls into the open hand to greet him. . .

18.2.10.6. (F) Passion and hunger - or climbing

215 (*) See note "The Magician" (n ° 75 ").

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Note 146

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(17 December) I think with reflection before yesterday, there was like a release p. 681 an understanding which had remained undecided, a little dazed, before a quantity of facts and insights piled in front of me in a rather amorphous bunch - like a puzzle I have only succeeded so well that hard to assemble a few pieces here and there. There I like being dropped on **the** "play" of nerve Unknown table that it is reconstituted, around which the other will finally have effortlessly. I have no doubt in any case that I have hit the "nerve" behind the role of the friend in Pierre the burial of the master and his (more or less) true, and "nerve" as the same time, its relationship to me, the late master.

This craving to play some power, discreetly pulling and with an air of candor invisible son - this craving surely had to be present long before I do meet him, unknown to himself and all. If I have not seen her occur in the first years when we met before

Episode I left (in 1970), it is no doubt that in these years of intense learning and development a delicate and powerful thought, the energy of my friend was totally absorbed elsewhere. Conditions were ideal in fact, to showcase its exceptional means. The episode of my departure, first the institution of which we were part of one and the other, and then (in the year following) of the scene ma-theme, was a turning point not only in my own spiritual journey, but surely also in his. It was this episode that suddenly opens up ways of power that the day before he would not dreamed: the first power to "oust" the place a former teacher who took a very big place, and which previously he had merely to distance themselves discretely 216 (*); then when it became clear that it disap-

raissait the scene, most exhilarating yet able to vanish without a trace some school which bore the name of the deceased master; and thereby finally cut net in all its limbs (Except the one on which he was perched himself), the development of a comprehensive program to serve a wide vision, which he had himself long fed 217 (**).

The direction of this turning point in the life of my friend seems to me a kind of reversal in mutual relationship of hegemony of the two dominant forces in his person, those which seem prior to all the others; mathematical passion, and "munchies" the game of power ("to velvet paw"). The first of these forces is inherently essence "impulsive" 218 (*), the second is ego nature "acquisitive." Before the turn, it is the knowledge instinct which dominates the life of my friend (provided it is known), while the craving for power is more or less asleep, on vacation status. At the end of a dizzying social climbing in the space of a few years 219 (**), and in a sudden situation appeared asking a draconian choice is the temptation of power and its secret drunkenness prevails (the high hand I think, and without any hint of combat) on the passion for knowledge. It disappears 216 (*) On this concern to distance and to oust See notes "Eviction" (n ° 63) and "Brothers and husband - or the double signature" (n ° 134) and the sub-notes (n ° 134 1) to the latter, and finally the "Unfinished harvest" (n ° 28). 217 (**). Nay, on the liquidation of a "School" and effect "chainsaw", notes "The heir," "The heirs...", "... And Chainsaw" (n ° 90, 91, 92) and the first four notes of "Flower" Van Funèbre "(coffins 1 to 4), n ° s 93-96. In about the vision that has been buried, see both surveys (in two different lights) provided in the two notes "My orphans" (n ° 46), and the sub-grade n ° 136 1 to the note "Yin Servant (2) - or generosity". Note that in the main text, the words "and in doing ..." ("... to cut net ... the development of a vast program. . .") Is not adequate. Validation of school was the **first** "chainsaw blow" "radical for" cut net "a set of limbs, but not the latter (as evidenced in particular notes coffin cited, n ° s 93-96).

218 (*) What is the mathematical passion "of instinctual nature," it is expression of "child" (aka "the worker") shall prevent not (as forcefully recalled in the same paragraph) that it will also be invested more or less strongly by the "Cravings" of the "boss" - and this is part of the common lot (which I have not been more free than anyone else) in the relationship between "Worker" and "the boss".

219 (**). See the note about "The Rise" (do 63').
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not the scene, but is now a vassal and humble servant of the munchies, an **instrument** in the hands of it. The Passion (aka "the worker") goes about his work under the jealous eye of Fringale, aka "the boss" which does not leave a sole. As the worker has good tools (not all prohibited him), and good hands, and even held short, it continues chugging maintain production and renowned the House. But it is not necessarily the same as before, when the worker (very kid on the edges) took his foot lengths of days, while the boss was away and had to tack once a season!

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The subsequent evolution seems to be more quantitative, than qualitative. It is the evolution progressive p. 683

give some **tactical** boss, following a style that remains uniform, while the boss-worker relationship does not change a bit. This pattern is then prudent temperament, and he does not like to venture that where there is sure to win. For this, one must be sure of the ground - or, to be sure of the tacit approval of the "Congregations tion as a whole", starting with the smallest group of former students of the deceased. The evolving relationship personal discussions with it against all odds, is a true reflection of the evolution of the "connais- sance of the ground." There is a **climbing** gradually in the boldness of the game of power and contempt, culminating after twelve years (in 1981) with the prowess of the Symposium Pervert where deductions (and any caution) are briskly thrown overboard in the general euphoria 220 (*). Thus, it took twelve years for my friend to become convinced that the ground was conducive to the point that no caution was no longer Updated: every time win! The time was ripe, really, to finally come out into the open the secret weapon, the **reasons** - exhumed in a paternity replacement the following year 221 (**).

I do not feel motivated me to retrace here the successive steps of the escalation of twelve, while I would have everything in hand to do it. This would be a working journalist, as I have done enough in "investigation" unexpected continued in the first part of the Burial (or "The dress of the Emperor China"). These "steps" of escalating strike me as so many **soundings**, launched by my friend Congregation towards a silent, each with the same answer: he could go! during soon fifteen, she was silent and his ally bail while he was unknowingly or worry about it probably, its docile instrument 222 (**).

18.2.10.7. (G) Papa-cake

Note 147

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I do not know if this craving in my friend is exercised against others than me, and ma- p. 684

thematicians younger in whom he sniffs my "smell". He did not return to me echo in this direction. It is

against clear to me that it is his relationship to my person, and for a little situation certainly common in the scientific world, that this propensity in him scraping by in the shadows has become the Overnight, a devouring hunger. During the episode of my departure, when he explained to me, with all the appearance of serious, he donated his life completely to mathematical 223 (*), he "believed" without doubt what he said, and myself, a little stunned, however, did not think to put his words into doubt.

Yet if I had the finer ear, or rather, if I had the maturity then to listen and do

trust a "finer ear," which does exist in me as in all everyone, I would have known that what he told me about himself was perhaps true the day before, but it was not true that day. It was a noble reason given for a dubious act, an act which neither he nor I then had the simplicity to look facing yet feel the radiant. It was **something else** that such a passion that was in those days before the

220 (*) See, concerning the "Symposium Pervert" Procession VII "The Symposium - or bundles Mebkhout and Perversity" Notes n ° s 75-80.

221 (**) See, concerning the reasons exhumation, notes "Memories of a dream - or the birth of reasons", and "The Burial - or New Father "n" s 51.52.

222 (***) See footnote "The Gravedigger - or the whole Congregation", n ° 97.

223 (*) See, on this episode, the note "brothers and husbands - or double signature" (n ° 134).

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reins of his life, and never let go until today.

It is therefore my person, or something more in the relationship of my friend in my person, that (opportunity conducive helping) then had a triggering role for this drastic change of nature in the force dominates his life, and in the direction and management of its investment in mathematics. It is time here to remember the famous "shutters" or "aspects" of the Burial, featured in the reflection of 13 November (in the note "Retrospective (1) - or the three components of a table" n ° 127), and the note that follows ("Retrospective (2) - or node of the table," n ° 127 '), shutters that took the time to lose a little way since. I did remember mine, a tad in the note of it ten days ago, "Velvet Paw or Smiles "(n ° 137 of 7 December). I have reconnected with particular intuition of this perennial role "Adopted father" I had to play with my young friend, and who, it seems, has survived and remained active in him until now. On the occasion of this reflection, I once again expresses a belief without reservation, which had to form and take shape little by little

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During the six or seven years at least (from p. 685 even longer, perhaps) that it's "about this aspect (the paternal aspect of his apprehension my person) that is tied conflict - a conflict which existed in him long before he heard my name ... ". (So this is the famous panel" Superpère ", while the component" Supermère "remains still in limbo, for now at least.)

This is also a page later just as the famous style "smiles and velvet paw" made its first and rapid onset, as an object of attention. The associations attached to it appear first in the following days, get away from the person of my friend, as also the "father" occult aspect in the role assigned me my friend in his life. There was no more talk of this aspect before today - we can not think of everything at once, much less talk about everything at once! In terms of thinking, however, I think somewhere in indistinct background but still present and active, thinking this parternel aspect should be present, it was to act as an efficient and discreet stimulator of this long digression on a "shoe in velvet" style. After all (I explicitly clear to me now, in retrospect, but it must already be in diffuse form of motivation yet conclusive. . .), The figure of the "father" is no stranger to the famous style, quite the contrary. One can even say that the very first person in her life that the little girl (or boy, never mind) sees conducted delicately and smoothly (But not always fondly) by this style, is none other than Papa!

And as long as the innocent girl (or urchin) adopted and endorsed (or his) this style and this knowledge to which must become second nature at the same time almost one learns to talk, or little from it - the first guinea pig and beneficiary, no doubt, will be the same goof Papa! most often, when I saw practice that game, he added to it the aggressiveness of a hidden grudge, in addition to about deliberate derision. And certainly, in most families, vis-à-vis the father grudge motives missing not when he did it again added those cleverly suggested (or even created from scratch) by tender wife. But my friend, I have at no time felt such nuance of rancor or acrimony.

When I saw him injure or harm "for fun" was **really** (well

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have I felt) **for the pleasure** ; p. 686

not (I think) is pleased by the suffering or humiliation he inflicted itself, but rather the secret drunkenness to exercise, according to his will and in this particular style where he is a master, a **power** - more exhilarating or spicier still, no doubt, by this ingredient has connotations " **perverse** ", " **defended** " (hurt or to suffer for **the pleasure**), and yet, he could afford, gently and casually and share that, to your heart and galore. . . 224 (*)

224 (*) See in particular, as detailed illustration, the note "The Perversity" n ° 76.

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18.2.10.8. The nerve in the nerve - or the dwarf and giant

Rating 148 (18 December) with the reflection of last night, I feel that this "leading" the table of the Burial, centered on the relationship between my friend Peter and I still leave the mists of misunderstanding and felt confused. I had seen myself in front of the task, for some time, insert it in the foreground (From among) a component "Superpère", without me really be formulated in clear, this part-there was not looks really want to insert it with good grace. If there is a student that I always felt completely "at comfortable" with me, not stretched for a penny and at no time have I recollect, it's him! I do not have little memory, it is true, all of our first meetings, and can not say that there was so in him this tension, often barely perceptible, yet real, which appears when we approach for the first time someone invested (in one way or another) of an authority or prestige, and vis-à-vis which we have a particular expectation. It is somewhat likely that such pressure had to be this, and I have not given more attention than any other young researcher which I happened to get to know. What is certain is that if there was tension at first contact, the latter very quickly vanished without a trace. To take the picture emerged last night, he was also comfortable with me, a kid (or former child) is with a sugar daddy he never had to worry about, and rarely has it refused something.

I thought about the situation last night, after I stopped writing. It appears to me now that the relation My friend worked for me

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on two distinct levels, and (seems it) without communication

p. 687

Mutual. One of these levels, that took place probably early weeks and months following our meeting was that of the personal relationship - that of the "sugar daddy" so kind as not one, not impressive of all, himself a little kid on the banks, including in his work, to the same point that has a shade for him, I would almost say, **Mother**, I have had occasion to mention already once or twice: precisely that which grants a kid, dizzy and a little turbulent, and especially naïve as not. That is true more than at work, and objectively speaking, there really was no reason to be impressed. Good Sure, I knew a lot in math he did not know (and he has learned in recent years by playing), and above all, I had an experience of mathematical still missing. But he had a rapidity of assimilation, and vision acuity to recognize it quickly in the tangled situations and confused by what he often amazed me, and that I lack. If I happened to myself to impress colleagues, it was mostly not **slaughter** unusual that I have in my work, due mainly, I believe, a certain mode of approach I have the mathematical work. But there was certainly no need for my young brilliant friend was impressed when his own slaughter, if he start writing (something that not displeased him) was significantly more effective than mine.

That level of relationship My friend of mine, the level "sugar daddy", seems to include the entire conscious image he has of me, and also a good part of the unconscious image. It is that image, it seems to me, which awakens response, following established channels probably since childhood, as a envy reflex, that of the famous game of "claw in the velvet" - a game that rightly demand that is completely "comfortable" vis-à-vis the partner fully "confident" and again, selfconfident 225 (*). It is the level of full insurance, based on an intimate knowledge of a situation, and yet corrobée

225 (*) (December 29) This statement is contradicted by the case only in appearance (which does not include my friend) where the "leader game" appears (at first glance at least) to be impressed, even overwhelmed by the one he operated. Yet this is a **pose** for the purposes of the case, including of course the actor himself is the first dupe (the conscious level, I mean) - which is essential to give this poses a certain air of "truth" that can not be improvised! If the most extreme of that game I have known, is that of my vis-a-vis my father's mother. On this subject the two notes "The reversal (1) - or wife vehement "and" Reversal (2) - or ambiguous uprising ", n ° s 126, 132.

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yet by experience, which is construed

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ted fully concordant manner by the faculties of perception p. 688

and appreciation both conscious and unconscious. The game itself is hidden, unconscious for the person concerned himself (I presume at least), but the feeling of confidence and the perception of reality which bases are the conscious, rational domain, "objective".

The other level against is fully unconscious (at least that is my impression), and uncontrolled uncontrollable, irrational nature that seems to defy and ridicule any reasoned knowledge or reasonable "objective" reality (which I just mentioned). At this level, the personal relationship strictly speaking, related to a perception to be realistic at the Other disappears. Myself Appear there as a giant, powerful and secretly envied, and my friend feels dwarf, overwhelmed by the conviction of his

irremediable insignificance, and consumed at the same time by the insane desire, not to be himself while giant it is dwarf by immutable condition, but one way or another to **raise** its level to **do pass** for giant at least, or more covertly and insidiously still - the mad desire **to be what Giant then himself** , or at least to **go for him** . I believe in this desire detect a different shade yet, that is like the echo in the deeper layers of this desire in nearby layers the surface, which is a symbolic satisfaction precisely in this game "tab velvet", and is the nerve and spring: the desire of the **reversal of roles** . In the upper layers, the reversal of roles yin-yang dominated-dominant subject-object it is. That relationship is not yet up here because the giant has no desire to dominate the dwarf - he is content to be giant, and thereby unwittingly nor in Regardless, to be a constant and burning-défi. for those who feel overwhelmed by an unrecoverable condition Dwarf ... This stunning ignorance in which one feels compelled, he feels like a tacit contempt as an affront. It is that relationship that it burns to reverse himself appearing as giant and dedicating it to insignificance - insignificance **oblivion** , when it is not insignificance by **derision** in just back from ignorance and contempt in which it feels itself bound. I said earlier that the two levels, "sugar daddy" and therefore "giant", "appear without communication mutual. "On reflection, it seems to me

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rather now than a good communication between the two, p. 689

if only by the desire to overthrow the desire at one of two levels now appears as a "Echo" similar desire to have found each other. At first glance, it seemed to me that this reversal roles, deep level "dwarf-giant", was not a reversal of roles yin-yang kind. Which is true is that this reversal is not dominated-dominant type effect. Yet even on reflection, there is no doubt that the **values** embodied by the giant are yang superyang values, while dwarf incarnation appears as non-yin values - in terms of, I mean, my ideological options friend, not so different options that were still mine in the early years of our relationship 226 (*).

This statement will become clear without doubt, when I have established a link between the image "and the dwarf giant "and reality, at the very least, explained the origin of the image in the history and prehistory the relationship between my friend and me. It is hardly necessary to say, of 'prehistory', such kind of conscious or unconscious image commences only thanks to this "self-loathing" deeply buried, I already mentioned many times in my thinking; or rather, that such an image is none other a **materialization** tangible, more or less concrete, disregard this. Perhaps I might say, even, that this "secret conviction" is on the lookout for a situation that can serve as support, and at the same time 226 (*) This consistency in the choice of values "yang" or "superyang" lasted until my departure in 1970. In the years that followed, my value system at the conscious level "Toggle" to options "yin" and "superyin" - see note "Yang plays yin - or the role of Master", n ° 118.

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create image-bogey that expresses. I believe that everything in the psyche, so deeply buried as it is, lives a force that inspires them to express themselves, often symbolically. This expression without doubt remains herself unconscious quite often, but it is no less active, on the contrary, the level of visible actions and gestures in everyday life.

Coming back, this time in **the history** of the relationship of my friend in my person, too, certainly, begins before our meeting. He had to hear from me about the time of his first contacts with the world of mathematicians, Brussels, 1960 - four or five years so

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before we met,

p. 690

when he was sixteen or seventeen 227 (*). It is surely no coincidence that it is to me, and no other, he asked to teach him the mathematician profession, or at least, to tell him what was be the theme and the central tool of his work (ie, algebraic geometry). Before our meeting, traits under which I appeared to him (at least as a mathematician) could hardly be than my brand image, making me a kind of heroic and prestigious incarnation of the key values current in the world of mathematicians, and this at a time when he himself was a modest student, emoluments fresh from high school. This image he had of me, and that was the same one that I loved to me, Nor was not a single image of Epinal, made to dream of glory-loving students. She made from tangible realities, and he had enough flair to certainly smell it from those years, the Contact mature mathematicians and in with a chance. From 1965 he was also best placed than anyone to take my measurements by itself. I then felt in him a fascination with a vision which opened to him, born and matured in me over the past decade and continued to extend and to develop under his eyes. There was no doubt for me that while these visions he was hers "As if he had always known," serve him in broad daylight as inspiration and as tools for develop visions and implement wider still, to its means. It has not happened - and this is in the light only of this long meditation on a Funeral, nearly twenty years later, that I see

how fine and passionate perception of what I had to pass him, had to serve **at the same time** to expand and support,

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by firsthand elements and an undeniable reality, a **picture-bogey** I

p. 691

aberrant; a kind of image **paralyze**, as "intimate conviction" of which it is expression. The acuteness even its perception of "greatness" and a depth that I transmitted to him, and he was the only to have endorsed (and effortlessly) in its entirety - the acuity and vivacity that made its strength, have then turned against him, making it more striking and even more peremptory aberrant image.

I thought it three days ago have hit the "nerve" of the role played by my friend for almost fifteen years - and there was no doubt in fact, then, that I had touched a nerve: the **munchies** devouring a

some **game**, a tricky game of power, which was the symbolic mime time and ephemeral gratification the desire for a role reversal. . . With the reflection of today, down in layers

deeper, it seems to me now touch the **nerve in the nerve, to spur** more secret still which

constantly creates and maintains the hunger there. Because at the "sugar daddy" there is certainly the opportunity and

227 (*) (December 29) I found this information from chronology in the "Biographical Note" (two pages), by stone Deligne written in 1975 on the occasion of the award of the "Five Year Award" of the "National Fund for Scientific Research" (Belgian)

(Egmont Rue 5, 1050 Brussels). I intend to return to this biography in a subsequent note, when I speak of Deligne visit home last October. It was during this visit that I learned from him the existence of this leaflet,

he kindly (at my request) sent me later. In this notice, which I also found the form

concrete "the dwarf and the giant" a certain image in my friend, whose design had emerged gradually diffuses

during the reflection Burial. She began appearing in the note "Burial" (n ° 61), and is specified,

particularly during the reflection in each of the notes "The eviction", "Node," "Reversal", "The Massacre," "...

and chainsaw ", " In Praise of Death (2) -. or strength and the halo "Only with this note that this perception

begins to "place" in a coherent overview of the "top" of the Burial.

(March 1985) For the biographical notes of Deligne, see note "The profession of faith - true or false in the" (n ° 166).

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every opportunity to play that game safely, leading the way with a nonchalant delicacy, and safe

win every time. But probably the charm of easy opportunity is blunted in the absence of stimulus.

And as I noted yesterday, there is no vis-à-vis sugar daddy, the sting of back complaint, the

secret grudge - that is why the calls "cake"! This sting missing in fact, I just

suddenly feel sometimes, when over the associations, like the dictation of a knowledge which would

been there all ready for a long time, I have come to describe this "new level", "uncontrolled and uncontrollable"

where live side by side a dwarf and a giant.

And the initial impression of a still confused intuition, between the two levels there were no com-

Mutual nication, suddenly disappears, giving way to an understanding, expressed and aroused at the same time

by the double image of the "nerve in the nerve" and "sting". In terms this time of "layers", each

superficial and the other deep, I now would resume with a third image again, by saying

they feed or maintain the movement of these, they are deep seated securely

rooted in the structure of the self. Without this foundation, the surface agitation would be quickly dissipated and vanished for finally let up on. . .

18.2.11. Another Self

18.2.11.1. (A) Grudge on borrowed - or return things (2)

Note 149

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(December 20) Since the reflection of there five days, and that continued especially in the second p. 692

notes that day, "The secret nerve" (n ° 145), I feel that the work on the famous "top" of the table

the Burial suddenly took another turn. Before this reflection, I felt in a position

little embarrassing that in front of a puzzle, where he would feel not to include large

thing. Since April I had already striven to put the pieces in one by one, and inventory

with care. It's not that I lacked parts, it not, I would have had the impression of having too!

In any case, there had to have an adequate level to make a painting, part perhaps, but a table

that stand up. The final piece of the puzzle that I threw on the table was that of "reversal" (from

yin and yang), kept in reserve at the beginning of "The key of yin and yang" (like "Association

ideas "which I promised myself to come back), and finally bursting with unexpected strength in

notes "The funeral of yin (yin yang bury (4))", dated 10 November (n ° 124) Thirty-five days followed,

until five days ago, was devoted mainly to tossing and turning in all directions parts

already updated over the most compelling associations claiming my attention 228 (*). I expected

that in doing so said parts eventually assemble themselves, to let up the last

Unknown table. It has not happened. Instead, they continued to make mutually foot-de-

nose, as would have fragments of ten different cuts of all newspapers, which were thrown out

pell-mell, to load for me to assemble! I began to wonder if I was not going to be forced,

at an end, to make the final inventory of parts, and another question marks about their

assembly, and stop there. . .

