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**“How to Get Out of It:
A Necessary Writing of the Paternal Function
in the Frame of Logical Time”**

To free oneself, to get out of it, is to make a hole.
What is a hole? In order for there to be a hole, there must be a surface.

I'm going to tell you a dream:

I was in the waiting room of my analyst and there were many people. All of a sudden the wall between the waiting room and the office of my analyst falls down. He approaches me, takes me by the neck, and tells me I must help him prepare a reception. I find myself in a large hall with big windows. I set the table, first taking a very large plank and putting it on its “feet,” which are like those little pegs sticking out of legos. Once this is done I take a look at my environment and notice some curious forms outside the window. They appear to be made of copper and shaped like pears, and are placed side by side next to the building. I don't know what they are. I don't know where I am inside this building, but I know I've seen these objects outside. Thus I get my bearings, I'm not upset, I know where I am. I see that these are the same objects I saw from outside, set into glass. Inside, on the ceiling of this great hall full of lots of people, the same objects are also set into glass, but inside out.

The dream stops there. When I wake up I start writing it down, because that's how I analyze my dreams.

In order to describe these objects, I must find a word—which is “stills,” copper stills. And with this word, all at once I know what the dream is telling me. The day before I had received for the first time a man of about 50—let's call him “Christopher Delorme”—who came to consult me about his alcoholism. This man revisited me in my dream in the guise of these mysterious copper shapes that I couldn't recognize right away. The word I found allowed me to solve the mystery. Not just because it described the objects, but also because of the chain of thought attached to it and the person it made me think of, this person I have a relation to. These “stills” have a relation to an other, specifically, someone who comes asking me for help.

Who legitimates the act of exercising the function of analyst? Lacan said: the analyst is authorized only by himself. He then invented the pass—a word that designates the act of passing from the couch of the analysand to the armchair of the analyst. The pass is represented in my dream by the wall falling down between the waiting room and my analyst’s office. I was the analysand and I became like my analyst since we became “pals” and I helped receive people to eat and drink. This is the question posed to me by this dream and through this man who consulted me. Is it legitimate that I “receive him”, and what can I be confident about in this analysis? In what way can I help him? What legitimates the analyst is that the analysand confers on him the function of analyst. Something passes from one to the other in what we can call the transfer, to borrow a word from Freud.

This dream initially presents itself as something mysterious, especially in regards to these copper objects. They become a little more understandable when the word “stills” identifies them. This naming is what makes a hole in the dream, which is a totally ungraspable surface at first. In order to grasp such a surface a hole has to be made. To “make a hole” is a way of grabbing onto things, and to “grab onto things” is to understand, to comprehend. This is what’s at stake in the problem of making a hole in the surface—the problem of **interpretation**, interpreting a bungled act, a symptom, a lapsus. Interpretation (making a hole) is done by writing and speaking. The essential thing is to have a partner to whom one can transmit something graspable. To transmit is also to avow, to admit. In my dream, the problem is imagined as “setting a table,”—that is to say, laying it out there, confessing, putting it all on the table. I’m being asked to help people put it on the table. That’s why you go to an analyst, after all—to lay it all out there, to speak, and to avow the unavowable, eventually.

The question that this dream asks me is the same question posed by this man coming to see me: am I justified in receiving him and am I going to go somewhere with him? If so, to what end? I don’t know anything about this and yet at the same time in my dream I must know something since I’m not completely disoriented. I am disoriented because I don’t have the word to name these objects of copper. It only comes to me through the analysis when I wake up. But in the dream I’m not upset because I’ve already seen these objects from the outside, that is, the other side of the inside. By the act of dreaming, I have taken the problem that this man brought to me from the outside into myself. It becomes my problem. There’s a reversal—what was outside has been taken inside. This is the essential reversal that constitutes psychoanalysis: *I cannot speak of this man without speaking to you of myself.*

In *The Interpretation of Dreams*, Freud discusses the methods of dream interpretation that existed before him. He notes that there were two—symbolic interpretation, which takes the dream as a whole, for example the dream of the King of Egypt in the Bible. The second kind is a decipherment that takes each element and compares it to a key of dreams. For example, “marriage” in a dream means “burial,” etc. Freud’s method, however, radically questions the accepted wisdom that it’s always the interpreter, and never the dreamer, who knows—the kind of model where the dreamer brings his dream to someone who says “voilà, this is what your dream means!” In

contrast, Freud's method is to demand or ask of the dreamer what he knows. The innovative step of analysis is to take this leap of knowledge—I (the analyst) don't know, its only you the dreamer who knows.

