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The Lacanian Review

GET REAL

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"I take what's mine where I find it," says Lacan in an extraordinary address delivered in Rome in November 1974. Jacques-Alain Miller gave the written version in 2011, and it was that edition that was used in the establishment of this translation.

Lacan's intervention begins with an affirmation that does not fail to surprise: "The Third" (La Troisième) would come to him from the poet Gérard de Nerval. However, the first line of the poem entitled "Artemis" mentions the thirteenth (La Treizième) and not the first: "The Thirteenth comes... It's still the first," writes Nerval. In the card game of the Tarot de Marseille, the thirteenth card in the series of assets is associated with death, which appears in the second stanza of the poem. Between third and thirteenth, a slippage has occurred. Does Lacan not tell the truth? Except that he speaks in Rome and that, in Italian, three is said *tre*. This shows at once that *lalangue*, which Lacan writes as a single word, is not structured like a language. It is woven from equivocations. The symptom is read in *lalangue*, which is called, and not for nothing, maternal.

A clinical example from Freud's article on fetishism was often taken up by Lacan. It's about a young man who had erected a fetish on a certain shine on the nose. Before coming to Germany, this patient had been raised in England. The fetish was not to be understood in the German language, but in English, the mother tongue that he had forgotten. It was therefore necessary to understand that this brilliance (*Glanz auf der Nase*) was a glance (glance at the nose) on the nose hoisted to the status of a fetish.

In "The Third," it is precisely a question of *lalangue* that precipitates itself into the letter, the latter ciphering the *jouissance* that never ceases to return. In this it is always first, third, thirteenth, and so on. In addition, Lacan emphasizes that equivocation is the instrument that the analyst uses to gain ground in separating the symptom and the phallic *jouissance* to which the latter is not reduced. It is a crucial notion, theoretical and clinical, of Lacanian analysis which is therefore made explicit.

We are happy to share this great text with readers of The Lacanian Review.

Laura Sokolowsky

The third.¹ It
Shall we obj
if that's wha

Yet, again

If in this way I inj
be entitled to retort t
already specified by it

As you know, Jaka
points to the palm of
one can hear *Discours*

I will temper this l
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lalangues too, which
matrix that I was refer

Since I must not sp

This *ourdrome* simp
of the four objects I cal

Address given at the 7th Congr
on Radio Lacan.

1. Text established by Jacques-
(2011): 11-33.
2. TN: In English one could
"Discourse" can be heard as

THE THIRD

THE THIRD

Jacques Lacan

The third.¹ It returns, it is forever the first, as Gerard de Nerval says. Shall we object that it makes a disc [*que ça fasse disque*]? Why not, if that's what it says [*dit ce que*].

Yet, again, it has to be heard, for example as *Rome Disc-ourse*.

If in this way I inject a bit more onomatopoeia into *lalangue*, it would be entitled to retort that in *lalangue* there is no onomatopoeia that is not already specified by its phonematic system, that of *lalangue*.

As you know, Jakobson has calibrated it for French. It's this big [*Lacan points to the palm of his hand*]. In other words, it is in being French that one can hear *Discours de Rome* as *disque-ourdrome*.²

I will temper this by remarking that, if my ears agree with those of my geographical neighbors, *ourdrome* is a purring [*ronron*] admissible in other *lalangues* too, which of course takes us beyond the scope of Jakobson's matrix that I was referring to just now.

Since I must not speak for too long, I'll skip a bit here.

This *ourdrome* simply gives me the opportunity to class the voice as one of the four objects I call little *a*, thereby evacuating it of any substance there

Address given at the 7th Congress of the École freudienne de Paris, Rome, 1 November 1974, available on Radio Lacan.

1. Text established by Jacques-Alain Miller and published as "La Troisième," *La Cause freudienne*, no. 79 (2011): 11-33.
2. TN: In English one could perhaps try to get the sense of Lacan's pun by saying "The Rome Discourse" can be heard as *th'urrdrome disc-ourse*, but the French is a perfect equivoque.

might be in the noise it makes, thus placing it back on the side of the signifying operation, the one I specified on the basis of effects of so-called metonymy; in such a way that, on this basis, the voice is free, if I can put it like this, free to be something other than substance.

