

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.

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The Body in the E

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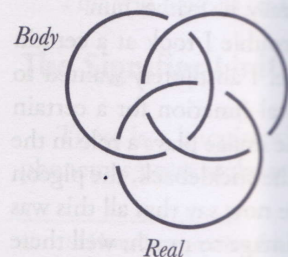
It is the abyss less not. By this I mean that it is which the body enjoys it

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.



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The subject supposed to know, who is the analyst in the transference, is not wrongly supposed, if he knows what the unconscious consists of, in being a knowledge that is articulated out of lalangue, the body that speaks being knotted to it only by the real of which it enjoys.

The Body in the Economy of Jouissance

Taken just as it is, the body is to be understood as unknotted to this real that does not remain for it any the less opaque in ex-sisting there by virtue of constituting its jouissance.

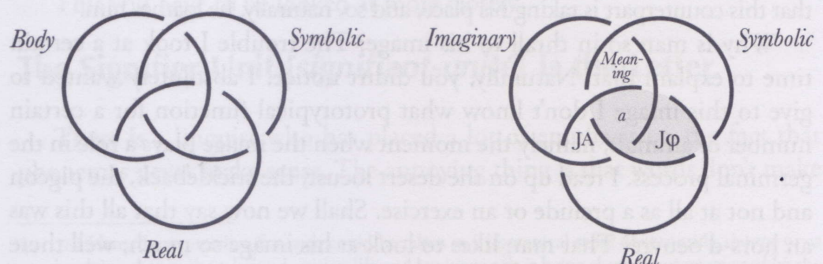
It is the abyss less noted since it is lalangue that civilizes this jouissance. By this I mean that it brings it to its most cultivated effect, that through which the body enjoys its objects.

Foremost among them, which I write little *a*, is the object itself, about which, as I have said, there is no idea, no idea as such, I mean, unless one breaks this object up—in which case its fragments are corporally identifiable and, as shards of the body, identified, and only by psychoanalysis. It is in this respect that this object constitutes the elaborable kernel of jouissance. But it depends solely on the existence of the knot, on the three total consistencies or rings of string that constitutes it.

What's strange is this link that entails that any jouissance whatsoever supposes this object, and therefore *surplus-enjoyment*, since this is how I came to think I could specify its place—namely as the condition of any jouissance whatever.

If this is the case for what there is of the jouissance of the body, in so far as it is the jouissance of life, the most surprising thing is that the object *a* separates this jouissance of the body from phallic jouissance.

To grasp this, you have to see how the Borromean knot is made. I've drawn a little schema.



That phallic jouissance becomes anomalous to the body's jouissance, is something that has already been pointed out three-dozen times. I don't know how many of you are familiar with those cock and bull stories that come to us from India, *Kundalini* as they call it. Some of these describe that thing that climbs the entire length of their marrow, as they call it. They explain it in a way that has to do with the bones of the body—they imagine that it is the marrow and that this extends into the brain. There have been some advances in anatomy since then.

How can we understand the out-of-body [*hors-corps*] of phallic jouissance?

We heard it this morning thanks to my dear friend Paul Mathis, who is also the person to whom I paid a great compliment by reading from his work on writing and psychoanalysis. This morning he gave us a wonderful example. He's no angel, this Mishima. And for him to have told us that it was Saint Sebastian who first gave him occasion to ejaculate for the first time, that ejaculation must have really astounded him.

We see this all the time, these people who tell us that they will never forget the first time they masturbated, that it burst through the screen.

We can understand very well why it burst through the screen, because it doesn't come from within the screen.

Preference for the Image

The body enters the economy of jouissance through the image of the body. That was my starting point. If there is something that clearly underlines that the relation of man, or what goes under this name, to his body is imaginary, it is the importance taken on by his image.

At the outset, I underlined clearly that there must be a reason for this in the real. Only prematuration explains it. I didn't come up with it, it was Bolk—I've never sought to be original, I sought to be a logician. This preference for the image stems from the fact that man anticipates his bodily maturation, with all that this implies, namely, that that he cannot see one of his counterparts without thinking that this counterpart is taking his place, and so, naturally, he loathes him.

