
The Situation of Psychoanalysis and the Training of Psychoanalysts in 1956

For some . . . and “to others.”

We rarely celebrate the hundred-year anniversary of someone's birth. To do so assumes that the work provides a continuation of the man, suggesting his survival. I will have to point to [*dénoncer*] the appearances of this in my twofold subject here.

Being a psychoanalyst myself and having long been confined to practicing analysis, I have seen that the latter can be elucidated by using the terms with which Freud defined it not as precepts but as concepts that are appropriate to these terms.

Being thus engaged as much as possible, and certainly more than I planned, in psychoanalysis' history in action, I will say things here that will only appear daring if one confuses bias with perspective.

My title is also, as I know, such as to put off people whom these things might touch, stopping them from reading on any further. Please excuse this malice: What I have become accustomed to discussing with these terms is the true situation and valid training. Here [on the other hand] it is the real situation and the training actually provided that I would like to account for to a broader audience.

Oh, how universally people would agree if I were to collapse psychoanalysis and training into each other in order to study the situation of the psychoanalyst himself! And how edifying it would be to extend that study to his very lifestyle! I will simply touch on his relation to the world for an instant in order to introduce my topic.

We are aware of the question “How can anyone be a psychoanalyst?”—that still occasionally, when spoken by people of the world, makes us seem like Persians—to which are soon added the words “I wouldn’t like to live with a psychoanalyst,” the dear pensive woman reassuring us with them of what fate spares us.

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This ambiguous reverence is not as far removed as it may seem from the credence, which is no doubt more serious, that science lends us. For although scientists willingly note the relevance of certain facts that are supposed to concern us, it is *from the outside* and with a caveat related to the foreignness of our mental customs that they are willing to allow us.

How could we not but be satisfied with this intellectual segregation, which is the fruit of the distance that we ourselves maintain on the basis of the incommunicability of our experience?

Too bad that such segregation stymies a need for reinforcements, which is all too manifest in that it looks more or less anywhere; one can gauge in our discouraging literature the crumbs with which it contents itself. It will suffice here for me to mention the shudder of ease that went through the ranks of my elders when a disciple of the School,¹ having anointed himself with Pavlovism for the occasion, came to give them his *licet*. The prestige of the conditioned reflex and even of animal neurosis has not ceased since that time to wreak havoc in our reveries . . . Should some of them come to hear about what are known as the “human sciences,” they will take to shouting and zealots on the stage conform to the commandments of intelligent figuration.

Assuredly, this gesture—holding out one’s hand but never shaking hands—can only have an internal reason, by which I mean that the explanation for it must be sought out in the situation of psychoanalysis rather than of psychoanalysts. For if I have ironically defined psychoanalysis as the treatment one expects from a psychoanalyst, it is nevertheless certainly psychoanalysis that determines the quality of the psychoanalyst.

As I have said, there is in analysis a real situation that can be indicated if we relate the most common cliché that is produced in it—namely, that no new notion has been introduced in psychoanalysis since Freud—to the fact that one is so utterly obliged to resort to the notion of “frustration” as an explanation for everything that it has now become trivial. Yet one would be hard pressed to find the slightest trace of this term in all of Freud’s work: for one only finds therein an opportunity to rectify it with the term *Versagung*, which implies renunciation. *Versagung* is thus distinguished from “frustration” by the entire difference between the symbolic and reality [*réel*], a difference which I will assume I can take for granted with my readers. Freud’s work can be understood as giving it the weight of a new instance.

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It is central here to point out this protruding sign of a diffuse discordance, which is in fact such that since Freud's terms are—so to speak, and we will see that this is not insignificant—left in place, each person designates something different by them when he uses them.

Indeed, there is nothing that better satisfies the requirements of the concept than Freud's terms—in other words, that is more identical to the structure of a relationship, namely, the analytic relationship, and to the thing that is grasped therein, namely, the signifier. This means that these concepts, which are powerfully interrelated, do not correspond to anything that is immediately given to our intuition. Now this is precisely what is substituted for them point for point through an approximation which can only be gross, and which is such that one can compare that approximation to what the idea of force or waves means to someone who has no knowledge of physics.

This is why “transference”—regardless of one's reservations about it and of what each person professes about it—remains, with the sticking power of common consent, identified with a feeling or a constellation of feelings felt by the patient, whereas by simply defining it as the kind of reproduction that occurs in analysis, it becomes clear that the greater part of it must remain unnoticed by the subject.

Similarly, and more insidiously still, “resistance” is associated with the oppositional attitude that the word connotes in its ordinary usage, whereas Freud does not allow for equivocation here, qualifying, as he does, the most accidental events of the subject's life as resistance inasmuch as they pose obstacles to the analysis, if only by obviating his physical presence at his sessions.

Of course, these trivial reminders remain opaque in this form. To know what transference is, one must know what happens in analysis. To know what happens in analysis, one must know where speech comes from. To know what resistance is, one must know what blocks the advent of speech, and it is not some individual disposition, but rather an imaginary interposition which goes beyond the subject's individuality, in that it structures his individualization as specified in the dyadic relation.

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Please excuse such an abstract formulation designed to orient our thinking. It merely indicates, thus, like the general formula for gravitation in a text on the history of science, the foundations of our research. One cannot require psychoanalytic popularization to abstain from all such references.

It is not, in fact, that conceptual rigor and developments in technique are lacking in psychoanalytic works. If they remain so sporadic and even inefficient, it is because of a more profound problem that is due to a singular confusion in the precepts of practice.

We know the asystematic attitude that is laid down as the crux of both the

so-called fundamental rule of psychoanalysis, which requires the patient not to omit to mention anything that comes to mind—and, in order to do so, to give up all criticism and selection [of what comes to mind]—and of so-called free-floating attention, which Freud expressly recommends to the psychoanalyst as the attitude that simply corresponds to the fundamental rule.

These two precepts, between which the fabric of psychoanalytic experience is, as it were, stretched taut, bring out, it seems, clearly enough the fundamental role of the subject's discourse and of its being listened to [*son écoute*].

This is what psychoanalysts devoted themselves to in the golden age of psychoanalysis, and it bore fruit. It was no accident that the crop they harvested—both from the ravings never before so permitted to roll off the tongue and from the slips never so offered up to an open ear—was so bountiful.

But this very abundance of data, which were sources of knowledge, quickly led them to a knot that they managed to turn into an impasse. Having acquired these data, could they stop themselves from taking their bearings from them in navigating what they heard thereafter? In fact, the problem only arose for them once patients, who soon became just as familiar with this knowledge as they themselves were, served up to them pre-prepared interpretations that it was the analysts' task to provide—which is, it must be admitted, certainly the worst trick one can play on a soothsayer.

No longer believing their two ears, they wanted to find anew the beyond that discourse had, in fact, always had, but they did not know what it was. This is why they invented for themselves a third ear, supposedly designed to perceive that beyond without intermediary. And to designate this immediacy of the transcendent, all the metaphors involving something compact were invoked—affect, lived experience, attitude, discharge, need for love, latent aggressiveness, character armor, and the system of defenses, let us leave aside the magician's shaker and engage in sleight of hand—the recognition of which was no longer accessible henceforth except to this *je-ne-sais-quoi* of which a clicking of the tongue is the last probation and which introduces into teaching an utterly new requirement: that of the inarticulate.

After that, psychological fancies could be given free rein. This is not the place to write the history of the vagaries of fashion in psychoanalysis. They are hardly noticed by their supporters who are always captivated by the latest one: exhaustion of fantasies, instinctual regression, outwitting of defense, mopping up of anxiety, freeing up of aggression, identification with the analyst's strong ego, imaginary incorporation of his attributes, the dynamic, oh!, the dynamic in which the object-relation is reconstructed, and—according to the most recent echoes, the objective in which a discipline grounded in the subject's history culminates—the *hic et nunc* couple. The latter's twin croaking is

ironic not simply because it makes us consult anew the pages of our forgotten Latin, but because it touches on a better brand of humanism by resuscitating the crows we are once again wasting our time gawking at [*les corneilles auxquelles nous revoilà bayant*], no longer having anything but the itchings of our countertransference with which to deduce our auspices from the defiance of their oblique fluttering and the mocking shutter of their winks.

This domain of our erring is not, however, pure smoke and mirrors: Its labyrinth is clearly the one whose thread we were given, but through a fluke this lost thread has dissipated the labyrinth's walls into reflections and—making us skip twenty centuries of mythology in breaking—has changed the corridors of Daedalus into Ariosto's palace in which everything in your beloved or in the rival who defies you is but a lure.

Freud is crystal clear here as he is everywhere else: All his efforts from 1897 to 1914² were designed to distinguish between the imaginary and reality [*réel*] in the mechanisms of the unconscious. It is odd that this led psychoanalysts, at two different stages, first to make the imaginary into another reality [*réel*] and then, in our times, to find in the imaginary the norm of reality [*réel*].

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Of course, the imaginary is not illusion and it gives food for thought. But what allowed Freud to track down the treasure in it, treasure that made his followers rich, is the symbolic determination to which the imaginary function is subordinated and which in Freud's work is always powerfully recalled, whether in discussions of the mechanism of forgetting a word or the structure of fetishism.