But there is another way of portraying it that I would like to point out by introducing my "Third."

Je pense, donc je suis

The onomatopoeia that came to me in a rather personal way, works to my advantage—touch wood—in that this purring is undoubtedly the cat's jouissance.

I don't know whether it passes by way of the larynx or elsewhere; when I stroke a cat, it seems to be from its whole body, and this brings me to what I want to take as my starting point.

I will set out from this. It does not really give you the rules of the game, but that will come later. *Je pense, donc Je jouit*. [I think... therefore it enjoys]: That rejects the usual *donc*, the one that says *je suis*.

I am going to play a little with this. Here *rejects* is to be understood in the light of what I said about foreclosure: rejected, the "*Je suis*" reappears in the real.

That's nothing short of a challenge at my age, my age being, as one says to people whose noses one wants to rub in it, three years greater than the age at which Socrates died. But even if I was to cop it right now—it could happen, it happened to Merleau-Ponty, just like that, at the podium—Descartes never intended his "*Je suis*" to be taken to say he enjoyed life. It's not that at all. What sense does it have, his "*Je suis*"? It's precisely my own subject, the "I" of psychoanalysis.

Of course, he did not know it, poor thing, he did not know it, it goes without saying, I had to interpret it for him: it's a symptom. For, before concluding that he follows [*qu'il suit*]*—follows what? the music of being, no doubt—upon what basis does he think? He thinks about the knowledge he learnt at school, which his masters, the Jesuits, were constantly drumming into him. He finds it doesn't hold water!*

It would have been better, certainly, if he realised that, following School, his knowledge went a lot further than he believed. There's trouble brewing [*il y a de l'eau dans le gas*], if I can put it like that, and solely through the fact that he speaks, for in speaking language, he has an unconscious, and is lost like any self-respecting person. It's what I call a knowledge that is impossible for the subject to reach, while for him, the subject, there is only one signifier that represents him in relation to this knowledge. It is a

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Je pense, donc Je suis.

All the same, it's b
conjunction between
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Parmenides? But this
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Over the short bre
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Let's come back to
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What's Being got that's

Well, I've had a littl
came up with someth

representative for commerce, if I can put it like that, with this knowledge—which for Descartes was a constituted knowledge, as it was called at the time, from his insertion in the discourse into which he was born—in other words, the discourse that I call that of the master, the discourse of a minor nobleman. It's precisely for this reason that he gets all caught up with his *Je pense, donc Je souis*.

All the same, it's better than what Parmenides said. The opacity of the conjunction between *noein* and *éinai*, thought and being. That poor Plato, he gets all tangled up in it. If it were not for him, what would we know of Parmenides? But this doesn't prevent him getting all caught up there. If he hadn't conveyed Socrates' brilliant hysteria to us, what would we have been able to get out of it?

Over the short break, I have been plugging away at the *Sophist*. I must be too much of a sophist myself for that to interest me. There must be something in it that's blocking me. It's not to my taste. We don't have what's needed to appreciate it, we don't know what a Sophist was at that time; the weight of the thing is lost to us.

Let's come back to the meaning of "*souis*."

What in traditional grammar falls under the heading of the conjugation of the verb "to be" is no simple matter. In Latin everyone is able to see that *fui*—as one says in Italy—that *fui* is not the same as *sum*, not to mention the rest of the bric-a-brac. I'll spare you the details, I'll spare you everything that happened when those savages, the Gauls began to extricate themselves from having to deal with that. They dragged the "*est*" onto the side of the "*stat*." They were not the only ones either. I believe the same thing happened in Spain. *Linguistricks* draws what it can from this. I'm not about to serve up the results of our Sundays spent thumbing the pages of philology for you.