Why is man so in thrall to his image? The trouble I took at a certain time to explain that! Naturally, you didn't notice. I absolutely wanted to give to this image I don't know what prototypical function for a certain number of animals, namely the moment when the image plays a role in the germinal process. I read up on the desert locust, the stickleback, the pigeon and not at all as a prelude or an exercise. Shall we now say that all this was an hors-d'oeuvre? That man likes to look at his image so much, well there you are, one only has to say—*It's like that.*

What is so astonishing in. At any rate, man is his image in the mirror. *shalt love thy neighbor* and which is all the same so

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The question remains If the answer remains in c not the case for speech. L [*fait dépôt*], not without n demonstrates all the same [*fait rejet*],⁴ clearly gives u

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The Signifier-Unit I

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4. TN: Here, the expression *fait re* implying that in the relation b other. The expression can also

What is so astonishing is that this allowed God's commandment to slip in. At any rate, man is more of a neighbor to himself in his being than in his image in the mirror. So, what is this story of the commandment, *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thou loves thyself*, if it is not based on this mirage, which is all the same something rather odd?

But as this image is precisely what leads him, precisely, to hate, not his neighbor [*prochain*] but his fellow man [*semblable*], it is something whose import would go somewhat awry if one did not think that, all the same, God must know what he's saying, and that, for each one of us, there is something that one loves even more than one's image.

Does Life Imply Jouissance?

If there is something that gives us the idea of *enjoying itself*, it is the animal. One cannot give any proof of it, but it seems to be implied by what one calls the animal body.

The question becomes interesting from the moment one extends this and wonders, in the name of life, whether plants enjoy.

The question has a meaning because it is here that a fast one has been pulled on us with the lilies of the field. *They neither spin nor weave*, we were told. But we clearly can't be satisfied with that for the good reason that spinning and weaving is precisely what they do. For those of us who see this through a microscope, it could not be more obvious that it is filiform. So perhaps this is what they enjoy, weaving and spinning. But all the same, this leaves the whole thing up in the air.

The question remains to be resolved as to whether life implies jouissance. If the answer remains in doubt for plants, it only goes to emphasize that it's not the case for speech. *Lalangue*, where, as I put it, jouissance is deposited [*fait dépôt*], not without mortifying it, not without appearing as dead wood, demonstrates all the same that life, from which a language makes an offshoot [*fait rejet*],⁴ clearly gives us the idea that it is something of the vegetal order.

This will have to be looked at more closely.

The Signifier-Unit [*signifiant-unité*] Is the Letter

There is a linguist who has placed a lot of emphasis on the fact that phonemes never make sense. The annoying thing is that words don't make

4. TN: Here, the expression *fait rejet*, could be taken in its botanical sense of sprouting shoots, or as implying that in the relation between life and language one is being thrown out or rejected by the other. The expression can also be used to refer to an effect of enjambment in poetry.

sense either, despite the dictionary. As for me, in a sentence, I make a point of giving any word any meaning.

Well, if one gives any word any meaning, where in a sentence does one stop? Where do you find the unity element [*unité élément*]?⁵

Since we are in Rome, I will try to give you an idea of what I would like to say about what there is of this unity, to be sought, of the signifier, on the basis of the fact that there are, as you know, three famous virtues said, as it happens, to be theological.

We see them represented in murals here, precisely all around [*partout*], in the form of voluptuous women [*femmes plantureuse*]. The least one can say is that after that, it would not be going too far to treat them as symptoms. In fact, defining the symptom as I have, on the basis of the real, amounts to saying that women also express the real very, very well, since I insist precisely on the fact that women are *not-all* [*pas-toutes*].

Faith, hope, and charity, la foi, l'espérance, et l'acharité. Calling them *foire*, fair, *l'aissepéronge*, an'ullhope, after *lasciate ogni Speranza*,⁵ abandon all hope—it's a metamorpheme like any other, since earlier you let me get away with *ourdrome*—and finally *l'archiraté*, arch-failure, is, it seems to me, a more effective implication for the symptoms of these three women. This seems to me more pertinent than what was expressed, for example, at a time when one set out to rationalise everything, like Kant's three questions, from which I had to find a way out on television; namely, *What can I know? What can I hope for?*—which really takes the biscuit—and *What must I do?*

All the same, it is very curious, that we should come to this. Not that I think that faith, hope and charity should be the first symptoms to put in the dock. After all, they're not bad symptoms, but in the end, they prop up universal neurosis quite well. In other words, in the end things don't go too badly, we are all submitted to the reality principle, in other words to fantasy. The Church is there to watch over things. And a delusional rationalization, like Kant's, is what it buffers.

