

## RE-JOYACING THE EGO

*For the first time anywhere in English, we publish Lacan's opening address to the 5<sup>th</sup> International Joyce Symposium of June 1975. Éric Laurent's commentary on this text then brings out the trajectory of a 'post-Joycean' position for the analyst. Finally, the talk Lacan gave at MIT around the same period demonstrates how Joyce and topology led him to reconceive the body.*

## JOYCE THE SYMPTOM

Jacques Lacan

Joyce the Symptom, to be heard like Jésus la Caille: it's his name. Was anything else to be expected overtego: *je nomme*. I name. That this should make *jeune homme*, young man, is the fallout from which I wish to draw but one thing. It is that we are menkind.

LOM: in French that's a telling way of putting what it means to say. It just has to be written phonetically: it fauneticates it (faun...) on its own level: the eaubscene. You should spell that eaub... to call to mind how the *beau* is the very same thing. *Hissecroibeau* to be written like the *hessecabeau* without which hee-haw-dly ain't no dingbait in name does ring-a-ding-nifie-d' *homme*. LOM lomellises himself, each trying to get the better of the next. Get in on it, they tell him, it takes some doing: no one gets moist, there's no *hessecabeau*.

LOM, LOM at base, bockedy LOM who's gotta body and Kun have just the one. The saying of it has to be like that: he zgotwonn... and not: he yizwonn... (cub'dy/holed). 'Tis the having and not the being that characterises him. There is some have in the yap *whatchagot?*, on which he questions himself fictively, always having the answer. I've got it, is his one and

'Joyce le symptôme' was first published in 1979 in the collection *Joyce & Paris* (the proceedings of the fifth international James Joyce symposium, held in Paris, 16–20 June 1975), Presses universitaires de Lille/Éditions du CNRS, pp. 13–17; then, under the title 'Joyce le symptôme II', in *Joyce avec Lacan*, Navarin, 1987, pp. 31–37; and lastly, in *Autres écrits*, Seuil, 2001, pp. 565–70. © Éditions du Seuil, 2001. *The Lacanian Review* publishes this translation with the kind permission of Jacques-Alain Miller.

## Re-Joycing the Ego

only being. The bloody shambles that is said to be epistemic, when it sets to shoving everyone around, pushes being in front of having, whereas what is true, as a first principle, is that LOM *ain't* without. Why so? You feel it in your bones, and once sensed, it is demonstrated.

He ain't without (even his body) due to the fact that he belongs at the same time to three... let's call it, orders. Vouching for this is the fact that he prates in order to busy himself with the sphere from which to fashion himself an *escabeau*.

I'm saying this to make one for myself, and precisely by stripping it of the sphere, which until now would not be unseated from its throne of an escabodacious supreme. This is why I've been demonstrating that the S.K.beau comes first, because it presides over the sphere production.

The S.K.beau is what in man is conditioned by the fact that he lives being (=that he leaves being) as much as he's got – his body: he's got it nowhere besides but on that basis. Hence my expression *parlêtre*, which will supersede Freud's UCS (unconscious, let it be read): budge up and let me squeeze in, then. To say that the unconscious in Freud, when he discovers it (what is discovered is discovered in one go, but after the invention still its inventory has to be made), the unconscious is a knowledge *qua* spoken as a constituent of LOM. Speech *bien entendu* is defined as being the only locus, where being has a sense. The sense of being is to preside over having, which excuses the epistemic gibbering.

Importing it, from what point – 'of view' so said, is it to be debated? The import therefore, without specifying whence, resides in accounting to oneself that LOM *ain't* without body – and that the expression remains correct, – even though LOM deduced from this that he was a soul – which, *bien entendu*, in 'view' of his squint, he has translated in the way of this soul, having that too.

Having means that one might do something therewith. Inter alia, among other havisions said to be possible in that they 'might' always be suspended. The only definition of the possible being that it may *not* 'avoir lieu', it may *not* 'take place': which is taken up from its opposite end, in view of the pervasive inversion of what is called thought.

Aristotle, unlike the rasher Bacon, writes that man thinks with his soul. Whereby it would transpire that LOM ain't without that either, which Aristotle translates by *voũç*. As for me, I content myself with saying: *noeud*, less fuss. A knot of what to what, I say not, for want of knowing as much, but I exploit how, trinitied, LOM hasn't been able to stop writing as much since he was first brought filth into the world. Without Victor Cousin's preference for triplicity adding to it: but fine with that, if such is his wont, since the *sens*, the thrust of it, is trine: the *bon sens*, I mean.

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It is so as not to lose it, this *bond du sens*, this meaningful thrust, that I will now state that it has to be maintained that man ain't without a body, specifically that he speaks with his body, put differently, that he bespeaks by nature. Having thus sprung up as obstinart, he denatures himself by the same stroke, whereby he assumes the natural as his goal, as the goal of art, such as he naively imagines this natural. Haplessly, this is what is natural to him: so it comes as no surprise that he touches on it only as a symptom. Joyce the symptom carries things so far through his artifice that one wonders whether he isn't a Saint, the *saint homme* that stays p'ts. Praise be to God for we owe it to Him, namely to the will that is supposed of Him (for in our heart of hearts we know He does not ex-sist) Joyce is not a Saint. He rejoices too much in the S.K.beau for that, he takes pride in art to his art's content.