Nevertheless, one could ask what substance these beings [*êtres*]*—*who besides are mythical beings, mythemes, invented expressly for this and whose name, *Undeuropeans*, I have put up on the board—were able to put in their copula. Everywhere but in our own languages anything can serve as a copula. As for them, what they put in was something like the prefiguration of the Word incarnate, as is said—here! [*The Santa Cecilia function room contains a number of symbols.*]

It makes me sweat. People thought to please me by making me come to Rome, I don't know why. There are a too many places for the Holy Spirit. What's Being got that's supreme, if not through this copula?

Well, I've had a little fun inserting what are called "persons" here and I came up with something that amused me: "*m'es-tu-me*", "*mais-tu-me*

tues”—it’s possible to get oneself in a muddle with this—*m’aimes-tu? Me-me?* In fact, it’s the same thing. It’s the old story about the message that each person receives in an inverted form. I said that a long time ago and people found it amusing.

In truth I owe it to Claude Lévi-Strauss. He leant over to one of my excellent friends—namely his wife, Monique, to call her by her name—and said to her, in relation to what I was saying, that it was like that, that everyone receives his message in an inverted form. Monique repeated it to me and I could not have found a more apt expression for what I wanted to say just then. At any rate, it was from him that I got it. You see, I take what’s mine where I find it.

I won’t go into the other tenses, on the *étayage*, the shoring up of the imperfect: *J’étais*, I was. Ah! *Qu’est-ce que tu étaies*, what were you shoring up? And the rest. The subjunctive, that’s an odd one: *Qu’il soit!* “That he might be”—as if by chance. Let’s not go into that, because we have to move on.

As for Descartes, he makes no mistake about it: God is the saying [*Dieu, c’est le dire*]. He saw clearly that what makes truth come into being, what decides the matter and however it wants is *Dieure*. It is enough to *endieure* like me, that’s the truth, there’s no escaping it. If God deceives me, well too bad, it is truth by *direvine decree* [*décret de dieure*], the golden truth.

Here, I make some remarks about those who carted criticism over from the other side of the Rhine and ended up kissing Hitler’s arse. It makes me grind my teeth!

That’s number one. So, now, the symbolic, the imaginary and the real.

The Symbolic, the Imaginary, and the Real

The extraordinary thing is that this took on meaning—and took on meaning ordered like that. In either case, it’s because of me. It’s what I call the wind, which I feel I can no longer even predict, the wind with which one fills one’s sails in our time.

It’s obvious that it does not lack for meaning at the start. This is what thought consists in—some words introduce some idiotic representations into the body.

There you have it—there you have the imaginary, which, furthermore, makes us cough it up again [*nous rend gorge*]. This does not mean that it puffs us up [*nous rengorge*]³—it makes us throw it up again. What? As if by chance, a truth, one more truth. That takes the cake!

The fact that meaning is lodged within the imaginary gives us, at the same time, the other two as meaning. Idealism—whose imputation has

been repudiated by e nothing but that. It in cretinizing thing with

How can you get th that is to say, their vul somehow? But it would thought takes place in t for me I’m sure—I’m s for the speaking being j of the forehead.

I adore hedgehogs. W chief. Of course, it piss country house. And I lo skin-muscles of its forehe

If you can think wit think with your feet. W the imaginary, the symb who follow me make th

It is not a matter of g myself out drawing for y to be of some use to you year—of some use to yo

These terms are not t have been there since we the first time I spoke in F pondered them for quite up my first *Rome Discou*

That these terms sho mean you have to get yo call *thinking with your fe*

From Being to Sen

What’s at stake is that there—I am speaking of nonsensical object [*objet*

This is what gets caug and the real, as a knot. It

3. TN: Translated here in its idio

muddle with this—*m'aimes-tu?*
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orge]. This does not mean that it
 hrow it up again. What? As if by
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in the imaginary gives us, at the
 dealism—whose imputation has

been repudiated by everyone—idealism is there behind. People want
 nothing but that. It interests them, given that thought is really the most
 cretinizing thing with which to raise the issue³ of meaning.