By insisting that the analysis of neurosis always be brought back to the knot of the Oedipus complex, it can be said that Freud was precisely aiming to assure the imaginary in its symbolic concatenation, for the symbolic order requires at least three terms, and this forces the analyst not to forget the Other that is present between the two who, since they are there, do not envelop the one who speaks.

But despite what Freud adds to this warning with his theory of the narcissistic mirage, psychoanalysts keep going ever further into the dyadic relation without being struck by the extravagance of the "introjection of the good object," by which they offer themselves up as a new kind of pelican, fortunately in a fantasmatic form, to the appetite of the consumer; nor are they stopped, in their texts celebrating this conception of analysis, by the doubts our nephews will form when wondering about the obscenities proffered by the Obscurantin brothers who found favor and faith in our *novecento*.

In truth, the very notion of preoedipal analysis summarizes the disbanding of the necklace whereby one casts one's swine before pearls. Curiously enough, as the objectives of analysis lose their importance, ritual forms of tech-

nique become more highly valued. The coherence of this twofold movement in the new psychoanalysis is sensed by its zealots. And one of them—who, in pages by Michelet where the commode [*chaise percée*] is considered to be the centerpiece of the mores of the seventeenth century, found grist for his mill and material about which to wax strident right up to the no-holds-barred profession that beauty is either scatophagous or is not at all—mustered no less courage when he announced that the conditions in which Freud’s final truth was produced were miraculous, and that we must not change one line of them: hence the counting of the minutes that the analyst spends in his seat, to which the subject’s unconscious can adjust its habits.

One could have foreseen the results, in which the imaginary, in order to rejoin reality [*réel*], must find the no man’s land* that provides access to it by effacing the border between them. Nonspatializing sensoriums indicate them, in which hallucination itself leads to difficulties at its limit. But an inventive emergence always anticipates man’s calculations, and it was to everyone’s pleasant surprise that a novice once recounted to us, in several modest and unembellished pages that were a great success for him, the elegant solution he had found to a recalcitrant case: “After so many years of analysis, my patient still could not smell me; one day my no-less-patient insistence prevailed: he perceived my odor. The cure lay there.”

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We would be wrong to steer clear of such audacious moves, since they have their letters patent of nobility. “The Ingenious Dr. Swift” would not withhold his patronage here. By way of proof, consider *The Grand Mystery, or Art of Meditating over an House of Office, Restor’d and Unveil’d*, of which I will cite a passage on pages 5 and 6, not altering anything in it, where he praises the enlightenment one can draw from

fecal Matter [which] (while the Excrement remains fresh) [provides] an exhalation of like Particles, which ascending through the *Optic and Olfactory* Nerves of any Person standing over it, excite by Sympathy, the like Affections in him, and inform him (if first duly instructed, in these profound Mysteries) of all that he can desire to know, concerning the Temper, Thoughts, nay Actions and Fortunes, of the *Author* of the Excrement.

Swift continues, “I hope therefore, it will be no Offence to my Superiors,” and we learn on page 10 that these are the “*Doctors and Fellows* of the *Royal Society*” who try to make this science a secret,

that I propose, at the end of this little Treatise, to lodge the supreme Inspection of *Necessary Houses*, in Persons of more Learning and bet-

ter Judgment, than those who are now in possession of that Office. The Dignity of it is evident, [. . .] but it will be in much higher esteem, when occupied by Philosophers and Statesmen, who will be able, from the Taste, Smell, Tincture and Substance of the *issue* of our Body's Natural, to guess at the Constitution of the Body Politic, and to inform and warn the Government of all Plots, design'd Revolutions, and intestine Grumbings of restless and aspiring Men.

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It would be vain of me to indulge in the Dean's cynical humor toward the end of his life, if not of his thought. But I would like to recall in passing, in a way that will be perceptible even to olfactory minds, the difference between a naturalist materialism and Freudian materialism; the latter, far from stripping us of our history, assures us of its permanence in its symbolic form, independently of the whims of our assent.

This is not insignificant assuming it suitably represents the traits of the unconscious, which Freud asserted ever more strongly instead of softening them. Then why avoid the questions that the unconscious raises?

If so-called free association gives us access to the unconscious, is it through a liberation that can be compared to a liberation from neurological automatisms?

If the drives that are discovered there are located at the diencephalic level, or even at the rhinencephalic level, how can we understand the fact that they are structured in terms of language?

For while their effects made themselves known in language from the outset, their ruses, which we have since learned to recognize, nonetheless denote a linguistic procedure, in both their triviality and their finesse.

The drives, which in dreams are acted out in almanac-type puns, also exude an air of *Witz* which touches even the most naive readers of the *Traumdeutung* [*The Interpretation of Dreams*]. For they are the same drives whose presence separates witticisms from comedy, asserting themselves in them in a loftier alterity [*altière altérité*].³

But defense itself, whose negation suffices to indicate unconscious ambiguity, makes use of forms that are no less rhetorical. Its modes are hard to conceptualize without resorting to the tropes and figures, those of speech or words that are as true as in Quintilian,⁴ and which run the gamut from accismus and metonymy to catachresis and antiphrasis, and on to hypallage and even understatement (recognizable in what Fenichel describes); the more the defense seems to us to be unconscious, the clearer this is.

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This obliges us to conclude that there is no stylistic form, however elaborate (and the unconscious abounds in such forms)—not excepting erudite, con-

cettist, and precious forms—that is disdained by the unconscious, any more than by the author of these lines: the Gongora of psychoanalysis, as people call him, at your service.

Should this be such as to discourage us from rediscovering the unconscious in the peristalsis of a dog, however “Pavlovized” we may assume it to be, it is not designed to require analysts to immerse themselves in macaronic poetry or lessons in tablature for the courtly arts, even though it would make their debates far more pleasant. Still we could require them to be trained in a linguistic problematic, enough to allow them to distinguish symbolism from natural analogy, with which they habitually confuse it.

Such training would cover the distinction between the signifier and the signified, rightly credited to Ferdinand de Saussure, because it is thanks to his teaching that it is now included in the foundations of the human sciences. Let us simply note that, apart from precursors like Baudouin de Courtenay, this distinction was perfectly clear to the ancients, and was attested to in the works of Quintilian and St. Augustine.

In their texts, the primacy of the signifier over the signified already seems inescapable in any discourse on language, even if this idea is so utterly disconcerting that it has not been braved by linguists in our own times.

Only psychoanalysis is capable of *forcing* us to recognize this primacy in *our thinking*, by demonstrating that the signifier does without any cogitation, even the least reflexive, in creating indubitable groupings in the significations that enslave the subject and, furthermore, in manifesting itself in him in this alienating intrusion through which the notion of “symptom” in analysis takes on an emergent meaning: the meaning of the signifier that connotes the subject’s relation to the signifier.

Thus I will say that Freud’s discovery is the truth that the truth never loses its rights, and that, although it may hide its claims even in the domain destined to the immediacy of instincts, its register alone allows us to conceptualize the inextinguishable duration of desire, a feature of the unconscious which is hardly the least paradoxical, even though Freud never gives it up.

But in order to obviate any misunderstanding, let me make it clear that this register of truth must be followed *to the letter* [à la lettre]; in other words, symbolic determination, which Freud calls overdetermination, must be considered first as a product of syntax, if one wishes to grasp its analogical effects. For these effects occur from the text to meaning, rather than imposing their meaning on the text. This can be seen in the truly senseless desires that are the least twisted of these effects.

Combinatory logic gives us the most radical form of this symbolic determination, and we must learn how to give up the naive requirement that would

have us locate its origin in the vicissitudes of the cerebral organization that occasionally reflects it.

This is a healthy rectification, however offensive it may be to psychological bias. And to defend it, it does not seem excessive to recall all the loci in which the symbolic order finds its vehicle, were it only in the peopled silence of the universe that has arisen from physics. Human industry, which the symbolic order determines far more than it serves, exists not merely to preserve it but already visibly extends it beyond that part of it that man masters; and the two kilos of language whose presence I can point to here on the table seem less inert when we find them carried on the crisscrossing airwaves of our broadcasts—to open the very ears of the deaf to the truth that Rabelais was able to encompass in his apologue of the frozen words.

A psychoanalyst should find assurance in the obvious fact that man is, prior to his birth and beyond his death, caught up in the symbolic chain, a chain that founded his lineage before his history was embroidered upon it. He must work at the idea that it is in his very being—in his “total personality,” as it is comically put—that man is in fact considered to be a whole, but like a pawn, in the play of the signifier, and this is so even before its rules are transmitted to him, insofar as he ends up discovering them; this order of priorities must be understood as a logical order, that is, as forever current.

No prehistory allows us to efface the cut brought about by the heteronomy of the symbolic. On the contrary, everything it gives us merely deepens the cut: tools whose serial form directs our attention more toward the ritual of their fabrication than toward the uses to which they were put; piles that show nothing other than the symbol anticipating the symbolic's entry into the world; and graves which, beyond any explanation that we can dream up for them, are edifices unknown to nature.

469 The fact that the symbolic is located outside of man is the very notion of the unconscious. And Freud constantly proved that he stuck to it as if it were the very crux of his experience.

This is witnessed by the point at which he made a clean break with Jung, in other words, when the latter published his *Study of the Transformations and Symbolisms of the Libido*. For the archetype makes the symbol into the blossoming of the soul, and that is that; the fact that the unconscious may be both individual and collective had little importance to the man who, explicitly in his *Moses and Monotheism*, and implicitly in his *Totem and Taboo*, admits that a forgotten drama comes down through the ages in the unconscious. But what we must say, following Aristotle's lead, is that it is not the soul that speaks but man who speaks with his soul, on the condition that we add that he receives the language he speaks and that, in order to bear it, he sinks more into it than

his soul: he sinks into it his very instincts whose ground resonates in the depths only to throw back the signifier's echo. And when this echo comes back to the surface, the speaker marvels at it and raises up the praise of eternal romanticism. "*Spricht die Seele, so spricht . . .*" "The soul speaks, listen to it . . ." "*ach! schon die Seele nicht mehr . . .*"⁵ You can listen to it; the illusion will not last long. You can ask Ernest Jones about it instead, one of the rare disciples who attempted to articulate something about symbolism that held water: he will tell you the fate of the special Commission instituted to give body to his study at the 1910 Congress.⁶

If, moreover, we consider Freud's enduring preference for his *Totem and Taboo* and the fact that he obstinately opposed every attempt to relativize the killing of the father, which he considered to be the inaugural drama of humanity, we can see that what he maintained thereby was the primordial nature of the signifier that is represented by paternity beyond the attributes that it accumulates, the link of generation being but one part of it. Its import as a signifier appears unequivocally in the assertion produced in this way that the true father—that is, the symbolic father—is the dead father. And the connection between paternity and death, which Freud explicitly highlights in many case discussions, allows us to see from whence this signifier garners its primordial rank.

Hammering away like this in order to reestablish a perspective will not, however, give the psychoanalyst the mental means with which to operate in the field this perspective delimits. Of course, it is not a question of mental level, but rather of the fact that the symbolic order can be approached only through its own apparatus. Just as you cannot do algebra without knowing how to write, you cannot handle or parry even the slightest signifying effect without at least suspecting what is implied by writing.

Must it be the case that the views of those that the *Traumdeutung*⁷ led to analysis were so short-sighted, or that the hair on the Medusa's head that it presented to them was too long? What is this new interpretation of dreams if not an attempt to redirect the oneiromancer to the sole but irrefutable foundation of all mantic—namely, the battery of its material? I do not mean the matter of the said battery, but rather its ordinal finity. Sticks thrown on the ground or the illustrious swords of the Tarot, the simple game of odds or evens or the supreme kouas of the *I Ching*—in you every possible fate, every conceivable debt, can be summarized, for nothing in you is worthwhile except the combinatory in which the giant of language takes on anew his stature by being suddenly delivered from the Gulliverian bonds of signification. If dreams are still more suitable to it, it is because the elaboration produced by your games is at work in their development: "Only the dream's elaboration interests us,"

Freud says, and again, “A dream is a rebus.” What would he have had to add so that we would stop expecting dreams to deliver up the words of the soul? Have the sentences of a rebus ever had the slightest meaning, and does its interest—that is, the interest we take in its deciphering—not derive from the fact that the signification manifest in its images falls away, having no other scope than that of conveying the signifier that is disguised in it?

This would even warrant that I shed psychoanalysis’ reflected light back onto the sources that have illuminated my discussion here, by inciting linguists to strike from their papers the illusory locution which makes them speak, pleonastically moreover, of “ideographic” writing. Writing, like dreams, can be figurative, but, like language, it is always symbolically articulated—namely, just like language, it is phonemic, and indeed phonetic as soon as it is read.

471 Will, lastly, slips of the tongue, when they are stripped bare, make us grasp what is meant by the fact that they allow themselves to be summed up in the following formulation: that in slips discourse manages to overcome feigned significations?

Will we manage thereby to rip the soothsayer away from his desire for entrails and bring him back to the goal of free-floating attention? Even after analysts have spent some fifty million hours finding both their ease and disease in it, it seems that no one has wondered what free-floating attention is.

For although Freud proposed this sort of attention as the counterpart⁸ (*Gegenstück*) of free association, the term “free-floating” does not imply fluctuation, but rather evenness of level—this is emphasized by the German term, “*gleichschwebende*.”

Let us note, moreover, that the third ear, which I used to deny the existence of the uncertain beyonds of an occult sense, is nevertheless in fact the invention of an author, Theodor Reik, who is rather sensible in his tendency to adapt himself to a realm that is shy of speech.

But what need can an analyst have for an extra ear, when it sometimes seems that two are already too many, since he runs headlong into the fundamental misunderstanding brought on by the relationship of understanding? I repeatedly tell my students: “Don’t try to understand!” and leave this nauseating category to Karl Jaspers and his consorts. May one of your ears become as deaf as the other one must be acute. And that is the one that you should lend to listen for sounds and phonemes, words, locutions, and sentences, not forgetting pauses, scansion, cuts, periods, and parallelisms, for it is in these that the word-for-word transcription can be prepared, without which analytic intuition has no basis or object.

It is in this way that the speech that offers itself up to your agreement—as

the commonplace belief would have it and with an obviousness that is as fallacious as its truth is attractive, delivering itself up only at a second moment in the following form, “the number two rejoices in being odd” (and it is quite right to rejoice in it, but it can be faulted for not being able to say why)⁹—finds at the unconscious level its most signifying import, purified of its equivocations, when it is translated as: “the two numbers that have no equal are waiting for Godot.”

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I think I have gotten my point across, and it should be clear that the interest I am showing here in mantic is not designed to approve of the fortune-teller style that sets the tone in the theory of instincts.

On the contrary, the study of symbolic determination would allow us to reduce, if not simultaneously isolate, what psychoanalytic experience provides in the way of positive data: and this is not insignificant.

The theory of narcissism and that of the ego, in the way in which Freud oriented the latter in his second topography, are data that extend the most modern research in natural ethology (under the very heading of the theory of instincts).

But even their solidarity, in which they are grounded, is misrecognized, and the theory of the ego is no longer anything but an enormous error: a return to what intuitive psychology itself rejected.

For the lack of theoretical sophistication that I am pointing to in analytic doctrine brings us to the chink in our teaching—which reciprocally corresponds to that lack of theoretical sophistication—namely, to the second topic of my talk to which I shifted a moment ago.

Because psychoanalytic technique concerns the subject’s relation to the signifier, the knowledge it has conquered can only be situated as organized [*s’ordonner*] around that.

This gives it its place in the grouping that is asserting itself as the order of the conjectural sciences.

For conjecture is not the improbable: strategy can order it into certainty. Similarly, the subjective is not the value of feeling with which it is often confused: the laws of intersubjectivity are mathematical.

It is in this order that the notions of structure are edified, failing which the view from the inside of the neuroses and the attempt to deal with the psychoses remain fruitless.

The perspective of such research requires training that reserves a very substantial role for language. This is what Freud expressly formulated in his program for an ideal Institute. After what I have been saying here, one should not be surprised that this program includes the whole set of philological studies.¹⁰

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Here, as earlier, we can begin with a brutal contrast, by noting that noth-

ing in any of the Institutes affiliated with his name has ever even been sketched out in this direction.

Since our agenda here is to discuss Freud's legacy, let me turn to what has become of it in the present state of affairs.

History shows us the concern that guided Freud in organizing the IPA, or International Psychoanalytical Association, especially starting in 1912, as he supported the form of authority that was to prevail in it, when, in spelling out the details of the institutions, he determined how powers would be exercised and transmitted. It was the concern, which is clearly avowed in his correspondence, to ensure that his thought would be maintained in its completeness when he himself would no longer be there to defend it. Jung's defection, which was more painful to Freud than all the others it followed, posed an anxiety-provoking problem related to such maintenance. In order to deal with it, Freud accepted what was offered to him at that moment: namely, the idea, which came to a sort of young guard who aspired to veteran status, of overseeing the said maintenance of Freud's thought at the heart of the IPA not only through a secret solidarity but through an unknown action.

474 The *carte blanche* that Freud granted this project,¹¹ and the security he found in it that calmed him,¹² are attested to in documents by his biographer, himself the last survivor of this secret Committee called the Committee of the Seven Rings, whose existence had been announced by the late Hanns Sachs. Their theoretical import and their actual consequences cannot be veiled by the amused qualification of romanticism¹³ with which Freud sweetens the pill of one of these consequences, and the striking incident that Jones rushes to pin on the others, namely, the letter written behind Jones' back to Freud by Ferenczi, which read as follows: Jones, not being Jewish, will never be liberated enough to be sure in this game; "you must keep Jones constantly under your eye and cut off his line of retreat."¹⁴

The secret history of the IPA has not been written nor should it be. Its effects are of no interest to those who are in on history's secret. And history's secret must not be confused with the conflicts, violence, and aberrations that constitute its fable. The question that Freud raised, whether analysts as a whole live up to the standard of normality that they demand of their patients, is regularly cited in this context and gives analysts an opportunity to show their bravery. It is surprising that the authors of these jibes do not see the ruse in it themselves: anecdote, here as elsewhere, dissimulates structure.