The situation changed five days ago, when, by dint of turning and returning these famous pieces, palpate and smell them, something finally "the penny dropped" when one of them (that of a **hunger** behind a certain **style**) suddenly was recognized as "nerve". I was indeed the immediate impression of a **qualitative change** , a **prospect** that had lacked until then, was

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now already to organize p. 693

228 (*) The "room" which had been the starting point for any reflection on the yin and yang, since early October, not returned to the and is explained fourteen days later, on November 24 in the note "Reversal (3) - yin or yang buried" (n ° 581

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from that room. It is with these words that I speak two days later, taking up the reflection in the following note ("Passion and hunger - or climbing", n ° 146). And my hunch begins already to be confirmed on the same day, with the appearance of the play " **daddy-cake** ", which looked like it had been called by the "nerve center piece" for precisely adjust it without smudging!

The play " **Superpère** " which was hanging there forever (already inherited from the first part of Crops and Seeds and recovery from the beginning of "The key of yin and yang" 229 (*)), seems suddenly go to profits and losses, as if she had simply strayed there accidentally. Under the impression of still fresh new piece "cake" 230 (**), I tend to forget that this famous Superpère (not "cake" at all, for it) did have something to do in the relationship between my friend Peter and I, even if there not taking the front stage (he was in a lot of...). I ended up still by me remind the

Next meeting, necessarily - at the precise moment, however, when I was about to explain to myself Why this eternal piece of the puzzle, there was actually nothing to do there! She was, after all, "just otherwise "the part-cake, which had just placed herself with such ease. And no, there Looking closer, this piece called-is foreign to the game, and the contours remained more vague, suddenly clarified its forms, "taking those of the image-force (blown by none other than my friend Peter himself even 231 (***)) of **dwarf and giant** . I first expected, thus reappear seeing the lines as strongly marked, it would be "no communication" with the dual nerve piece already placed (formed

Dad-cake, and the imperious craving for "the walk" - a quick phone call here, a little bit there. . .).

And here the contrary, it appears as "the nerve in the nerve," as a focal piece again,

flocking without friction or takeoffs with the part of the puzzle in place!

That room, under its former name "Superpère" was also

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many times already grazed and even

p. 694

taken in hand and tossed and turned like the others, and even (I remember now) declared centerpiece, "Heart of the table" and everything; but fault may be embodied by a striking image (Supplied by the applicant itself), and perhaps most, by its absurd nature aberrant completely wacky even in terms of the large "common sense" common consensus and universally accepted, I was embarrassed and as ashamed of this damn room, she burned my hand: ever person (including a "Myself" that continues to tenaciously still live in me ...) will want to take it seriously! As much repack fresh and "play" on more sortables parts!

When I come now to speak of "centerpiece", "heart of the painting" etc., about the room became "The dwarf and the giant", that is the aspect of "self-loathing" of course I think, rather than appearance "Superpère". For now, that description for that part-sting, or "nerve in the nerve"

is also hasty and unjustified. I mean, it does not seem, at first glance at least, that this famous giant faceless and oversized hands, face make so little father. If he needs a name is "Superman" or "supermale" which would seem to suit him, rather than "Superpère". So all in all good the latter still account for beautiful and well, for the moment at least, as the room (or "Shutter") "Supermère" on which I will have to also return.

For now, my most urgent seems to try to locate the part of the table already placed, with the "nerve secret "and" nerve in the nerve "more secret still, in terms of a yin-yang dynamic in the person of 133).

229 (*) See "The enemy Father (1) (2)" (n ° s 29.30) and the note "The Superpère (yin yang bury (2))", n ° 108.

230 (**) The term "new" part is perhaps not entirely justified. But it is a part, at least, who had previously ment escaped the inventory, it was so obvious!

231 (***) For details on this, see the last footnote page of the previous note "The nerve in the nerve - or the dwarf and the giant "(n ° 148).

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my friend. In this regard, I have three hard facts. Two expressed by the "double signature" yin-yin 232 (*):

the friend Pierre is based on your "yin", both in what can be called the "personality acquired", speaking especially in the tone of his relationships with others, as in the "innate personality" or instinctual, speaking especially (for the outside observer like me, at least) by the spontaneous working style, free the interference of the "boss". The first fact regarding the acquired personality or "ego structure" (or more graphic terms, "the **head** of the boss") suggests that this structure will be done in childhood and in the first years of life, by identifying with a kind of model "yin". This does not preclude, in priori that this model was the father, if he himself had (as it seems to me indeed

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be) p. 695

a "personality acquired" based on tone yin. But then, my friend predisposition to craving for some sort of power game which, in our country if not everywhere and always, is typically (if not exclusively) "female", specifically, is **the** game between all the custom of wife play with the husband - this predisposition makes me assume that the identification was made with the person the mother, and it is from this that he has "inherited" this craving (or a propensity to such craving), and this is also he taken over "style" (or "tactical") suitable, that of "the claw in the leg velvet".

It is possible that the father was both a husband and a father-cake-cake, and my friend has had ample opportunity for a long time to make his first "guinea pig", and make the claws (and velvet!) on him. But it is also possible that the propensity or predisposition in question my friend remained unutilized until he met me, blame the first designated target, namely his father, to have aspects yang rather strongly marked, for "**causing**" the munchies, and at the same time **give rise** to tactics tried to "walk" the hotheads. Actually, any impressions that I remember, if placing in the first years when I met my friend, is not such as to suggest that he was already familiar of that game, or even that he had already practiced. I do detects traces in any case, even with hindsight, nor his relationship with me or in his relationship to others, by way say so slightly like "spoiled child." Also I would be inclined to think that this tendency was still latent in him, and she did developed and has taken the grip I know about his life and his work, after my "death" in 1970 (where he was twenty-six years), and for a particularly tempting situation.

The "third is" to remember here is the choice made by my friend of a value system consistent with values generally received, therefore the choice of the values "masculine" (or Yang). These, during the fifteen years passed, appear also to me to have turned increasingly to home "superyang". In his case, is this choice a glaring contradiction: while adopting values "official" **yang**, it has yet modeled in most of the essential features, in a pattern **yin** 233 (*). And it's not that this choice is purely values "can", it would be a false flag, raised for reasons circumstance, and that would in course

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the peripheral layers of the psyche. The image-force p. 696

dwarf and giant acting from deep layers, would lose its meaning, and also this pressing hunger overturning it raises, if the valuation yang was not internalized also in these layers there.

No doubt this contradiction then must provide an additional driving force to this "intimate conviction" of crack, insidious powerless - while (only fault, perhaps, the "model" in its proper childhood on that model) he knows (in his heart) fundamentally **different** from what it "**should**"!

If my friend, as it seems plausible to me, did not find in his father's traits, according to the consensus being around him, **would have** been there, and he could then make his own, it had to arouse in him

232 (*) The idea of a "double signature" enters the reflection with the note "Brothers and husband - or the double signature" n ° 134.

233 (*) This is a kind of contradiction common especially among women, and that my life was free.

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a **grudge** diffuse a grudge who managed to hold on to any specific complaint vis-à-vis a dad whose only fault was that of being too "cake"! This resentment, lack of a "hook" to hang with, would then remained "**vacant**", **waiting** for a suitable target - a target precisely, first, make (the context) father figure, and more, including **the ability** for this role is obvious, by the undeniable presence, glowing perhaps even excessive, these traits that lacked his father's "original". It is these features, too that make the "father" newcomer the **target** ideal, the kind of "game" already ready here to trigger, which expects more than suitable partner, aka "Father spare" alias (here we are finally!) "The Superpère!"

And suddenly I seem to be back on very familiar ground, I do recognize that at the moment even. This is a field where I was prisoner for twenty years during the marriage alone in my life (marriage which produced three of my five children). In the lines of the previous paragraph and without any deliberate (But as one who, cautiously groping in the shadows to take notice of what surrounding it), I have **also** to describe in turn the critical strengths in relationship to his father, then me, **the one that was my wife**. I can not say when or how the knowledge (or rather intuition unimpeachable) of the silent and stubborn presence of these two forces in it and their mutual relationship, is me came. One day I knew, without ever dreamed thinking about it ever so slightly, the inexorable force that dominated

the relationship with my wife to me since the early days of our marriage already was motivated by resentment vis-a-vis me not being there with her, as **other true and** father, in the days of childhood distraught. . .

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It is true and I know certainly that childhood My friend was nothing "distraught" and that personality p. 697

he developed and I knew, from the sixties and now bears little resemblance to that of my ex-wife. This does not preclude that beyond the obvious dissimilarities, I see appear, in the part of picture emerging from the shadows, a striking similarity with another "picture", which is good to me known. This similarity appears in the nature of the relationship to the father (related to a father's temperament where yang traits are deficient), and the impact thereof on an adult age relationship, at one as in the other, has dominated his life, as a focus of conflict of forces in one and the other ^{234 (*)}. For a bit, I was going to mention a third "similarity", which however is not without consequence in my own life is that in both relationships in question, the **protagonist** each time was **no other than me**. And that, in one case as in the other, appointed me for this role "Superpère" that I was asked to play was (in addition to immaturity) precisely what already since my childhood I was more expensive perhaps than anything else in the world - what also I had the most invested enormously: a "Stature" more manly than life. . .

So I found it again in a different light and more penetrating there eight months, feeling a "turn of events" ^{235 (**)} - with, now as before, an incredulous astonishment shade (it seems to fall too "right" to be quite true!). And also, again but in more tones retained the sudden explosion of old laugh, there is the perception of a comic, adding these "returns" Note inexorable sweetest of humor.

^{234 (*)} (19 February 1985) There is indeed a striking similarity between the relationship to myself to my friend Peter, and (since the first days of marriage) that which was my wife. This relationship also overflows beyond the relationship to my One Person, the sense that both of them eventually develop a propensity to some beings, which bind me links affection (including my kids in one case, the students in the other), the **instruments** to reach me through them.

^{235 (**)} See footnote "Return of things - or foot in the dish", n ° 73.
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18.2.11.2. (B) Innocence and conflict - or the stumbling block

Note 150 (December 22) yesterday, I have not found time to work on my notes, except for the careful reading and correcting of the ratings for the previous day. These days, my energy was entertained by task of

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correspondence and others, I gnaw my brake a bit (this is not a new thing!) me p. 698 meet face to face with myself, to push forward the business thinking. Writing is slower decidedly in this third part of Crops and Seeds, centered on this reflection, "The key yin and yang", where the dynamics of yin and yang is the constant thread to penetrate further into the sense of Burial. If I did not take the precaution of putting the alarm for household disruption in the work after about three hours (just to stretch the body, or to warn me that the time advances and it is time to stop) the whole night would spend as a moment! Three hours passed each Once, when I have the impression of having just started (or resumed), with two or three unfortunate pages I just type, when it is only one or two, the time just to tour some Association innocuous appearance I thought span in stride. . .

There is an extreme printing slow progression, counted in number of pages per hour or by day - and the natural reaction to this impression, with any hot material just in front of my nose that I pulls ahead, it would be to double and triple bites, as I used to do these until the recent years. But I know that this is the trap to avoid - the trap of this extraordinary "ease" in the work of discovery ^{236 (*)}, when it is just enough to "push" forward, to be sure of advancing in Indeed, slowly perhaps, but surely; as one who firmly held in the hands of a handlebar tipper plow ds good tempered steel, drawn by a pair of powerful and fearless oxen, and slowly surely frayerait his way, furrow after furrow through dense earth, sometimes surly, and even time flexible yet docile brilliant coulter gently and unhurried opens, penetrates and returns by and large brown smoldering bands, bringing to light an intense, teeming underground life. The pace is slow maybe, and the field is wide, and each furrow dug seems hardly begin the extent that lies fallow. Yet at the end of the day, furrow after furrow, the field is plowed, and the peasant returned content: for him, this day has not passed in vain. His sentence and love were his seed, and his joy at work, and his contentment at the end of each groove and the end of a long day, are his crop and his reward.

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With reflection before yesterday, and for the first time perhaps in writing *Crops and Seeds*, p. 699 I feel like I advanced on the uncertain terrain that is still directly seen or felt, and which remains (and perhaps will) **hypothetical**. Without knowing eyes that see what seems dark and night, I pioneered groping a hesitant way, without any insurance if it was "good". When the road forked, I have not played a coin, it is true, where I will continue; I trusted my instinct and my common sense, to show me the most plausible direction to continue without having any idea where this one was going to lead me. The path I was following, which traced me and had all the air of "stick" to facts known to me, that was a good sign. But it was not excluded provided, especially where the facts were weak, while another different path would have "stuck" as well, provided perhaps search still somewhat as fact remained raw or another. . . Then, around the corner and to my own surprise, I

236 (*) See note "The trap - or facilitated and exhaustion", n ° 99.
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have suddenly found out "a very familiar ground," I had once traveled extensively and painfully, I had come to know and leave. A situation that, moments before still seemed to me dark, wrapped uncertain mists of "probably" and "maybe", suddenly lit up by the light another situation that it was included. Me wondering about the distant origins in myself and in the other, the conflict in the relationship between such a friend and I, these seem to be a profound similarity suddenly interview between that relationship and one that had weighed on my life and a different weight, twenty long years.

The appearance of this similarity was of such force, I admit, that this feeling of hesitation, uncertainty, groping fainted immediately to make room for a sense of assurance and conviction. When to the end of the reflection, I speak of feeling ("incredulous amazement") that it "fell too just to be Yet true", that feeling was the answer to another base note, and told him that "it fell too just to **not** be true!" And that feeling, surely hasty and unjustified in the current state of facts which I has, has not adjusted the meantime, it is still present as background notes, whether I like it or not. Surely, without the aid of some experiences I have come to understand and accept, and especially the the long experience of my married life, thought could hardly have come to me from this "ready grudge vacancy "(a grudge" on borrowed time", in fact), and the same thought, precisely, was also the" detour path "which, in the space of a few moments, lead me back on this" very familiar ground " My marital experience.

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One can say, of course, a deliberate unconscious has brought me to a place already designated in advance, p. 700

which might teach something about me and this deliberate, and not on motivations others. As can also experience an assumed allowed me to understand a reality in others, which otherwise would have remained completely enigmatic, blame me to have "antennae" enough sensitive (and offense, however, to dispose of tangible facts about childhood friend, and personality each parent).

I think I am close to finish my sketch (desultory!) Of "leading the table" (The Burial.) To assemble the final pieces of the puzzle that are left hand, I will use the need the apprehension elements (for they are hypothetical) appeared in the reflection of the note former. It will be a way elsewhere to test their consistency with all the facts known to me otherwise.

In reflection before yesterday, this is the play "Superpère" the puzzle that said its shape and contours. I had first identified a little hastily, in the play "The dwarf and the giant", where the giant appears yet rather as a kind of "Superman" to the overwhelming size, not as the "father" or "Superpère".

But this last piece finally appear again in the same reflection, this time as a target "Suspended in grudge" a grudge looking for a target just as if said "Superpère" was **called** by the same rancor and appeared in response to this call, in fulfillment of an expectation broadcasts. if this is so, we can say that if the Superpère (borrowed for the occasion my shoulders and my face, which apparently were tailored) had appeared in the life of my friend, he would have had to invent it! That's right, in any case, no more nothing hypothetical for me, in the case of the one I was the husband - and I was, again, "the target, expected a young life...."

Thus the Superpère appears as the "face side" of this "faceless giant and oversized hands" of the play "The dwarf and the giant". "Saw" must see especially back, giant, train likely to his famous "shows of force" (referred to in the note of October 5 "The Superpère" (n ° 108)). So the play "Superpère" casée finally, adjusting the side "giant" of the play "The dwarf and the giant".
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As for the next "dwarf" that it, its route as it became clearer by thinking before yesterday,

who joined here at the note of October 17, "Half and whole - or the crack" (n ° 112). It is still, as so-often, the eternal rejection traits "yin", "feminine" traits in favor of "yang", "male"

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whereby p. 701

My friend happens to be "fundamentally different from what it" **should** ", as he has modeled himself in accordance with a dominant model "yin".

It is important here to emphasize that at no time of the last consideration, I have not thought of, nor have tried to suggest, the person of my friend was marked by an **imbalance** in yin dominant, so a deficiency, a "Vacuum" yang features side, mainly in his personality gained. I remember about that particular print that emanated from his person, at least during the first years I knew him, was contrary to the a **balance** , a harmony, that made him so endearing to me as to everyone, it seemed, who, then known. This impression is associated closely with the other, I mentioned elsewhere ²³⁷ (*) - that seemed to have kept something of the freshness, the innocence of the child, in his approach to things (Of mathematics in particular) and also, he had seemed to me, people. This balance, and this "freshness" or "innocence", are subject to me in doubt - these are **facts** , there is no question of wanting retract. They spoke with my friend by a delicate sensibility, and when the opportunity presented by nuanced expression and bluntly of what was perceived and seen. There was a firm, as there was a sweetness. The sweetness has faded over the years, to only leave the shell, hushed and empty, a gone smoothly - and the firmness and hardness became close behind a precious semitones facade and borrowed. A delicate yin-yang balance has changed over the years (no one, no doubt, noticing) in the perennial imbalance yang - the same one, but in a different style, which had dominated my life since my childhood. It was there his choice, and these choices can change - ever games are not facts! Still, I never had knowledge in the life of my friend, a passage labeled with a yin imbalance, a softness so carelessness one, or an inconsistency; and I think not there to be had.

All this makes for the less likely the person who served as a "model" in his childhood and were surely yin features strongly marked, did not lack for much yang traits to make them balanced. If (as I tend to believe) that person was her mother, so I assume that it had yang traits rather strongly marked (vis-à-vis include such features probably less marked in father) to appear as

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"the best choice", as a "male" pattern for a boy; and at the same p. 702

time to help with this choice the emergence of a harmonious temperament.

Everything seems so, at this point, to be the best in the best of worlds, in a united family no disorder (maybe) no disagreement. All would be well, if there was yet a small stumbling block in the form of a silent consensus and although seemingly mundane: it's a boy is supposed to look like his father, not his mother. . .

18.2.11.3. (C) The providential circumstance - or Apotheosis

Note 151 (December 23) It seems to me to finish assembling the "puzzle" of the foreground of the picture the burial, I have only to place a final piece. This is the one I called "the Supermère "in note" Supermom or Superpapa? "November 11 (n ° 125). This appellation "Great " was inspired, first of all, by the "portrait" made my person, blows epithets superlatives in my praise of Death ²³⁸ (*). Surely a mirror reflex also had to play, since there ²³⁷ (*) See the note about "The Child" (n ° 60), in the procession V "My friend Peter".

²³⁸ (*) See notes "In Praise of Death (1) (2)" (n ° s 104,105), and "The funeral of yin (yin yang bury (4))" (n ° 124). 587

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had the "Superpère" in the air, in more ways than one! On reflection, however, the name I gave to the image which had just appeared touched not quite right. What was evoked by the image had superyin no "mother" connotation. If it were symmetry relation with another image, it was that the "Superman", the steel muscles and brain software IBM, rather than the "Superpère" It would therefore the occurrence rather "Superwoman" or "Supernana" heavy tits while to the navel and beyond (if not, knee ...), and buttocks to match, to dream Hercules - as brain, do not talk. . . a little in these tones there. Insufficient language also had to force me little hand, as there is not for "female" ready to the famous "Superman" (itself an invention Recent moreover, modern version of a Hercules decidedly overwhelmed). Will still for "Supernana", for lack of better. . .

It must be said that there I dragged this misnamed piece for nearly a month and a half, without really nothing to do, except here and there to remember the memory, by way of promise that we would deal with it, but later. Finally, it was not so much inspire me, and it could

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perhaps because of this

p. 703

name that does not really stuck. After all, I'd be in trouble, among all the friends, (former) students and other

colleagues I have had in the mathematical world until today, to find only one vis-à-vis which I have so little had a role "breast", or that I could feel that he attributed to me a such a role. Even those vis-à-vis which I would have rather played a role "yin", receptive, instead of a particular role "Yang" of the teacher communicates, transmits, must be very rare - at first glance I do not see (After the years 1952, 53, where I spend my thesis) that Greenhouse, and again ... If I try to remember what what were my current provisions, if not permanent, in relation to other mathematicians, it was mostly that I still had the "carpet" brand-new to "place" (to use the image that had During my time), not counting the "carpet" (also of my making) less new but (in my sense) did not really served as saying, and that seemed essential to the good performance of mathematical house in such area of mathematics which I was familiar, to put it differently, in my relationship with my "fellow" mathematicians and even though we hardly spoke together as math (I had to be even worse about it than any of my friends and colleagues!), the predominance yang (or rather, the superyang imbalance) in my temperament acquired regained all rights, as in any another relationship. Perhaps even more strongly, given my enormous investment in the mathematical, egotistic nature of investment (it is needless to say) and more precisely motivated by my options long superyang!

These are the obvious aspects, manifesting at every step in my relationships with other mathematicians, who had obliterated, my colleagues like myself, the **other** is in the opposite direction: my style mathematical work, and my approach to mathematics, are highly dominant **yin** "feminine". It is this particular, it seems to me, apparently rather exceptional in the scientific world, which also makes this style so **recognizable**, so **different** from that of any other mathematician. Whether it is style although "not like the others" came back with innumerable echoes, since I published math and all at least from my thesis (1953). This style did not fail also to provoke resistance, I like to call "visceral" - I mean, who did not seem to me (nor seem today) be justified by "reasons" might be called "objective" and "rational". This reminds me my thesis (I especially introduce the

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Nuclear spaces), which I had submitted to the Memoirs of
p. 704

the American Mathematical Society, had been refused by the first referred, a mathematician honorably known who had worked in the same subject, and had seen my work as more or less muddy. It is through active intervention of Dieudonné my thesis was published against the advice
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the referred. I learned a few years ago it was one of the hundred most cited papers in the literature Math ²³⁹ (*) in the past two or three decades. I guess there is still twenty or Thirty years of mathematics before us, the same will apply to SGA 4, as (among others) Reference the basis for the point of view of topo geometric topology; wherein APG 4 was rated "unreadable" (between other qualifiers of the same water ²⁴⁰ (**)) by my friend and brilliant former student Pierre Deligne. I know (as he also knows himself) that it is a mathematical texts to which I have devoted the most time and the most extreme care, and by rewriting rewrite from the ground up, including everything that concerns sites and topos and "prerequisites" categorical. The reason for the exceptional care is that I felt how this is a cornerstone in the development of the "arithmetic geometry"

I was trying to lay the groundwork for decades a ²⁴¹ (***) . I also know that when I made this work, I had a long time (without wanting to flatter myself) the master of hand to write a math manner both **clear** where the main ideas are constantly put forward as a thread ubiquitous and **convenient** to navigate for reference ²⁴² (****) . If I was perhaps wrong to write (And to write) a detailed reference book with a lead of forty or fifty years on my time, that the time was ripe (in the sixties) have suddenly ceased to be, not I is not due, it seems!