In the historic discovery of psychoanalysis, the dream is interpreted as a symptom. It is presented as an opaque, ungraspable surface, in which it's necessary to make the hole of sense. This hole of sense poses a problem because many words allow for making sense, for signification. Today, "signification" refers to a surface that's already been "holed," had a hole put in it—that is to say, a graspable surface, a representation, something that can be named. But this is only possible if the hole of *sense* [vs. signification] has been made. The *sense* that cannot be attached to a single image or word but only to the act of making a hole, the act itself. The act of writing, the act of speaking, this moment that is of the order of time. This time, this moment, is already in the dream, in the peculiar way that dreams "tell time": *before*, I was outside and saw these objects, which meant that I was located in space, and *now* I see them from the inside; this allows me to locate myself doubly between the inside and the outside, between the before and the after.

This word ("stills") allows me to name this turning (*Wendung*—the 3rd aspect of the drive for Freud—is usually translated as reversal; it would be better to translate it as turn, as in a "turn of phrase" or a pass from an indirect style—to speak of the other—to a direct style—to speak of myself), this moment of passage between inside and outside, sense and non-sense, not knowing and knowing. I am the one who makes it work, me and only me; there is no one else who comes to tell me: your dream means this! I am the only one who can say it.

In order to legitimately speak of the other, of another person, I cannot do it without also speaking of myself. This is why I tell you my dreams rather than the dreams of this man. I leave his dreams to himself; I leave it to him to find the interpretation and tell me about it.

How does our relation begin to unfold, to unwind?

For several weeks, at the beginning of his work with me, he complains that the entire world misunderstands him, doesn't listen to him, that society rejects him because he is unemployed, because he told off his boss and because he did the same with his father, his brother, etc. His life is hell, his wife is gone, his kids don't want to see him...

At one moment in a session there is a call. I say, "Excuse me, I must leave." He says, "You're leaving??! Only if I say so!" A little annoyed by this biting reply, I go nonetheless, and when I come back I say, "You're a little '*frondeur*', you! [*frondeur*= a little rebel, a dissident.]" He says, "I say what I want...Why have you treated me as a rebel? And why use this antique word from the 17th century?" He leaves this session in a terrible rage.

The next time, a little before his session, I wonder to myself if he'll come. I recall the state of anger in which he left and the suicidal tendencies he's mentioned in the preceding sessions. I am thus upset. However, he comes, tells me he was at the edge of despair, that he's at the end of his rope, that he thinks of suicide. He says: "This time, you must tell me something about myself. I must have something to hang onto." I stay silent because I'm perplexed. What to say? What does he wait for? He surely knows more than I do, even if he doesn't know that he knows. While I unwind these thoughts, he says, "Actually, you've already said something about me...you've said that I'm a *rebel*." "No, I said that you were a *frondeur*." "No, no, no, it was *rebel*." "Ah, in my memory it was *frondeur*..." The discussion is pursued a moment around these words "Rebel-frondeur." He says, "What can assure us of what was really said, in the end?" Nothing. In my memory it's like this, in your memory it's something else. Nothing can assure us of objectivity, of the reality of what was said. There is nothing we can turn to to find a guarantee of truth.

He has spoken many times of discussions he had with his father in which he was accused of being a rebel, a provocateur. He says often, "I would love to be able to record these conversations with my father in a way that I could study them calmly to see at what exact moment I was a being rebellious, because I never had the feeling of being so."