I took this example so as not to get caught up in what I set out with at the start by giving you as an example of what it takes to treat a symptom. Interpretation must always be a *ready-made*, after Marcel Duchamp, as Tostain said here, good heavens, only yesterday. So at least you will understand something about it. Our interpretation should aim at what is essential in wordplay in order not to be one that feeds the symptom with meaning.

I'm going to confess everything to you, why not? That business, that slippage from faith, hope and charity to the fair—I am saying this because

5. TN: Or 'lhope for short. *Lasciate ogni Speranza* is a phrase from Dante's *Inferno* that forms the basis of Lacan's translinguistic pun between *l'espérance*, hope, and *l'aissepéronge*, in which one can hear the French verb *laisser*, to leave behind.

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there was someone at the press conference who felt I was laying it on a bit
 thick with what I said about faith and the fair—is one of my dreams. I have
 every right, like Freud, to share my dreams with you. Unlike Freud's dreams,
 they are not inspired by the desire to sleep, it's rather the desire to wake up
 that stirs me. But, in the end, it is something personal.

The signifier-unit is of capital importance. One can be sure that modern
 materialism itself would not have been born if men had not been fretting
 over that for a long time. In this fretting the only thing that was shown to
 be within their grasp was the letter.

When Aristotle, just like anyone else, just as I myself, began to establish
 the idea of the element, a series of letters is always required, RSI.

There is nothing that, from the outset, gives the idea of an element quite
 like grains of sand, about which I said—I mentioned this in one of the bits
 I skipped, but it doesn't matter—that all one can do is count them. With all
 suchlike, there's nothing to stop us: however many grains of sand there may
 be, it will always be possible to reckon them, as Archimedes has previously
 said. All this is based on something that has no better support than the letter.

But there is no letter without lalangue. This is even the problem—how
 can lalangue precipitate itself in the letter? Nothing serious has ever been
 done regarding writing, but it would be worth it all the same, because there
 is certainly a point of articulation [un joint] there.

So—as someone remarked earlier, in a sense beating a path for what I
 can tell you—that I should designate the signifier as representing a subject
 for another signifier is a function that can only be verified in a deciphering,
 such that it is to the cipher that we necessarily return. This is the only exor-
 cism that psychoanalysis is capable of.

The deciphering comes down to that which constitutes the cipher, to
 that which entails that the symptom is something that, above all, does not
 stop being written of the real.

Taming it to the point that language can make an equivoque out of it,
 it is there that one can gain some ground that separates the symptom from
 phallic jouissance.

The Insistence of "It Is Enjoyed"

As I will show you on my little drawings, the symptom is not simply a
 matter of phallic jouissance.

What bears out the *Se jouit* of my introduction for you is that your
 presumed analysand confirms himself to be such in that he comes back.
 Why would he come back, I ask you, given the task you've set for him, if it

were not for the fact that he gets some crazy pleasure out of it?—besides, often, on top of that, he adds more to it, in other words, he has to undertake yet more tasks to satisfy your analysis.

He enjoys, he *se jouit* something, and not at all this *Je souis*, because everything indicates, everything must indicate to you that you do not at all simply ask him, simply, to *Dasein*, to be there, as I am right now—but rather, and quite to the contrary, to put to the test this freedom of the fiction of saying anything at all. In return, this will prove to be impossible.

In other words, what you ask of him is precisely to give up this position that I have just qualified as *Dasein*. To put it more simply, this position is the one that he contents himself with and precisely by complaining about it, namely for not being in keeping with social being. He complains that there is something blocking him and it is this that he sees as a symptom, as such symptomatic of the real.

Then there is the approach he takes by thinking about it. But this is what, in every neurosis, is called secondary gain.