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These associations with Deligne take me back to the period after my departure, which echoes in the p. 705 same sense came back to me more than once "as puffs of insidious contempt and derision discreet." This shade of **mockery** was absent in the signs of "visceral resistance" to my work style, to which I alluded earlier, placing before my departure. I only detects no hostile intent or so little bit malveillante vis-à-vis myself. I had the opportunity to discuss such signs even within Bourbaki ²⁴³ (*), at least (if my memory is correct) until about 1957 when my work on the formula Riemann-Roch-Hirzebruch-Grothendieck dispels doubts that had been on my subsiter "strength" as mathematician. I do not remember having seen resistance to my work style between 1957 and 1970 (year of my "start"), except occasionally in Serre ²⁴⁴ (**), but never with a shade of enmity - it was rather a knee-jerk reaction of annoyance. For cons, I had the impression that my friends felt sometimes overwhelmed because I went too fast and they wanted to spend their time not only to keep abreast of my complete works as and as I sent them my pavers, or I telling them (in writing or orally) that I was concocting.

I understood the nature of the "visceral resistance" my style, to which I alluded earlier. Its cause appears to me as independent of the burial which was later (where the resistance ended Yet by playing an important role). This resistance is simply the **reaction** ("gut") a **of belonging style close "female"** vis-a-vis a science (the mathematical case). Such a reaction is common and "in the nature of things" in a scientific world that, far more than any other part microcosm in our society, is steeped in **masculine values**, and feelings, attitudes, reactions (apprehension 239 (*) perhaps my memory serves me here, and it is one hundred (or twenty?) The most cited papers in functional analysis.

240 (**) See footnote "The clean slate", n ° 67.

241 (***) is surely the reason, too, why Deligne has given so much to discredit this text, he even forgets Sometimes the style halftone he likes and does not go with the back of the spoon to run down! On this subject the note "The tabula rasa", cited in footnote previous page.

242 (****) is also becoming familiar (in 1965, when he had just landed in my seminar SGA 5) with the game already Net written in SGA 4, and preparing himself some presentations (drawing from my handwritten notes) that this same Deligne has learned to touch my art to write a mathematical text, including that clearly present a substance dense and complex.

243 (*) See in particular the note (nameless) n ° 5, the first part of Crops and Seeds.

244 (**) See the note about "brothers and husbands - or double signature" n ° 134.

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and rejection in particular) that go with these values. The strength of reaction to my particular work style epitome of a creative approach to base note "female", simply from packaging currents of the scientist in the world today and the last few decades - the scientific world, Anyway, as I have always known.

Like any other reaction after a package, this reaction is nothing "rational" indeed, and in that where it occurs, there

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considerable resistance to think only in examining the meaning.

p. 706

It is strongly felt to be **its own justification** - much like aversion "homosexual" in most staunch environments, or that for the "wog", also homegrown. Yet in this case, I have not felt in this reaction by itself a shade of enmity (conscious or unconscious) to me, but rather an attitude of **reserve**, adversely prejudice **vis-à-vis my only work**. From the moment only where it became clear that my style (or even my style, that Never mind!) I was doing things that we had not been able to before (and we do not manage to do really otherwise afterwards) - then only those reservations were sheathed, reluctantly perhaps. . . In any case, that is if for some these reserves remained under tacit and unconscious form, I was too locked in my work and in my duties to perceive them.

Indeed, it seems at least unlikely that such a "gut reaction" could disappear as if by magic, the simple fact that Mr. so and so demonstrated theorems that had not demonstrated before. At the level where made and unmade deliberate about acceptance and rejection, one and the other thing ("such work should not be permitted," and "John Doe has demonstrated such theorems") are really without mutual relationship!

We say that it is normal, therefore, that things had changed after I retired from the stage math - once I was gone, in short, to "speak to knock" to those who would mine to be choosy before my style, without getting to do the same with their style to them. This "explanation" box yet, because it ignores the derisive tone of hushed malevolence that existed not before. Nor is there, in what is known to me, is such as to make me assume that between 1957 and 1970 I would have had time to go to such disagreeable to all the congregation of my peers, a grudge or revenge motivation in this regard could play after my departure. With many of friends that I was leaving, I had maintained warm relations, sometimes affectionate, and (as I have said elsewhere) I do not remember one of enmity relationship with a colleague before mathematician 1970.

There has been however a grievance **later** the Congregation to me, because of a kind of "grudge" collectively, and in any case, act

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collective of "retaliation" which, for staying implied, has nonetheless been

p. 707

a "flawless efficiency." I probed this aspect "retaliation for dissent" in the note of May 24, "The Deadman - or the whole Congregation" (n ° 97). In this note, I left aside some tone in these reprisals, vis-a-vis me and those who had the imprudence to ask me - tone of derision precisely that goes beyond the simple "estoppel". And every time I felt this "puff" - There, **it was a style that was the designated target**. In other words, it is the feature that distinguishes this style of any other nature "yin" or "feminine", which was the occasion providential, eagerly seized by the collective unconscious to avenge the insult of a dissent in

added to retaliation by **excluding** the additional dimension a **derision** - derision which is supposed to designate, through a certain style, the undeniable signs of **impotence** .
And now with the word "impotence" some unspoken is finally named, it becomes apparent how this same "providential circumstances", which is added to that of my "death" becomes the occasion
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unheard for my friend and former pupil and former heir Pierre Deligne, to make tangible, credible and **grew this Topple ment** roles, this insane desire and seemingly without hope of those who feel " **dwarf** " before a " **giant** "!

"Perched on the giant shoulders" (to use the same words that appear as final word in his CV 245 (*)), it is now that it will be "giant" for all to see, and he will appoint to the derision of Congregation whole, such a "dwarf" large *hâbleur* and large vacuum brewer, this pure junk giant but yes ! - and yet that was (and remains still...) "A perpetual challenge for burning and one that feel overwhelmed by an irremediable dwarf condition. . . ."

This dramatic shift in the distribution of roles "dwarf" and "giant" between himself and the Other (He who is perceived as a **challenge** , and must replace at any price) this reversal is the same Time **reversal in roles** " **feminine** " and " **masculine** ". That's as the embodiment (plétho-America, limp and without loudness) **female** (never named in the clear yet eagerly repudiated) than which was (and is still ...) giant, is referred to

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crowd (and foremost the Magician himself...) p. 708

as miserable dwarf and as derision; and it is also as heroic incarnation exam-appeal of **virility** , as that might dwarf (which, despite everything and finfond himself "knows" that he is and the remainder by immutable condition. . .) Finds giant with steel hands, cheered by the same crowd hastened boo for the Other.

This reversal then, for symbolic it is, is obviously no common measure with the "reversal ment "as it were" private " , operated by virtue of a proven tactic (called" the velvet paw ") in the inner circle and no great consequence of a "between four eyes"; a nice little arena where he feels hold the strings who "walk" and turn the Other ... The dwarf cranking the giant, agreed, but always and irremediably dwarf again! While the apotheosis of the dwarf who is giant and above still perched, and which refers to the derision of all the very one on which it is perched - this apotheosis then be place in full public square in front of large crowds and cheering, come cheer the Eulogy Funeral of "Dwarf" dead and buried, as "nail" definitely a beautiful and delectable Funeral ceremony.

18.2.11.4. (D) The disallowance (1) - or reminder

Rating 152 (24 December) with the reflection of yesterday, I seem to have almost completed an "assembled bler "the foreground of the picture of the burial, as well, at least I feel able to do with the "parts" of the puzzle that I have now. It is understood that in this second part of the reflection on the Burial (the third part of Crops and Seeds), my point was not over Ras sound material facts (I have gathered my sufficiency in the "investigation", during the processions I X), but to reach an understanding of the **springs** of Burial, by **motivations** secret (most often unconscious probably) in each of the many protagonists 246 (*). These motivations arise, primarily, the nature of the individual's relationship with my humble self (as "deceased"); or, more accurately perhaps, what I meant to him for one reason or another, related or not I left the mathematical scene and the circumstances that surrounded him.

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The "top" is, apart from myself, in that among all who played at my funeral the role p. 709

the "priest chasuble", or the "Great Leader in Funeral." It is also among those who were friends or students in the mathematical world before I left, one with which I was associated as closely,

245 (*) On this subject the last footnote page of the note "The nerve in the nerve - or the dwarf and the giant", n ° 148.

246 (*) (December 31) The "About", taken at face value and given the number of its "many players" (and there would he ten!), would of course be entirely out of reach. Aside from my friend Peter, I can at best get an idea

Overall, identifying somehow the "motivation" and "intentions" in a "collective unconscious", which at best only covers approximately those of such "protagonist" particular.

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by mathematical affinities of exceptional strength; and also the only one that continued a relationship personal with me after I left, relationship continuing even until today. It is for all these reasons that I have about it a "given" a common wealth without measure with which to me is known to anyone else among the participants Funeral. Finally, among all mathematicians I have known 247 (*), it is also likely that, by far, in which the role he assigned me in his life weighed heavier - much heavier, obviously, than commonly assigned to him who was his master, was it in the exercise of an art which we would be doomed body and soul (like myself was devoted myself).

From this, I finally realize for ten years perhaps, and that role he assigned me also overflowed its mathematical passion (and what eventually take its place). this perception in me, which remained broadcasts over the years, has significantly clarified and expanded over my reflection on the Burial, and until yesterday.

It seems to me that with reflection yesterday, along with the foreground of the picture centered relationship between my friend Peter and I ended up setting up and also assemble the "third level" consisting of "the whole Congregation" hastened cheering for participation by its compliance expressed the Funeral and the Burial. As I wrote yesterday, which was still missing from the image that was clear during the discussion of the note (May 24) "The Gravedigger - or the whole Congregation" it was the shade of **derision** put in the exclusion of the treaty dead and "abroad" in "outsider".

The meaning of this derision, was clear from the note (November 10) "The funeral of yin (yang buried yin (4)) ", was recalled and put into perspective yesterday: it's derision toward what is felt (to a level unformulated) as "feminine" and is therefore subject to a "visceral" reaction of rejection by assimilation (Just as unformulated) of the "female" to "impotence" - the only man in his triumphant masculinity, being supposed to be carrier of "power", creative force. I also emphasized the character completely refractory silenced common sense and reason of such assimilation visceral, from a package, when ideas and pictures

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that it creates are felt with such conviction and evidence that they are

p. 710

commonly taken as their own justification.

There is one aspect, however, appeared suddenly flash with the last word in the note "The funeral of yin" that has not been taken yet. Here are the lines that terminate reflection in this note:

"These are not the funeral of a person, nor those of a work, or even those of a unacceptable dissent, but the funeral of "female math" - and deeper even, perhaps, in each of the many participants applauding the Funeral Eulogy, **the funeral of the woman who lives disowned itself** . "

It seems to me even now that I think that this has been passed more or less in silence also in the case of my friend Peter himself, on which yet I do not lack facts first hand! If this appearance was so little now though, and felt perhaps by a careful reader, it must have been between the lines rather, while attention was mostly absorbed by the various angles of appearance "reversal of yin and yang "- (aspect that at first glance at least, appears specific to the person and the particular role of my friend in the burial). This failure reminds me that I must still (in a few days 2) talk the last visit of my friend, the October 10 to 22 (indicated in the note of October 21, promising me from return "in a few days." . .). This will be the best time, to me it seems to consider a last (?) Angle of the "reversal" - with the reversal of the original yin-yang balance **in the same person** from my friend. This is a **funeral** still some original features yin and he, under the guidance of yang traits appeared on the late and taking possession. I find myself here, in a new perspective and more 247 (*) And even among all the people I've known for only two exceptions.

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deep, before this striking finding which had already more than once imposed on me 248 (*) is that believing bury him who had been his teacher (who was still a friend), is none other than **himself** in reality he buried his hands!

So if I come back again to the "third level" or "bottom plane" to this "congregation" alias "com-mathematical nity, "the few lines quoted earlier suggest that I felt so strongly in the case of my friend Peter, may well be true for "each of the many participants applauded dissant in Praise of Death. "It is this aspect, it seems to me, that I

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yet to examine somewhat, p. 711

before I feel fully satisfied and to hold (temporarily?) completed the "bottom plane" (in addition to foreground) the painting of my burial.

(25 December) I took yesterday pretext that it was Christmas Eve, to pay me a real "get high" remaining on my notes until three in the morning past (once will not hurt!). It is true that the whole day was scattered in other tasks, and (proofreading made notes of the day) there was not much a few hours of the night, if I wanted to go on the same day. As so often, I'm eventually even managed to tackle anything of what I had in mind as I sat in front of the white paper! Instead, I made a little point where I was in the "table" of the Burial, and highlighted a aspect, in the "foreground" as in the "background level", which was still fuzzy: the "**burial the woman denied** "that lives in each of the participants in my funeral.

It is clear that in this quotation, the term "funeral" is used to designate an image act of **disavowal** and **repression** (or "discharge", according to an accepted terminology). For it to be question disown and repress something (in this case, something that "lives" in itself), it must first ensure that this "something" is alive and well, "living" (was it miserably). he

These are "the woman" in every being, whether woman or man, so the "slope" of himself formed traits, qualities, instincts, or forces of nature "female", "yin" in him. The extraordinary thing is this simple fact and essential: that in every being, man or woman, lives at once **and** "woman" **and** "man" - that fact still remains largely ignored. I myself only learned that eight years ago, when I was in my forty-seventh year ²⁴⁹ (*).

Certainly, this surely been ages that "psychoanalysts" the "know" and speak. Surely there full of books where it is discussed, and everyone has a little heard of, like myself had heard. And even, "everyone" is willing to admit that there must be some truth in there, as long as it is known to people who know them say, there are books written on it and all. But hearing about and be "quite willing to admit..." And even reading a

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book or even p. 712
about ten or even (me I venture to say) to have himself written one, or even several, implies by itself that "knows" the thing; at least not in a stronger sense and especially less useless, than a mere memory made formulas like "Freud (or Jung, or Lao Tzu...) said, that ... ". Such formulations constitute a cultural background, a kind of person card "Cultivated", "aware" of this or that, even sometimes (with degrees in the key) expert in this or this, and as such they can even admit have some "utility"; what is certain is that each it takes many, the baggage it has accumulated like that right and left, in school and in books, in "good conversation", etc., and it drags with it against all odds, as a trophy tinsel and cumbersome to the end of his days. If I suggested that sometimes irreverently precious luggage was "useless", I meant was: no need for a thing, anyway person 248 (*) This "finding" appears for the first time in the reflection in the note "The Burial" (n ° 61). 249 (*) See note on the subject "Acceptance (the awakening of yin (2))", n ° 110. 593

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does not care, and even that is shunned like the plague by everyone, namely, self-learning. Or for it another way: it is useless baggage to **take his life**, that is to say, also, to digest and assimilate substance of his own experience, and thus mature renewal. . .

If I had to summarize in a few words the essence of my long reflection on the yin and yang, it would be the "recall" of this "simple and basic fact," I've just remembered the moment. If there is a player that has followed me so far, and if he has not felt yet in terms of his own experience, that fact: that there in her "woman" even though he is a man, and there is in him "man", even if it is female - is that by this vain effort to me "follow", he would have lost his time overload luggage, probably already heavy, yet another weight, wearing the "Crops and Seeds" label. And if he is man, and then even he would not be part of the participants in these Funerals, which he had knowledge or suspicion before reading to me, there would yet safe bet that he, too, day after day and his own blind "bury a woman who lives repudiated itself "(like myself also had done once and for most Much of my life).

There are many ways for a man to "bury" the woman who lives in him, even as a woman to "bury" the man who lives in it ²⁵⁰ (*), that is

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ie: to disown and punish. One of the ways the p. 713

more common to "bury" something that lives in itself, it is by attitudes or acts of rejection the same thing when it is apparent to others. This rejection is simply just the "gut reaction" I mentioned yesterday in a case. What gives the backlash strength ("gut"), it is **not** really (as I seemed to leave the hearing yesterday) because the thing rejected others will simply against a set of "values" that would have our full and undivided membership. He who knows "strong" is not offended by the sight of a "weakness". The driving force of the reaction is, however, that this thing, seen in others and "that has no place," **puts us in because we - even**. It is like a **reminder** insidious immediately challenged, something about us, deep down **we know**, even we would like to hide ourselves as others; a point which therefore takes the tone of an questioned mute and formidable. In such a context, a benevolent attitude of tolerance vis-à-vis the "Through" apparent in others appear to us as a dangerous collusion of admission, to be avoided at all price. For an attitude of rejection, by cons, we distance ourselves unequivocally on the other, we give sum convincing pledges (and first of all, the internal censor ourselves) that we ourselves are pure reproach, that we are and remain compliant and "good complexion". At the same time has **coast obedience** unconditionally to certain **standards** of values, distinguishing what is honorable from what is unacceptable, the backlash is also **symbolic act of burial**, whereby the thing ourselves "that has no place" is eagerly "classified" as something that " **is not**". **Not in us**, anyway!

In this table, the form that rejection, variable shape to infinity, seems inconsequential. it Perhaps the rejection outraged, with all signs of indignation or disgust, as may be rejection

irony or disdain "gently dosed". It can be expressed in clear words and unequivocal, as it can simply be suggested by allusive words or double meanings, even without words, by suitable smile (or lack of smile...), placed where appropriate. Rejection can be fully aware, as it can be confined in the darkness of this outcropping just under, or take refuge in the shade where ever complete the look penetrates.

The degree of rejection reaction is also infinitely variable,

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following the "implicated" in question

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250 (*) The same is true also for a man who "bury the man who lives in it," or for a woman who "buries the woman who lives in it" attitudes that are nearly as rare as one might think.

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is perceived as relatively harmless, or as formidable indeed. Those that may raise the strongest reactions, are "implicated" directly related to **sex**. This extreme susceptibility eased somewhat in recent generations. But I found that the nature of things

as universal aspects that said "gay" and "masturbator" (or, more kindly said, "narcissistic") of the romantic impulse, raise today as before rejection reactions of great strength. It

Thus, at least, little we will be confronted, not in an "interesting conversation" on the manners in Roman times or depth psychology, but in life every day. even between

four eyes, we rarely talk about events in his own person, of these aspects of the drive sex (usually felt as "blunders" a little embarrassing, to say the least).

In this case I'm interested, rejection reactions which I had faced before my

from the mathematical scene, were certainly not of comparable strength to those I have just mentioned just now. It is true that the purpose of the rejection, namely, ways of being and doing "feminine" when we are

CENCE be "men", although a "sexual" connotation, in a broader sense than

linked to the mere mention of the doings turning around "the fat" and the rest. I have no doubt that this connotation one was generally felt, at an unconscious level ²⁵¹ (*). She was, however, likely enough

discreet and indirect, to exclude reactions so slightly brutal, going beyond a simple "reservation" to regard to my "serious", my "strength" as a mathematician. He added that it the area where my room is

"Through", namely a purely intellectual activity, contributed to give it an appearance relatively ment innocuous, far removed (qu'iriez you so look there...) from any disturbing association and scabrous

man-woman making her belly dancing by rolling up her skirt! That does not stop after my first contacts with the mathematical world (in 1948), it took nearly another decade for the reserves

aroused my style, even within a caring microcosm eventually disappear - disappear my view, at least. The situation changed again after I left, because a mood

kindness, friendship and respect towards me has also changed suddenly (without me knowing still account during the six years that followed) by what was felt by that microcosm like

a "dissident", and as a repudiation.

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I'm not sure, frankly, if this change of atmosphere was really as "sudden" I just p. 715

say. Or rather, I find that I have little facts in hand, allowing me to get some

idea **how** was done, after I left in 1970, the change I saw myself confronted suddenly

(this is the case this time to say), 1976 ²⁵² (*). It is true that I had not had contact throughout this time with the world that I had left, that could make me feel a certain "temperature" and

evolution. What is clear to me is that in this process, the attitude of the group of those who had been my students, and their leader inconstesté Pierre Deligne, played a decisive role. The Burial

could not take place, and the atmosphere that has attracted could be established only by a "unanimous agreement" ²⁵³ (**) and seamless, encompassing both the "three shots" of this Burial: "The Heir" (aka the Great Leader

²⁵¹ (*) See in particular about the note "The funeral of yin (yin yang bury (4))", n ° 124.

²⁵² (*) It was, I remember, during my unsuccessful efforts to get to publish the thesis of Yves Ladegaillerie. It is issue of this episode in both notes "We can not stop Progress" and "Coffin 2 - or sectioned cuts" n ° s 50,

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²⁵³ (**) For the first appearance in reflection of this finding a "unanimous agreement", see Note of the same name (with uppercase!), n ° 74.

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Funeral), the group of "heirs" or "close", formed by eleven other "before students" and finally

"Congregation" (perhaps still not "whole" - it will come back...). How has developed and implemented this triad is still unknown to me, and perhaps will remain so. Now I am meaning no incentive to fathom, and I doubt anyone else will do it for me (on the contrary!). It reminds me that in writing the previous note "The providential circumstance - or the apotheosis" the question had touched me **that** finally the two, "The Congregation" or "chasseur the priest," he represented **the** implementation mistress force in the burial, the other would have been sort of "instrument ment" ^{254 (***)} I did not stop me then, not being sure even if the question made sense. - she had me although the air look like the famous question of the chicken and the egg! What is certain is that none of two (the "priest" or the "Congregation") could not do without the competition of the other

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to implement the

p. 716

Burial.

Another question against which it seems to have a clearer sense is knowing which of the two was most strongly invested in this work there. It is true that "the Congregation" is not a person, it is improper to speak of "his" investment in a task. But it is also true that for me this personified entity takes concrete figure by ten or twenty **people** that I have known, with each which, for a decade or two, see, I was followed and friendships. So when I speaks of "investment" of the Congregation is the "sum" of investments of all, of these old friends, who have been involved for my funeral, I think concretely. Thus specified, it I think the issue has nothing to rhetoric.

The answer that comes to this issue, without nuance of hesitation or doubt is **is no common measure** between the investment of "heir", and that of the Congregation - nor, moreover, than there are in an ordinary funeral, and all the more so that the legacy is important in the eyes the heir (when nobody in the congregation has nothing to gain for himself), and links (Attraction or conflict) that attach it to the deceased are strong and play in his life a vital role. Yes doubt there is in such a situation, it can hardly come from the presence of "heirs" among relatives of the deceased. (So it is here in the "background" rather than the "background" formed by the bulk of the Congregation.) If that interests me, the only one of these "close" and joint heirs whose role he played at my funeral could be a weight comparable to that taken by the principal heir Pierre Deligne me seems to be Jean-Louis Verdier, playing the role of Second Officiant for Funerals. This name is then not free, because more than once during the burial, I've actually seen one officer and one with a perfect set! But as I have written elsewhere, apart from certain public acts of JL Verdier I know little about it since we lost sight; too little, probably, for me to an idea so little detailed the ins and outs of his relationship to me, or its relationship to its prestigious "protector" and friend.

