

The Other Is Missing

I am within the work of the unconscious.

What it shows me is that no truth reponds to malaise other than one particular to each of those whom I call *parlêtres*.

There is no common impass to be found there, since nothing allows one to presume that they are all funneled into a common flow.

The use of the one we find solely in the signifier does not at all found the unity of the real. Unless it be to furnish us with the image of the grain of sand. It cannot be said that even in piling up, they form a whole. An axiom is needed, that is: a position for saying so.

That it might be counted, as Archimedes says, is but a sign of the real, not of any particular universe.

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I have no more School. I have lifted it from the resting point (Archimedes again) that I took from the grain of sand of my utterance.

Now I have a pile — a pile of people who want me to take them. I am not going to make a totality out of them.

No whole.

I don't need many, I said, and it's true — but of what use is it to say so, if there are many who need me?

At least who believe it (that they need me). Who believe it enough to tell me so in writing.

And why shouldn't I myself believe it too? Since I count myself among the number of dupes, as everyone knows.

I expect nothing from individuals, and something from a functioning. Consequently, I am obliged to innovate, since I have missed the boat with the School, for having failed to produce Analysts within it who would be of the requisite level.¹

1. Analyst of the School, as opposed to Analyst Member of the School, was the highest rank in the Ecole, the result of successfully completing the ritual of the "passe." In the "passe," the can-

Which of those selected for my jury would I have counseled to vote for himself should he by chance have presented his candidacy today?

Wherefore I have no haste in reforming a school.

But, "*without my taking into account positions taken in the past concerning my person,*"—a quotation from 1964—he who, having declared to me that he is continuing with me, does so in terms that do not, to my mind, contradict the assertion in advance, is accepted by me to associate with whoever does the same.

I in no way prejudge who is who, but entrust it to the experiment—Freudian, if possible—to be performed.

As in the celebrated tryst of the lovers at an Opera ball. Horror when they let slip their masks: it was not at all he; she neither, for that matter.

An illustration of my failure at this *Hétérité*—pardon my Hubris—which disappointed me sufficiently for me to deliver the statement that there is no sexual relation.

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Freud, for his part, takes off from his phallic cause, in order to deduce castration from it. Which does not take place without smudges that I am undertaking to mop up.

Contrary to what is said, concerning phallic bliss [*jouissance*], Woman, if I may so speak, since she doesn't exist, is not deprived of it.

She does not have any less of it than the man to whom her instrument (organon) is hooked. However little she herself is endowed with it (for let us acknowledge that it is slim), she none the less obtains the effect of what limits the other edge of that bliss, namely, the irreducible unconscious.

It is even for that reason that women—who do indeed exist—are the best analysts—and occasionally, the worst.

It is on the condition of not getting carried away by the idea of an antiphallic nature, of which there is no trace in the unconscious, that they can hear what in that unconscious is not intent on being uttered, but attains what is elaborated from it, as procuring them a properly phallic bliss.

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The Other is missing. It seems funny to me too. I can take the blow though, which gives you a thrill of sorts, but I'm not doing it for that.

didate (*passant*) discusses his training and the conclusion of his analysis with two members-in-analysis (*passseurs*) of a jury. They in turn transmit that testimony to three Analysts of the School on the jury, who, along with the Director (Lacan), decide on whether or not to admit the candidate as an Analyst of the School.

I aspire, to the day when the misunderstanding will so thrill me at coming from you that I will be pathic to the point of no longer insisting on it.

If it should happen that I go away, tell yourselves that it is in order – to be Other at last.

One can be satisfied with being Other like everyone else, after a lifetime spent being it in spite of the Law.

January 15, 1980

*The text of this seminar appeared in Le Monde of January 26, 1980,
preceded by the following letter:*

I am submitting to *Le Monde* the text of this letter, with my seminar of the 15th, if it is willing to publish it in its entirety.

So that it be known that no one has learned anything from me in order to aggrandize himself for it.

Yes, the psychoanalyst holds his act in *horror*. This, to such an extent that he negates, disavows, and renounces it – and curses whoever reminds him of it, Lacan Jacques, lest his name be mentioned, even calls for the scalp of Jacques-Alain Miller, odious for having shown himself to be the at-least-one to have read him. Without any more attention than needed to established “analysts.”

Does my pass grip them too late, that I should emerge therefrom with nothing of value? Or is it for having entrusted its care to someone who gives signs of not having perceived anything of the structure motivating it?

Let the psychoanalysts not grieve over what I am alleviating them of. As for the experience, I am not abandoning it. As for the act, I am giving them the chance to face up to it.

January 24, 1980