The clearest characteristics of [the IPA's] structure are the very ones that make it invisible, and not only to those who are immersed in it: This is true of the initiation which marks one's access to it, and which, being in our time "rather unique," as they say, is actually flaunted; it is also true of the "Com-

internism” whose features are shown by its internal style and whose more ordinary prestige is not disavowed there.

And the steering wheel, which is more or less weighed down with worldly goods that determine its direction, is a fact of reality which does not in itself have to find a remedy; only the spiritual extraterritoriality it embodies deserves sanction. The paradox of the idea that came to me on this point is better kept until later.¹⁵

Given my aim, we must begin with the remark, which has never before been made, to the best of my knowledge, that Freud started the IPA along its path ten years before he became interested, as we see in *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*, in the mechanisms that make an organic group, such as the Church or the army, like a crowd. The clear partiality of his exploration there is justified by his fundamental discovery of the identification of each individual’s ego with the same ideal image, the mirage of which is borne by the personality of the leader. A sensational discovery, which slightly anticipated the fascistic organizations that rendered it obvious.

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Had he become attentive to these effects earlier on,¹⁶ Freud would no doubt have wondered about the field left to the dominance of the function of the boss*, in an organization which, in order to sustain his very speech, certainly could, as in the models he studied, strike a balance by resorting to a symbolic link—that is, to a tradition and a discipline—but not in the same manner, since the objective of tradition and discipline in psychoanalysis is to call into question their very crux, along with man’s relation to speech.

Indeed, what is at stake here is nothing less than the problem of the ego’s relations to truth. For this effect of imaginary identification (by which can be gauged, in passing, the distance at which the outmoded usages remain from it in which the notion of the ego is debased in psychoanalysis) boils down to the structure of the ego in its greatest generality. Here Freud provides us with the positive mainspring of the moment of consciousness whose dialectical structure Hegel deduced as a phenomenon of infatuation.

This is why I will give the name “Sufficiency” [*Suffisance*] to the sole [*unique*] rank in the psychoanalytic hierarchy. For, as opposed to what a foolish people imagines on the basis of appearances, this hierarchy has only one rank and it is in this respect that it can legitimately call itself democratic—at least if we refer to the meaning this term took on in Antiquity’s city states, in which democracy included only the masters.

Sufficiency thus is in itself beyond all proof. It need not suffice for anything since it suffices unto itself.

In order to be passed on—and not having at its disposal the law of blood that implies generation or the law of adoption that presupposes marriage—it

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has at its disposal only the pathway of imaginary reproduction which, through a form of facsimile analogous to printing, allows it to print, as it were, a certain number of copies whereby the one [*unique*] becomes plural.

This form of multiplication finds favorable affinities in this situation. For let us not forget that entry into the community of analysts is subjected to the condition of undergoing a training analysis; and there surely must be some reason why the theory of the end of analysis as identification with the analyst's ego first saw the light of day in the circle of training analysts.

But once the Sufficiencies have constituted an analytic Society, and new members are chosen through nomination by the existing members, the notion of class forces itself upon us; it can only appear in the class from which their choice of new members is made by defining it in opposition to their own class.

The opposition of insufficiency, which is suggested by a pure formalism, is dialectically untenable. The slightest taking on [*assumption*] of sufficiency ejects insufficiency from its field, but the thought of insufficiency as a category of being thus radically excludes Sufficiency from all the others. It is the one *or* the other, incompatibly.

We need a category that, while not implying a lack of dignity, indicates that its place is outside of sufficiency, and that one becomes qualified to occupy it by staying there. The name "Little Shoes," for those who situate themselves there, thus seems appropriate to me; for, apart from the fact that it provides enough of an image so that one can distinguish them easily in an assembly, it defines them by this very staying: they are always in their little shoes and they manifest a sufficiency veiled in its opposition to Sufficiency in the very fact that they make do with this.

There nevertheless remains a hiatus between the position thus designated and Sufficiency that no transition can fill. And the rank that simulates it in the hierarchy is nothing but *trompe l'oeil* there.

For however little we think about it, we will see that there are not lesser or greater degrees of Sufficiency. Either one suffices or one does not; this is already true when it is a question of sufficing for this or that, but is even truer when one must suffice for sufficiency. Thus Sufficiency cannot be attained, either *de facto* or *de jure*, without one having already attained it. But one must nevertheless get there, and that itself supplies us with the intermediate category.

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Yet it is a category that remains empty. Indeed, it cannot be filled but merely inhabited: it is a station in which one sometimes does what one has to, and about which one can even say that on the whole one does what needs to be done—but these very locutions betray the irreducible limit to which one's approach to it is doomed. I will label this approximation by calling those who occupy it, not the necessary, but the "Truly Necessary" [*Bien-Nécessaires*].

What is the purpose of the Truly Necessary in the organization? To highlight the use of speech, about which, as you can see, I have not yet spoken. Indeed, I have thus far left aside the paradox—which is difficult to understand in a community whose responsibility it is to maintain a certain discourse—that in the community’s core classes, including Sufficiencies and Little Shoes, silence is the true master and its temple rests on two taciturn columns.

What could the Little Shoes in fact say? Ask questions? They do not ask them for three reasons, two of which they are aware of.

The first reason is that they are in analysis and a good analysand [*analysé*] does not ask questions—a formulation which must be understood at the same preemptory level at which the proverb “a penny saved is a penny earned” ends the reply to a demand for an accounting considered to be importunate in a famous pastiche by Claudel.

The second reason is that it is strictly impossible to pose a sensible question in the language that has currency in this community, and one would have to have the shamelessness of the Huron or the monstrous gumption of the child to whom the Emperor is naked to point this out; this would, nevertheless, be the only way to open things up for discussion there.

The Little Shoes are unaware of the third reason, under ordinary conditions, and I will only present it at the end of my paper.

Of what use could it be to the Sufficiencies to speak? Sufficing unto themselves, they have nothing to say to each other, and faced with the silence of the Little Shoes, they have no one to answer.

This is why it is left to the Truly Necessary to lodge an appeal against this silence by filling it with their discourse. They do not fail to do so, still less because virtually nothing can impede this discourse once it is set in motion. Freed, as I have said, from its own logic, what is found there does not shock anyone, what is encountered does not offend anyone, and what is excluded is not done so conclusively. “Yes” has a compatibility with “no” there which is not that of balance but of superfluosness. We might as well say that the two go hand in hand, or, on the other hand, since that goes without saying, we might as well not say it.

This dialectic is of the same ilk as the prose by the would-be gentleman—it is a dialectic unknown to itself—but it answers to an aspiration, that of the prestidigitator who becomes worried when he is applauded for having pulled a rabbit out of his hat, for he himself was surprised to find the rabbit in it. He wonders *why* [*pourquoi*] he succeeded in his trick, and, looking for the answer in the possible reasons that could be given for the rabbit’s presence, he finds them equally worthy explanations and lets them all stand, in an indifference

born of the presentiment he has that they do not get at what concerns him, which is to determine *in what way* [*en quoi*] his trick was successful.

Thus the Truly Necessary discourse does not suffice to render questions superfluous, but proves to be superfluous in being sufficient for the task.

The superfluosness that translates this [station] shy of sufficiency cannot go to the crux of its chink if Sufficiency itself does not answer it with the superfluosness of its excess.

This is the function of the members of the organization whom I will call “Beatitudes,” borrowing this name from the Stoic and Epicurean sects that, as we know, strove to attain the satisfaction of sufficiency.

The Beatitudes are the spokesmen for the Sufficiencies, and this very delegation of power suggests that it is important for us to reconsider the silence of the Sufficiencies, having considered we were done with them a bit hastily.

The Sufficiencies, as I said without insisting, have nothing to say to each other. This is worth explaining.

The ideal of sufficiency, in associations that are commanded by this ideal, hardly encourages speech, but it imposes on them a constraint [*sujétion*] whose effects are uniform.¹⁷ Contrary to what people imagine, in collective identification it is by an individual thread that subjects are informed; this information is shared only because it comes from the same source. Freud emphasized that what is at stake is the identity that narcissistic idealization carries in itself, and allows us thus to complete the image that serves the function of the object there with a schematic trait.

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But one can foresee the kind of relations on which such a group will rest in the effects produced by narcissistic identification in couples, whether fraternal jealousy or conjugal acrimony. Regarding the conquest of power, ample use has been made of the *Schadenfreude* garnered by the oppressed party through identification with the *Führer*. In a quest for knowledge, a certain refusal on the scale of being, beyond the object, is the feeling that most solidly ties the troop together: this feeling is knowledge in a pathetic form; people commune in it without communicating, and it is called hatred.

Of course, a “good object,” as they put it, can be promoted to such subjection functions, but this image, which makes dogs faithful, makes men tyrannical—for it is Eros, whose true face Plato showed in the phasmid that extends its wings over the destroyed polis, by which the hounded soul is panic-stricken.

To bring this talk back to its present proportions, I will take the hand that Valéry holds out to Freud when, speaking of these “uniques” who people what he calls the “delusional professions,”¹⁸ Valéry spins a metaphor of two electrons whose edifying music he hears buzzing in the atom of their unicity: the one who sings, “There is only me, me, me,” and the other who shouts, “But

there is this one, that one . . . and this Other too.” For, as the author adds, “the name changes often enough.”

This is why the “number ones”* that proliferate here turn out, to an expert gaze, to be so many number twos.

Which is to say that the trap [*godant*] they fall into as such, the strangeness of which I mentioned earlier, is carried to a degree of exultation here which is not rendered any more convincing just because it is general, but which will perhaps be clarified by its repercussion.

Where will the fact that the number two rejoices in being odd lead it in this meeting [*réunion*]—that we can legitimately arrange in a single [*unique*] row on the sole condition of connecting each of them in single file to the one that precedes it?

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It is plain to see that the number three must descend like God from the machine in order to engender the alternation that will give birth to the odd, before the latter can exercise its seductive powers on the number two.

This remark already indicates the crux of the matter, but we will see it more clearly in a developed form.

In the series thus constituted, we can in fact say that an odd place is occupied by half of the number twos, but since the series has no head, closing on itself instead like a crown, nothing and no one can designate which half it is. Thus the number twos, every man for himself and God for us all, can rightfully claim to be odd, although everyone is sure that half of them cannot be odd. But is this necessarily true? No, it is not, for if half *plus one* of the number twos can say they are of odd rank, that suffices for, having gone too far, there to be no more limits, and for all the number twos, no matter which one we use to begin the series, to be indisputably caught in the counted odd [*impair dénombré*].

Here we see the function of the “One Extra” [*Un En Plus*], but we also see that it must be “Just a One” [*Un Sans Plus*], for every “One More” [*Un Encore*] would be “One Too Many” [*Un De Trop*], making all the number twos fall back into a presumption that remains without remission, it being known to be irremediable.

This One Extra was already in the number three, as a preliminary condition of the series in which it got us to see it more clearly. And this demonstrates that the joy of Sufficiency’s number two requires that its duality exceed itself in this One Extra, and that Beatitude, being the excess of Sufficiency, thus has its place outside of it.

But this One Extra that each of the Beatitudes thus is, only being able to be Just a One, is doomed by its position to monologue. And that is why, unlike the Sufficiencies who have nothing to say to each other, the Beatitudes *speak to each other*, but not in order to say more about it to each other.

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For this One Extra, with which the number three joins [*se réunit*], is assuredly the mediation of Speech, but by maintaining itself in the Other from which it should detach itself in order to return to the Same, it does not form in its mouth anything but this form which trumpets: the O of an Oracle, that only the appetite of the Truly Necessary can eat away at so as to make of it the U of a Verdict.

But the two superfluities that are conjugated here—by the connivance of the chink in the Inconsistent Discourse with the excess of the Unexplained Discourse—still do not correspond to each other. No more than can as many marbles as one might posit make a strainer that is apt for serving soup.

This is why analytic teaching has been able to retain almost nothing in its sieve of the enormous quantity of experience that has traversed psychoanalysis (for here we cannot say that people have gotten nothing out of its milk billy goat).¹⁹ An observation that anyone who knows anything about analysis will agree with, deep down inside, even if he feels the need, when confronted with my diatribe, to seek the refuge taken by one of those natures whose spinelessness teaches and leads him in equal measures, when in my company he came out one day with the following conclusion: “There is no field in which one *exposes oneself* more totally than in speaking about psychoanalysis.”

Such is the organization that constrains Speech to wind its way between two walls of silence, in order to conclude a marriage between confusion and arbitrariness. Speech adapts to this for reasons of advancement: the Sufficiencies regulate the entrance of the Little Shoes into their periphery, and the Beatitudes tell them which of the Little Shoes will become the Truly Necessary; conversely, it is by addressing the Beatitudes that the Truly Necessary will arrive at Sufficiency, and the Sufficiencies respond to them by drawing new Beatitudes from their bosom.

An attentive observer here would count all the forms of indirect fire or of this type of winding one’s way known as zigzagging, I might as well say those that provoke the assailant to act invisible.

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This is the flaw in the system as a means of selecting subjects, and people should not be surprised that this flaw, when combined with the muzzle it imposes on speech, leads to a few paradoxical results, only two of which I will mention, the one having a permanent effect, the other being based on singular cases.

1. The fact that the curriculum imposed in the lecture courses essentially covers what I call “fictional matters,” there being nothing positive taught there but medicine, which is superfluous since it covers the same ground as the public medical schools do—indeed, the fact that it is tolerated warrants admiration.

2. The fact that, since a policy of tenacious silence has to find its way toward Beatitude, illiteracy in its congenital state actually has some chance of succeeding.²⁰

But we must still indicate what the conjunction of these two effects can produce in this case, for we will see in it the way in which this system, by limiting itself to this, finds a way to gain strength from it.

It so happened that a Beatitude of type 2 believed he was required by circumstances to prove himself in a teaching of type 1, the promotion to which should have been a great boon to him.

And a fine mess it was, indeed. Certain people clamored for a license to teach, meaning a degree in psychology, the exam for which the Beatitude in question could not have passed, according to them.

But those who were better informed were able to learn something from the great lesson that was thus offered up to them, in which they could suddenly read the supreme Law, an unwritten Law, on which the association was founded—a Law by which each of us finds in his heart his intellectual base and usual morals already laid down, a Law that the long-term observation to which he has been subjected should have, above all, shown he is apt for, a Law whose simple and sure commandment he will hear in himself at grave moments: one must not bother the Beatitudes.

This is the reason—which the Little Shoes are unaware of, even though they have a presentiment of it—for their own silence, and a new generation, having seen the veil ripped away, left the place all the stronger for it, and they rallied around the person who had revealed that reason to them.

But, in all of that, who thinks about the fate of the Beatitudes themselves? Can we imagine the disgrace of a solitary Beatitude when he realizes that, whereas the remarks of the Truly Necessary are mostly superfluous, those of the Truly Fortunate [*Bienheureux*] are usually unfortunate . . . and what his Beatific Solitude can, in this misfortune, become? Will his just barely achieved Sufficiency whisper in his ear that it itself is nothing but a Necessary Evil?

Oh! May the Little Shoes be spared this anxiety! At least, let them be prepared for these dangers. But people do prepare them. As a Beatitude myself, for years I have, in the ceremony referred to as the Second Little Tour, heard from the very lips of the Little Shoes how much good their personal analysis did them; I will indicate here the most frequent, major benefit they mentioned in the homage they paid their training analyst—it can be summarized in one word: disintellectualization.

Oh! How these dear children finally felt free, almost all of whom attributed their decision to study psychiatry to the endless torments of that accursed year which the academic course of French studies inflicts upon you in the com-

pany of ideas! No, that was not, as they now knew, what had guided them: What a relief and what a boon to be free of it at so little cost, for once this mistake was cleared up and replaced with the conviction that this damned intellectualism was, in fact, a kind of pruritus, how straight the pathway finally seemed, how easily thought found its way towards nature—aren't our gut feelings designed to assure us of this?

This is what allows a good analytic student of this type to be distinguished at first glance by anyone who has seen one even just once before: by the inner and even posterior air that makes him look as if he were leaning on the macerated fetus of his resistances.

Disintellectualization—this word does not indicate that anyone becomes stupid for all that: unlike ordinary fears and even hopes, analysis is truly incapable of changing anything in this department.

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I have always been struck, while taking my little dog for a walk so he could attend to his needs, by what we could glean from his activities that would help us analyze the capacities that make for man's success in society, as well as the virtues that Antiquity's thinkers meditated upon under the heading of Means-to-an-End [*Moyen-de-Parvenir*]. I hope that this digression will, at the very least, dispel the misunderstanding I may have given rise to in certain people's minds: the misunderstanding of attributing to me the doctrine of a discontinuity between animal psychology and human psychology, which is truly foreign to my way of thinking.

I simply wanted to maintain that, in order to correctly work on what psychoanalysis classifies in mankind as symptoms—which, being so directly involved in his destiny, not to mention his vocation, seem to fall with these latter under the same heading, that of language—it is preferable, no doubt, not to remain completely illiterate. More modestly stated, the possible risk of making a mistake should not prevent us from making an effort to become literate.

But other needs no doubt take precedence over this, and the burden borne by the Beatitudes, like that borne by the white man, cannot be within a single man's purview.

I heard it, and everyone could have heard it, from the lips of a Sufficiency at a fertile moment of the psychoanalytic institution in France: "We want there to be," this mouth declared, "a hundred mediocre psychoanalysts." He was

not affirming in this statement the modesty of a program, but rather the ambitious demand for the qualitative change that Marx's formidable thinking forever showed to be rooted in quantitative change.

And the statistics published to date show that the undertaking, superbly²¹ overcoming all obstacles, is in the process of achieving a success in which it exceeds its own standards.

Assuredly, we are still far from what is achieved in other countries, the 13 two-columned quarto pages that barely suffice to list the analysts in the American Psychoanalytic Association dwarfing the scant two and a half pages on which the French and British practitioners fit.

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The German Diaspora must bear much of the responsibility for this, having given America the highest executives of Beatitude; and we must realize what is represented by the responsibility it takes for all these "dentists," to borrow the term used by these supreme Beatitudes to designate the rank and file*, a term which is imbued with the traditional affectionate paternalism.

It is not difficult to understand why it was among these Beatitudes that the theory of the "autonomous ego" first appeared.²² How could we but admire the strength of those who initiated the grand project of disintellectualization, which, extending little by little, represents one of the most fertile challenges* by which a civilization can assert its strength, those challenges that it forges within itself? However do they find the time to oversee the project, when all year long they devote themselves to humbling the strong egos and raising up the weak egos [*mois*]?—no doubt during the months [*mois*] that do not include an r.

Assuredly, a civilized state will, in the long run, find something to criticize in the fact that the prebends, on the scale of the considerable investments mobilized by such a community, are left to the discretion of a spiritual power whose odd extraterritoriality I have noted.

But the solution would be easy to find: a small territory, on the scale of philatelic States (Ellis Island, to give a concrete idea), could be ceded by the U.S. Congress—through a vote by the states most involved in this business—to the IPA so that the latter could locate its departments there, including its Congregations of the Index, Missions, and Propaganda; the situation would be better defined, diplomatically speaking, because the decrees that the IPA would hand down to the entire world would be dated and promulgated from this territory; one would clearly know, moreover, whether the function of the autonomous ego is, for example, an article of the ecumenical doctrine's symbolism or simply an article to be given to the Little Shoes for Christmas.

Let me stop here in order to end on an energizing note. Since I was not afraid to show the forces of dissociation to which Freud's heritage is being

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subjected, let me point out the remarkable persistence the psychoanalytic institution has demonstrated.

I will deserve little credit for doing so since nowhere else have I found greater confirmation of the virtue that I grant to the pure signifier. For in the use that is made in the psychoanalytic institution of Freud's concepts, how can we fail to see that their signification is in no way taken into account? And yet it is to nothing but their presence that one can attribute the fact that the association has not yet fallen apart and been dispersed into the confusion of Babel.

Thus the coherence maintained in this large body reminds me of the odd imaginings that Poe's genius proposes to us in the extraordinary story of "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar."

It is the story of a man who passes away, but since he was under hypnosis during his death throes, his cadaver remains intact, due to the action of the hypnotizer, in a state involving not only an apparent immunity to physical dissolution but also the ability to attest in speech to his atrocious condition.

This is how the association created by Freud metaphorically lives on in its collective being, but here it is a voice that sustains it, the voice of a dead man.

Of course, Freud went so far as to make us recognize the Eros by which life finds a way to prolong its *jouissance* in the reprieve of its rotting.

In such a case, however, the operation of waking that association up—using the Master's words in a return to life of his Speech—can be confused with the care involved in providing a decent burial.

Pommersfelden-Guitrancourt, September–October 1956

Notes

1. I mean a Thomist.
2. From the letter to Fliess dated September 21, 1897, to the writing of the "Wolf Man" case (see the introductory note to the case history).
3. It should be understood that this is not an *aria di bravura*, but a remark about technique that the reading of Freud's *Witz* makes accessible to one and all. It is true that few psychoanalysts read this book, a fact that I am no longer keeping quiet about after one of the most dignified among them admitted to me as a simple lacuna that he had never opened Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.
4. *Sententiarum aut verborum*. See Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria*, Book IX, Chapters 2 and 3. [The Loeb Classical Library, *Quintilian* III, trans. H. E. Butler (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1955)].
5. This is the second verse of Schiller's famous distich, the first verse of which questions as follows, "Warum kann der lebendige Geist dem Geist nicht erscheinen?," to which the second verse is the response. The title of this distich is "Sprache."
6. See Ernest Jones, *Sigmund Freud: Life and Work* (New York: Basic Books, 1955), vol. II, 76.
7. This is known in French as *The Science of Dreams* [in English as *The Interpretation of Dreams*], which Freud designated as his capital work.
8. And not the "pendant," as it is expressed

in a translation that the upper part of an ideal clock no doubt inspired.

9. “Dic cur hic” (the other School),” the epigraph of a *Traité de la contingence* (“Treatise on Contingency”) which came out in 1895 (Paris: Librairie de l’Art Indépendant), in which the dialectic of this example is discussed (page 41). It was written by a young man named André Gide and we can only regret that he was diverted so early on from logical problems at which this essay shows him to be so adept. The nonsense* about which I’m speculating here in his footsteps, takes up, if it must be recalled to mind, the burlesque translation given to school children of the Latin phrase: *numero Deus impare gaudet*.

10. See Freud, *GW* XIV, 281 and 283 [“The Question of Lay Analysis,” *SE* XX, 246 and 248].

11. In effect, it was from Freud that the actions of the “Committee” received their character and their orders. “This committee would have to be *strictly secret* [italicized in the text provided by Jones] *in its existence and its action* [italicized by me].” From the letter by Freud to Jones dated August 1, 1912, which was to be followed by a trip Freud was to make to London to lay the groundwork of this “plan” with Jones, Ferenczi, and Rank; in Ernest Jones, *Sigmund Freud, Life and Work*, II, 153.

12. “The secret of this Committee is that it has taken from me my most burdensome care for the future, so that I can calmly follow my path to the end,” and “Since then I have felt more light-hearted and carefree about how long my life will last.” From letters sent by Freud to Eitingon dated October 22, 1919, and November 23, 1919, that is, seven years later (during which the existence of the Committee thus remained unknown even to someone at Eitingon’s level), the first of them written to propose that he become a member of the Committee. Jones, *Sigmund Freud*, II, 154.

13. “I know there is a boyish and perhaps romantic element too in this conception . . .” Letter by Freud to Jones cited in Jones, *Sigmund Freud*, II, 153.

14. Jones, *Sigmund Freud*, II, 153.

15. [Added in 1966:] The two preceding paragraphs were not included in the paper published in *Les Études Philosophiques*, the present version having been reserved for a separate printing.

16. [Added in 1966:] The version published [in 1956] was different starting with this paragraph. I have included that version in the appendix to this text.

17. This is what the *euphuism that is customary* in the milieu for describing what affects it designates exquisitely by “the narcissism of minor differences.”

18. I cited this passage in its entirety in my thesis, *De la psychose paranoïaque dans ses rapports avec la personnalité* (Paris: Le François, 1932), pages 283 (footnote 1) and 284. It is thus clear that my interest in this subject was not born in the last decade.

19. For those who might not be familiar with the metaphor of the sieve used in milking a billy goat, see Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason*, the section entitled “Transcendental Logic, Part III: Of the Division of General Logic into Analytic and Dialectic.” Freud reminds us of it in his text on Schreber. It is not superfluous to note that Freud took it up at the precise point at which Kant submits the following question to his critique: “What is truth?” [See F. Max Müller’s translation of Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason* (New York: Doubleday, 1966), 48.]

20. It may also succeed on its own merits. This is witnessed by the inventor of the smelling technique mentioned earlier who, because of this find, was promoted, without any probational stage, from the Truly Necessary, where he would clearly have done marvelous things, to the ranks of the Sufficiencies, and was soon whisked away to the heavens of the Beatitudes.

21. (Added in 1966:) This is the very term that was used by Ernest Jones, and reproduced in the official journal of the English-speaking Psychoanalytic Association, to pay homage to the success of the abovementioned undertaking.

22. See the footnote on page 490 of the appendix to this article.

Appendix

*The version that was originally published in 1956, starting from the paragraph designated in the footnote on page 485 [in *Écrits* 1966], read as follows:*

Had he been more attentive to these effects earlier on, Freud would have given more serious thought to the specific pathways required of the institution designed to ensure the transmission of his doctrine. The mere organization of a community would not have seemed to him to insure this transmission against the insufficiency of the very team* of the faithful; several things he apparently said in confidence show that he harbored hard feelings toward them.¹

He would have realized the root of the affinity between ever psychologizing simplifications, against which analytic experience warned him, and the function of misrecognition characteristic of an individual's ego as such.

He would have perceived the slippery slope that the particularity of the test that this community must impose at its threshold offers up to this misrecognition: namely, analysis, which is customarily referred to as "training analysis." The slightest deflecting of the meaning of what it seeks turns it into an experience of dyadic identification.

I am not the one who is making a judgment here, for it was in the circles of training analysts that the theory of the end of analysis as identification with the analyst's ego was avowed and is still professed.

Now, no matter how closely we assume an ego has managed to conform to the reality it is supposed to gauge, the psychological subjection with which such analysts thus align the completion of an analysis is, if one reads my work correctly, what is most opposed to the truth that analysis must bring out—that truth being the foreignness of unconscious effects, which cut down to size the pretension to autonomy that the ego takes as its ideal. Nor is there anything more contrary to the boon we expect from an analysis: namely, restitution to the analysand of the signifier that explains these unconscious effects, involving a mediation that in fact reveals the aspect of repetition that is precipitated in the model.

The fact that the dyadic pathway, which these analysts choose instead as the aim of analysis, fails to bring about normalization—which might have served as a minimal justification for it—is, as I have said, commonly recognized, but no one draws the obvious inference that there must be a mistake in

the premises, people being content to attribute its result to the reflected weaknesses whose accident is, in effect, only too visible.

At any rate, the very fact that the goals of training are asserted in the form of psychological postulates introduces a form of authority into the group that has no counterpart anywhere in science, a form that the term “sufficiency” alone allows us to qualify.

Indeed, only the Hegelian dialectic of infatuation may possibly account for the phenomenon. Failing which, we would have to resort to satire—if its savor did not repulse those who are not part of this milieu—in order to give a fair idea of the way people try to stand out in it.

One can only highlight apparent results here.

Consider, first, the curious position of scientific extraterritoriality with which I began my remarks, and the magisterial tone with which analysts maintain it as soon as they have to respond to the interest their discipline generates among those in neighboring fields.

If, second, the variations that I have pointed out in the different theoretical approaches to psychoanalysis give outsiders the impression that analysis is engaged in an ever conquering progression at the forefront of new fields, it is all the more striking to note just how static the formulations teachable to insiders are compared to the enormous quantity of experience which has, as it were, passed through their hands.

This has resulted in something that is diametrically opposed to the opening-up for which Freud formulated the university project, as I have indicated—namely, in the establishment of a routinized theoretical program, the content of which I could designate quite well with the coined term “fictional matters.”

Nevertheless, given the state of neglect in which psychoanalytic method (which was nonetheless revolutionizing in its approach to the phenomena) left psychiatric nosography, it is hard to say whether one should be more surprised that its teaching in this field confines itself to elaborating on the classical symptomatology, or that it manages in this way to cover the same ground as the official courses in psychiatry.

Lastly, however little one forces oneself to keep up with a literature which is, it must be admitted, hardly enticing, one sees the role played in it by ignorance, by which I do not mean to designate learned ignorance or trained ignorance, but rather crass ignorance: the kind of ignorance whose surface has never even been scratched by the plow of a critique of its sources.

These sterilizing phenomena, which are even more blatant when seen from the inside, must be related to the effects of imaginary identification whose fundamental instance Freud revealed in groups and associations. At the very least,

we can say that these effects do not foster discussion, which is at the root of all scientific progress. Identification with the image that gives the group its ideal—which is here the image of sufficiency incarnate—certainly founds, as Freud showed in a decisive schema, the communion of the group, but it is precisely at the expense of all articulate communication. Hostile tension is even constitutive of individual-to-individual relations in it. This is what the euphuism that is customary in the milieu quite validly recognizes with the expression “the narcissism of minor differences,” which I will translate in more direct terms as “conformist terror.”

Those who are familiar with the itinerary of *The Phenomenology of Mind* will find their way around better at this critical juncture, and will be less surprised by the patience that seems to defer any and every questioning excursion in this milieu. Yet the reluctance to call things into question does not concern candidates alone, and it was not a novice who was learning from his courage who explained it as follows: “There is no field in which one *exposes oneself* more totally than in speaking about analysis.”

Of course, a “good object,” as they put it, can preside over this collective subjection, but this image, which makes dogs faithful, makes men tyrannical—
490 for it is Eros itself, whose phasmid, extending itself over the destroyed polis, by which the hounded soul is panic-stricken, Plato showed us.

This experience thus comes to give rise to its own ideology, but in the form of misrecognition characteristic of the ego’s presumption, by resuscitating a theory of the “autonomous ego” that is weighed down with all the question begging which psychology had refuted, without waiting for psychoanalysis, but that unambiguously delivers up the figure of its promoters’ ideals.²

Assuredly, this analytic psychologism does not fail to encounter resistance. What is interesting is that in treating it as resistance, this psychologism proves to be favored by the many confusions that have appeared in the lifestyles of large cultural regions, insofar as a demand for patterns* manifests itself in them, patterns that it is not inept at furnishing.³

We find here the point at which psychoanalysis is deflected toward a form of behaviorism, which is ever more dominant in psychoanalysis’ “current tendencies.” This movement is supported, as we see, by sociological conditions that go far beyond analytic knowledge as such. What one cannot fail to say here is that Freud, in foreseeing this collusion with behaviorism, denounced it in advance as diametrically opposed to his pathway.⁴

Whatever the outcome must be of the odd spiritual direction in which psychoanalysis thus seems to be heading, its promoters must retain full responsibility for the subjects they take into their charge. And it is here that one cannot but be alarmed by certain ideals that seem to prevail in their training, such as

the one that is sufficiently denounced by the term “disintellectualization,” which has gained full acceptance.

As if it were not already dreadful that the success of the analytic profession has attracted so many uneducated enthusiasts to it, is it fitting to consider as a major and beneficial result of training analysis that even the slightest hint of a thought is proscribed among those for whom all of human reflection would not suffice to thwart the intempestive actions of all sorts to which their best intentions expose them?

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Thus the plan to produce, for this country alone, “a hundred mediocre psychoanalysts” was proffered in notorious circumstances, and not as the remark of a well-informed modesty, but as the ambitious promise of the shift from quantity to quality illustrated by Marx. The promoters of this plan have even announced, according to the latest news, that they are in the process of exceeding their own standards.

No one doubts, in fact, the importance of the number of workers for the advancement of a science. Yet discordance must not break out on all sides regarding the meaning to be attributed to the experience that founds it. That is, as I have said, the situation of psychoanalysis.

At least this situation seems to me exemplary in that it provides additional proof of the preeminence that I attribute, based on Freud’s discovery, to the signifier in the structure of the intersubjective relationship.

The more the analytic community lets Freud’s inspiration dissipate, what, if not the letter of his doctrine, will allow it to continue to constitute a body?

Notes

1. Consider what Freud said to Binswanger after one of the weekly meetings held at his house at the beginning of 1907: “So, haben Sie jetzt diese Bande gesehen?” See *Ludwig Binswanger: Erinnerungen an Sigmund Freud* (Bern: Francke Verlag, 1956).

2. This is, as we know, the theory to the yardstick of which Heinz Hartmann, Ernst Kris, and Rudolf Loewenstein intend to reduce the practice of psychoanalysis and to “synchronize” (that is their term) Freud’s thought, no doubt a little too vacillating for their taste, if not in their eyes.

(Added in 1966:) This is the yardstick by which one’s entry into the New York association is measured.

3. [Added in 1966:] What is demanded of us so greatly dominates our profession at present that it no longer has anything to do with psychoanalysis (this remark was made to me by a psychoanalyst at the end of my recent stay in the United States in 1966).

4. See Freud, *GW* XIV, 78–79 [“An Autobiographical Study,” *SE* XX, 52–53].

(1927), in *Papers on Psycho-Analysis*, 5th edition (Boston: Beacon, 1961), 440.

(454,2) *Pyramide et mille-pattes* (human pyramid and centipede) are children's games.

(454,8) *Appareil* (apparatus) also means stonework or set of elements working toward the same end that form a whole (i.e., a system).

(455,3) While the term "frustration" is found in the English version of Freud's discussion of the Schreber case (*SE* XII, 57 and 62), the German there reads *Versagung* (*GW* VIII, 293 and 298), which Lacan says implies renunciation, not frustration (*Écrits* 1966, 460–61). See also *SE* XVI, 300, and *GW* XI, 310. Cf. *Écrits* 1966, 543.

(455,5) The writing on the wall of the words Mene, Tekel, Parsin is from *Daniel* 5.25.

(456,1) Reading *lit* (reads) instead of *dit* (says). Monsieur Jourdain is a character in Molière's play, *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*, best known in English as *The Would-Be Gentleman*

(see especially Act II, Scene 4), who speaks in prose without realizing it. Cf. *Écrits* 1966, 370 and 478.

(456,2) Auguste Mariette (1821–1881) was a French archeologist who worked extensively in Egypt. *Reprend* (alters) could also be translated as "repeats," "reassumes," or "picks up." *Psychologie de faculté* (academic psychology) may also be a reference to the old school of "faculty psychology" that attempted to account for human behavior by positing various mental powers or agencies on an a priori basis. It may, too, refer to the Faculty of Medicine, often referred to ironically as simply *la faculté* when writers wanted to ridicule the ineptitude of physicians.

(457,6) See "The Situation of Psychoanalysis and the Training of Psychoanalysts in 1956," above all *Écrits* 1966, 473–75. Note that this text written in 1956 should precede "Psychoanalysis and Its Teaching" (1957) in *Écrits*.

NOTES TO "THE SITUATION OF PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE TRAINING OF PSYCHOANALYSTS IN 1956"

(459,4) *Confiné dans* (confined to): Lacan had not been allowed a *teaching* role in the Société Psychanalytique de Paris.

(459,8) This is an allusion to Montesquieu's *Persian Letters* in which he writes, "Ah! ah! Monsieur est Persan? C'est une chose bien extraordinaire! Comment peut-on être Persan?" See Montesquieu, *Oeuvres complètes* (Paris: Gallimard, [1721] 1949), vol. I, 176–77. John Ozell rendered it, in 1722, as "Ha, ha! The Gentleman a *Persian!* Strange! That any body shou'd be a *Persian!*" in his translation entitled *Persian Letters* (New York & London: Garland, [1722] 1972), vol. I, 108.

(460,4) *Ils courent à la voix* (they take to shouting) could instead mean they resort to voting.

(460,5) Lacan defined psychoanalysis as "the treatment one expects from a psychoanalyst" in "Variations on the Standard Treatment," *Écrits* 1966, 329.