Note 153 (December 26) In the reflection of yesterday I tried to clarify this intuition, appeared "flash" on November 10 that "each of the many party

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participants "at my funeral, they represented the ENTER-

p. 717

surely symbolic of "the woman denied that lives by itself." When I spoke here and speak again of "individual" participants, it is an expression a little cookie cutter, it may be best not to take entirely lies at the foot of the letter. I believe, at least, that this intuition is indeed right for everyone ^{254 (***)} I recall that in the thinking of May, in the note "The Gravedigger - or the whole Congregation" I had realized that my friend had been an "**instrument of collective will** of an absolute coherence". The lines that go track does not really contradict this intuition, but rather complement, leaving open the possibility of some symmetry in the relationship between "congregation" and "the priest jumper".

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those (and they are many surely) held in so little this "visceral reaction of rejection" towards My particular style in mathematics, reaction has been the center of my attention during the three days passed.

It is clear on the other hand that such a reaction was **not** present in my friend Peter, or at least, it there was trace, on the contrary, in the five years preceding my departure. This is the **kinship** deep My mathematical approach style with his own style to it, which led to a communication as perfect during these years, and has also been the cause of this unusual affinity between us in terms mathematics, affinity that he and many others have felt, as I myself felt. It is This relationship also was involved, surely, this **fascination** that my person and my mathematician work exerted on him, not only in those years (which she expressed "positive"), but also in the following years and until today (where it is expressed above all "negative", but so equally eloquent ^{255 (*)}). I have no doubt that if there had been the slightest reservation, the least discomfort vis-à-vis my work style and mathematical approach things in those early years, I would not fail to feel it.

It is true that from those years, my friend has tried, whenever possible, to clear vis-à-vis from outside the role that was mine, with him, not least that as one who had taught him and transmitted something weight, which he held important ideas for his work - and even more so, to erase also this affinity relationship, or even fascination. After I left, there was gradual escalation in disavowal of myself, not only silence, but also the allocation vis-a-vis my disdain style of work, and also vis-à-vis many of the ideas and concepts that I introduced. The first record of such a condition that I be

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known is placed in 1977 on the occasion of "SGA operation 4 1

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" 256 (*). P. 718

I have not tried to follow step by step the progress of this escalation, and I do not feel inspired to do (as I said yesterday already, to a nearby issue).

This repudiation of the near approach of style relative of his, and a work which is his end, akin although to a **disavowal of himself**. Thinking sometimes this disavowal of my style and my work (as I remains mostly under the impression of five years of mathematical close contact before my departure from 1970)

I was willing to minimize, not to grant him a meaning somehow **tactic**, as a

means particularly tempting to replace, and, to satisfy antagonists impulses, seizing

the windfall of some "providential circumstance." This is indeed in effect bell sound the note of it

Three days ago, "The providential circumstance - or the apotheosis" (N ° 151). And I just remembered,

that in the years before I left there was no trace of vis-à-vis its rejection of provisions

own style or mine, is going well also in this sense, and not in the situation discussed yesterday: that of a

disavowal of "the woman who lives in yourself" (albeit, among others, through a certain approach to mathematics), disavowal would have **existed prior** to the implementation of the Burial.

This prevents the one who chooses such means, and he likes it or not, **pays**. This "assignment

contempt "of a certain style, to be operational, was to be played, not only vis-a-vis others,

but above all, **vis-à-vis itself**. But we can not disavow, to others and to oneself,

a "style" which is also deeply his own, **while practicing** as if nothing had happened. This "denial

tactics "of others, by the logic of things, through a disavowal by a **repression** of a part of oneself

even - in this case, by the repression of the mathematical approach to style that is his, by the

255 (*) Or at least, this fascination has been at the origin, strength in "positive sense" (the **identification** to that felt

as similar) of the two forces that have played in the development of this ambiguous identification relationship, conflict, to my person.

256 (*) See in particular in this regard, notes "Two turning points" and "clean slate", n ° s 66, 67.

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original nature of the creative force in him.

This finding does not come here as the effect of a direct perception of a fact. It is the culmination a short reflection, making use of known facts by pulling the "conclusions" of common sense. I learned to be careful with this kind of conclusions (especially outside of mathematics!), and not to trust me if they are confirmed afterwards by other

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facts. But I remember here, opportunely,

p. 719

I had been brought in terms of what is known to me the work of Deligne, to find that one finds mark on this work of certain inclinations (nature "yin") by my friend, who were well apparent yet

in the years before I left, and I also recognize in myself. I express myself so

detailed enough on this in the notes there is one month (26 and 28 November) "Yin and the Servant

new masters "and" Yin Servant (2) - or generosity " 257 (*) The most important of these things perhaps.

be is a certain humility, which shows (and describe without fear of having silly) things all

Simple, all beasts, which no one had deigned attention. The best things

I myself have made in mathematics 258 (**) are precisely of this water. Most or my work,

nor that of the man who was my most brilliant student, would have been written if I had disavowed this penchant then my nature, which did not sit well with everyone yet ... This propensity (or what "addiction") is

closely related to another, otherwise its effect would remain very limited. It is an attitude of humility again,

and "service" when it comes to knowledge and describe delicately and from all sides

this new thing despised by all, not finding her too precious time to devote ten pages are

if necessary (instead of just two lines: that's the thing - you will do what you want!), or

even ten thousand to spend a whole day (a man who does not yet lack other cats

whisk. . .), Or a lifetime, if necessary.

When I spoke of "new worlds" to discover, on a slightly haughty tone perhaps, is nothing other

as **it** I was talking: see and receive what seems small, and wear it and feed the nine months or nine,

the time it takes, in solitude, if necessary, to see grow and flourish and vigorous thing

alive, made itself to generate and design.

If this propensity, might be called "mother", is now subject of derision, it is the "benefice" "attitudes perceived as" manly "which tolerate a n possible type of approach to mathematical tick: the "muscle" to the exclusion of "tripe". The "real math", also called the "hard math" (or "math **hard**"), as opposed to (unsavory) "soft math" (or "math **soft**", not to say softened bouark!)

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it's demonstrations in ten or fifty pages tight, theorems au contest

p. 720

(Proverbial difficulty, or is not the game!), By firing on all - all the theories and concepts "Well known" and all the facts available to the right and left. When the "wood", it has to be there, is here for! And in terms of those who patiently cleared * who sowed, planted, smoked, pruned, throughout the seasons and years to grow and deploy these spacious forests trunks slender, so for them (where it was the dense and impenetrable bush) you would think they are there since the creation of the world (as undoubtedly funds decor, and as reserve "any wood"...) - these people, who are only good at laying articles-river (when it's books or series-river-river book-river, if they are foolish enough to print publishers), and unreadable even the bargain, they are retarded "soft math" if not "plates" - but it was nice to be manly one does not less polite. . .

With this beautiful flight, I believe suddenly returned to the starting point of this long meditation on

257 (*) These are the notes n ° s 135, 136. It is also necessary to attach the sub-note to the second note cited (n ° 136).

258 (**) On this subject the sub-grade n ° 136 cited in the footnote to previous page.

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yin and yang - the very first note of the beginning of October, "The muscle and tripe (yin yang bury (1))" (n ° 106). This is the same burial yet at no parade and the sound of the bugle, what is "feminine" buried by disdain male arm Iron-alias Brain steel alias Superman. This burial place has not that in the small mathematical microcosm, for sure, and it goes beyond any individual case, which may however, serve to breathe in the smell of a roughly. And that smell there is a key lesson that gave me the burial, which I figure deceased before the age.

When I restrict even more the scope of my attention, and attach myself to the special role played by my friend Peter, I see the burial yet another sense. This is again a **reversal** that I discerned. As I announced yesterday, without thinking that would come back so early, that is, not a reversal ment in a **relationship** (real or fictitious) that connects to others, but a reversal takes place **in his person even** . It is not sought for its own merits (like object, perhaps, a "mad desire"...), And it merely more to be purely symbolic (then only after a magnificent conjuring trick, one who felt "dwarf" does not thereby cease to feel dwarf as much as if he had not just persuade himself that he had become "giant". . .). This is a reversal, I do not say irreversible, but at least perfectly **real** . He leaves a harmonious equilibrium of creative impulses

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"feminine" and "masculine", p. 721

with a female dominant note. It leads to a state of war and repression, where **attitudes and poses** (egotistical like any attitude or pose), flying the flag "manly" stubbornly repress the **creative force** , derided and "buried" symbolically in the form of a flange and grotesque effigy, the features of the "Superfemelle".

In terms less nuanced but more graphic and more striking perhaps a being "**female**" end and vigorous, flexible **living** , has been transformed by a permanent conjuring trick in a be "**manly**" indémolis-sand, stiff and **dead** .

18.2.11.5. (F) The staging - or "second nature"

Rating 154 (1 January 1985) Five days have passed, taken by various occupations. The end of the year was or never to write letters in suffering for weeks or months, not counting some cards good wishes, in response to those received in the neighborhood of Noel. It was also necessary, with the manure back for two months or three already, and vegetable waste from the garden and défri-drying, or reduced from the municipal landfill, build piles of composting for good compost ready for the garden in early spring. As the land is sloping, it was necessary for that remake terrace additional, next to that already provided for composting "day to day" of household waste. With all that, I hardly found time to work on my notes, unless the stewardship work. I read again with great care, still making a few alterations here and there, the overall reflection from the party "Master and Servant" (therefore since the note of November 24, "The reversal (3) - or bury yin yang" (n ° 133)), adding footers notes already planned for the last notes fortnight. he was mainly to have a manuscript ready for typing, but regardless of any practical question, This replay was useful to find a set of reflection for the four or five weeks passed. As is the case also in mathematical thinking long-term, while "Time" especially thinking where I am daily is placed under the beam strongly focus of keen attention, the "thread" of reflection and sinuous line that followed in the weeks, see

the past months, tends to get lost on the way, to drown and dissolve in the wave of darkness.
I can not tell if this is a general fact in any long research work

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breath, or is bound p. 722

this systematic mechanism "burial of the past" in my life, which I had occasion already to
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reference 259 (*). Still, over the days and weeks, even months, of a long reflection, there
home has lost touch with the earlier stages of it, resulting in a growing unease

In work. This discomfort finally resolved by a retrospective more or less thorough of all
work that has been done, for what recovers again the contact that had gradually released.

I observed that these "stops" retrospective play an important role in my work. Each time I leave
with a new wind in the sails, relieved of this "discomfort" which reported to me a progressive loss of
overall perception of **continuity in time** of the work that I am pursuing. My mathematical work,
is not rare, if not the rule, such a backward lead me to rethink thoroughly the
work already done, and see a new perspective as well as the work done than that to 260 (**).

But whether a mathematical work or a meditation on my life, the "malaise" of which I speak is
always the sign of an understanding that is imperfect, not only (and rightly so) that the work in-
Core to do, but also the understanding of what has been done during the past work. this imperfection
can not be reduced, in fact, a failing storage each of the various stages of reflection, and
in chronological order (accessories relatively aspects also when it is a reflection mathe-
matic, where the object of attention is a mathematical situation, foreign itself to the peculiarities
mental one who examines it, and the vicissitudes of this review). It seems rather a sign of a fault
unit, an **integration** insufficient for all partial understandings emerged as fruit
successive stages of reflection. These partial understandings also remain imperfect or hy-
pothétiques, as long as they are integrated into a vision

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Overall, they light up

p. 723

mutually. To use the image still a **puzzle**, investigation of an unknown substance is similar
work to assemble a puzzle whose pieces are not given in advance, but must be discovered
during labor. What's more, each update room at first appears as a wave form
and approximate or grossly distorted relative to the shape "correct", still unknown. Work
"Local" of reflection is to identify the pieces one by one, and try somehow to guess
contours of each, guided especially on internal coherence computations with the examined part,
or thereto and other, neighboring approached. But each of these pieces reveals its true nature and its
precise and final form, once they are assembled into the overall picture still unknown
which they originate. The "discomfort" I was talking about is the one who tells me in the presence of a multiplicity
parts perfectly spotted, posing in a pile more or less informed, it is time for the
Finally assemble - or as if assembly (more or less partial) there was already, that it is still by
too fragmented, or is lopsided and must resume completely. To find **the** good assembled
wiring, the chronological order in which I came across the puzzle is probably something often
accessories. But to take the pieces one by one hand (and in that order, for that matter) in the
provisions of one who knows that they have to assemble and waiting that they each put in place
that is his, is probably an essential step of the work, to see finally assemble into effect.

The "last word" in the previous note (for some six days) trying to identify through words some
strong impression on me - that of a **metamorphosis** that would be operated by my friend Pierre to over the
years, during the fifteen years that have passed since I left the mathematical scene. I

had seen signs scattered here and there over the years, sometimes left me stunned, but at no
259 (*) This mechanism is Inrush at the "tipping" that took place in my childhood, I was set in 1936 (then
I was in my ninth year). He alluded to this crucial episode in the structuring of me in the note "The
Superpère (yin yang bury (2)) "(n ° 108), and the sub-grade n ° 108 1 .

260 (**) For further reflections, similar to the role of "retrospective" casual in a long process,
also see the second part of the note "Retrospective (1) - or the three parts of a picture" (n ° 127), especially the
Note rage there that refers to it.

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time (as far as I remember) me to dwell, to get an idea **of all** what is
happening. It must be said that while sniffing a "wind" and played a particular role that my friend (with
the reasons for including burial, which I visited many a confused account (*)), I was very far from
suspect's funeral major myself and all of my work my

Friend was orchestrating sensitively. It is the gradual discovery of this burial at p. 724 the past year, which was finally the **shock** strong enough to move inertia in me and for me motivate to "ask" finally a situation that seemed buried in the mists of the distant past. It is So also in many different arrangements of some "routine" provisions that were mine during our past meetings in attention aback provisions, I received my friend during his recent visit in October. It was during this visit that appeared this impression, or rather perception a sudden this thing for a long time probably, and I was pleased me so far ignored: the perception of this "metamorphosis" - the very one on which I fell in a different way reflection of the previous note. If I found again this impression, this time through what is known to me the mathematical work of my friend, it is surely not by sheer chance, but guided by what was taught for two months already direct contact with the same person. Strength evidence of this impression of a metamorphosis, resulting in a "being" manly "indémolissable, stiff and **death**" could certainly come as a result of a discussion comparing and assembling facts (or partial impressions of another nature), but only by an immediate experience, which remained unspoken. And this lived remains unsaid at this moment 262 (*).

In the previous note, I write that this "reversal" (in the person of my friend), or the "Me-metamorphosis" (in the words appeared in

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the "last word"), was not "looking for his p. 725

own merits", adding more brackets:" in the subject, perhaps, a "mad desire" ... "

(Reversal of this desire, therefore, which was mentioned in the note "The nerve in the nerve - or the dwarf and Giant "). However, by reading the day after the discussion papers, I was not so sure, or if my pro-
pos deliberate **oppose** these "upsets" I discerned in the Burial was really founded.

After all, in the image of the dwarf and the giant, the "giant" embodies (as I pointed out more than once) the values "masculine", and "dwarf" is overwhelmed by the de-values "female". And even as this image **lies** outside the person of my friend, it is plated on its relation to another person (me case), it does not prevent it however has no "objective" existence outside of himself,

it is on the contrary the **projection** on the outside (on its relation to Doe) of a conflicting reality that plays in **none other than himself** . To put it another way, the image of the dwarf and giant appears

the **staging** symbolic of the **real conflict** is played in deeper layers than those in which lives

the image, which conflict is none other than the eternal **conflict between the "sides" yin and yang of person** .

261 (*) (30 February) to echo this sentiment, which remained at the unformulated and diffuse state (until the discovery of

"Burial in all its splendor" from April 19 last year), I particularly noted the occasional allusions in

Part of Crops and Seeds (written in February and March last year), the fate of the concept of **reason** , especially in

Introduction, 4 ("A Trip to the continuation of obvious things") and in the "Dreamer" (n ° 6). The formulation of this

precise feeling considerably in the last pages of the final section of this first part, "The weight of a

past "(n ° 50) from the passage" I could consider (read: Daniel Quillen) "Letter to...", which was a turning point

suddenly in reflection. The first "notes" raised by the latter stage of thinking that day, and above all the double

Note "My orphans" and "Denial of inheritance - or the price of a contradiction" (n ° s 50.51), written in late March, are a little "point"

what was previously perceived in a diffused state, about the fate of my mathematical work and a "Wind"

fashion towards it and my person.

For a description of a particular form had taken this "general feeling" in relation to the grounds, see note "The

tomb "(n ° 71) and that which follows," A foot in the ring "(n ° 72).

262 (*) (30 February 1985) It remains unsaid at this moment, while I yet come to finally make the story of the visit

My friend, in the note "The accomplishment - or the moment of truth", n ° 163.

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Such **externalization** of inner conflict, which must remain strictly secret, is also

one of the few all-out processes used by the unconscious to "evacuate" to the extent possible

the original real conflict by substituting another seems more "acceptable", or at least less disturbing.

In this case, the image-chosen lightning rod itself remains unconscious (I presume at least); and even,

I would think it remains confined in relatively deep layers of the unconscious, but

But closer to the surface that knowledge of actual conflict. (This is another fact that

"The place" of this "knowledge double face" which was mentioned in the note "Both knowledge

- or fear of knowing ", n ° 144.)

This suggests that this "mad desire" recalled parenthesis in the preceding note, that " **to be this giant then**

itself , or at least to **go for it** , "- that this desire is the **transposition** " externalized "

in terms of image lightning-dwarf and the giant, the desire for a "metamorphosis" in itself; a

metamorphosis if not real, at least apparent - or the predominance in its being perceived as

unacceptable, the predominance of tone "yin" (perceived as "soft" and despicable), would be

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"Reversed", turned into a predominance of tone "yang" or "virile" (felt as "heroic"

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and as the only ones worthy of envy). Far from opposing so slightly by their intimate nature, these two desires I now appear as inseparable, one being as a shadow, as **the symbolic expression** and tangible another. As for the "metamorphosis" that I ended up charged on visiting my friend (better better late than never!), it appears as this has the **realization** or fulfillment of this desire "foolish" and compelling; the fulfillment, not through the intervention of a providential grace, but long-term effect the stubborn will of the "boss" to "rectify" to **reshape** according borrowing lines, and to impose these same traits to the worker-child (which, one suspects, is never consulted for such operations, typically "boss").

I noted in the previous note the character of **reality** in this "reversal" -There (or the "metamorphosed phase "). I discern more clearly now the nature and limits of this" reality. "This is the reality of a **poses** , trying to mold in a pattern, felt like the ideal. The choice of model, ie the kind of poses adopted, probably well before we met. But I think the invested energy and dispersed in this pose remained minimal at this meeting, and in the years that followed. There has been, I think, a sudden and drastic change in the dimensions taken by the investment, by "chance" Extraordinary created by my departure; the first start of my institution (where overnight my friend had to show himself as having surreptitiously **substituted for her "rival"**), and shortly after my departure from the mathematical scene. A second aspect of reality, most important yet is that by virtue of an enormous investment, this pose finished well and truly become " **a second nature** . "That's right, this" second nature ", which I have seen during our recent meeting. It is weighted with a huge inertia - just as was the case for my own person. This has not prevented, in my case, a renewal to occur; and it occurred to me, does not detract from inertia in my friend, opposing a renewal itself.

This reality "new" that has developed in him gradually has not "solved" the conflict in him, nor the occupation of a country by a neighboring country not "solve" the conflict. Rather, the conflict in my friend is "frozen" in a "balance of power" and there are chances that it will remain until the

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the end of his days. We can say

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no doubt that the structure of the self, that is to say the mechanisms of behavior, have indeed changed, sometimes strikingly. Such changes, however, imposed by the will of the "boss", do not change nothing in the original nature, the creative forces of the worker-child. They simply akin to shackles imposed on the worker, who has to manage as it can to work anyway, under the eye
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mistrustful of the "boss" when he takes his hand tools, to show the worker what he has to make !

That does not prevent the company to turn and return, and the boss, roughly, is happy. There is a dirty atmosphere for sure, but like most bosses, he has thick skin and does not let enter, the moment that returns remain good.

18.2.11.6. (G) Another self - or and conflict

Rating 155 (2 January) For over a week, since the note of December 24, "The disavowal (1) - or recall "(n ° 152), I feel I have almost completed the forefront of the table '

Burial. And no - three times already, it took me back on the point or another that not seem quite clear, just three words to add, no doubt, to make a final point on a last i. And each time, this "final point" kept me busy for an entire evening, so it turned out that what seemed "not quite clear" remained the same rather obscure, and it was not a luxury to be go back and find his own lighting. I suspect he will not be otherwise today, then I propose to return to a (last?) point touched in passing in the note "The disavowal (2) - or metamorphosis "(n ° father 153) This is one of the unique aspects of a relationship where I play the role." adopted "the appearance **of identification** (" unambiguous ") My friend to my person. This is mentioned in three or four lines, in a note footnotes cited in note. There is no question in this evening but the next day rereading the notes of the day, I feel that I must return. Returning reflection last night, I thought also follow up on that, but ultimately it is another "final points" remaining outstanding from the previous reflection, which kept me busy late into the night. In the many times in Crops and Seeds I have been led to note, in relation to such friend or student, an adoptive father or appearance

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adopted, it was every time on the occasion of the appearance of p. 728
conflicting traits in this relationship. Also, without deliberation, were the aspects **of conflict** of such "Paternal" connotation relationship that were the focus of my attention and were underlined. I felt although in such a relationship, there is always a more or less strong element **of identification with the father** , with the only caveat that this identification can sometimes take "negative" form, through identification with the "negative" (or opposite) of the image of a repudiated father 263 (*). This knowledge remained in the background without intervene visibly in reflection, while yet bringing his hand to diffuse apprehension

and the formation of a still blurry image, informs of a particular relationship. I speak once, I believe, and in general terms, in the sense of identification, at the end of the "Enemy father (1)" (n ° 29):

"... it was the reproduction of archetypal conflict to the father: Father both admired and feared, loved and hated - man it's face, to conquer, to supplant, humiliate perhaps. . . but also one that secretly we want to be, strip him of a force for to endorse - another Self, feared, hated and fled. . . "

It is hardly necessary to say that in these lines, written on the occasion of a "retrospective of my past mathematician, "if there was a case of specific species that has guided my pen writing was that of relationship with my "heir" occult and former student-who-says-not-his-name, Pierre Deligne - at one point, though, I had no suspicion at the conscious level at least, of the Burial at large orchestrated show

263 (*) This was particularly the case in relation to me three of my son, not "adopted" for once, let alone "Adopters". . .