Truth be told there is no Saint-as-such, there is only this desire, to put the finnessing touches to what is known as the Way, the canonical Way. Whence one does prom on occasion into the canonisation of the Church, which knows a bit about it, having reconicalised itself, but which goes barking up the wrong bloody tree in every other case. For there is no canonical way to saintliness, in spite of the eagerness for sainthood, no way that sorts out Saints, that would turn them into a sort. There is only scabeastration; but the castration of the escabeau is accomplished only through escapade. You only get a saint through not wanting to be, through the sanctity of forswearing it.

This is what Joyce maintains solely by being obstinart: for it's by art that he makes its head sprout up in this Bloom from whose alienation stem his farces of Flower and Henry (Henry of the sly laugh, strictly for the ladies). If in fact the said ladies are the only ones to get a laugh out of it, this proves full well that Bloom is a saint. *Que le saint en rie*, that says it all. Bloom will be pushing up the blooming daisies after his death, though the graveyard gets no laugh out of him. Since that's where he'll end up, which he finds Dantengly acrimonerous, knowing all the while he can do nothing about it.

Joyce, for his part, didn't want to have anything, save the escabeau of the magisterial fact of saying, and this is quite enough for him not to be a straightforward *saint homme* but rather the ptypical symptom.

If he makes the Bloom of his fantasising so Henrisible, it's to demonstrate that by laying it on as thick as the adman, in the end what he's got, having obtained it thus, is not worth that much. By cheapening his body itself, he demonstrates that 'LOM ain't without a body' doesn't mean a thing, if he doesn't tithe everyone else for it.

This is the way trodden by the mendicant brethren: they fall back on public charity which has to pay their subsistence. It no less remains that LOM (written L.O.M.) has his body, to clad, along with further bodily care. The hopeless attempt that society makes for LOM not to have just one body lies in another catchment area: doomed to fail of course, making it clear that if he zgotwonn, he hasn't got any other, despite, due to the fact of his parlêtre, having some other at his disposal, without managing to make it his.

Which he wouldn't dream of, this is supposed of him, if he truly were the body he's got. This implies nothing but the buffoonish theory that doesn't want to put the reality of the body in the idea that forms it. An Aristotelian antiphon, as we know. What experience, it's a killer imagining it, could have set an obstacle for him here, for him to Platonise, that is to say, to defy death like the world at large by upholding that the idea shall suffice this body by reproducing it. 'Met him pike hoses' wonders Molly Bloom, to whom it came even less within reach given that she was right there already without the fact of saying so to herself. Like a whole stack of things one believes in without subscribing to them: the escabeaus kept in the store that everyone dips into.

That there should have been one man who thought of doing the rounds of this store and of providing the general formula for the escabeau, there stands what I'm calling Joyce the symptom. For he didn't come across this formula, never having had the faintest inkling of it. And yet it was already lying around all over the place in the form of the UCS that I pinpoint in the parlêtre.

Joyce, predestined by his name, left the place for Freud no less consonant. It takes Ellmann's passion to kiss Freud goodbye: *pace tua*, I won't tell you which page because time is of the pressence of me. The function of haste in Joyce is manifest. What he doesn't see is the logic that haste determines.

He is all the more deserving having drawn it up in full conformity in being wrought only from his art given that an eaube jeddard, like Ulysses, should be a jet of art on the eaube scene of logic itself, this can be read in how it traces out not the unconscious, but provides its model by pitterpatering, by producing the pater of time, the ballic Floom, Xinbad the Phthailer, which is what the symdbad of the symdptom boils down to, where in Stephens Deedalus Joyce recognises himself, the necessary son, which does not stop being written given how he conceives himself, yet without it transpiring that *hissecroibeau*, of the little hystory of Hamlet, hystericised in its Cuckold of a Holy Father poisoned through the zeugma ear, and through his woman symptom, without him being able to do more than kill in Claudius the escaptom in order to make way for his replacement who will *fort embrasse* for sempaternity.

Joyce rejects that art is supposed to take form.

He's quite right, his art is told but the excess of his judgment. Departs from it's by the body that he

Reread history: that they stand for a cause by an exile they have they are struck havis.

Joyce is the first to escape to the degree of apple of his art, as I will

Let's leave the symptom how: y'ain't without it. Once in a while that goes that.

So it is, individuals bear as no more than a woman, for instance.

Should this not be a hysteric, by which one another symptom takes but-one, and to be understood taking from she symptomises herself (not all like that, no) are noted as being who was with symptom-hy experience.

Not without acknowledging of everyman has right evident by Socrates a reduce itself, and was already caught up in Socrates, a perfect hysteric from others on the way of analysis. Had he not he delivered, he might genius, what!

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Joyce rejects that anything can happen in what the history of historians is supposed to take for its object.

