

The Lacanian Review
Hurly-Burly

!URGENT!

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VERSION ANGLAISE SÉMINAIRE XI

Jacques Lacan

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION OF SEMINAR XI

Jacques Lacan

que je n'écris qu'en français : l'es-
pace porté de sens (ou interpré-
tation) sur qu'on est dans l'inconscient.

pour qu'on en sorte. Pas d'amitié

pas le cas : je la rate. Il n'y a pas
de vérité.

stembrouille qui est satisfaisante
par exemple). Comme satis-
faction d'un particulier. Celui qu'on
cherche =, soit fiction d'-) analysant.
en a dans nos contrées. Fait de
réalité.

elle ex-siste, changé. Inventée
l'inconscient (qui n'est ce qu'on
peut en croire), elle se pratique main-
tenant a donné l'exemple. Non sans
raison que du fait que lui, ne sût

mais anodine là où il croyait

un grain de sel : fait d'hystoire,
pas en l'occasion, cas infime, mais
peut être intéressé à quelqu'un qui m'a
aidé. l'Aimée de ma thèse.
oublie pas ce que le public vous

sure. Il ne compterait pas, j'ima-
gine, avoir frayé la voie. Freud, dis-je,
en analyste, personne ne peut le
remplacer. Les bagues aux initiés, n'est

When the space of a lapse, or, since I only write in French, *l'espace d'un lapsus*, the space of a lapsus, has no further meaningful scope (or interpretation), only then is one certain of being in the unconscious. Self knows this (*On le sait, soi*).

But it is enough that attention be focused on this for one to be outside it. No amity is there to support this unconscious.

It would still be the case that I am speaking a truth. This is not so: I have failed. There is no truth that, in passing through attention, does not lie.

Which doesn't prevent one from running after it.

There is a particular way of sorting out the smuddle (*stembrouille*) that is satisfactory for other than formal reasons (symmetry, for instance). Like satisfaction, it is only attained through use—through use by a person, one that in the case of a psychoanalysis (psych = , that is, fiction of) is called an analysand. Question of pure fact: there are indeed analysands in our parts. A fact of human reality, what man calls reality.

Note that psychoanalysis has changed since it has existed. Invented by a solitary, an undeniable theoretician of the unconscious (which is not what one thinks; I say, the unconscious—that is, the real unconscious, if I am to be believed), it is now practiced in couples. Let's be precise; the solitary set the example. Not without being misused (for they were disciples only because he supposedly knew not what he was doing).

Which the idea he had of it translates: the plague, though anodyne there where he thought he was taking it; the public got used to it.

Now, somewhat belatedly, I add my two cents' worth: a fact of history, let's just say hysteria—that of my colleagues, as it happens, a case of minor importance, but one in which I happened to find myself implicated for having taken an interest in someone—the Aimée of my thesis—who led me to drift over to them through having foisted Freud on myself.

I would have preferred to forget all that: but one does not forget what the public keeps reminding one of.

There is, then, the analyst to be accounted for in the treatment. He would be of no account socially, I imagine, if Freud hadn't been there to pave the way for him. I say Freud, to call him by his name. For no one can

analyste ne s'historise que de lui-même, en affirmant d'une hiérarchie.

pour être analyste, lui en donnerai ce que je l'étais, né. Je répudie ce poème. Et qui s'écrit, malgré

quiconque, surtout après une

ent puisque sur l'analyste, il en est dit, son transfert-pour le relais de cette fonction ?

autre raison vous pousse à être recevoir ce qu'on appelle couramment vos à-charge, au premier rang selon la morale juive (celle où

on d'une autre raison) est exigible nouvelle-venue dans l'histoire. parce que son *aetas* n'est sérieux que au sériel de la limite.

profession à l'épreuve de cette ent, avec quoi elle tripote ? Le est à attendre (c'est ce qu'on l'autre terme que la satisfaction

à quoi préside l'analyse, inter- à satisfaire ces cas d'urgence.

du prochain mis en exergue par er chrétiennement, c'est-à-dire e présente à l'analyste est autre t d'une demande qui n'a rien à samarie propre à dicter le devoir te d'une urgence qu'on n'est pas

à l'épreuve de l'historisation de imposer à tous parce qu'il n'y a assortis. Je l'ai laissée à la dispo- au mieux de la vérité menteuse. concevable de l'objet, celle de la

name anyone an analyst, and Freud named no one. Giving out rings to initiates is not naming them. Hence my proposition that an analyst is only historicized on his own account: an obvious fact. Even if he were to be confirmed by a hierarchy.

What hierarchy could confirm that he is an analyst, give him a rubber stamp? What a Sht told me is that I was born. I repudiate this certificate: I am not a poet but a poem. One that is being written, despite giving the appearance of being a subject.

There remains the question of what could drive anyone, especially after an analysis, to historicize himself on his own account.

It cannot come from his own motivation, since he knows something about the analyst, now that he has resolved (*liquidé*) the pro-transference. From where can he have got the idea of taking up the same function?

In other words, are there cases where any other reason drives one to become an analyst than to open a practice, that is, to bring in the dough, as it is commonly called, to support those in your care, yourself first and foremost—in keeping with Jewish morality (which Freud remained attached to in this respect).

It has to be admitted that the question (the question concerning another reason) is required to support the status of a profession that is a new arrival in history. A history that I am not saying is eternal because its *aetas* (lifetime) is only serious if it is referred to real numbers, that is, to the seriality of a limit (*au sériel de la limite*).

Why, then, not submit this profession to the test of the truth of which the so-called unconscious function dreams and with which it dabbles. The mirage of truth, from which only lies can be expected (which in polite circles is called resistance), has no other terminal point than the satisfaction that marks the end of an analysis.

Since giving this satisfaction is the urgency over which analysis presides, let's ask ourselves how someone can devote himself to satisfying these urgent cases.

That is a singular aspect of the love of one's neighbour emphasized by the Jewish tradition. Even if we interpret it in the manner of Christians, these Hellenic slack-asses, what is presented to the analyst is something other than a neighbour: they are the all-comers of a demand that has nothing to do with an encounter (with a person from Samaria apt to dictate Christlike duty). The offer is prior to the request with an urgency that one cannot be sure of satisfying before having assessed it.

Hence, I designated the pass as putting the historicization of analysis to the test, taking care not to impose it on one and all because, as it happens,

ne sort que là, bouchon. Ce
ble, dont le peu que nous savons
oute vraisemblance.

année, que pour dire qu'il est la
rien mental d'une psychanalyse,
re. Mais je n'ai fait encore qu'ef-
ou Freud se baignait non sans

urgence m'empêtraient pendant

rois le devoir, pour être au pair

there is no all but only ill-assorted oddments. I have left the pass at the disposal of those who take the risk of testifying as best one can to the lying truth.

I did this so as to produce the single conceivable idea of the object, the object cause of desire—that is, of that which lacks.

The lack of a lack produces the real, which emerges only there, as a stopper. This stopper, which is supported by the term “impossible,” the little of which we know in the matter of the real shows the antinomy to all verisimilitude (*vraisemblance*).

I will only mention Joyce, who I have been occupied with this year, in order to say that he is the simplest consequence of a mental refusal—and such a mental refusal!—of a psychoanalysis, the result of which is that he illustrates it in his work. But I have still only scratched the surface, given my difficulties where art is concerned, and in which Freud immersed himself not without mishap.

Let me mention that, as always, I was caught up in urgent cases while writing this.

I write, however, insofar as I believe I must, in order to be on a par with these cases, to be a good pair for them.

Paris 17.5.76

J. L.

Translated by Russell Grigg