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by him! By reproducing the moment these lines written there are more than nine months, I was struck how well they seem to prefigure and "call" (sort of) the image of the dwarf and the giant, which seem have formed and materialized for the sole purpose just to give tangible form to the intuition that comes from express it. Yet there is little doubt in my mind that it's not in me chroniqueur-researcher, that the image is formed, but in my friend himself, and it is none other than her I like the 264 (**)!
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The conflict identification appears clearly in the words "He also secretly we want
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be "and, even more strongly and without equivocation". Another Self "In the Dwarf and image giant, as it came from my pen on 18 December (in the note "The nerve in the nerve - or dwarf giant", n ° 148), it is question of" insane desire **to be this giant then himself**, or at least to **go for him**, "lines that seem to come in response to" Whoever secretly we want to be "city at the moment. But this time I stop there (every day at a time!), A not so below even the "other Self-even "came nine months earlier as a matter of course! It is true that this time, as he is a "Work on parts" in a case all that is specific, it is to be far more careful and cautious that in a context where we pretended (not mine!) to launch a general statement, which would concern anyone in particular. . .

But considering the matter, it is true that it is a small step indeed for the unconscious hungry satisfaction **symbolic**, he can afford to blows mental images of his own making, between "mad desire" (and obviously considerable force) to be this or that, and **the act of identification** with that even we want to be. For identification, for it is unconscious or so little credible and for the satisfaction it brings can be enjoyed with minimal sense of security, must still probably it has the guarantee of certain characters 'objectives' resemblance to the person (In this case) to which it identifies. I guess in this case me, to my friend's relationship me, the first "objective nature" likely to foster a sense of similarity, and an act of identification, was the strong affinity between his approach and mine our common mistress mathematics. This would force "positive direction", "the identification with that which is perceived as **similar**," which was mentioned in passing in the page footnote quoted at the beginning of reflection today.

Yet, as I have had occasion to report several times already in the reflection on the relationship between my friend and me, in the early years of this relationship, he did not fail to perceive aspects of imbalance "superyang" in the character I camped since childhood, which for ages became my "second nature". I can not say whether, at a conscious perception, my friend was able to clearly distinguish between these two completely different aspects of myself. (I tend to doubt it.) Still, the superyang aspect of the "boss" in my company
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have prompted him
p. 730

two types of distinct reactions. The one, the only one I have seen until recent months, and the only conscious in him (I presume), was speaking at the occasion by an attitude of a little trouble regret that I had opportunity to discuss, attitude that never left the friendly or affectionate tones. The other reaction, looking more closely, appears itself as "ambiguous", consists of two components meaning apparently opposite. One, "positive", is in line with a **recovery** without reserve my person, as the embodiment of "values" heroic, "larger than life"; generally accepted values certainly is likened in his early years as the air we breathe, but in the immediate surroundings childhood probably did not provide him with "model" so little inspiring. This component it while like the feeling **of affinity** (of any kind) which was mentioned earlier, was in

264 (**) On this subject the last note footer in note "The nerve in the nerve - or the dwarf and the giant", n ° 148.

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the sense of **identification** with my person, without antagonistic element. This mating element enters against the other component, or better, the other side (or "**reverse** ") of this identification of which I have describe "**the place** ", and it remains for me more enigmatic. This is probably the role "father" that My friend assigned me, by my compliance with a certain "profile" ideal supposed to embody such values, plays a crucial role. In trying to fathom groping, using some very tenuous evidence I have, the root cause of the strongly antagonistic content of this identification with an "adopted father" (the very traits "Superpère"!), I had fallen (there are two weeks) on a "scenario" plausible but remains hypothetical, in the note of December 30 "Grudge stay in - or return things" (2).

This is not the place to come back to this scenario. It seems more interesting to me to see the image "on dwarf and the giant "(which had appeared in the note of the day before), in view of this identification conflictual My friend to my person. It therefore appears that both protagonist in the picture, the dwarf as the giant, **are none other than itself** , or rather **two different aspects of himself** . "Saw" is what is felt by my friend as **the original appearance** and "immutable" of his being, one rooted in its infancy as far as it has in memory and perhaps even beyond. . . This is also which is felt as the banal look insignificant, if not derisive of person. This is **the aspect disavowed** , and by the same token, it also felt like "incurable" as "overwhelming" as **pole shameful** and despicable of his being. "The Giant" by cons is **the ideal** dizzying we despair of never reach

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which can at best hope to be like any little bit, even deceive p. 731 oneself as to others, by all means at its disposal. One of those ways was to supplant Him which appears as the prestigious and coveted embodiment of this ideal, and to "prove" his superiority to Rival by every conceivable means. As for the giant himself, he now appears as a separate and Rival Father, it is **the aspect hyped, the ideal pole, heroic ego** . The supreme gratification of the "boss" that is all that is likely to fuel the illusion that it **is** indeed the ideal pole, this projection a mind eager to expand. But the same gratification cravings that reveals a concern, "doubt deeply buried "- it tells us that the person" is not fooled, deep inside himself, these signs dummy of importance, a "value". . . " 265 (*).

On a more superficial level of the psyche, these "fake evidence" 266 (**) are nevertheless part of the "character-teria (more or less) objectives "which was discussed earlier, supposed to" make credible "an act of identification an ideal model (as it remains under the impersonal form of "Giant" faceless who lives in himself, or it takes the familiar face of the enemy Father, Rival).

18.2.11.7. (H) The enemy brother - or execute (2)

Rating 156 (3 January) Yesterday afternoon, taking advantage of a small peak time pending the passing of friends, I leafed in the autobiography of C. G. Jung, that a friend had brought me just in case. I was strongly hooked by the little I've read. This is the first time I held a Jung text between hands, and until now I had only vague idea of it - a dissident pupil of Freud, who knew (from scattered echoes that came back to me) reintroduce shifting chiaroscuro of mystery in the straight paths of the Master. It stopped there, pretty much. There I felt a living person like you and me, which moreover do not waste time to bring it back, especially: one that will entitled to the real issues, those

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he feels essential to its own lights, and do not just p. 732

265 (*) Quotations quotes are taken from the "infallibility (of others) and contempt (of course)", n ° 4.

266 (**) These signs might be "fake", they never stop less often by forming a "second nature" of fastness foolproof, "indémolissable" (in the words of the late word in the note "The disavowal (2) - or metamorphosed 605

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(When the question Adventure is old as the hills) all cooked responses of the learned people.

The aspect "biography" (for publication) course interested me particularly, since the notes I'm writing are similar although a little biography and a nearby spirit

that of Jung outside event remaining constantly subordinated to the inner adventure, he is both a developer, and the occasional pacemaker. I was struck that Jung wrote an autobiography (Or more accurately, has contributed to a biography) at the age of 83 years and above: only any earlier time in his life he had bothered to thoroughly examine his own childhood.

It would have seemed to me that for Freud's students, it should go without saying that the first things, if not first, to learn the ways of the unconscious, it would have been explored in said channels their own person! There are even clear to me that a so-called "knowledge" of the unconscious which merely what is learned in a university curriculum (even if taught by a prestigious master as Freud himself), and analysis of a number of "clinical case" remains an unintegrated knowledge

a fragmented knowledge "dead" - a knowledge that by itself does not provide, nor even promotes understanding self or others, or the world.

But it is also true that an exploration of his own person is a company that, by nature, can not be a "program" institutionalized - no more than the restoration in its very root, a disrupted psychological balance (in a "patient", say) can not be the result of the intervention of a "ogue" whatever it is, merely implement technical boilerplate. The "disturbed balance" is not limited no stage, socially unacceptable, the occurrence of a depression or neurosis, but it can be seen in almost everyone (to a degree rather **more** than less deep). The Psychologists themselves (or anthropologists, sociologists and other "ogues") and of all persuasions, there are no more than the others! And a true restoration of the disturbed balance is not in the nature of a simple "medical procedure" intervening in another person. It is **an act of the person himself even** and no one else - **an act of love**, he is free to do or not to do. This is not the result the inexorable unfolding of psychic mechanisms (with or without the intervention of the expert are mechanical psychic), but an act in the full sense, a **creation**, a **re-birth**.

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Before I finished writing the peremptory sentence above about the "so-called" knowledge "

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unconscious, "I follow realized how context can make it appear presumptuous. Without know nothing of the work of Jung (which he had been speaking), I look to send on roses and its "so-called" knowledge of the unconscious - the moment he had apparently not bothered (Before age 83 years) to explore the soil which had red his own unconscious to him. Presumably yet by reading his biography, it appears that, without being dedicated to such an "exploration", Jung was well have **more** contact paths with his own unconscious (which tracks themselves are probably remained long unconscious), surely the beginnings of the offending statement does not apply to him. Another thing to another order me aback flipping the glossary. The term "quaternary nity" (NB this is the French edition), Jung emphasizes the character" total "number four. There a dozen years yet, I was very resistant to the idea of a philosophical or use "mystical" of numbers - any speculation or speech in this direction seemed nonsense, childish, the "Hokus-pokus" (as we say in German, for magic tricks in four). The little I learned about the Ching (or "Book of Changes") made me less conclusive. Yesterday I made the connection between the "cosmic" character attributed to the number four and the spontaneous group who had been in writing "The key of yin and yang "in" packages "usually four or eight notes, united under a common title. The phose "n ° 153)!

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first group is reduced to a single note; it is true, but (I had noted with satisfaction the ending sixth group, "The yin and yang mathematical" which includes seven notes instead of eight) by bringing it to a subsequent group, which this single note seems to fit most naturally, there are still a bunch eight ratings ($7 + 1 = 8$), therefore even a multiple of four. This "pattern" has continued until now, The last group is completed the group 10 "Violence - or games and the goad" (156 1). It must be said that from Group 7 ("The reversal of yin and yang") I have been guided by the "pattern" that had emerge without my seeking, and without seeking it or assume it a "meaning" other than some "Regularity" in mathematical form, felt as harmonious.

This reminds me of the only other text I wrote on a theme that can be called "cosmic" still focused on the dynamics of the

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yin and yang in human life and in the creative act ²⁶⁷ (*). This text ^{p. 734}

has grouped, seemingly deliberate about initial and surely effortless è no time following a Digital rigorous scheduling. I had forgotten what it was, but looking at the time (it is curious or you do not!), it turns out there are seven "stanzas" four "stanzas" each. It is therefore still a grouping of four who had done. It is true that the number of stanzas is seven, which is not a multiple of four - thus according to the Jungian criterion, the entire character is not satisfied for all of the work ²⁶⁸ (**), but only for each of the seven "stances" within it. But there I what draw me again, as the famous "poetic work" was also provided with a providential "Epilogue" (not counting a lengthy prologue, I had the sense to drop), we still have $7 + 1 = 8$ we are saved!

It is time to return to the discussion yesterday where I had left. I tried to understand the image of the dwarf and giant friend, in terms of its identification with my person. It appeared that "the dwarf" and "Giant" represent (or "dramatize", in the words of the note above that of yesterday)

the two "poles" extremes in the person of my friend (I mean that the "boss" was **established** as "Extremes"): a "shameful and despicable pole", and another "ideal pole, heroic." A "truth, with Unlike focus or lighting, here I agree with the interpretation found the day before in the same picture dwarf force and the giant, in the note before yesterday "The staging - or" second nature "" (n ° 154). It was then the "staging" of the conflict established by the boss, me, between the two "sides" yin and yang to be.

This formulation of the original conflict, in terms of both "sides" would correspond to a knowledge not distorted in this conflict - and I am convinced that this knowledge must exist indeed, in layers deep (but not inaccessible) the psyche. The formulation in terms of two "extremes" came yesterday, represents a **distorted view** of the conflict - a deliberately distorted by the boss, rewarding one of the "slopes"

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into a "pole" ideal, heroic, and devaluing the other into a pole again, p. 735
extreme opposite the preceding, a shame pole contemptible. I presume that this intermediate image lives in shallower layers, intermediate, partially cohabitation perhaps with externalized image, "Staging" of the dwarf and the giant, even closer to the conscious surface and partially overlapping with the surface layers 269 (*). In these last I remember, rule the idyllic image of "Papa 267 (*) This is the "Praise of Incest," which was discussed in Note ° 43 (referring to "The Guru-Guru-not - or three-legged horse ", n ° 45), especially in the note " The Act "(n ° 113), p 507 -. 509. See also the beginning of the note " The dynamic stuff (the yin-yang harmony), "n ° 111.

268 (**) The projected work (under the provocative name "Praise of Incest") was actually comprise three parts (Innocence, the Conflict (or Fall), Deliverance (or rediscovered Childhood)), only the first has been completed. From it he is here.

269 (*) This presumption regarding the image of the dwarf and giant comes, of course, so the explicit expression of the image, in the last word of the biography of Pierre Deligne written by himself (to which reference is made in the last footnote page to note "The nerve in the nerve - or the dwarf and the giant", n ° 148).

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cake "somewhat softened the edges, a respectful son and full of kindness, the conspicuous velvet and invisible claw velvet flower. . .

Compared to reflection before yesterday, that of yesterday seems particularly qualified it, and by the same token brightening somewhat contours without making him still nothing essentially new yet. It is true that stopping thinking because of the prohibitive time, I did not feel arrived at

After the direction in which I had committed, that of "unambiguous identification". Looking back after Suddenly, I realized that as a result no doubt of inveterate habit of "yang see me," he seemed self-evident to me that, when identifying ago with my person, it can only concern yangs my face. Here, in this scenic image of the dwarf and the giant is in the **giant** up Now that I had recognized, in a distorted form of course, but still clearly recognizable. Yes yet I am presented with insistence, by effect of the syndrome of "reversal" by my friend, as "**Dwarf**" 270 (**), this assimilation (visibly malicious intent) was immediately rejected by I, for a universal natural reflex and a great strength: to be confronted with a willingness to derision, taking as target lines (yin, in this case) perfectly real in me, while ignoring additional features as real (which have, themselves, rewarding consensus) - such situation raises in me the eternal reaction, if not entirely deny the offending lines, at least minimize tacitly, by putting forward, as for their **opposition**, unfairly retracted features. For this "visceral" reaction between I well and truly in the round of conflict, just like I'm supposed do it ! She tells me that eternal

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"Hook" which was taking me to train in the round. My

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own vision of reality is also distorted in response to a provocative distortion. Also it is in vain I wrote yesterday, lip (or keys of the typewriter), that

"The first" objective nature "likely to foster a sense of similarity and an act Identification was the strong affinity between his approach and mine our common mistress mathematics ".

He more so, by writing, to forget that this "affinity" consisted of an approach **yin**, **feminine**, in the discovery and the knowledge of things - that this was the appearance, in fact, by which, as "similar" to him, I also like apparaissais **dwarf**, like him, was the secret side, vulnerable, ashamed, he reserved to bring into play when the best time would appear to supplant and "overthrow". This "providential circumstances" 271 (*), the predominance yin in my drive for knowledge, it was **not** only a **weapon** in the hands of a dubious friend - it was also and first of a kind the "objective basis" for its identification with me; not this time, such as identifying the **father**, but like an **older brother**, if not an "older sister".

When I use the term "objective" is to express it is a question this time of "identification" rooted, not in one of the fictions of "boss" wanted (or fear...) to be this or that, but in a **really** deep, tangible, unmistakable - that of a **relationship** between the original nature of the one and the other. In any case, surely this relationship could not fail to be perceived by him as by me, and I doubt not that at some deep level, the **direction** of this relationship was also seen. And I presume all less without having full conviction, that this perception had indeed used material in his identification with my person. This identification would be done on **two levels** distinct: a

from the level "ideal" in which I appear as the embodiment of **values** which he would himself a
270 (**) This "dwarf" he mimes being other than a metaphor of "Méganana" the traits of a "false" giant shapes and flanges
ramomo. . . (February 85)

271 (*) See the note of the same name, n ° 151.

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exemplary embodiment (albeit only in appearance, while the model seems out of reach,
and is supposed to perform well and truly ideal); second level "real", or identification is established in favor
a **relationship** is correctly perceived, but a kinship of common traits deemed

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prohibitive, p. 737

miserable 272 (*).

It's time to remember that at the time of our meeting, and for over ten years even after
one, raging within me that same repressive my features "feminine" that I finished recently
by see my friend. It seems, in retrospect, that at the time of our meeting, this repression
My friend already existed to some degree, but mostly remained dormant, and in any case, was much
weaker than it was at home. As I pointed out more than once, my person long
was marked by a superyang imbalance, while his off a harmonious printing
balanced. There were home and home since then the **changes in the opposite direction** : an evolution going,
my friend, a yin-yang equilibrium state to a strong imbalance yang, and at home, a strong imbalance
yang to a steady state (relative) yin-yang.

The idea that comes immediately is my friend, by virtue perhaps this dual identification my
person, followed (with thirty offset years!) changes in the sense of a deterioration of
original balance, I myself had followed since the age of eight. It is possible that overvaluation
moderate "manly" to the detriment of "feminine" values values will be transformed in my contact or
contacting the medium to which I belonged, in a zinc-stranded overvaluation. But as I pointed out
Moreover, the "nerve" (or "force sharp") in the Burial orchestrated by him, and also in its own nerve
metamorphosis (which is also the burial of the child in her care by the boss...) - this nerve can hardly
reside in the mere adoption of one or another system of values, more or less extreme (or even,
insane!). And so it is with the "nerve" in identification with my person, and in the role that excessive
this identification has played in the life of my friend. No doubt this is one and the same "force" that is
the work, and its roots go far as a child 273 (**).

Another strange idea comes to me here. It seems that the greatest burden

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I dragged forty percent. 738

years of my life, this repression of the "feminine" in me by the "virile", which was similar as that of the child
in me by the "Big Boss" - that this burden has been "**taken over**" by my friend, just at a time when it
might seem that it was itself exempt from a similar burden. It was around the time my system
values tipped towards yin evolution that prefigured the moment of reunion with the child,
fifteen years later, when I suddenly felt relieved of a great weight 274 (*). The association
that comes here is immediately one with the Hindu idea of **karma** . It is clear to me that over the eight
recent years, I am relieved me of a substantial part of the karma that I was hanging out with me from my
childhood. I would have thought (and I still tend to think) that this relief has not made "at the expense" of
anyone, it is beneficial not only for me, but "for the whole world." I can even say

I **know** very well that this is so, even though it would appear that another chose (or even, a
another had to choose) to regain his account. It is also true that karma which I am relieved, I do
not consider himself a "wrong". It was for me the nourishing substance of **maturation** , that was before
272 (*) These two "levels" therefore correspond to two "archetypes" distinct, and here in opposition to each other in the identifi-
cation to my person: the father (aka "giant"), and that of Brother or that of the Sister (aka "the dwarf"). The latter
also found in the image of the "Dad-cake" - suggested by the father in the flesh "as" alas, not "as
should be". . .

273 (**) For a more detailed insight in this direction, see above note "Grudge stay in - or return things" (2), n °
149.

274 (*) It is about the "tipping" value system in the note "Yang plays the yin - or the role of Master" (n ° 118) and
the "reunion" in the notes of the same name (n ° 109).

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me. I know it is good for me and for all, while I eat and be nourished in me, that knowledge is
is formed in the feeder matrix of ignorance 275 (**). It seemed to me that that substance or
karma, once transformed into knowledge, left no residue, it disappeared. Actually, I do not know
what is taught about Hindu or Buddhist tradition - if for it a law of "conversation

karma "(similar to that of the conservation of matter), that law was not altered by the creators vital processes of ingestion, digestion, assimilation. Scruples of propriety, I just retract among these "vital processes", **excretion**. This is Yet (as well as the death of the whole organism) a key process of recycling that was absorbed, returning to the endless cycle of transformation of the organic matter "dead" organic matter alive, for what ever life reborn Death 276 (***)).

Rating 156 1

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(February 30) This "pattern" ended up breaking with the ultimate $n \circ 12$, which has unfortunately p. 739

six notes, bringing the total number of notes that make up "The key to the yin and yang" at 62. I had expected that there would **eight** notes in this group "Conflict and discovery", which would have agreed with all the criteria, and would have increased the total number of components notes $64 = 8 * 8 = 4 * 4 * 4$, which is also the number of hexagrammes the Yi King! I was sorry that my expectation is not realized, but did not want to much "cheat" and included in "The key to the yin and yang" notes Games devoted to the visit of Pierre Deligne home, which the natural place seems rather later in "The Funeral Ceremony", ranking **after** "The key ...". I remains a feeling of dissatisfaction about this group $n \circ 12$, the only one of twelve parts of "The key..." that does not leave me a printing **unit** of inspiration and about. This lack of unity seems due to me, not the theme "Conflict and discovery" itself, but the irruption of foreign events (and at times disturbing) during reflection.

(March 7) Rereading last night thinking of January 14, I had bundled in a note ($n \circ 162$) called "knowledge and belief - or execute" 277 (*), I felt a dissatisfaction with that name. On the one from the "main" title and the subtitle does not look, "the look" to assemble - in fact, they corre-lay, one on the first and the other to a third "movement" in reflection, which by themselves are seemingly unrelated: description of the process of the emergence of a knowledge (as a **conviction** **tion** sudden), and evocation of the endless chain and the "handover" of karma from one generation to another, and from one person to another. In addition, the most intimately personal content, the "nerve center" for my content own person, which was the substance of the "second movement" of thought (and was also the "Gateway", passing the first movement in the third) - this crucial content did not appear in chose the name. (There is also no doubt to me that this surreptitious retraction is by no means the ef-fet a chance. . .) As the three issues I consider important each by itself, and I do could watch no name or double name "well come" that would evoke all three, I finally com

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it would be best to split the bill into three, with a suggestive name for each separately: "Conviction and knowledge ", " The most burning iron - or turning ", " the endless chain - or award (2) "($n \circ s 162, 162', 162'$).

It's afterwards that I realized, suddenly, that by this operation, dictation (so to speak)

by the substance of the discussion, had to solve the same time the dissatisfaction "aesthetic"

I was hanging out for almost two months, while the twelfth and final part of "The key of yin and

275 (**) For reflections along these same lines, see the end of the note "Cycle" ($n \circ 116$), and in particular the last paragraph thereof.

276 (***) On the cycle of life and death, see the note "The Act" $n \circ 113$.

277 (*) It was also the last note of "The key of yin and yang."

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yang "(which I called" Conflict and Discovery ") persisted in not wanting to be complete (so natural, of course) into a sequence of **eight** notes, and not wanting to have the six that were already written.

And I received my reward for not having given in to the easy temptation to "cheat" and "paste" at the end of "The key "two notes" at random "and whose place was elsewhere! This last part of" The Key "(which will eventually be called "The Enigma of Evil - or conflict and Discovery"), takes the same time, a beautiful symmetrical structure, with two packages (three notes each) on the central theme, grouping themselves around the two "note digression" Fujii Guruji on monks and my friends.