Nothing can decide the quality he could define himself with. This nothing, it's a hole in the surface with which he never stops defining himself, and which he makes sure that others use to define him, like a mirror, as he has played with me in what is called the transfer. He has seen to it that I have given him the same quality that everyone has always given him, except that I found a slightly different word, without having intentionally decided on it in the least. The word came to me without any reflection.

Frondeur: I've tried to attenuate my qualifier with something that one can call modality. Rather than give a brute proposition: you are this, I give a proposition lightly attenuated with a nuance. With nuance and with modality you get beyond a proposition that would be like a compact surface (that is, with no puncture). With nuance and modality, you make the hole that allows for grasping. What's more, between the two nuances of the qualifier "frondeur/rebel" there is the hole that guarantees that there's no guarantee of truth. If the other has to guarantee the truth of my proposition, then what other guarantees the truth of the other's proposition? If it's the other who must provide the guarantee of my proposition, then why do I believe him rather than someone else? And who is the other of this other who comes to assure me of the proposition of the other? The other is always other.

What interests us is what I'm saying now, and one instant later I'm already in the middle of saying something else. Time passes, time is life, leading us towards the definitive hole that is called death, which is why we can speak. We speak and we know that we're going to die; one is the corollary of the other. It's this capacity to anticipate what's going to happen that makes us able to speak, that puts in place the past, present and future. It is the hole of death that organizes from the future the hole of a potential

past. Who knows the circumstances in which we are born? Mama says one thing, papa says another and I remember my childhood in such and such a fashion.

All this permits a certain number of ways of leaving, of getting out, one of which is anger. All this anger that he's had for his father, his brother, society, it all comes out against me, it is out in place in the scene of the transfer. Anger, as many other emotions, as any emotion, makes a hole: it is what allows value to be put to a representation that has no other feeling to accompany it.

The libido is what gives value to something for someone. To show love for someone, to show hate for someone. Among the people that we encounter, love or hate accomplishes the cuts that make some enter into the hole of the libido and not others. When I speak of it in terms of love, of hate, of anger or of shame, I give it a representation, and it's no longer just a hole. I've made a little difference. It's no longer just having an emotion, it's a representation of words knotted with feeling, which itself remains a hole.

I return to Christopher Delorme who, after this discussion on the nuance "rebel-frondeur" remains in a deep silence. Since resuming his anger at the whole world, he used this phrase: "In whatever way I tell you, you don't give a damn." I responded: "Me? Just before you came I was in the middle of reading the paper because you left the last time in such a state that I was upset for you and I was going to call you." Again he remains silent a long time and then says, "I'm ashamed." Anger, then shame. He begins to cry while saying, "I'm ashamed of what I've done to my children." He doesn't say anything more other than that he's an alcoholic, and he doesn't understand his children, he didn't support them.

I ask the question, "Do you remember other moments in your life when you were ashamed?" He says, "Yes, I was a sailor, I was 18 years old, I was very passionate about the sea, I sailed, I managed for myself very well. I was occupied with my studies and was in the middle of learning how to read maps. A teacher asked me a question: there are figures written on the sea indicating depth; when a figure is underlined, what does that mean? And that's when I felt the worst shame of my life. I could not remember. A hole. A hole in the map. I couldn't understand why I could not remember." I asked him why he was so very ashamed? He could only say, "I don't remember. I'll answer you next time." For him, it was the shame of his life, though "I knew very well that when a figure is underlined, it means that there's a bank of sand or a rock which crops up out of the water. The underlined figure indicates how far the rock juts out from the sea [la mer]."

How far it sticks out of the sea (*la mère = the mother*)... You hear the silent "e" which I add? When you are little, you expect something to stick out of the surface of the mother's body, especially when you're a small boy who doesn't understand why it's not the same for mama as it is for everybody else. Anyone who exists is supposed to have this phallus.

I had another dream:

I arrive by bike in a hilly countryside where there are many people meeting. It's some kind of sect. I park my bike in order to directly talk to the leader of the sect, a bald man wearing a big robe. This man, without my helping him, says that if I want drugs there aren't any, that the only one who has any is the dealer who comes on a bike with his sack of drugs.