Everything that I am saying here is not necessarily true for all eternity. This doesn't bother me at all. It is the very structure of the discourse that you establish only to reform, even to reform the other discourses, insofar as they ex-sist in relation to your own. And it is in yours, in your discourse, that the *parlêtre* exhausts this insistence proper to him, and which keeps going in the other discourses.

So, where is this *it enjoys*, this *ça se jouit* to be situated in my categorical registers of the imaginary, the symbolic and the real?

The Way of the Knot

For there to be a Borromean knot, it is not necessary for all three of my fundamental consistencies to be toric.

As perhaps you have heard, you know that a straight line is supposed to bite its own tail at infinity.

Well, of the imaginary, symbolic and real, one of the three, the real surely, can be an infinite straight line. In fact, as I have said, it is characterized by not making a whole [*faire tout*], in other words by not closing upon itself.

Suppose that it is the same for the symbolic. It suffices that the imaginary, namely one of my three tori, should evidently be the place where one goes round in circles, in order to make a Borromean knot with two straight lines.

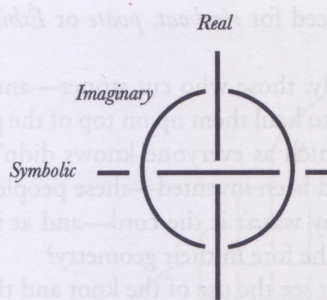
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It is perhaps not by chance that what you see here presents itself as the intertwining of two characters from Greek writing. Perhaps this is entirely worthy of being classed as an example of the Borromean knot. It doesn't matter whether you break the continuity of the straight lines or the continuity of the circle. What's left over, whether a straight line and a circle or two straight lines, will be completely free, which is the very definition of the Borromean knot.

In telling you all this, I have the feeling—I have even noted it in my text—that language can only really advance by twisting and coiling, by contorting in a way that, after all, I cannot say I am not giving an example of here.

Taking up the gauntlet for language, emphasizing in everything that concerns us how much we depend on it, you must not think that I do this for fun. I would like it better if it were less tortuous. What seems comic to me is simply that people do not grasp that there is no other way to think and that psychologists, in search of thought that would not be spoken, imply in some way that pure thought would, I dare say, be better.

In what of the Cartesian I put forward earlier, namely the *Je pense, donc je suis*, there is a profound error. What disturbs thought is when it imagines that it constitutes an extension, if I can put it that way. But this is what demonstrates that there is no pure thought, if I may say, no thought that is not subject to the contortions of language, other than precisely the thought of extension [*la pensée de l'étendue*].

What I wanted to introduce you to today, and which after two hours I am ultimately failing to do and merely dragging my feet over, is this: why on earth has this extension that we suppose to be space, the one we hold in common, namely, the three dimensions, why has this never been approached by way of the knot?

I will make a little digression here, a citatory allusion to old Rimbaud, and to his drunken boat effect, so to speak—I no longer felt guided by

The Third

haulers. But there is no need for *rimboat*, *poâte* or *Éthiopoâte* to pose the following question.

There are, indisputably, those who cut stones—and that's Euclidean geometry. They then had to haul them up on top of the pyramid, and they did it without horses, which as everyone knows didn't haul very much before the horse collar had been invented—these people dragged all those things themselves. So, why wasn't it the cord—and at the same time the knot—that first came to the fore in their geometry?

How did they not see the use of the knot and the cord?

The Knot and the Three Dimensions

It has to be said, when it comes to the knot, the most modern mathematics itself loses the thread [*corde*]. They don't know how to formalize what a knot is. There are plenty of cases in which they lose their bearings.

Yet, this is not the case with the Borromean knot—mathematicians have realized that it is a braid, and the simplest kind of braid at that.

The knot that I drew for you just now shows us in a striking way that we do not have to make everything depend on a toric consistency. One only needs at least one. If you shrink this at-least-one, this *au-moins-une*, indefinitely, it can give you a tangible idea of a point.

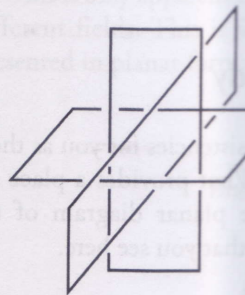
In fact, if we don't suppose that the knot reveals itself through the fact that the imaginary torus that I placed there shrinks [*se rapetisse*], darns itself [*se repatasse*] ad infinitum, we have no idea at all what a point is.

The two straight lines, such as I have just drawn them out for you, and to which I assign the terms symbolic and real, slide over each other, one might say, until they vanish from view. Why is it that two lines on a surface, on a plane, meet up, intersect with each other? One wonders why. Where have you ever seen the like of it, except in handling a saw and imagining that what makes an edge in a volume suffices to designate a line? And outside this phenomenon of sawing, how can one imagine that the meeting of two straight lines is what makes a point? It seems to me that you need at least three.

This takes us a little bit further. You will get to read this text, for whatever it's worth, but at least it is entertaining. But all the same, I have to show you.

This shows us the way in which, in the end, the Borromean knot joins together these famous three dimensions which we attribute to space, without that stopping us imagining it any way we want. A Borromean knot is produced when we put it precisely in this space.

Now you see a figure of three rectangles slide over each other, which certainly form a knot by themselves. Everything I showed you is a knot that derives, in the way of



Malaise in th'Immo

Let us, nevertheless, try to produce, which retain their

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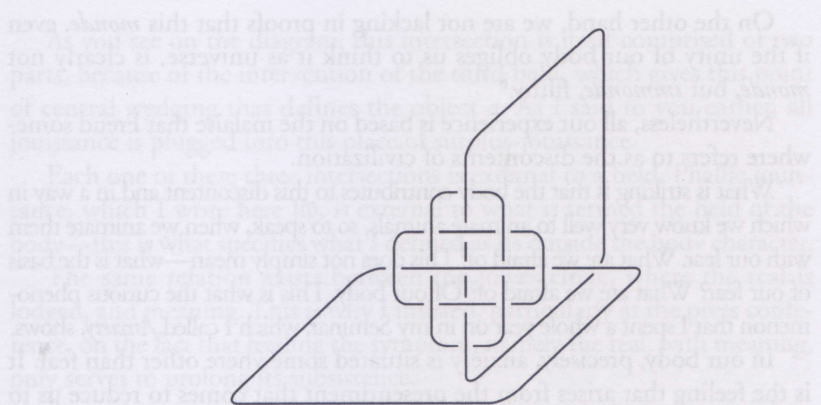
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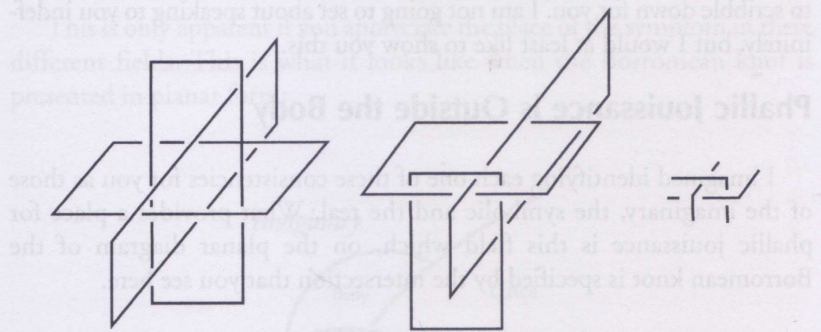
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Now you see a figure on the left, below. It is obviously by making these three rectangles slide over each other in a certain way—which, moreover, certainly form a knot by themselves—that you obtain the figure from which everything I showed you earlier concerning what constitutes a Borromean knot derives, in the way one thinks it should be drawn.



Malaise in *th'Immonde*

Let us, nevertheless, try to see what is involved. In this real, organized bodies are produced, which retain their form. This explains why bodies imagine the universe.

We have no proof that, other than the *parlêtre*, animals think beyond certain forms to which we assume they are sensible and to which they respond in a privileged way. This gives us no grounds to imagine that the world is a world [*le monde est monde*] for all animals the same, so to speak. This is what we don't see, and what, interestingly, ethnologists, those who study the habits and practices of animals, put in parentheses.