18.2.12. Conflict and discovery - or the enigma of evil

18.2.12.1. (A) Without hatred and without thank you

Rating 157 (4 January) In the reflection of yesterday and before yesterday, I tried especially to find contact reality of identifying my friend in my person, and thereby to discern the scope and implications.

This is work I did as a still groping in the dark, if not in the night

black. Or perhaps should we rather say that my eyes are closed, and my eyelids are opaque to

light that I remain unable to perceive. Still, I did not remember having any time of

relationship to my friend "felt" or "seen" this identification, any more than I have "felt" or "seen" its provisions

antagonism towards me. I **know**, however, without the possibility of doubt, a rich set of facts concordant

dent that this identification with my person, and this antagonism is like a shadow, are **realities**

- like a blind man "not" the sun, daylight, colors, light and dark, exist, even though he has never seen them. He knows, without the **knowledge** of these things. Or if however, a very diffuse knowledge, through a touch more refined sense may (or a "memory" which is not rooted only in his life but in those countless generations

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gifted beings of view p. 741

that preceded it), this knowledge remains indirect and droll, like a warm voice and sound we reaching a distant and uncertain echo.

The work done in these last two days has been even as a stopgap, as the substitute-haired perception Immediate tion is lacking. This is more or less in any work "meditation" in the sense that I

hear. The work constantly **pushing** against the tide of **inertia** -from the inertia of leaden eyelids!

Surely, in the moments when the eyes are fully open and awake, it is no need for meditation,

working: just watch and see. As those moments are rare, rather than fold my arms

waiting for them, I prefer to take the lead, without worrying about the work is clumsy and "slow". He may be slow, and sometimes even slower than usual - never provided it tramples nor circular.

When there is work, real work I hear, motivated by a true desire, then there is progress: something

is taking shape, transforms imperceptibly at such a moment, visibly such other ... And sometimes,

after a clumsy and stubborn rise in darkness without shape or contours, continuing

for hours or days or months or perhaps years, the miracle occurs: the blind **see** !

And what is seen is not a fleeting vision that disappears as if it had never been, leaving only

the droll trace of memory. It is a **knowledge** born of those obscure labors, a new acquaintance,

as intimately as our taste for things we love.

I wrote in reflection before yesterday that if there was a case whose thinking was "guided my

feather "it nine months ago, writing the final lines of the note" The enemy Father (1) "(I had just

quote), it was that of my friend Peter in his relationship to me. Still other "case" more

close to me then had to be present in my mind, backward land of reflection. When I speak

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a "father both admired and feared, loved and hated" and of "another Self, feared, hated and fled ...", the words "fear", "hated", "hated" and without doubt the word "fled" apply **not** to the relationship of friend

Pierre to myself. Or by direct perception, so fleeting and slight as it is, or by subtraction from

of patent facts known to me, I never had any indication along the lines of **fear**

my friend would have been me, or hate, or just an **animosity** that would have fed my

against. It's the opposite

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that is true, as I have had occasion more than once emphasized. And it is this

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circumstance that made precisely so disconcerting that antagonism flawless, free appearance

which manifested in crescendo throughout the fifteen years, under cover like "thumb", alias

"velvet paw" ²⁷⁸ (*), to finally reach the pitch of a quiet impudence, safe (provided

to comply with certain forms) total impunity. . .

This disconcerting rise, enigmatic, immediately associated with the progression just as "disconcerting

aunt "and" enigmatic "(and these are, for once, euphemisms!) in the degradation that has for-

followed over fifteen years also in the couple's relationship with the one that was my wife, and

by backlash also in the family we had founded. In the absence of any sign that would have me

reported by my wife hate provisions or chronic animosity towards me, it took me ten years

inexorable deterioration in the relationship (whereas most of my energy was taken by the mathematical,

playing the role of the famous sand pile for the ostrich. . .) Before finally acknowledge the presence in the

I continued to love, the will to destruction tenacious, mysterious and implacable, exercising my

through against those who were dear to me. It was 1967, five years before leaving the family home, and

Ten years prior to resolves this conflict for me that I felt like the heaviest weight I had

to bear in my life. With the perspective that gives a relationship for a long time assumed, I can only see

which continues to remain a mystery to me: an insatiable desire for destruction, and at the same time

no hatred or animosity only vis-à-vis those, adults or children, who are struck without mercy,

as long as the opportunity arises.

It is the same mystery, relatively speaking, than the one I see now confronted me in

the relationship of my friend to me, with this difference, that this "stubborn will to destroy ... exercising

against me through those who are dear to me "is strictly confined to the plane of the world

mathematicians, and its instruments and hostages were not my children "in the flesh", but those who

took the place symbolically assimilated the students and who, ever so slightly, "wearing my name." In one and

the other case, I not only detects hatred or animosity, but again, there is in me feelings of

sympathy and even affection often, who can not-doubt.

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These are not the only situations I've faced in others a desire to injure or

even a will to destroy (in the strongest sense of the term ²⁷⁹ (*)), without my detects trace of hatred or animosity. Whoever has the most strongly marked my life is in 1933, in my sixth year with my mother as protagonist - the year the **family** that we were, my parents, my sister and I was destroyed forever ²⁸⁰ (**).

The different situations of this kind I have known closely, destruction of will, or will wound as deeply as we can, without my reveals no trace of animosity, seem

²⁷⁸ (*) See the two notes "Go!" and "Velvet Paw - or smiles" (n ° s77, 137), and notes that follow it, forming the part "claw in the velvet" of "The key of yin and yang".

²⁷⁹ (*) For "the strongest sense of" here I mean a desire not to suffer for the sake of hurting or destroying such a thing Limited would be expensive to the other, but the will of psychic destruction (if not physical) on the other; that (when possible) to establish a permanent and devastating despair before "what is beyond belief." Behind the brilliant exterior and the affable "Symposium Pervert", I thought finding this extreme dimension two of the brightest among his players. . .

²⁸⁰ (***) See about this episode "Suprère" footnote ° 108.

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very different from each other. I doubt they could find an "explanation" that is common or at least one common trait in distant antecedents of the protagonists, that suggests a causal link deep ²⁸¹ (***). One more important thing may be an explanation, and more important in any case, it is already **to the finding** of the existence of such a thing: **the will to destroy in the absence of hatred** . I join here the theme of "gratuitous violence", previously approached by a different bias ²⁸² (****). Here it is gratuitous violence (and sometimes destructive) **vis-à-vis a loved one** or a person considered "friendly" it is. The only **existence** in the life of every day, of such violence (which rarely told his

0 name), is a **fact** important in everyone's life - one of the important facts of human life. See this ^{page. 744} Actually, by going against the inveterate mechanisms that continually push us to want to retract, is a first step to take. It not, no theory, no reasoning, no "approach" can not we make to the economy.

I do not know if one day I **will understand** that fact, no I think the understanding is also "understand the conflict. "What is clear to me is that such understanding can not come from a " theory ", not more than an "experience" (simply by virtue of the experience). It is not a "sum total" of accumulation (of "knowledge" or "experience"), as it is not the order of the intellect alone, nor even the order of the single "intelligence" ²⁸³ (*). I'm not sure to know someone, if only as name, who lives in such understanding. But I think the one that, after a hundred and a thousand dodges before an undeniable reality and the thousand faces, has finally arrived in one **statement** of that fact, humbly, without bitterness or rebellion, without resignation and without indignation - as the finding of a formidable **mystery** may be the meaning of which escapes him, but he senses the extent and depth; a mystery or intrigue calls out, without scare or worry - this one has not lived in vain.

18.2.12.2. (B) Understanding and renewal

Rating 158 (5 January) unless it was premeditated, final accents of reflection yesterday were quite in tones still a Funeral Eulogy - but decided this time (or sung) by the deceased himself.

One is never better served than by yourself!

Yesterday I saw myself confronted again one of the most confusing aspects of the "mystery of the conflict": that of destruction will without hatred and without apparent reason, exercising in the shadows, stubbornly and tirelessly, against a relative, or such relatives or friends. It happens that this will eventually by race, by leading to a destructive cravings in all directions, where everything is as vulnerable becomes a welcome target. It's like an irrepressible bulimia "action" in reverse, which the repetitive nature (such as clown games), and consumed the mastery in the art of pulling the strings, may be an effect of the more comical when the observer (or even one just pay the price) is endowed with the sense of humor,

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and that the "actor-puppeteer only has on others only modest powers. The ^{p. 745}

situation is more serious, it is a result, when there are children of those who bear the brunt of

²⁸¹ (***). Yet self-contempt, virulent and deeply buried, is probably common to all these situations. Maybe SHOULD CRANIAL it such virulence (when it does not resolve by an act of grace through a deep inner transformation, so

as long as it is not "assumed") finds outlet and is expressed by destructive acts by a desire for destruction, which turns against his own person when it seeks and finds its target in others. At more than one and more than one and up among close ones, I have many times seen the simultaneous action of a will to destroy, as directed against

self, as against such external target, selected from the relatives (mother, father, spouse, or child...). (February 1985) View also the reflection in "The cause of violence without cause" (n ° 159), three days after that of this note which clearly This was prepared.

²⁸² (****) See footnote "The ingenuous violence," n ° 139.

²⁸³ (*) (March 5) I know in any case that such understanding will come to me only through an understanding of this violence then **in myself** .

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circus games, even if they are "bloody" and figuratively; and also when the man or woman owned by a thirst for destruction is strong powers or discretionary on some of its similar. History tells us the names of some despots possessed of such destructive madness indiscriminate, transforming their stronghold into a vast mass grave. One thinks of Ivan the Terrible or Stalin, or such Emperor of China (which I have forgotten the name and the millennium) that eventually he, from being shot by his own Topics cornered, armed with sticks and piles ²⁸⁴ (*). No doubt that there has been in our country for us cases similar in smaller scale perhaps, on which "history" was more discreet. . .

When I wrote yesterday, without any false modesty, that I did not understand the "fact" that I had made the observation, that of the destruction of thirst in the absence of hatred, this does not mean that I had no idea about it, quite the contrary. I even clearly better than just "ideas", but although some strong intuitions. They were born and grew on the soil of my life, full of conflicts had seemed the sometimes devastating as endless storms unleashing a motionless landscape

Winter,

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unceremoniously snatching what should be ripped ²⁸⁵ (*). But everything belly to the sleeping earth

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waiting in silence. When spring returns the hollow to the great dead trunks lying there inert, here crawling with intense life, and spring after (when it is the same year) we are already seeing the blossom herbs and flowers.

These "strong intuitions" all concern, I think, the "**ingredients**" of the conflict. I spoke so little, and speak again, some of them, and first of all, the "**self-contempt**," and its ties with the repressive some essential aspects and strengths of our original being, such as "watershed" yin or yang, one often is denied. I had often occasion to speak of the **vanity**, which is like the business card, the sign the most universal of all, and most obvious, the presence of the conflict in us, and that strikes me as "**The place**" of the same coin, including "reverse" is self-contempt. There is the **contempt for others**, projection to the outside of self-contempt, he is also a blanket, or rather, a derivative and an exorcism. The contempt of others is not something else, deep down, that deliberate ignorance of its existence, as a being with feeling part of this world, as well as ourselves. Gratuitous violence can

²⁸⁴ (*) This emperor, fearing a popular uprising, had forbidden people to the use of all metal objects (such as LYING cakes, forks etc.) that could be used as weapons, except a knife through the village, attached by a strong chain in a public place.

A common feature of the three mentioned characters is that in addition to the destruction of thirst, they were also owned by the **fear**: the fear of being murdered and beyond it without doubt, fear their own **death** inevitable - while they sowed death all around them. This coincidence is certainly not coincidental. I also note that Stalin (the only three on which I had so little information circumstantial) started a political career as a great teacher just in the art of pulling strings, to manipulate people by playing on their vanity and greed. His first style was acquired that, apparently, the "velvet paw" until it became unnecessary for him to take the trouble to hide claws.

If I have not included my (former) fellow Hitler among the examples, it is not because of a particular sympathy I would have for it, but because I do not detect in him this mania for destruction "**all-out**" which was discussed. The targets of contempt and destruction were those designated as "others", "foreigners": first "Jewish" (And the Communists and other "Judeo-Bolshevik" dear to Nazi jargon), then the "Asian" and other non-Arians wogs. The good German Jew was not all that has cushy under Hitler, at least until the first big raids times Allied air, when the war started really badly for them.

²⁸⁵ (*) Just that image recorded in the momentum of the pen, it occurred to me that it is only partially correct - it would almost an aftertaste of "snapshot"! By asking for a moment on this aftertaste, I found the old deliberate in me "See my life yang": movement, arrow and storms. . .

Without even taking the time to ask, but felt that the image was wrong (and yet it was her who I was come, nothing to do), I "corrected this" in the text by linking the "sleepy land waiting in silence" - and here the yin! That was the agreement that "solves" a "false agreement" (or "dissonance"). A picture in many respects more than just the storm, "snatching what should be ripped" and in the most yin tones precisely, would be that the worm gnawing "what must be eaten" - and finally collapses - but everything belly to earth waiting in silence, and when comes spring... (Continued without change!).

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germinate and proliferate in the field such contempt. There is the **fear of knowing**, fear of reality, a fear which the nerve center, the "Black Point" epicenter of a whirlwind of anguish ready to fire at the slightest alarm, is the fear of knowing: the fear of gaining knowledge of its own poses and subterfuges, even coarser; and also afraid to learn about the creative force in us day after day

we reject and bury, by the same poses and tricks.

In my life, fear appeared at the age of six, when there was still (me it seems) no vanity. It has had to appear until later, when (presumably) the "tipping" held about age

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eight years ²⁸⁶ (*). And it is also the fear that missing the first and without a trace, from the apparent p. 747

pearance of a curiosity both benevolent and irreverent, intrigued but certainly not impressed by boggling and gruesome montages big show, like "Black point" and Co. Mechanisms the vanity ; by cons, remained in place with no apparent change in eight years that the fear of knowing has disappeared. This is only the influence of these mechanisms on my life has changed, because they are defused at times of the presence of an awakening curiosity, who do not easily taken in like that!

I've got to hand a variety of ingredients of the conflict - which I know first hand and without shade doubt that these are indeed the ingredients, and essential. And for years I have everything in hand too, when I please, to "assemble" these ingredients, by explaining carefully in the light of what I have observed in myself and others, links of contiguity and dependence. It's a work of some days or weeks, even months, I suppose, and that will surely be very informative and very helpful.

If I have not bothered yet to do so, giving away prioritize other directions more direct personal, it is without doubt that I knew that this is not such an "assembly" of ingredients, the general terms which my person is absent (except as an "example" among others), that could come me "understanding of the conflict"; no more than the mere fact of putting side by side, to "assemble" or even mix a number of simple bodies, "ingredients" in the composition of a body compound, n does reconstructs the latter. For the "reconstruction" is done, it is first necessary that a "reaction chemical "takes place - something by contacting and game ingredients far more intimate way, and by forces of a different order, a simple "assembly" or a mixture could do.

It is the same for an understanding of the things of life. Intelligence alone can, in a pinch, identify the ingredients of such a thing as the "conflict" and can in any case, in the presence of ingredients already known and with the facts concerning the (known first or second hand), assemble a how plausible and even "correct". Such work may be useful for them to recognize the opportunity in a particular conflict, bring out a "etiology" more or less accurate - but it is not there yet an "understanding of the conflict." I would say by cons I have progressed a step towards such an understanding, the day my **relationship**

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conflict will be transformed When I speak here of "my relationship to the conflict", it is p. 748

First and foremost, of course, the conflict in my own person, and (from there) the occasional conflict nally opposed to one person or another; and lastly, the conflict that I see beings act close or less close in my life every day, which often expresses itself in conflicts between one to another among them.

Over the past eight years, there has been such a progression towards an understanding of the conflict, ie also: transformation, or rather, successive changes in my relationship to the conflict.

I had the opportunity to mention two or three episodes ²⁸⁷ (*). Perhaps a full understanding of the conflict equivalent to a full acceptance of the existence of the conflict, wherever they are, and however it

²⁸⁶ (*) About This "tipping", see note "The Superpère" (n ° 108).

²⁸⁷ (*) See in particular in this regard, the two notes "Acceptance (the awakening of yin (2))" and "slave and puppet - or valves", n ° s 110, 140.

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manifest ²⁸⁸ (**). I am far, obviously! And perhaps also, a full understanding of the conflict means as the total resolution of the conflict in his own person. I am beyond!

I think though know one thing, about the nature of the force, an assembly of ingre-ents, is suddenly arise an **understanding** that renews the person. It is this force that it just is not "in the order of intelligence." I doubt that any intellectual work whatsoever, reading, say, books, so learned, profound or sublime as they are, nothing stimulates its appearance. When he happens to gush, it is only in silence and in contact with what is most intimately personal in our person and in our experience; something, therefore, that no book and no one, even a Christ or Buddha, not can ever reveal.

When I say "what is most intimately personal," this does not mean that these are things we can not talk to ourselves or others - and sometimes it is good to talk. But we speak by the voice of angels and the prophets, what is **said** is not the thing itself. This thing already known but buried perhaps, whose touch can suddenly spring a new acquaintance, **this** then something is **known** neither angels nor prophets, nor even be the closest and best loved, but for **you** only.

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To return to the conflict, and the "destruction without hatred", which appears to me as the "core" of the hardest p. 749

conflict, the more resistant to an understanding, that is to say also: an **acceptance** . I also understand, the next step in front of me to enter further, what **is** this thing "most intimately Personal "which I will have to first find the contact, which would act in the case of the famous "Black Point" so tenaciously evaded! It is the experienced situations of "gratuitous violence", contempt others (and "without hatred destruction" too, perhaps), in which it was **me** the actor - who was violence, who found his account to despise. It is in contact with this reality there or not, I will have the opportunity to get to the bottom on the famous "self-contempt," and **see** finally, without any "Probably" and any "may", if this is indeed the deep root of evil, not just "all but me" !

18.2.12.3. (C) because of the violence without cause

Rating 159 (7 January) Reflection in the two previous notes revolved around the mystery of existence the strange thing: a desire for destruction (or wanting to hurt or humiliate, or harm) in the absence of hatred and animosity. The incentive for this thought came to me by the relationship My friend Peter to me, immediately sparking association with the relation to me of my ex-wife. More than time in thinking about the burial, I have come to realize, or remember, that in both cases, as in others, they are certain traits in me, traits "super-manly" than I have grown in me since the age of eight, which served as pacemakers and "attractor" for such antagonists impulses. If I am not mistaken, it is discussed for the first time in the note of October 5 "The Superpère (yin yang buries (2))" (n ° 108). This link is included in the following note of October 9 "The reunion (the awakening of yin (1)) "(n ° 109). In this note, I return to the time when, for the first time in my life, I've seen this link. It was October 18, 1976, the day of reunion with the child in me, and in the final lines of the notes who witness this important day in between all my adult life. In these lines (reproduced in 288 (**)) The meaning of such a "full acceptance" can lead to countless misunderstandings. It is of a different nature a connivance. It does not exclude the **refusal** , clear and unequivocal - it contains. On this subject reflection in note "The joint - or the enigma of" Evil "" (n ° 117).
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Note cited), I talk about the "secret hatred and resentment" of three women I had loved, including the which at that time was still my wife (then only five years I did not cohabit with her). With In hindsight, it seems that in all three cases I had in mind, this print
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"secret hatred" p. 750

did not correspond, as such, reality - I mean, in a direct perception that I would have had at no time 289 (*) of such hatred. What I had seen, and what I had ample opportunity to experience the effect was the destruction of will or desire to hurt, or hurt, both sustainable and apparently inexplicable free - something I had **interpreted** as a sign of hatred, "secret" because never expressed. I also believe that two of the women he was question is in these lines cited for the first time since I
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had known, I was the finding of what I saw p. 751

as a "secret hatred." At the point where I was at that time, it was not possible that I did not make the confusion that I have just mentioned. This confusion does not diminish the importance had to do this, in me involving myself so equally crucial that these women which I was closely linked.

As for the "resentment", referred to in one breath with the "secret hatred," I felt right from time if "some force" superyang in me drew on me the resentment of each of the three women was yet to grievances which I was in no way responsible - for injuries and the damage sustained "long before they know my existence in the days of a clueless Private loving childhood. "This perception, which had settled over the years as a result of an intense lived, surely had the effect of an invisible guide my thinking on 20 December in note "in Spite stay - or return things "(2) (n ° 149), which appears intuition that this same process **moving** an initial resentment, or a "grudge for holiday status", might well have occurred to my friend Peter, around the time of our meeting or perhaps even before. The facts known to me make at least plausible that insight.

Yet there is an important difference from the case of my ex-wife, and the two other cases, including there was talk in meditation after the reunion. I did not feel, in fact, that

289 (*) (March 6) After writing this, I remembered that there was yet in my married life, two episodes, the first few days, the second a few minutes, I felt assaulted as two beams of hatred, gushing eyes of her who was my wife.

The first time my wife went through what is called (euphemistically) a "nervous breakdown" in the courtyard of the cinquième year of our marriage (1962). This episode has profoundly affected the lives of the couple and the family atmosphere. It is also the time of my life, of all those I have kept a conscious memory, which was experienced as the most atrocious, and me most deeply (as it was supposed to do).

Unless an indoor seating exceptional stability (as lack of maturity, I was far from being so), whose hatred

we are the target, and this even more when it comes from loved ones and loved ones, our psyche devastating, when she arouses in us a similar hatred and destructive vis-à-vis ourselves. It seems that something in us must at all costs find a "direction" to "what is beyond comprehension," this "meaning" even if it were a condemnation and rejection final of ourselves by ourselves: since we are hated (and even as the "reason" that hate us totally escapes. . .) Is that we are hateful. . .

If I was to the point reached by this episode, which remained like a sword of Damocles hanging over my life in the six or seven following years, surely it came into resonance with a violent traumatic experience of my childhood. This one had disappeared from conscious memory, but it was even more acting whenever I saw myself confronted suddenly with a malice or an inexplicable hatred - all too sudden and inexplicable that this desire for destruction that had me assaulted at the age of five years, whereas from the person of all that, as far as I went up in my memory, was the peaceful and safe center of the universe.

This is one of the important things that I've finally learned in my life, malice or hatred which I happen to be the target, I'm not yet not the **causes** real and immediate (even if certain aspects of my person, I will disown nor rejects, contributing to attract me). This knowledge however remained too epidermal during even years, to defuse this mechanism deeply rooted in me, coming into play when I confronted me a malice or violence apparently "without cause." To defuse it, he will be first necessary that I was in his root and I go in the footsteps of those days and nights of these forgotten and heavy anguish when my mother became suddenly mysteriously and inexplicably, a foreign, hostile and fearful. . .

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Children My friend was so slightly "crippled" or "deprived of love." This difference seems to me to manifest in the tone of the antagonism of my friend to me, that at no time has reached this pitch of **vehemence**, which I was so familiar in the other three relationships. Also in the relationship My friend to me, the appearance of signs of antagonism was first extremely discreet and sporadic, and even after I left in 1970, it took another eight years before this antagonism is expressed so direct and unmistakable against my person itself ²⁹⁰. This seems to correspond to the existence of a "Resentful" initial remained diffuse, weightless, without the presence of a "core" corresponding to hard feeling (it was hidden from the conscious look) contempt or a wrong suffered, felt like perhaps irreparable be. . .

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In referring, in the penultimate note, the desire to destroy, or that injure or harm in **the absence**
p. 752

hatred and animosity, the thought came to me (with some emphasis) an apparent contradiction, which I thought back pronto. It's this one. In both cases that were the center of my attention, implying that that was my student (and my "heir" mathematical presumptive) and that was my wife, he had been question of a "grudge" unconscious they had carried on my person. The very idea a "grudge" or "resentment" seems related to that of a "hostility" or "enmity": it would want to say that resentment (or resentment) is one of the possible ways (and more common) to feed animosity. And this statement is certainly justified, in the case of a grudge that could called "direct", a "real" grudge motivated by a **grievance** (real or imaginary) vis-à-vis the person concerned, a **wrong** or **damage** that it would have imposed us. But n cases that occupy me, it's not such a grudge that this is but an indirect grudge, "**proxy**" so ie, delayed by an initial potential target, inadequate for one reason or another ²⁹¹ (*) to a "**target adoption**" or replacement, which appears "fit" the needs of the case. The remarkable thing, is that such "moved grudge" (this is the case to say!), which acts as **the** persistent strength in action behind the attitudes, behaviors and actions of such a nature that the

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seems driven by a hatred

p. 753

or animosity "without cause" - that such a "grudge" is yet **devoid of any feeling of hatred or animosity** ! This is also the combination of these **two** aspects of "gratuitous violence" in the strongest sense of term (the one I'm looking at here) that makes it so disconcerting point, as something that truly "beyond comprehension" ²⁹² (*): the complete absence of any "cause" rational and tangible violence, both in the one who pays the price (without having caused by attitudes, compor-clothes or hurtful or harmful acts for the other), than in those who exercise (without being moved by ²⁹⁰ See on this subject the note "Two turns" n ° 66.

²⁹¹ (*) There are many such "reasons" that often that whoever (intentionally or not) has caused injury or inflicted damage or yet "inadequate" as target of rancor or animosity, even hatred or a desire destruction, indeed aroused by him. The most common, perhaps, especially when it is the mother or father, or person considered unattainable by his rank or social position, is the dam of fear to break taboo authority internalized long ago. These are dams with great force. (Vis-a-vis me, they trend since fifteen years and more, to fade. . .) In the opposite direction, it may happen that the person cause "does not make the weight" to satisfy a grudge to the size of wrongs - it appears too insignificant, too evasive or cowardly perhaps, to be worthy of the role that otherwise would be his by right.

Finally, I can also imagine that in some cases the harm suffered is too imponderable, too subtle (and "nonexistent" in short, according to consensus in force long internalized by the individual) to give birth to something else as a grudge diffuse unfit to "condense" and to take shape and strength in a relationship herself in tones sweet without apparent angles. This is also undoubtedly a simple variant of the previous case, appeared in reflection with the note "Grudge suspended in - or return things" (2) (n ° 149).

292 (*) On this violence "beyond belief" ("unfassbar" in German), see note "The slave and puppet - or Valves" (n ° 140). When I speak of gratuitous violence" in the strongest sense of the term "without immediately qualify otherwise than the one that "beyond comprehension", the exact meaning I then view is identified in the following explication by the explanation of these "two aspects" that come together in it.

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feelings of hatred or animosity that would feed "wrongly or rightly," against the target).

Perhaps the question of the presence or absence of hatred or animosity in cases that occupy me (Where one is faced with a violence that appears as "free" as unprovoked), is here relatively accessory, surely, as was the case for me, in the experience of one who undergoes this violence, and as soon as the sustained violence becomes conscious, it must appear an impression of "hatred secret "or" animosity "on the part of one who inflicts. This impression is, however, no effect a perception (which would suddenly appeared, like a magic wand), but that of a **assimilation** to the punch: violence = hatred (or animosity) 293 (**).

One thing that seems much more important for cons, it is clear not only **the existence** a seemingly aberrant thing too, as insane, as contrary to the reflexes of "common sense" more inveterate as "bitterness proxy" moved from its "target

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Original "(or its original target) to p. 754

a "surrogate target" (a target of convenience, quasiement!); but to see to **more than** this is one **of the most common mechanism**, which meets at every corner, whether in his own person (the last where we dream to go get her...), or that of his family and friends. I have even feel it then mechanism is **universal nature**, it is part of the basic mechanisms the human psyche, it's one of those few boilerplate mechanisms that constitute the **syndrome Vanishing** from reality: the refusal to take notice, and fear of the bear.

Specifically, I feel I have pinpointed today on **all common spring situations of "gratuitous violence"** without exception. This impression has emerged, with the strength of conviction sudden, when I began to consider (three paragraphs above) an "apparent contradiction". I've had feeling while a host of fragmented and disparate impressions stored all over my life, revolving around the "sensitive point" among all of this violence "beyond belief" suddenly if ordered by suddenly acquiring a perspective that still lacked - a prospect appeared there unexpectedly, turning a late reflection, while I was about to place only one last point on a latest i. . .

18.2.12.4. (D) Nichidatsu Fujii Guruji - or the sun and its planets

Rating 160 (8 January) For a week, there is a wave of unusual cold - temperatures of -15 and underneath, and when the wind blows from the "Mont Ventoux" (the name says what it means!), it must do more cold yet. It seems that this wave raging everywhere in the world (according to someone who listens information), and in the south it had not seen since the famous winter and spring of 1956. My childhood in Germany, I experienced cold like that, but there was snow that protected land, and who put a sweetness of tone in the air and on things. With this cold without snow, surface ground is frozen like a block of ice. Within days, the garden was ratiboisé - I do not know if it will remain something spring, what we have sown and planted. The leaves of leeks, celery, chard, corn salad, beets, chard remaining are like sheets of ice, frozen vegetables. We despatch to reap maximum day by day, to eat as and measure before it thaws and that everything goes on the compost. And yesterday

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the water supply had frozen in the kitchen, happily running water was left down in the old p. 755

293 (**) (March 6) In some cases, however, there may well have perceived a beautiful hatred and very present, even though it has not been provoked. (On this subject earlier in this same note, another footnote page dated today.) There then is a hatred that, except in exceptional circumstances, remains confined in deep layers of the unconscious, and more remains in a state of "holiday" without designated target, even though it is the secret force behind the violence (as insidious, usually) which, themselves, aim well and truly and with constancy without faults, a same election target. . .

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garage, less exposed to cold. Today a friend came with a portable gas torch, he arrived

to put water on the way. I'll have to let it flow a trickle of water, so it does not dry too refreeze. Fortunately I have a good wood stove in the dining room, where I transferred my work, Sitting next to the stove really did it good. I'm made to the vine stem, I break the ax every day, good crate full grape overboard by how cold it is. When the wind keeps blowing while the afternoon, it's enough to catch numb, only to stay a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes break timber in the open air. Besides the car remained outside unbootable - it seems that cars, they do not so well bear the cold, frost or not. The same complacent friend gave it to me way sometimes, but she will walk again tomorrow to go reread hitting the secretary that I gave work ? In short, just a cold spell in winter, when it's a heat wave in summer or a good little sick at any moment to remember some realities of life that tend to forget when everything purrs wish. . .

Gradually over the past three months, my pace to migrate back to the night hours. I work until about two, three o'clock in the morning and sleep until about eleven o'clock noon. In time he Actually, if I listened once in bed, I would stay in my sleep noon easy - and vice versa, once at work, I would sleep for me! Here I try to keep a reasonable balance. I do not alarm me too of the time differences, as long as the sleep remains good, and I do not spend hours in bed without sleep with the thinking machine that keeps running. Even now when there is little work garden, there are still enough different occupations every day, including firewood, and a little gym here and there. I feel a satisfying life balance, wherein: the working discovery not mine to devour everything, but without being to a minimum. Since I took over work on 22 September, I have to spend on average five to six hours a day. It's modest, but the "performance" seems hardly less than before. "The slaughter" (around a hundred pages per month) is pretty almost the same, pretty much, for writing the first two parts of Crops and Seeds. But the qualitative point of view, there is no doubt in my mind that this is the third part that is the most deep, one that taught me the most about myself and others.

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Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo!

p. 756
While I was completing this short retrospective on the harsh winter and the evolution My life balance, I received a call from one of my friends Buddhist monks group Nihonzan Myohoji, announcing the death of their revered "preceptor" ²⁹⁴ (*), Nichidatsu Fujii, better known under the name of Fujii Guruji, or "Osshosama" to his relatives. My friend from Paris just learned the news from a stroke wire Tokio, I presume Fujii Guruji died today ²⁹⁵ (**). He had, on August 6, to have a hundred years, physically weak, but in good mental condition. strange coincidence that August 6 is the anniversary of two important events, one of historical significance, the other of a personal nature for me. This is the anniversary of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima (August 6, 1945) - the Japanese commemorate as the "Hiroshima Day". (That is why ²⁹⁴ (*) "Preceptor" English word roughly equivalent to "teacher" refers to the "master", the teacher. Nihonzan is Myohoji the phonetic transcription of the Japanese group name, which translates as "Japanese Mission." This is a Buddhist group "Missionary" pacifist main vocation. See below for details.

²⁹⁵ (**) It turned out he was dead for only a few hours. The news spread quickly!
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Fujii Guruji festivities for the anniversary took place rather late July, to keep the day around August 6 available for pacifist and anti-atomic events.) On the other hand, my father born August 6, 1890, six years to the day after the birth of Fujii Guruji. After the death of Claude Chevalley, that of Nichidatsu Fujii is the second of a person having played a significant role in my life, occurring during writing Crops and Seeds. In view of this disappearance (which does not really come as a surprise), I am particularly pleased that last year yet, there have been with him heat exchange impressions letters. I was invited to attend the ceremony of the centenary of the old master, which would take place with exceptional pomp Tokyo. (A small book of testimonials on his person was even published in haste, for remittance to it for this occasion.). This was an opportunity for me to write (as every year or so) some words of congratulation anticipated, while apologizing for not attending the ceremony on July 30 being myself more or less confined to bed at the time of writing. (It is also true that I am not so focused on large public ceremonies, but it seemed pointless to me to mention it in my letter. Anyway, I

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had to disappoint and hurt to more than one of my friends monks in my abstract ^{p. 757} holding stubbornly to attend any of the "occasions" ²⁹⁶ (*), which they never tired of invite me.) I had to add a few words about the beneficial side of a disease, which requires us despite

us to "get" our occupation and give the body what it wants. Fujii Guruji himself was much bedridden for the past year, which had to weigh him, given his temperament carried to the action and its uncommon energy. While this was more than seven years that I had not received any communication personal Fujii Guruji, I was surprised to receive a letter from him, dictated by him while he was still in bed. The letter (which I just read to now) is dated 13 July 1984. It is a letter full of delicacy, where he is concerned about my health, and laments not being able to send someone to take care of me. He also talks about his health, and provisions which he supports his forced inactivity. He finishes by these words, style very "Japanese" to take with a (big!) grain of salt, and that showed me more perhaps than all the rest of the letter, the tone was as good as ever ²⁹⁷ (**):

"Indeed I am a very decrepit old man of no use if I May Even get back to normal life. Yet still, I would like to live and see how the world turns. "

There he saw the world turn again for nearly six months. . .

My links with Nihonzan Myohoji group back to the year 1974. There is no question of doing here, if only the outline of these relations in multiple episodes, some in all registers - there should be a volume. They are among the "impact" the richest of the episode "Living oversteer and" ²⁹⁸ (***)

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that followed my p. 758

²⁹⁶ (*) The main among such "occasions" was the opening of "Shanti stoupas," or "Peace Pagoda". the constructive tion of the Pagodas, or places of meditation for peace in the world, dates back to a very old tradition in the world Buddhist (initiated by King Ashoka in India), and has been a major concern of Fujii Guruji. He inspired the construction of a large number of Shanti Stoupas around the world, including three in Europe and the United State.

²⁹⁷ (**) The letter was dictated in Japanese (the only language spoken Guruji) and was directly translated into English. Translation French of quoted lines: "Of course I'm a man so old and decrepit and even no use if I can find a normal health. And yet, I would like to live and see how the world turns. "

²⁹⁸ (***) It is made several references to this episode in "Fatuité and Renewal" (the first part of Crops and Seeds).

"Surviving and Living" (which was called first "Surviving" no more) is the name of a group, a vocation for peace first, then also environmentally friendly, which was born in July 1970 (the sidelines of a "Summer School" at the University of Montreal), in a scientific environment (and especially mathematicians). It quickly evolved into a direction "cultural revolution", while by broadening its audience beyond the scientific community. Its main course of action was the newsletter (roughly periodic) of the same name, whose directors were consecutive Claude Chevalley, myself, Pierre Samuel, Denis Guedj (All four mathematicians) - not to mention an English edition, held at arm's length by Gordon Edwards (young Canadian mathematician whom I had met in Montreal and was among the few initiators of the group and Bulletin).

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departure (between 1970 and end 1972). There was talk of this group, and the newsletter (not very periodic!) As well name, and also my "departure of math" and my "path" in a newspaper (or newspapers?) Japanese 1972 or 73. Listed "critical science" and denouncing military aircraft, and also, perhaps, appearance "critique of civilization" had to "go" so slightly in some article, attracting the attention of a Nihonzan Myohoji monks. This one has talked to others, especially to a young monk of same city (Kagoshima), which became a monk under the influence and was a little figure of "pupil". it has Monk was the first missionary group to land in "West", specifically in Paris in the spring 1974 ²⁹⁹ (*). He came to me a few weeks later and

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unannounced, in godforsaken village where I lived

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Then, about fifty kilometers from Montpellier. Since that memorable day in May, I saw under the midday sun, a man dressed oddly, singing on the road to the accompaniment of a drum and heading (there was no mistake ...) to the garden where I was working solo - since I once had the privilege and the pleasure of going through my house many followers and supporters ³⁰⁰ (*) Guruji. Their touch me a lot. In early November 1976, I even had the honor and the joy of welcoming in my rustic abode Fujii Guruji himself, then aged 92, in the company a group of seven or eight monks, nuns and followers. I had met the previous year at the solemn inauguration of the temple of the group in Paris in the eighteenth. Beyond the words of courtesy rigor, there was then a strong contact, immediate sympathy. The more intimate and personal context a visit of several days at home brought me, of course, a much richer understanding of both the Fujii Guruji person, that its relationship to the group of which he was the head, and soul. Interestingly enough, this visit Fujii Guruji has closely followed, two weeks ago, turning crucial in my life that was accomplished between 15 and October 18 of that year, which was discussed also ³⁰¹ (**). The weeks that followed these days of crisis and renewal were among the intense of my life, where every day brought her unexpected crop of indoor events and discoveries. AT Indeed, this visit, planned and prepared for weeks for a group of monks and nuns around their revered master, seemed to come there as a kind of strange interlude, as a diversion in adventure which then absorbed the totality of my being. It is respect for my hosts, especially

Fujii Guruji coming to honor my house, which gave me yet, for those few days, The first bulletin, entirely my pen (naive and full of conviction!) And printed in a thousand copies, was distributed the International Congress in Nice (1970), which brought together (as every four years) several thousand mathematicians. I expect massive adhesions - there was (if I remember correctly) two or three. I especially felt great discomfort among my colleagues ! Speaking of the collaboration of scientists with military aircraft that had infiltrated everywhere in the scientific life, I mainly set foot in well garnished dishes. . . It is in the "big world" that scientific I felt the greatest discomfort - echoes of sympathy from me there were reduced to those of Chevalley and Samuel. It is in what I have elsewhere called "the swamp" of the scientific world, that our action has found some resonance. The bulletin eventually take about fifteen thousand copies - a crazy stewardship work elsewhere, while the distribution is made by craftsmen. The juicy drawings of Didier Savard surely contributed significantly to the relative success of our duck. After my departure and that of Samuel, it ended up turning the leftist splinter group, the edge without jargon and analysis replica, and newsletter eventually died a natural death. What was to understand and say, at some point close yet the excitement of 1968, had been understood and said. There was little interest after that to turn and return boonies a disc. . .

299 (*) He indeed assured he was the first Buddhist missionary monk in the West, in the history of Buddhism - but I do not guarantee that this information is reliable! It is said also that of being a missionary has really been a great "Progress" in Buddhism. From the beginning, this aspect of the group Nihonzan Myohoji aroused in me a subject, which has that is confirmed over the years.

300 (*) This is one of those who just had the honor, as an "illegal alien" to be an opportunity for the first literal application in the case law in France, a certain section of some pretty incredible "Ordinance 1949. "I had the honor to find myself in Correctional, for" free housed and hosted "such off-the-law. See about this episode the "My farewell - or foreign" (n ° 24).

301 (**) See "Desire and meditation" (n ° 36) and the note "The reunion (the awakening of yin (1))" (n ° 109).
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availability the occasion demanded. As happened to me very often it is once the heart of the only event that I realized that it was by no means an "interlude" or "diversion", but
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he was part of the adventure I was experiencing. Beneath his very "tales of the Orient", a p. 760 perfect delicacy and an unusual charm, this so-called "interlude" put me in the presence of men and Women like me and the men and women I had always known, in contexts less exotic, less extraordinary appearance. It is felt to have this relationship, I also felt in my hosts friends and brothers, not characters straight out of a tale from the Arabian Nights, as has been the case for more than one of stunned villagers. And Fujii Guruji himself, speaking to me if familiarly as his "close" remained within range demanded the respect due to the revered master, I felt far, far away (from me as his relatives), yet close together, as if was my father or an elder brother and caring.

And as it is not unusual in a father or an older brother, even the most benevolent, he had vis-à-vis me an expectation, which he does not hide elsewhere, a shared expectation by those who accompanied him and all were my hosts. And I also knew that I could not respond. My adventure was related to the Fujii Guruji, through links that I discerned evil, deeper perhaps than I could see, and that of his followers who followed the eyes closed. But it was no more than my host prestigious and caring, she was my father, too prestigious for me and kind, and very close yet different: another person, another destiny.

It was not easy to "pass" that I would not of their own in a company that was their, and I did not feel mine. From the table of me that had to do with Fujii Guruji and his followers, that was the last thing they would have expected - and this especially as the relationship in staff between the group or individual members of the group and I resembled a real moon honey. It was during this visit that also some resistance very long time, due to my education, have vanished, and I joined my guests to sing with them their mantra, with the drum:

"Na Mu Myo ho ren ge kyo"

This mantra is the foundation, the alpha and omega of their religious practice. They sing the most often to the accompaniment of drum prayers an hour in the morning and an hour at night. This song to the drum, following teaching Japanese Nichiren prophet is himself the supreme good, the giver of peace one who sings it and around it. This song is for my
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Japanese friends what is commonly called p. 761 a prayer". The meaning they give him, according to Nichiren, and with their "tutor" live Fujii Guruji, is that of an **act of respect** for the person to whom it is addressed, and through it, to all living in the universe - as being promised (according to the Sutra of the Lotus Flower) to become Buddha incarnation perfect wisdom. These seven syllables are also used as a greeting to any other person, or even any one would like to greet with the connotation of respect for what is essentially divine in the other. They are also ex officio action of grace before the meal. Indeed, it seems that there is little used, whether in moments of surprise or emotion, or of contemplation, which is conducive to

a follower of Nichiren to say the sacred words. As for me, without sharing the religious belief of my Monks friends ³⁰² (*), it is with joy that I join them when the opportunity arises, to Odaimoku - singing to the drum they call "Prayer". It is in their memory, and act of affectionate respect ³⁰² (*) I do not feel a member of any religious belief. Through education received by my parents I was an atheist (With anti-religious tone) until the age of fourteen. A remarkable account of my teacher of natural sciences on the history of the evolution of life on earth, then made me understand without the possibility of doubt, the presence of a creative intelligence at work in the universe. This understanding, which then remained at the intellect alone, widened and was refined during my subsequent maturation, continuing after my departure from the mathematical scene in 1970.

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vis-à-vis their master Nichidatsu Fujii Guruji, I have also included "Prayer" in my daily life, in the singing before each of the two main meals of the day, at least when I'm at home, or at friends, or with people who I know that they will be not impaired ³⁰³ (**). This is one of the things great prices I am indebted to Fujii Guruji and those of his disciples that I have known and who have given me their affection, without tiring of my reluctance to associate myself in any way to their missionary activities. There are several million in Japan nichirenites Buddhists, dividing into many sects faces very different. The Nihonzan Myohoji group is one of the smallest in number, comprising hundreds of monks, nuns and active supporters. Yet it is well known in Japan and elsewhere, distinguished of all traditional religious groups

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by an unequivocal political commitment, including

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the main focus is the struggle for peace, anti-militarist action and, in particular, anti-nuclear. the time of the Vietnam War, it was the only Buddhist group (I believe) that clearly took part against the Americans, and struggling against the presence of US bases in Japan (which served logistical support to the continuation of the war in Vietnam). In recent years, Fujii Guruji was also in close contact with the leaders of the Indian freedom movement in the US, AIM (American Indian Movement). Nihonzan Myohoji of monks participated in organized march by Indian of America, besides other Marches for Peace in various locations worldwide. Indian leaders were obviously attracted and impressed by the unusual personality Fujii Guruji. The fact that this man an indomitable energy, approaching its centenary, was great missionary figure of a religious faith different from theirs, seemed not disturb. On the contrary, the religious dimension in the options "Un-American" zinc strand revered Master was surely, in addition to age, one of the causes Guruji has made welcome as they would have welcomed one of them, as a father or a grandfather very respected and in which it is recognized ³⁰⁴ (*).