He's quite right, history being nothing more than a flight, none of which is told but the exoduses. Through his exile, he sanctions the seriousness of his judgment. Deportees alone take part in history: since man's gotta body, it's by the body that he can be got. The flipside of *habeas corpus*.

Reread history: this is all the truth to be read in it. Those who believe they stand for a cause in its hullabaloo are also misplaced without doubt by an exile they have deliberated, but in making themselves an escabeau they are struck havisionless.

Joyce is the first to get the fancy footstoolwork right, having raised the escabeau to the degree of logical consistence at which he maintains it, the apple of his art, as I was just saying.

Let's leave the symptom to be what it is: an event of the body, bound to how: y'ain't without it, y'got it from thin air, y'air it, an aria y'ain't without. Once in a while that gets sung, and Joyce doesn't hold back from doing just that.

So it is, individuals whom Aristotle takes for bodies, may be brought to bear as no more than symptoms themselves relative to other bodies. A woman, for instance, is another body's symptom.

Should this not be the case, she remains the symptom that is said to be hysteric, by which one means last. Specifically, and paradoxically, that only another symptom takes her interest: it only falls in line accordingly last-but-one, and to boot is not a woman's privilege, though it can readily be understood taking full measure of the lot of LOM qua parlêtre, whereof she symptomises herself. It was with hysterics, hysteric symptoms of women (not all like that, no doubt, since it is by being not all (like that) that they are noted as being women *chez* LOM, to wit, where y'ain't without it), it was with symptom-hysterics that analysis was able to find a footing in the experience.

Not without acknowledging from the outset that the whole shebang of everyman has rights thereto. Not just rights, but superiority, made evident by Socrates at a time when the common LOM would not yet reduce itself, and with good reason, to cannon fodder, though it was already caught up in the deportation of the body and sympt'*homme*. Socrates, a perfect hysteric, was fascinated by the symptom alone, seized from others on the wing. This led him to practice a kind of foreshadowing of analysis. Had he asked money for it, instead of hanging out with those he delivered, he might have been an analyst, *avant la lettre freudienne*. A genius, what!

To summarise, a hysteric symptom is a symptom for LOM of making an interest of the symptom of the other party as such: which doesn't require a bodily one-on-one. The case of Socrates confirms this in exemplary fashion.

Forgive all this just to set apart Joyce from his place.

Joyce takes himself for a woman on occasion only to reach fulfilment as a symptom. A well oriented idea albeit bungled when it falls to the ending. Might I say that he is symptomatology. That would be to avoid calling him by the name that answers to his wish, which he calls a tour de farce in *Finnegans Wake* on page 162 (and 509) where he states it properly through the farce of dustiny that he took from Verdi before we were dealt a very palpable hit.

That Joyce enjoyed writing *Finnegans Wake* can be sensed. That he published it, I'm indebted to someone mentioning this to me, leaves us perplexed, in that it leaves all literature cream-crackered. To wake it is precisely the sign that he wanted to bring it to a finish. He takes the dream's breath away, which will linger on for some time more. The time it takes to realise that it abides only by the function of haste in logic. A point underlined by yours truly, doubtless given that there remained after Joyce whom I met when I was twenty something for working one's arse off in the toilet paper on which the letters are teased apart, when one takes care to scribbledehobble for the rection of the body, for the corpo-rections of which the final wordaysense utters, sense brought to the light of day of the literary symptom at last come down with condumbtion. There, the nib of unintelligibility is nowadays the escabeau of which one makes a show of being the master. I am master enough of lalingua, the one called French, to be a parvenu there myself, that which fascinates bearing out the jouissance that is proper to the symptom. An opaque jouissance from excluding meaning.

They have long doubted as much. Being post-Joycean is so much knowing. There is no wake up until this jouissance, to wit a devalued jouissance given that analysis, turning to meaning to resolve it, has no other chance of getting there but to get its dupe... its due pater, as I have indicated.

What is extraordinary is that Joyce got to be a parvenu there, not without Freud (though his having read him wasn't sufficient), but without resorting to the experience of analysis (which might have lured him with some dull finnish).

Translation by A. R. Price

**I**n his lecture, "Joyce et le Symptom" (1976, Lacan asks this question: "How far so far through his art, the saint homme." (W of Seminar XXIII, The Saint and le saint homme, the man in relation to the title of one of Freud's *Monothéistische Religionen* on the basis of one man and the saintly man, but approach.

Lacan used the word "saint" to treat eastern and western corresponds to Gracian's "saint" for man. "For Balzac, publishing what can be called *Wisdom*, can be summarised in western civilisation with in Chinese, "tchen-tchen" brings out the homeopath, an almost literal copy of a saint, for this says es from which Lacan enquires art, explores the holiness

Éric Laurent is an Analyst Member of the WAP.

1. Lacan, J., "Joyce et le Symptom"
2. The work was published in 1976.
3. Lacan, J., *Le Séminaire*, t. XXIII, "Le Saint et le saint homme", Seuil, Paris, 2005, p. 47.
4. Gracian, B., "Oracle marial", Seuil, Paris, 2005, p. 47.

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# The Lacanian Review

*Hurly-Burly*

## DELIGHTS OF THE EGO

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