The Third

On the other hand, we are not lacking in proofs that this *monde*, even if the unity of our body obliges us to think it as universe, is clearly not *monde*, but *immonde*, filthy.⁶

Nevertheless, all our experience is based on the malaise that Freud somewhere refers to as the discontents of civilization.

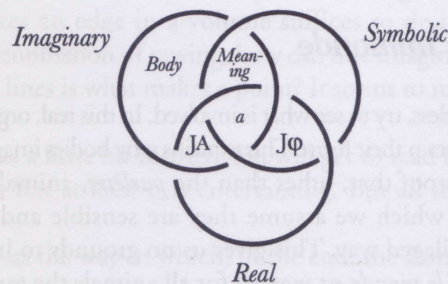
What is striking is that the body contributes to this discontent and in a way in which we know very well to animate animals, so to speak, when we animate them with our fear. What are we afraid of? This does not simply mean—what is the basis of our fear? What are we afraid of? Of our body. This is what the curious phenomenon that I spent a whole year on in my Seminar, which I called *Anxiety*, shows.

In our body, precisely, anxiety is situated somewhere other than fear. It is the feeling that arises from the presentiment that comes to reduce us to our bodies. It is the feeling that arises from the presentiment that we are being reduced to our body. It is quite curious that the debility of the *parlêtre* has led him so far as to grasp that anxiety is not the fear of anything that the body could provide the motivation for. It is the fear of fear.

This can be situated very well with respect to what, at any rate, I wanted to say to you today. There are sixty-five pages of what I was foolish enough to scribble down for you. I am not going to set about speaking to you indefinitely, but I would at least like to show you this.

Phallic Jouissance is Outside the Body

I imagined identifying each one of these consistencies for you as those of the imaginary, the symbolic and the real. What provides a place for phallic jouissance is this field which, on the planar diagram of the Borromean knot is specified by the intersection that you see here.



6. TN: *Monde* is the French word for *world*, but in this passage Lacan is also playing on its archaic sense of *pure, clean and ordered*, hidden in the etymology and origin of the word and which is now only retained in its negative form, *immonde*, meaning *filthy*. Cf. *Le monde est monde* above.

As you see on the d parts, because of the int of central wedging th jouissance is plugged in

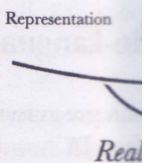
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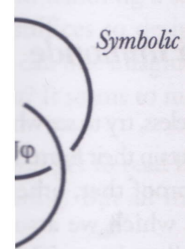


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As you see on the diagram, this intersection is itself comprised of two parts, because of the intervention of the third field, which gives this point of central wedging that defines the object *a*. As I said to you earlier, all jouissance is plugged into this place of surplus-jouissance.

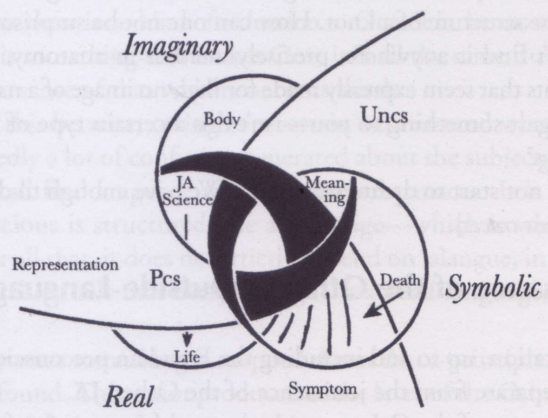
Each one of these three intersections is external to a field. Phallic jouissance, which I write here $J\phi$, is external to what is termed the field of the body—this is what specifies what I defined as its outside the body character.

The same relation exists between the lower circle, where the real is lodged, and meaning. This is why I insisted, particularly at the press conference, on the fact that feeding the symptom, namely the real, with meaning, only serves to prolong its subsistence.

By contrast, it is in so far as something in the symbolic becomes tighter [*se reserre*] through what I have called wordplay, the equivoque, which implies the abolition of meaning, that everything that concerns jouissance, and especially phallic jouissance, can also become tighter [*se reserrer*].

The Symptom and Its Interpretation

This is only apparent if you appreciate the place of the symptom in these different fields. This is what it looks like when the Borromean knot is presented in planar form:



The symptom is the irruption of this anomaly of which phallic jouissance consists, in so far as this fundamental lack which I have designated as the sexual non-rapport spreads and fans out there.

In interpretation, it is in so far as analytic intervention bears solely on the signifier that something of the field of the symptom can be diminished [*reculer*].⁷

It is in the symbolic, in so far as it is supported by *lalangue*, that the knowledge inscribed in *lalangue*—which constitutes the unconscious, properly speaking—is elaborated and gains ground on the symptom.

This does not prevent the circle marked here as symbolic from corresponding to something of this knowledge which will never be reduced—namely, Freud's *Urverdrängt*, that is to say that which, of the unconscious, will never be interpreted.

Nothing More Real Than Life

How did I come to write the word *life* at the level of the circle of the real? It is because, apart from this vague expression that consists in speaking of *enjoying life* [*jouir de la vie*], we clearly know nothing about life.

This chemical construction, of elements dispersed in I don't know what, and in a way that we would like to qualify, that all of a sudden began building a molecule of DNA according to the laws of science, how did it ever get started? Everything that science leads us to deduce shows that there is nothing more real than that, which means that there is nothing more impossible to imagine.

It is curious, as I would like to point out to you, that there one already sees the first image of a knot. If there is something that ought to strike us, it is that it should have taken us so long to see that something in the real, life itself, bears the structure of a knot. How can one not be surprised that after that, we don't find it anywhere, precisely, neither in anatomy, nor in the climbing plants that seem expressly made for that, no image of a natural knot?

I will suggest something to you—isn't this a certain type of repression, of *Urverdräng*?

Well, let's not start to dream too much. We have enough to do with our traces [*avec nos traces*].

The Jouissance of the Other is Outside-Language

Representation, up to and including the Freudian preconscious, is thus completely separate from the jouissance of the Other, JA.

The jouissance of the Other as parasexuated [*parasexué*]⁸—for man the jouissance of the supposed woman, the woman that we do not have to suppose, given that *The woman* [*Woman*] does not exist, and by contrast, for a woman Man's jouissance, Man, who, alas, is all [*tout*], he is even all

7. TN: The verb *reculer* also implies the idea of receding and drawing back.

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phallic jouissance—this jouissance of the parasexuated Other only exists, can only exist, through the intermediary of speech—in particular through the speech of love, which is even, I might say, the most paradoxical, and the most surprising thing.

It is evidently completely noticeable and comprehensible that God only enjoins us to love our neighbor [*prochain*], and not at all to limit ourselves to our feminine neighbor [*prochaine*], for if we were to address our feminine neighbor [*prochaine*], we would quite simply be doomed to failure. It is the very principle of what earlier I called the Christian *Arch-failure* [*archiraté*].

Just as phallic jouissance is outside the body, the jouissance of the Other is outside language, outside the symbolic.

It is on that basis, in other words from the moment one grasps what is most—how shall I say?—most alive or most dead in language, namely the letter, it is solely on this basis that we have access to the real.

From the Jouissance of the Other to the Birth of Science

Everyone knows how impossible this jouissance of the Other is.

Contrary even to the myth evoked by Freud, namely that Eros makes one, it is precisely this that does for us. In no case, can two bodies make one, however tight they hold each other. I have not gone as far as putting it into my text, but the best we can do in these famous embraces is to say *Hold me tight!* But one does not hold so hard that the other ends up snuffing it—with the result that there is no kind of reduction to One. It is the most absurd joke.

If there is something that makes One, it is all the same the sense of the element, the sense of that which concerns death.

I say all this because, owing to a certain aura around what I say, there is undoubtedly a lot of confusion generated about the subject of language. I do not at all find language to be a universal panacea. It is not because the unconscious is structured like a language—which is what is best of it—that, for all that, it does not strictly depend on *lalangue*, in other words on that which entails that every *lalangue* is a dead language, even if it is still in use.

It is only once something is stripped down that a principle of self-identity can be found. This is not produced at the level of the Other, but at the level of logic. It is in so far as one is able to reduce every aspect of meaning that one is able to arrive at this sublime mathematical formula of self-identity, which is written $x = x$.

As for the jouissance of the Other, there is only one single way of filling it in, and it is properly speaking the field in which science emerges. As

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everyone knows, as a little book that my daughter has scribbled shows very well, it is only once Galileo had constructed a few relations between one letter and another with a bar in the interval, in which he had defined velocity as a relation between space and time, that it became possible to get away from everything intuitive and bogged down with the notion of effort, in order to arrive at this first result, which was gravity.

We have made some progress since then, but when all is said and done, what does science give us? It gives us plenty to get our teeth into, in the place of that which is lacking in our relation to knowledge [*connaissance*], which, for most people, everyone here in particular, comes down to gadgets—television and trips to the moon. What's more, a trip to the moon is not something you take for yourselves, it's only a few selected people, but you see it on the television.

Science is based on the letter. It is for this reason that I have some hope that, by passing beneath all representation, we will perhaps come to have some more satisfactory details about life.

The Future of Psychoanalysis Depends on the Real

Here I will draw to a close by returning to what I said to you just now—that the future of psychoanalysis depends on what becomes of the real.

Will gadgets for example, gain the upper hand? Will we ourselves really come to be animated by gadgets? This seems unlikely to me, I have to say.

We will not actually succeed in getting to a point where gadgets are not symptoms. They are for now, it is obvious. It is even certain that one has a car like a fake woman. One absolutely wants it to be a phallus, but it only has a relation to the phallus in that it is a phallus that impedes us from having a relation with something which would be our sexual partner [*répondant sexuel*], namely, our parasexuated partner.

The para, as everyone knows, consists in the fact that each one remains on their own side, that each one remains to one side.

I have given you a summary here of what is in my sixty-six pages.

My initial intention was to read. I did so in a certain spirit—my hogging the reading was to relieve you of doing so, and perhaps make you able to read something. It's what I hope for.

If you actually come to read what there is on the planar diagram of the Borromean knot, I think that, there in your hands, you will have a hold of something that can be as useful to you as the simple distinction between the real, the symbolic and the imaginary.

Please excuse me for having spoken for so long.

Lacan never published this text at the Congress of the EFP which appeared in 1975 in Paris. It was first published in 2003; I used it to establish the text for the volume on Chatenay, and the work on the presentation of the text.

The presentation of the text is only speaking for itself and this morning I am only speaking for myself, because that is in particular I heard of you to read, you will understand.

The press conference was held earlier on 29 October 1975. I used the text for the volume on the text for the volume on the text.

Lacan usually attributed the text to Émile Benveniste, and

Paul Mathis and René Guénon of the EFP who spoke during the presentation on Marcel Duchamp.

What Lacan described in an article by Judith Miller in 1968, under the title of 'The Real'.

A few remarks

Lacan never published the text of sixty-six pages that he alludes to. His presentation at the Congress was the object of an anonymous transcription which appeared in 1975 in the bulletin Lettres de l'École freudienne, no. 16: 177-203; I used it to establish this version. The schemas have been redrawn by Gilles Chatenay, and the whole thing has been re-read by Pascale Fari.

The presentation properly speaking was preceded by the following few lines: I am only speaking here this afternoon because of the fact that yesterday and this morning I heard some excellent things. I will not start naming anyone, because that would only provide you with a prize list. This morning in particular I heard some excellent things. I will warn you that I am going to read, you will understand why afterwards. I will explain in due course.

*The press conference that Lacan mentions in his presentation took place earlier on 29 October, at the French Cultural Centre in Rome; I established the text for the volume entitled *Le triomphe de la religion* (Paris: Seuil, 2005). [Translated as *The Triumph of Religion* (Cambridge: Polity, 2013)].*

Lacan usually attributed the formula concerning the inverted message to Émile Benveniste, and not to Lévi-Strauss.

Paul Mathis and René Tostain, to whom Lacan pays homage, were members of the EFP who spoke during the Congress, the first on Yukio Mishima, the second on Marcel Duchamp.

*What Lacan describes as "a little book that my daughter has scribbled" is an article by Judith Miller, published in the revue *Cahier pour l'analyse*, no. 9, (1968), under the title: "Métaphysique de la physique de Galilée."*

JAM

Translated by Philip Dravers