When I wake up I start asking myself about it. I recall that this man told me one time that when he was married, when his wife was gone he used to love to disguise himself as a woman for himself alone. He took photos of himself as a woman and found the result very wonderful. He is evidently the chief of sect in my dream, for two reasons: because I think of this story right away, that he disguises himself in a woman's dress, and because by putting this dress on he assures himself that there's a phallus. It's this assurance that accounts for his appearance as the "chief of the sect." He makes sure that woman is not castrated and is only disguised as woman.

This dream is another way of putting inside what was outside to the extent that it renders reasonable something of the love that was beginning to link us together, him and me. Beneath anger, beneath shame, he begins to have love. We are to become better and better friends. When he arrives at his session he's relaxed, happy to be there. The periods of depression are practically gone. In contrast, the alcoholism has become so serious and debilitating that he's decided to go for a cure to isolate himself from all temptation.

He relates how when he was little he was not understood by his father or his family. He was very gifted, first in his class, above all his classmates. *He* was not going to be like the others. *He* was going to have an extremely brilliant professional career! He tells me how much it made him suffer when he heard people say, "It's incredible that you present things so well, it's unbelievable what you understand...you are so intelligent." He would think each time, "If they only knew how much it hurts me to hear this." He eventually told me that each time he heard this, he'd say to himself, at the interior of his consciousness, at the limit of unconsciousness, "Well, since it's like this I'm going to do the opposite." Without doubt this is what had to happen for him to make his hole. To make a hole is to not always succeed when that's exactly what everyone expects of you. That is precisely what you exclude from the surface, and it becomes necessary to make your hole another way, for example to drink as a hole.

When Frege speaks of the word "turn" he means indirect style. Indirect style is a turn, an effect of style. Lacan takes up the formula of Bossuet, "style is the man." "Reversal" is the other French word by which *Wendung* is translated, the word used by Freud to speak of one of the destinies of the drive.

In a text from 1915, "Instincts and their Vicissitudes," Freud speaks of four possible outcomes of the drive:

-inversion into its opposite

- turning back round upon the self
- repression
- sublimation

There is a 5th “vicissitude” that Freud describes as a variation of the first, inversion into its opposite, which is “inversion of content.” This is the inversion of love into hate, which happens very often when there is a separation. When one stops loving, love is generally replaced by hate.

Topology is a story of orientation. It’s why it can help us become oriented or get out, since this was the question posed in my text. In order to get out of it, as from a labyrinth, it’s necessary to get oriented and find the exit, find the hole. To make a hole.

To put things in a more philosophical-mathematical way, I’ll address Plato’s text on Menon, where there’s a dialogue in which Socrates wants to prove to Menon that there’s no memory and no knowledge, only reminiscences. He’s trying to convince Menon of metempsychose (transmigration of souls), that is, reincarnation.

It is common knowledge that that teaching does not consist of providing or furnishing knowledge that the other simply does not have, rather it consists of bringing out, extracting, the knowledge that the other already possesses but doesn’t know that he has. Teaching is about liberating the slave (since it’s the slave who’s going to be taken as an example), of liberating him from his passion for not knowing (his passion for ignorance).

How does Socrates go about showing this? He takes a slave who supposedly doesn’t know and starts showing Menon that despite everything, its possible to show this slave that he does know, as long as this knowledge can be brought to light correctly. He asks the slave a mathematical question: here is a square with side, **a**. It’s area would be **a**-squared. Tell me, he says to the slave, which square would have 2 times the surface of this square? The slave doesn’t know, so Socrates traces figures in the sand and asks him such clever questions as: is it this one here, while adding an identical square next to the first? No—the area is double, but it’s no longer a square. Is it this one here, drawing a square in which the length is double the preceding (**2a**). No, it is a square, but its surface is quadrupled, not doubled.

Socrates always begins his questions to the slave with “Tell me...”. At one moment he says, “If you don’t want to tell me, then show me. