

M. Ty

Here is the primary passage:

L'amour instruit les dieux et les hommes, car nul n'apprend sans desirer apprendre. La verite est recherchee non pas en tant que verite, mais en tant que bien.

L'attention est liee au desir. Non pas a la volonte, mais au desir . Ou plus exactement, au consentement.

On libere en soi de l'energie. Mais sans cesse elle s'attache de nouveau. Comment la liberer toute ? Il faut desirer que cela soit fait en nous. Le desirer vraiment. Simplement le desirer, non pas tenter de l'accomplir. Car toute tentative en ce sens est vaine et se paie cher. Dans une telle oeuvre, tout ce que je nomme « je » doit etre passif. L'attention seule, cette attention si pleine que le « je »disparait, est requise de moi. Priver tout ce que je nomme « je » de la lumiere de l'attention et la reporter sur l'inconcevable.

[Love is the teacher of gods and men, for no one learns without desiring to learn. Truth is sought not because it is truth but because it is good. Attention is bound up with desire. Not with the will but with desire—or more exactly, consent. We liberate energy in ourselves, but it constantly reattaches itself. How are we to liberate it entirely? We have to desire that it should be done in us—to desire it truly—simply to desire it, not to try to accomplish it. For every attempt in that direction is vain and has to be dearly paid for. In such a work all that I call 'I' has to be passive. Attention alone—that attention which is so full that the 'I' disappears—is required of me. I have to deprive all that I call 'I' of the light of my attention and turn it on to that which cannot be conceived.]

— *La penseur et la grâce*

I mention these in the podcast, but I wasn't sure if you'd like to include them also.

The channels through which the wings push up are dried up and closed and hinder the growth of the wing. What is inside them, full of desire but closed in, beats like a pulse in an inflamed sore; it pierces these channels like a needle. Thus the whole soul everywhere is stung as if bitten by a gadfly and tortured. *At the same time, having the memory of beauty, it is full of joy.*

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Irritation, tingling of the gums. Admirable image...The simile is admirable because this sprouting and the pain of sprouting are produced without one's being able to explain what is going on and without any direct role in producing it.

—“God in Plato,” in *Late Philosophical Writings*

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Music unfolding itself in Time seizes upon the attention and delivers it from the hands of Time by bringing it to bear at each instant on that which is. The waiting is one carried out in emptiness, a waiting on immediacy. One doesn't wish that a single note, a single interval of silence, should cease; while at the same time one cannot bear that either should continue. Perfect music contains the maximum amount of monotony that is bearable; the least possible amount of change consistent with the maintenance of the attention at the same degree of intensity

—*Notebooks*, vol II., 554