How can you get the philosophical use of my terms out of your heads,
 that is to say, their vulgar use, when, on the other hand, it has to enter
 somehow? But it would be better if it entered elsewhere. You imagine that
 thought takes place in the brain. I don't see why I should dissuade you. As
 for me I'm sure—I'm sure like that, it's my business—that it takes place,
 for the speaking being just as it does for the hedgehog, in the skin-muscles
 of the forehead.

I adore hedgehogs. When I see one, I put it in my pocket, in my handker-
 chief. Of course, it pisses [*ça pisse*], until I take it back to my lawn, at my
 country house. And I love to see the wrinkling [*plissement*] produced in the
 skin-muscles of its forehead, following which, just as we do, it rolls into a ball.

If you can think with the skin-muscles of your forehead, you can also
 think with your feet. Well, that's where I want it to enter, because, after all,
 the imaginary, the symbolic and the real are made to help those in this mob
 who follow me make their way in analysis.

It is not a matter of getting these rings of strings that I have been wearing
 myself out drawing for you simply to purr away [*les ronronner*]. They need
 to be of some use to you precisely in the erring I've been talking about this
 year—of some use to you in making out the topology they define.

These terms are not taboo. You need to get the hang of them. And they
 have been there since well before the one I implied by calling it the first—
 the first time I spoke in Rome. I came out with them very early, after having
 pondered them for quite a while, I came out with them well before I took
 up my first *Rome Discourse*.

That these terms should be these rings of the Borromean knot doesn't
 mean you have to get your kicks there [*y prendre le pied*]. That's not what I
 call *thinking with your feet*.

From Being to Semblance

What's at stake is that you leave something very different from a member
 there—I am speaking of analysts—what is at stake is that you leave this
 nonsensical object [*objet insensé*] that I have designated as *a*.

This is what gets caught, wedged between the symbolic, the imaginary
 and the real, as a knot. It's by catching hold of it in the right way that you

3. TN: Translated here in its idiomatic usage, *agiter le grelot*, literally means "to shake the little bell."

can answer for what your function is—to offer it to your analysand as cause of their desire.

This is what one must manage to do. But if you put your foot in it, well it's not such a big deal. What matters is that it happens at your own cost.

To put it simply, after this repudiation of the *je souis*, I'll amuse myself by saying that this knot is what you must be [*ce noeud, il faut l'être*]. I will add nevertheless—and this is something you already know after what I spoke about for a year on the four discourses under the title *The Other Side of Psychoanalysis*—that you must only make a semblance of being it. That's quite a job! It's even more difficult in that, it's not enough to have an idea of it to be its semblant [*pour en faire le semblant*].

Don't imagine that I had any idea of it myself, I wrote: *object a*. That's completely different. That's a matter of logic, in other words it makes it operative in the real as the object about which, precisely, there is no idea. One really has to spell it out, the object about which there is no idea, has been, until now a hole in any theory whatever.

This is what justifies my reservations, those that I expressed earlier about Plato's pre-Socraticism. It is not as if he had no inkling of it: he bathed in semblance without knowing it. He was obsessed with it, even if he didn't know it. This means only one thing, that he sensed it, but didn't know why it was like that. Hence, this intolerance [*insupport*], this unbearable [*insupportable*] that he disseminates.

There is not a single discourse in which the semblant fails to call the shots. There is no reason why the last one to have come about, the analytic discourse, should be any different. All the same, it's not a reason why, in this discourse, under the pretext that it is the last to come about, you should feel ill at ease to the point of making of it—according to the terms with which or colleagues in the International Psychoanalytic Association entangle themselves—a semblance more semblance than natural, and parading it.

Remember that the semblance of that which speaks as such is always there, in every kind of discourse that deals with it. It's even second nature. So, be more relaxed, more natural when you receive someone who comes to speak to you in analysis. Don't feel so obliged to take on airs. Even as a buffoon, you are justified in being so.

You only have to watch my *Television*: I am a clown. Take that as an example, and don't imitate me! The seriousness that spurs me on is the series that you constitute. You cannot be part of it [*en être*] and be it [*l'être*] at the same time.

The Real

The symbolic, rates in your speech discourse, when you

But they only intend for it to happen that it doesn't shed them either.

The discourse of march in step for example, because the real in this wheel [*se met*] not stop repeating it

This is how I find the same place. The emblem of the place, the place the basis of the imaginary, we have managed to do.

In a second moment impossible, as a logic impossible in the real look how far we had thought that everything

Perhaps there are managed to pull it off have to be possible to all that is unimaginal

Perhaps, analysis This can only be done by putting it where it

This has been suspicious idealism consists as there was no science making a little point waiting for signs, signs they called it. That's notably Bishop Berkeley very well.

The Real

The symbolic, the imaginary and the real set out what effectively operates in your speech when you position yourself within the analytic discourse, when you are an analyst.

But they only really emerge for and through this discourse. I didn't intend for it to happen, I just followed, myself as well. This does not mean that it doesn't shed light on the other discourses, but it doesn't invalidate them either.

The discourse of the master, for example, has as its purpose that things march in step for everybody. Well, that's not the same thing as the real at all, because the real is precisely what does not work out, that puts a spoke in this wheel [*se met en croix dans ce charroi*], and, what is more, what does not stop repeating itself, hindering this course.

This is how I first formulated it: the real is what always returns to the same place. The emphasis here should fall on *returns*. What is revealed is the place, the place of the semblant. It is difficult to establish it solely on the basis of the imaginary, as the notion of place seems to imply. Fortunately, we have mathematical topology to use as support, and this is what I try to do.

In a second moment of defining it, I tried to highlight this real as the impossible, as a logical modality. Suppose, in fact, that there is nothing impossible in the real—scientists would pull a face, and so would we! But look how far we had to come to catch sight of that! For centuries people thought that everything was possible.

Perhaps there are some among you who have read Leibniz. He only managed to pull it off with his *compossibility*. God had done his best, things have to be possible together. The *kombinat* and even the contrivance behind all that is unimaginable.

Perhaps, analysis will introduce us to the world as it really is: imaginary. This can only be done by reducing the so-called function of representation, by putting it where it is: namely, in the body.

This has been suspected for some time, it is even in this that philosophical idealism consists. Philosophical idealism arrived at this. Only, as long as there was no science, the only option was to button it, but not without making a little pointed remark—while being resigned to it, they were waiting for signs, signs from the beyond, signs of the *noumenon*: that's how they called it. That's why certain bishops were interested in the matter, notably Bishop Berkeley, who in his time was unrivaled, which suited him very well.

The real is not the world. There is no hope of reaching the real through representation. I am not about to put forward quantum theory or wave-particle theory as a reason for this. But all the same, it would be better if you were up to speed, even if it doesn't interest you. But as to bringing you up to speed, well you can do this yourselves; you only have to open a few little books on science.

By the same token, the real is not universal—which means that it is *all* only in the strict sense that each of its elements is identical to itself but cannot be said to be *pantes, all*. There is no such thing as *all elements*, there are only sets to be determined in each case. It's not worth adding: *that's all!* The only meaning my S_1 has is to punctuate this nonsense [*ce n'importe quoi*], this signifier—letter that I write S_1 —which only gets written by doing so without any effect of meaning. In short, it is homologous to what I have just told you about the object little *a*.

Well, when I think that I once amused myself by playing with this S_1 —which at one time I elevated to the dignity of the signifier One—and the little *a*, by linking them through the golden ratio! That's priceless! I mean that that acquires its import through writing. In fact, it is to illustrate the futility of all intercourse with the world, in other words what has been called until now consequence. For there is nothing more in the world than an object *a*, a turd or a gaze, a voice or a tit, which splits the subject and smears him with this waste that ex-sists in relation to the body.

To make oneself a semblance of it, one has to be gifted. Like that, it's particularly difficult... it's more difficult for a woman than for a man, contrary to what is said. That a woman should be the object *a* for a man, from time to time, doesn't mean at all that she has a taste for it [*à l'être*]. But in the end, it can happen. It can happen that she resembles it naturally. There nothing that looks more like flyspeck than Anna Freud! She must find it useful!

Let's be serious, let's return to doing what I'm trying to do.

The Symptom Comes from the Real

I must base this *Third* on the real that it concerns, and this is why I will pose you the question I see those who spoke before me have some inkling of. They not only have an inkling of it, they have even said it—and that they should have said it is a sign that they suspect it: is psychoanalysis a symptom?

As you know, when I ask questions, it is because I already have the answer. But all the same, it's better for it to be the right answer.

I call symptom the
It presents itself li
its teeth into meanin
it proliferate—*increa*
use of the term *mult*
an eyebrow, for the I
the proliferation of f

The best that cou
for the real of the sy
tion—how to do this

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As for the slave in th
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have seen it all the same
with him. And what's m

This is also a *Nacht*
because it proves that th
in pagan times. It is obvi
going for them! Everyth

Now that there are
comedies of Plautus an
an idea of what these s

I'm straying from t
on the thread [*la corde*]

Psychoanalysis Is

The meaning of the
thus, as I put it in the p

hope of reaching the real through forward quantum theory or wave—all the same, it would be better if interest you. But as to bringing you lives; you only have to open a few

universal—which means that it is *all* elements is identical to itself but no such thing as *all elements*, there is. It's not worth adding: *that's all!* to circulate this nonsense [*ce n'importe*]. S_1 —which only gets written by a . In short, it is homologous to what a .

and myself by playing with this S_1 —the identity of the signifier One—and the den ratio! That's priceless! I mean writing. In fact, it is to illustrate the in other words what has been called thing more in the world than an which splits the subject and smears on to the body.

one has to be gifted. Like that, it's ult for a woman than for a man, should be the object a for a man, that she has a taste for it [*à l'être*]. open that she resembles it naturally. peck than Anna Freud! She must

what I'm trying to do.

Real

it concerns, and this is why I will poke before me have some inkling they have even said it—and that they suspect it: is psychoanalysis a

, it is because I already have the to be the right answer.

I call symptom that which comes from the real.

It presents itself like a little fish whose voracious beak only closes to sink its teeth into meaning. Which results in one of two things. It either makes it proliferate—*increase and multiply*, says the Lord, but all the same, this use of the term *multiplication* is a bit strong and ought to cause us to raise an eyebrow, for the Lord knows what a multiplication is and it's not about the proliferation of fish—or it is burst by it [*il en crève*].

The best that could happen, and what we should strive for, would be for the real of the symptom to be burst by it. And that's the whole question—how to do this?

There was a time when I put myself about in medical departments—I will not mention them by name here even though I allude to them in my paper, due to be published shortly, I will have to skip a bit—trying to explain what a symptom is, I did not put it quite as I would now, but all the same—perhaps it is a *Nachtrag*—I believe I already knew, even though I hadn't yet come up with the imaginary, the symbolic and the real.

The meaning of the symptom is not that with which one feeds it for its proliferation or extinction. The meaning of the symptom is the real, in so far as it puts a spoke in the wheel [*se met en croix*] to stop things from working out, in the sense that they give account of themselves in a satisfactory way, satisfactory at least for the master, which does not mean that the slave suffers from it in any way, far from it.

As for the slave in this business, he has it cushy, much more so than one imagines. He's the one who enjoys [*jouit*], contrary to what Hegel says, who should have seen it all the same, since this is really why he lets the master have his way with him. And what's more, Hegel promises him the future, he is sitting pretty.

This is also a *Nachtrag*, a more sublime one than in my case, I dare say, because it proves that the slave had the good fortune of already being Christian in pagan times. It is obvious, but nevertheless curious. They really had everything going for them! Everything to be happy! That will never come about again.

Now that there are no longer any slaves, we are reduced to savoring the comedies of Plautus and Terence for as long as we can, in order to give us an idea of what these slaves really were.

I'm straying from the point. Yet, it is not without maintaining a grip on the thread [*la corde*] of what such straying demonstrates.

Psychoanalysis Is a Symptom

The meaning of the symptom depends on what becomes of the real—thus, as I put it in the press conference, on the success of psychoanalysis.

What we ask of it is that it relieve us both of the real and of the symptom. Should it *succeed*, or have some success in fulfilling this demand—I will put it like this, I see that there are some people here who were not at this press conference, so it is for them that I am saying it—anything could happen, namely, a return to true religion for example, which as you know does not seem to be dying out. True religion is not mad, all hopes are grist to its mill, so to speak. They are sanctified by it. So, of course, it authorizes them.

Should psychoanalysis succeed, it would die out, in being but a forgotten symptom. This should not surprise it; it is the destiny of truth, as it itself established from the start—truth gets forgotten. Thus, everything depends on whether the real insists. For this to happen it is necessary that psychoanalysis should fail.

One must recognize that in this respect it is right on course, and so still has a good chance of remaining a symptom, of increasing and multiplying. *Psychoanalysts not dead stop letter to follow.*

But all the same, be careful: this is perhaps my message in an inverted form. Perhaps I too am rushing [*je me précipite*]. It is the function of haste that I have highlighted for you.

However, what I have said to you, what I told you just now, might also be misunderstood and taken to mean that psychoanalysis is a social symptom. There is only one social symptom: each individual is really a proletarian, in other words has no discourse with which to make a social bond, in other words semblant. This is what Marx countered, and he did so in an incredible fashion. No sooner said than done. What he proposed implies that there is nothing to change. This is why, moreover, everything continues exactly as before.

Socially speaking, psychoanalysis has a consistency different from that of other discourses: it is a bond of two [*un lien à deux*]. It is in this respect that it occupies the place of the lack of the sexual relation. This is not at all enough to make it a social symptom, since the sexual relation is lacking in all forms of society. It is linked to the truth that structures all discourse.

For that matter, this is why there is no true society founded on the analytic discourse. There is a School, which is defined precisely in not being a society. It is defined through the fact that I teach something there.

As funny as it may seem when speaking of the *École freudienne*, it's something in the style of what, for example, the Stoics created. The Stoics had something like a presentiment of Lacanianism—they were the ones who invented the distinction between the *signans* and the *signatum*. On the other hand, it is to them that I owe my respect for suicide—not suicides done

tongue in cheek, but properly speaking. Or an act.

Thus, in all this that thought is able for a discourse that to the analyst and-

Someone said that but it is exactly the

The Anguish of

The sharp end of the analyst will depend

What will become the analyst's task is to catch well take the bit between of scientific discourse

This is even one should say that I've me about what's in various euphrates. It is gripped, not by science

That is instructive of the intelligence of the real.

And when the embargo on the labor they are made too strong the door and wipe off *parlêtre*, that is something is extremely comic. The trouble is that they do the same time, in that what

Be that as it may, any rate place us in the absence of the relation this conjunction of K ought to point out the same as the one in w

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tongue in cheek, but for that form of suicide that is, in short, the act properly speaking. One must not bungle it of course, for if one does, it is not an act.

Thus, in all this there is no problem of thought. A psychoanalyst knows that thought is aberrant by nature, which doesn't stop him being responsible for a discourse that binds the analysand—to what? Not to the analyst, but to the analysand-analyst couple.

Someone said this very well this morning, I express myself differently, but it is exactly the same thing, I am happy with the convergence.

The Anguish of Scientists

The sharp end of all this is that, in the years to come, the real is what the analyst will depend upon and not the other way around.

What will become of the real does not depend on the analyst at all. The analyst's task is to counter it [*la contrer*]. Despite everything, the real could well take the bit between its teeth and bolt, above all since it has the support of scientific discourse.

This is even one of the set pieces of what is called "science fiction." I should say that I've never read it myself, but in analysis people often tell me about what's in it, it's unimaginable: eugenics, euthanasia, all sorts of various euphranks. It only becomes funny when scientists themselves become gripped, not by science-fiction of course, but by anxiety.

That is instructive. It's really the typical symptom for all forms of emergence of the real.

And when the biologists—to name scientists in question—put an embargo on the laboratory treatment of bacteria, under the pretext that if they are made too strong and too resilient, they could very well slip under the door and wipe out at least all sexuated experience by wiping out the *parlêtre*, that is something quite striking! This sudden bout of responsibility is extremely comic. The whole of life finally reduced to the infection that it really is, in all likelihood—it is the highpoint of the thinking being! The trouble is that they do not see, for all that, that death is localized, at the same time, in that which within language is its sign.

Be that as it may, the *eus* that I highlighted above in passing would at any rate place us in the apathy of universal Good. They make up for the absence of the relation that I have said to be forever impossible, by way of this conjunction of Kant with Sade, through which, in a text, I thought I ought to point out the future that is staring us in the face—namely the same as the one in which analysis, in some way, has its future assured.

Frenchmen, one more effort to be republican. It will be for you to respond to this rebuke, though I don't know if this article left you hot or cold—there's just one little fellow who has been knocking himself out over it. It hasn't yielded very much.

The more I eat my *Dasein*—as I put it at the end of one of my seminars—the less I know what kind of effect it has on you.

The Unconscious, a Knowledge That Is Articulated from Lalangue

This "Third," I am reading it, well perhaps you remember the first, which returns here, in it I thought I ought to lay out my jargon, since it was printed after, under the pretext that you would all have the distributed text. If today I merely *'urrdrone* [*ourdrome*], I hope that this will not pose too much of an obstacle to understanding what I'm reading. Forgive me if this reading is excessive.

In the first, which returns so that it does not stop being written, necessary, *Function and Field...*, I said what had to be said. Interpretation, I proposed, is not interpretation of meaning, but plays on the equivocal, which is why I placed the emphasis on the signifier in language. I designated it as the instance of the letter, this to make myself understood despite your lack of stoicism.

Consequently, as I've since added to no greater effect, it is through lalangue that interpretation operates—which does not prevent the unconscious from being structured like a language, one of those languages by which it is precisely the business of linguistics to make us believe lalangue is animated. Grammar, as they generally call it, or in the case of Hjelmslev, form. That doesn't happen all by itself, even if someone indebted to me for showing him the way has placed the accent on grammatology.

Lalangue is what makes it possible to consider that it is not purely by chance that *voeu*, a wish, is also *veut*, third person indicative of *vouloir*; nor that it is by chance either that the negating *non* should also be the naming *nom*; nor is it by chance, or arbitrary, as Saussure said, that *d'eux*, *d* in front of *eux* designating those (*ceux*) of whom we speak, should be made in the same way as the number two, *deux*. What must be appreciated is the deposit, the alluvium, the petrification by which it is marked, through the way a group handles its unconscious experience.

Lalangue cannot be said to be alive because it is in use. It is rather the death of the sign that it conveys. It is not because the unconscious is structured like a language that lalangue does not have to play against its own enjoyment, since it is made out of this very enjoyment.

The subject supposed not wrongly supposed, being a knowledge that is being knotted to it only

The Body in the E

Taken just as it is, the real that does not remain the virtue of constituting its

It is the abyss less not. By this I mean that it is which the body enjoys it

Foremost among them which, as I have said, the breaks this object up—in and, as shards of the body this respect that this object. But it depends solely on the tendencies or rings of string

What's strange is this supposes this object, and came to think I could speak of jouissance whatever.

If this is the case for what as it is the jouissance of life separates this jouissance of

To grasp this, you have drawn a little schema.