(462,4) Alternate for "free-floating attention": "evenly hovering (or evenly suspended) attention."

(462,8) See Theodor Reik's *Listening with*

the Third Ear (New York: Garden City Books, 1949), published in Great Britain as *The Inner Experience of a Psychoanalyst* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1949).

(463,1) *Gobelet* (shaker) seems here to refer to a prestidigitator's instrument for tricks involving sleight of hand, which takes the form of a goblet.

(463,2) *Hic et nunc* is the Latin for here and now. *Les corneilles auxquelles nous revoilà bayant* (the crows we are once again wasting our time gawking at) is based on the expression, *bayer aux corneilles*, meaning to waste one's time stupidly staring at the sky; *corneilles* means crows.

(464,2) *Noeud* (knot) also means nodal point.

(464,3) The pelican is considered by the French to be a symbol of a father's love for his children. Various Medieval notions about the pelican's behavior, including the belief that it feeds or revives its young with blood pecked from its own breast, led to the pelican becoming a symbol for Christ.

(464,4) *Siège* (seat) may possibly refer back to *chaise percée* (commode).

(465,1) *Mon patient ne pouvait toujours pas*

me sentir (my patient still could not smell me) also means my patient still could not stand me.

(465,2) According to *The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature*, by W. T. Lowndes (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1863), the author of this text attributed to Swift is unknown; the original English title continues as follows "after the manner of the ingenious Dr. S—ft" (London: J. Roberts, 1726).

(466,7) I have been unable to find *accisme* (accismus) in any French dictionary, but it seems quite clearly to come from the Greek *akkismos*, meaning coyness or affectation. The *OED* defines accismus as "A feigned refusal of that which is earnestly desired."

(467,3) Jan Niecislaw Baudouin de Courtenay was a Polish linguist (1845–1929) who introduced the linguistic term "phoneme" and anticipated facets of structural linguistics.

(468,1) *Retors* (twisted) also means devious, wily, or crafty.

(468,3) See Rabelais' *Le quart livre*, chapters 55 and 56. In English, see *The Complete Works of François Rabelais*, trans. Donald M. Frame (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991). According to Louis Moland, the editor of a complete edition of Rabelais' work, the notion of "words that freeze" (*des paroles qui gèlent*) is borrowed from Plutarch, who attributes it to Antiphanes, one of Plato's disciples. Plutarch says, "Antiphanes, one of Plato's acquaintances, playfully said that there was a city where words froze in the air as soon as they were pronounced, and when they melted in the summer, the city's inhabitants could hear what they had spoken about during the winter." See *François Rabelais: Tout ce qui existe de ses oeuvres* (Paris: Garnier Frères, 1880), 699.

(468,5) *Coupure* (cut) also evokes Gaston Bachelard's *coupure* (or *rupture*) *épistémologique*, "epistemological break," referred to by Thomas Kuhn as "paradigm shift."

(469,2) Lacan is referring here to Jung's *Wandlungen und Symbole der Libido* (Leipzig and Vienna: 1912). *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* was first published in English as *Psychology of the Unconscious* (1916); it was rewritten in 1952 and republished as *Symbols of Transformation*; it was later translated by Beatrice M. Hinkle as *Psychology of the Unconscious: A Study of the Transformations and*

Symbolisms of the Libido (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1991), as part of *The Collected Works of C. G. Jung*.

(470,2) *Orinomante* (oneiromancer): I have assumed that an inversion has occurred in the spelling of this word, which should read *oniro-mante*, referring thus to someone who reads the future, or engages in divination, by means of dreams (from the Greek *oneiromantis*; another English equivalent is oneiromantist; the closest French equivalent I have actually found is *oniro-mancie*). Otherwise Lacan may be gallicizing a Greek term here, or possibly even forging one. *Mante* corresponds to the Greek *mantis* and the English *mantic*. If the original spelling is correct, *orino* could be based on the Greek *orinein*, meaning to stir up or excite, but is more likely a misspelled version of *orneo*, as in the Greek *orneomantis*, referring to the reading of portents in the flights of birds (or in the entrails of sacrificial victims) by an augur, and more generally to those who foretell the future (prophet or soothsayer). One further possibility might stem from the old French term *orine*, meaning origin.

The dream's "elaboration" is probably the "first revision" of the dream by displacement and condensation, prior to the secondary revision (known in French as *l'élaboration secondaire*); it could also possibly be the recounting of the dream by the dreamer. Lacan does not provide any page reference here; note that the term "rebus" seems to initially appear on the first page of chapter 6, "The Dream-Work," in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (*SE IV*, 277).

(471,4) *Un en-deçà de la parole* (a realm that is shy of speech) seems to refer here to the realm that involves speech and not something beyond it.

(471.6 & fn2) *Numero Deus impare gaudet* ("The God delights in odd numbers" or "Uneven numbers are the god's delight") comes from Virgil's *Eclogues*, 8, 75. The burlesque translation (the number two rejoices in being odd) can be found in Gide's *Paludes*.

(472,1) This might possibly be understood as saying that the analyst and the analysand, like Vladimir and Estragon in Samuel Beckett's play, *Waiting for Godot* (New York: Grove Press, 1954), are waiting for the third party, the Other or Godot, to appear.

(472,5) *Se fondent* (are grounded) is ambigu-

ous, since both *fonder* and *fondre* are written *fondent* in the third person plural. The first might suggest the translation "are grounded," the second "fuse," "combine," or "melt together."

(474,4) *Volant* (steering wheel) also means reserve fund, shuttlecock, and safety margin.

(475,4) *Suffisance* (Sufficiency) also means self-importance, arrogance, self-satisfaction, self-complacency, and smugness. Lacan plays on a number of these meanings in the pages that follow.

(476,5) *Petits Souliers* (Little Shoes) literally means small shoes, but to be in one's *petits souliers* means to feel uncomfortable, be in an awkward or difficult situation, or be in a quandary. *Ce maintien* (this very staying) seems to hark back to *s'y tenir* (staying there) in the previous sentence. However, *maintien* also means deportment.

(477,4) *Il n'y a pas de petites économies* (a penny saved is a penny earned) is an expression akin to "every little bit helps" in English, and literally means "there's no such thing as small savings." The French expression is often completed by the following: "Il n'y a que de grandes pertes" ("There are only big losses").

(477,5) See Hans Christian Andersen's "The Emperor's New Clothes."

(478,2) *Le bourgeois gentilhomme* is the title of a play by Molière, best known in English as *The Would-Be Gentleman* (see especially Act II, Scene 4). Its main character, Monsieur Jourdain, speaks in prose without realizing it. Cf. *Écrits* 1966, 370 and 456.

(479,1) See *SE XVIII*, 116.

(479,6) *Godant* (trap) is derived from the old French verb *goder* (to rejoice or to rail someone), and is a variant of *gaudir*, itself related to the Latin *gaudere* (to enjoy: *jouir*, in contemporary French), which is evoked in the next sentence where Lacan refers anew to the Latin phrase: *numero Deus impari gaudet*. *Godant* can also mean hearsay, rumor, lie, or deception.

(479,fn1) This corresponds to pages 278–79 in the newer Points edition (Paris: Seuil, 1980). Lacan modifies here the passage as it appears there and adds a capital A to *autre*. See Paul Valéry, "Lettre à un ami," in *M. Teste* (Paris: l'Intelligence, 1927), 59–61.

(480,1) *Réunion* (meeting) also means union in set theory.

(480,2) On the number three, see Aristotle's *On the Heavens*, 268a: "For, as the Pythagoreans say, the world and all that is in it is determined by the number three, since beginning and middle and end give the number of an 'all,' and the number they give is the triad. And so, having taken these three from nature as (so to speak) laws of it, we make further use of the number three in the worship of the Gods. Further, we use the terms in practice in this way. Of two things, or men, we say 'both,' but not 'all': three is the first number to which the term 'all' has been appropriated."

(480,4) *Passée la borne* (having gone too far) literally means having gone beyond the mile marker; Lacan attributes the expression to Fenouillard here.

(481,5) *Chicane* (zigzagging) also means chicane and deception.

(482,6) *Licence* (license and then degree) can mean an authorization to teach or a bachelor's degree. *Certains crièrent à la licence* (Certain people clamored for a license) also means that certain people got into an uproar over licentiousness.

(483,3) *Prurit* (pruritus) also means irrepresible desire.

(485,3) The months without an r in them are May, June, July, and August, corresponding more or less to summer vacation in the northern hemisphere.

(485,5) "Index" is a probable reference to the catalog of books prohibited by the Roman Catholic Church.

(486,7) *Les soins d'une sépulture décente* (the care involved in providing a decent burial) is vaguely worded and could instead be rendered as "the care required to maintain a decent grave site."

(489,3) Freud's "decisive schema" can be found in *SE XVIII*, 116. The expression, "narcissism of minor differences," is found in *SE XXI*, 114.

(489,4) *Débucher* (critical juncture) refers to the moment at which an animal being hunted suddenly emerges from the woods.

(490,fn1) See Heinz Hartmann, Ernst Kris, and Rudolf Loewenstein, "Notes on the Theory of Aggression," in *The Psychoanalytic Study of the Child*, Vol. 3/4 (New York: International Universities Press, 1949), 14.