Surely, this religious dimension has played for me in the same direction - it made me Fujii Guruji more close, while yet I claim myself to any religious faith well defined. If I wonder what I was most attracted and hit him, I see several things. The most obvious is a **joy** inside. this joy appears spontaneously flow from a **unit** in himself, or rather, perhaps, a **loyalty** to himself. We feels that this man is happy because all his life he did without hesitation what he felt he had to do. He ... not seems to me not without contradictions, but unambiguous. The meaning of some of his actions or his omissions escapes me,

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but at no time touched me doubt on total human integrity. if

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so, it is not the result of an analysis of what is known about him through intermediaries. he enough to have met him once to know that this is a man who knows no ambiguity, a man in profound agreement with himself. This is what Indian leaders of AIM have the feeling, for him instead they made him among them. It is in this also lies surely his extraordinary influence over those that claim him, men and women whose ideological and philosophical options cover a range from pure Marxism-Leninism and hard to conformism staunch the CEO of a chain ³⁰³ (**). I abstained including singing prayer weekly meal that I took at the Faculty, along with some students and colleagues, not being sure that any of them did not feel a kind of constraint, I him would impose thanks to my senior position or "boss"

³⁰⁴ (*) To give a sense of trust and respect between the Indian chiefs to Guruji person, I note here that during the largest annual celebration of initiation, making around the "sun dance", it was the participation of monks followers Guruji, beating the big drum prayers from sunrise to sunset, the haunting rhythm of *Na Mu Myo Ho Ren ge kyo* ! These large drums, dug in a trunk integrally tensioned beef hides, are a sound output bit common, and (presumably) much to bear for twelve hours straight. (I've experienced for two hours at the inauguration of the temple in Paris, experience that was inconclusive. . .) Still, that Robert Jaulin (who was with the monks, among the few non-Indians invited to join the party) told me that the Indians have endured stoically the drum sacred Grandfather Guruji, from beginning to end of the initiation, the drums Guruji has been one of the many events. . .

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department stores. What unites them is not the worship of some Sutra none of them has perhaps had the audacity to read ³⁰⁵ (*), or a certain prayer of Pali origin, restored in Japanese through Chinese translation, and who professes veneration of this sutra. What unites them (or should we say: what had gathered?) this is a **man**, carrying them upward he has not sought to exercise more, the Sun has sought its planets.

I also saw that the man was **alone**, and that solitude did not weigh him. It was his condition nature, forever perhaps. This loneliness, and integrity, and this agreement with itself, appear to me as so many different aspects of one and the same. Yet another aspect of the same thing is that of **strength** - a strength without violence, and do not care to be or appear "strong". It's her the sun again, which is just being himself that is created around him that force field, and these orbits that the planets travel.

Surely, this is also the force that more than once I have spoken in Crops and Seeds as " **the** force "in us - with this difference, that in such a man is fully exposed and sensitive to all those who approach, and in some other it is buried more or less deep, sometimes to the point that we could believe nonexistent. But if such monks of my friends seem to deny themselves, yet this Sutra they profess to revere and

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they sing the same prayer every day, clearly proclaim that ^{p. 764}

such force lives in every living thing in Creation, as promised them, and as their revered teacher Oshosama himself, the fate of the Buddha.

18.2.12.5. (E) Prayer and conflict

Rating 161 (January 13) ³⁰⁶ (*) For four more days I did not have time and quiet to work

- to continue the notes, I hear. The main reason is in pretty incredible difficulties I

to be typed to the net this third part of Crops and Seeds. For over thirty years

I used to do the typing work, I have never experienced anything like this. Obviously, having

the hands that strongly personal nature of text, not to say intimate, triggered in

people in charge of minting reactions (probably unconscious) of a considerable force, going

each time in the direction of a true sabotage of the work entrusted to them. Within a few months,

it is three times that the same scenario is repeated, with variations, with three consecutive Secretaries

which however have not given the word ³⁰⁷ ! This third time in addition, this is added a sordid note

because the secretary, Ms. J., pretended to use the unusual manuscript that had been entrusted to his care,

³⁰⁵ (*) More than one of the followers of Guruji made me understand that it would consider a presumption to pretend to read

Sutra of the Lotus Flower, even though it exists in a Japanese translation. Only a man of great depth es-

took as his master Fujii Guruji himself, would be fit and worthy to read this sacred text that exceeds infinitely far intelligence

the profane. Obviously, the faith of these men and women are directly door, not on such a historical figure more or less

deified as the Buddha, or the perfect Bodhisattva Nichiren and prophet, but Fujii Guruji himself.

³⁰⁶ (*) (23 January) The entire first part of this note was written against strong resistance to mention the disruption

from interfering with my work. They took face vaguely ridiculous, and only an equivalent mention

little graciously provide the yard to make me fight! On the other hand these disturbances, "which you can saw literally

ment ", had become so much creaking and invasive in my work, for a week or two especially, it

was a kind of cheating, an inauthenticity in the testimony, that ignore them as if nothing had happened.

I just returned from elsewhere on my setbacks ten days later, in the note "Jung - or the cycle of" evil "and" good ". "

(March 7) This last note, the first in a series of "reading notes" on the autobiography of Jung, was

ultimately rejected in the last part of sowing crops and formed part of the discussion aroused by this self-

biography.

³⁰⁷ (**) Those who wish me well here have beautiful game to tax me delusions of persecution - after the Brotherhood of movers,

here's one of the secretaries-typist who is mobilizing to want to hurt me! See, for previous, the note "massacre" (the

note name already says enough along to me. . .) P. 538, about the move of my friend Ionel Bucur. . .

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as blackmail to extract a sort of ransom. It is a former executive secretary,

having a large

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Usually the trade. The first eleven strikes pages were immaculate and without fault

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strike almost, just to show what she could do; and nothing in the following fifteen pages,

there were eleven skipped lines - it's rare that I have seen a crippled much text! I did not ask what

the ransom was requested (beyond the agreed price for the text already hit) to retrieve my manuscript and

typing, having no desire to encourage this process. That means I'll be reduced without

probably to resort to legal means.

Fortunately I have left a manuscript of the draft, that I can use if needed. do em-

Fishing this kind of circus, especially when it becomes repetitive, can you "saw" literally. When I

pictured difficulties and antagonisms was going probably raise my humble self and meditating pad biographical, I certainly did not imagine that it's that side, of the brotherhood of the secretaries-typists (the instead of that of my fellow mathematicians honored) that went ahead early troubles, and in nature a kind of war of attrition! Here I am not very hot to entrust the same text (once recovered) the hands of a fourth secretary, while nothing allows me to provide that it will be more commisé-ration for him as she would later. And make myself ask the secretary work a good time investment a month that I am absolutely not willing to provide. Perhaps will I be reduced to give up a hit to the net of this third part of Crops and Seeds, I entrust to the publisher in the form of draft-manuscript. (I do not even plan when the same kind of trouble with protes responsible for the composition of the text for printing!) This would mean especially that I renounce include this third part in the limited pre-edit Crops and Seeds to be made by the care of my university, the USTL, to be distributed among personal colleagues and friends. Or maybe I'll shoot later if I end up finding a secretary who makes a okay job. I will not send this part (surely the most "difficult" of the three) at the express request of those really interested to receive, among those who have received the first two parts. I really have eager to take them and send them (although I feel less pressed for the third party). The typing these two parts is finished for months, she had been assured (without problems) by Care secretaries of USTL. They could have been taken long ago, if I had wanted to include a table of contents of all three parts of Crop Seeds and, while more than three I think month

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I'm about to end this interminable third party. Here I'll give myself

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until the end of this month to complete, or otherwise take care of the draw of the first two parts (and Fatuité Renewal and Burial I, or the dress of the Emperor of China), without including a table of contents complete and final third portion (L Burial II, or the key of yin and yang).

And now, after all these unpleasant incidents, I must somehow find the thread of a reflection that was cut short.

The death of Fujii Guruji his hundred-first year, 9 January, had an opportunity to discuss, with his person, an aspect of my life that I had not touched before. Not having the possibility to see Guruji on his deathbed, and participate in a funeral vigil in the company of his family, I spent the night after his death in a lonely vigil until morning noted some reminiscences and thoughts aroused by the event. Afterwards, I thought it would be good if I also try on this occasion, say what brought me the meeting with Fujii Guruji, and those of his disciples that I attended familiarly.

In the notes to it five days ago, I mentioned the song Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo, which for many years came into my life, and that is a blessing. There is also the affection received by Fujii Guruji himself, and

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by many of his followers, young and old. It is this condition, surely, giving its price and its beauty to the song that I received from them, which is itself an act of respect and affection for all living things of creation, including themselves and mine.

Also, my contacts with the monks and nuns of Nihonzan Myohoji were my first and only close contact with the men and women whose main investment or total goes to task religiously motivated (as long my own investment going to work mathematical discovery). This was an opportunity for me to realize that, as elsewhere, beyond a affinity by a common vocation (called religious) and allegiance to the same strong personality and engaging, differences in temperament, packaging, and even **choose** deep, remain all as marked, and also all the acting in person to person relationships. In other words, some effort to **shape** following some religious ideal (he of the "Bodhisattva", the infatigable propagator of Buddha's teachings) DEBOU

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Chent on **attitudes** more or less flower p. 767

skin, and not to a process of **transformation** inside, on maturation. Moreover, the adoption of a "Creed" (sublime be He) and investment background in a business called "religious" seems irrelevant essential to the game the usual egotistical mechanisms. The conflict is no less present in the monastic teria, monasteries, temples and other religious communities of all faiths, in that everywhere else world. And often the religious vocation is taken as a means, among others, to remove the conflict, by convincing himself that he disappeared under the credo.

It is also true that in different occasions in as my guests monks there was peace and joy Interior that radiated from him sensitive to me as to everyone who approached them, and beneficial to themselves as to all. Obviously, such a state of harmony and fullness of deep agreement is foreign any effort to be this or that - it is an "effortless", a perfect natural state.

For four of the monks with whom I felt such radiation, I feel that this was their state

customary, for many years, even decades. This is particularly the case for Fujii Guruji himself. For two of my friends, I have seen on other occasions and also tied as torn as anyone. It was as if this state of harmony which I had known, and some spontaneous understanding things that was one of the signs had become null and void - as if they had left no trace them. I am convinced however that there is indeed a "trace" indestructible deeper than just mark registered in the memory - a trace in the nature of **knowledge**. Like everyone, these friends are free at any time to take account of the knowledge deposited in them in the creative moments their existence, let it work and grow; as they are also free to ignore it, bury it, to "make idiots" in short. This is, after all, the most common thing in the world...

The thought came to me that this state of perfect natural, deep agreement with oneself, and this radiation that accompanies it, are **not** things so common, by cons. It is a remarkable fact that the relatively small group of monks that I could welcome home, whether for a few days or a few weeks, there has been so much in that I have found this state of inner harmony, force full sense, one in which unite humility and fortitude, gentle and incisive. Would not that, in end of the committee, indeed the action of a creed, or prayer that expresses? This,

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so obviously it p. 768

alone can create a state of grace, perhaps it tends nevertheless to **foster** the emergence of such a state, and its renewed day after day? After all, the only fact to sing a beautiful song by putting it entirely, is ever so slightly a "state of grace" - and the only beauty of a song (or prayer) encourages us already "we put a whole. "

It is also true that the most beautiful songs, when we resassons with the mind also remains inactive, fault
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for us to open it. Or rather, what we resassons and **is not** the song that we believe sing, and our soul is nourished point no more than a pink paper or plastic is a rose, and a bee would come to plunder.

18.2.12.6. (F) Belief and knowledge

Rating 162 (January 14) In closing the discussion of it a week ago, I had the feeling of having "put doigt "on something important. That night, I wanted to express tersely that" something " in the name named in the note, "The cause of violence without cause" (note ° 159). I also knew that this sudden flash of understanding was not an outcome or an end point, a reflection since over a month 308 (*) just revolved around the mystery of "violence without cause" or "violence free. "Rather, this" perspective "new suddenly appeared is rather akin to a new starting point. The "displacement" mechanism of bitterness or resentment for faults and damage in ancient days, to a "target" **acceptable** instead of lead real, or perceived as reaching out as "taboo" - this mechanism there, I had first recognized sporadically, in such and such cases isolated in my life, and tacitly taken for a sort of aberration strange and erratic of the unconscious, is finally recognized as a "basic mechanisms of the psyche human. "At the same time, it appears responsible for numerous and troubling events "violence without cause"; as well that which prevails between husband and wife, between lover and lover, relatives and children, the "anonymous" violence that culminated in war time or large social convulsions.

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I do not know if those links then have long since entered the Baba of psychological science or psycho-
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chiatrique (assuming that there is such "science"), or if what I say here is going to figure fantasmogories of "dilettante psychoanalysis". As my intention is not to present a doctoral thesis in psychology, or even to break lances for any old or new theory, but to understand my life across situations in which my person is involved, I do not care the "status" of that on which I happen to pinpoint, or "perspectives" that I suddenly see open here and there. I know anyway, if I want to understand the least thing I can do without thinking personal, whether in mathematics, or in my life and in those to which my life is bound one way or another. And this is so especially when it comes to understanding seems to em- bly defy reason, and I see everyone around me and also to avoid like the plague, with blows reassuring cliches. (And it seems to me that professional psychology there are no more than all other, the moment at least, that their person is directly involved.)

I went well that "sudden conviction" appeared at the bend "a final point on a last i" namely that "I had just put his finger on the common spring all situations of" gratuitous violence ", " does not dispense anything from the task of examining on parts, and from every angle, this new insight arrival into the conscious next to the field, not yet clear of the diffuse halo of what has emerged mists. On the contrary, this was just the first work to do, I could already see a rise host of new questions, such as in special case, that general. If there was any certainty in this "belief" to the punch, or rather, a certain knowledge of core celle-

it does not say to me that the wording that I had to give this conviction was "real", "correct" without reservations or significant alterations perhaps; instead, I had much to put your finger on a **completely new** (for me) and **key**, **a new perspective** on violence had well and truly 308 (*) Specifically, since the note of December 7 "Velvet Paw - or smiles" (n ° 137).
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to establish 309 (*). The precise and nuanced sense of what is new and this new perspective, scope and also exact., perhaps, its extensions and unexpected impact, they can not fail to be released, since I will invest the necessary work. The "knowledge" that had appeared telling me, especially, that the time was ripe for such a job, to enter deeper into an understanding of violence, in any case, in that of "gratuitous violence"; every hour and every day that I would dedicate to this task to go through what had appeared, would make me penetrate further into this comprehension. I do not remember such a sense of the appearance of something new and essential (Even though it would still diffuse and rough) and firmly believe they can enter more forward in understanding this thing, ever wrong. If my research there was a guide sure to "put" my investment in that direction or another, is to sense the onset the **new**, and this inner conviction that tells me when the time is ripe to go further in this "new" and glimpsed to know the 310 (*).

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This does not mean that, whenever the time is ripe to launch me in that direction, and p. 771 know such things, I launched myself indeed! It was already impossible from the time when I invested all My energy in mathematics, when gradually, I found myself with ten irons and with a hundred both in the fire! 311 (*) And it was the same in meditation, that is to say, in the discovery of myself. At a conscious work, we can not, alas, do one thing at a time (which is not bad yet, when we take the trouble to do it well. . .). This work on **one** of the "irons in percent fire" may, it is true, following the mysterious ways of the unconscious, also benefit all other, or at least many of them - can the "warm", make them more welcoming to hammer on the anvil of conscious attention, from the moment we turn to them. It is also necessary to know choose from the outset "good" iron among the hundred - one whose shaping will also advance work on others are warming up like him.

309 (*) By writing these lines has become mine comparison with "standard conjectures" on algebraic cycles that I presented the Bombay conference in 1968. It seemed to me then (and still appear to me today) as being, with the resolution of singularities, one of the most pressing problems in algebraic geometry. in reaching these conjectures, I felt that a "new perspective... had to be established", this time on algebraic cycles, their relationship Hodge theory and the Weil conjectures. What struck me most of all was that I could watch a approach to the Weil conjectures would be "purely geometrical" I mean, without (at least in appearance) to pass through a cohomology theory.

As I already pointed out elsewhere (in the sub-grade n ° 106 1 of the note "The muscle and guts"), the reality of this "perspective new" and scope, is entirely independent of the question (which remains in limbo the future) if the conjecture prove true or false. A guess, for me, is not a **bet** (that win or lose), but a **straw poll**

- and whatever the answer, we can not get out as "winners" I hear, with renewed knowledge. (Compare with reflection in "Error and discovery", n ° 2) Assuming that the conjecture is false, I can already see sight nose two or three alternatives, "less optimistic" that once the refined, and whose lower is practically equivalent to the existence of a "reasonable" theory of semi-simple patterns on a body.

Identify these variants, for someone so little in the shot, is an exercise in an afternoon or two (and starting point perhaps for a long journey into the unknown ...). Remove the first statement (by inspiring me, as usual, a Serre idea, outlined in his article "Analogues of Kählerian Weil conjectures"), was not an exercise, but actually well a **discovery**; or (in the words of the letter of Zoghman Mebkhout, cited in note "Failed an education - or creation and conceit", n ° 44') a **creation** And that was an understatement when Zoghman ventured. timidly to say that "my students do not quite know what it is that creation" - or rather, I would say they knew but have forgotten long ago, they were engrossed in pushing the wheels of a funeral carriage. . .

310 (*) compare with the note "The child and the sea - or faith and doubt," n ° 103.

311 (*) See note "Hundred irons in the fire, or Nothing serves to dry!", N ° 32.

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18.2.12.7. (G) The most burning iron - or rotating

Note 162

In thinking about the burial, I met many "irons" who demanded that I work more or less hot depending on the case. It seems to me they are all warmed over work, some more, some less. The first of these "chains" was the question of **self-contempt** in If my own person, placed first as a matter of conscience, on the sidelines of the first embryo

Crops and Seeds 312 (**). He remained rather lukewarm, to the reflection of 13 December (a month ago and one day), in the note "The violence of the right - or the emotional release" (n ° 141). It was the first time in my life, I think, that I devoted a reflection, if brief as it is, with a few cases in my life where I myself exercised and inflicted a "violence without cause" violence "beyond belief." I found it come to think about it over the years, but always in passing, without stopping, and above all without devote a written reflection.

Yet violence-who-says-not-his-name had deeply affected my life - it was one of the things crucial, if not **the** crucial thing between

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all, that I had to understand as deeply as I

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could, to understand my life and "life" in general, human life. But that is indeed the case, something Yet obvious as soon as I take the trouble to think about it, remained hidden. This eventually emerge as by chance, on the sidelines of the reflection in the days that preceded that of 13 December, continued in all four notes together under the name "The claw in the velvet" (n ° s 133-136). It is in these notes for the first time in Crops and Seeds " **violence** " is named, and becomes subject of attention. It remained the center of attention so far, at least, to the note of 7 January (there's one week), "The cause of violence without cause."

This promising title may give the impression that the last note is a kind of culmination of the re-bending on violence, continuing throughout the past month. And it is true that it is a major fruits. Yet I know that if there were a sudden onset of this new perspective, and this feeling intimate conviction on a link suddenly glimpsed, it is because **my own person** was she also directly involved in what had appeared among the "crowd of fragmentary impressions and assorted stored everything in my life. "The latest and coolest of all these impressions, then felt as though "piecemeal" and insufficient in fact, precisely this reflection remonait 13 December on the **violence in myself** . This reflection, which the casual reader may seem like a digression among many others in the investigation of the burial, appears against me, now, in retrospect, as a focal point and a crucial turning point (potentially at least) in my thinking about myself. The same day also, I felt that I had to begin, finally, the first step in a direction that I had previously avoided, which would lead me straight to the heart of the conflict in me. This "lukewarm iron" that had been placed there as a reminder for ten months now, suddenly was heated red - it was enough for me to dwell and to blow hit, so that it becomes red white and reveals me form and a message. And this is so even today.

But it is clear that this is not the place to work this iron one. Of all emerged during harvests and Sowing is certainly it is most hot for me, and after him, he appeared with closely bound "The cause of violence without cause," if the child was on the back a terribly adult boss stubbornly riveted to the long-term tasks and

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"Priorities" that they impose, it is in this direction surely

p. 773

leading me to the core of the conflict in myself and others, I élançais me now, without me sound! But as the name suggests, is the boss in most cases, not the child, which commands and decides investments. The "mystery of evil" So wait for the best time would be when the boss 312 (**). See Note (n ° 2) Referring to the (June 1983) "Infallibility (of others) and contempt (of course)" (n ° 4). 630

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on holiday (the rarest thing), or when it will not be too cluttered "priorities" advanced, as that of finally finish writing Crops and Seeds!

18.2.12.8. (H) The endless chain - or placing (3)

Note 162 "

But before returning to the burial, I would at least note an association of ideas aroused by the thought of it a week ago - one combination may be less obvious than others, and for it may vanish without a trace if I do note now. It is linked to the Hindu idea karma, and goes in the same direction that the organization appeared in the note "The enemy Brother - or placing" (n ° 156) in the direction of the thin intuition of a kind of " **conservation law of karma** ." This grudge original broadcasts in a person, which results later in the aggressive impulses and violence in "free" appearance, is not born from nothing. It is the answer to deep fine assaults and many suffered, especially those experienced in early childhood. It can be considered, it is true that many these assaults, repressive, are not "acts of violence" in the strict sense, that is, say, from an intent to hurt or harm, particularly among vis-à-vis their child parents. It is also true that such an intention (almost always unconscious) is yet present in many more If it is admitted by common consensus. But perhaps in the context of a creation or Karma transmission, the question of **intentions** or **motivations** (overt or covert) Is accessory when "violence" has indeed held that inflicts "evil", causing "injury". I would not know how to say it.

Still, in most cases, a superficial glance can have the illusion that such "evil" suffered is null and void, it is collected and cashed once he "disappeared" without a trace. And that's a fact it is not so common as those sown in their children their anguish and helplessness to be themselves, end up reaping direct

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lies in the hands of these same children, once they have p. 774

sown; or at least it seems that they are reaping a small part! Or to put it differently, grudge broadcasts they have brought in their children, there is a small portion that condenses a grudge "hard", directed toward them - and they complain to body and cries, as the blackest ingratitude, it's a done thing! But the rest of this grudge or that "karma" accumulated, is not lost, however. It is to use it effectively, and so may seem inexplicable by this mechanism of the "displacement" of bitterness to makeshift targets; Target erratic sometimes, and sometimes also specially assorted targets attirées, pampered, so to speak, broods a long lifetime!

For ordinary times, this intense work of karma, like a deep abscess implanted in the lives of men, is in the twilight, and each is committed to ignore, not to agree to the view that as "blunder" casual here and another there, compared to what is considered normal and sitting up.

It is through exceptional times, when war or poverty rage (or in exceptional places as prisons and asylums), this underground work broke and spread freely in the full light of day in a frantic outburst of scorn and amok, exalted by the grandiloquent flags above the graves and heroic nude and cold cities. . .

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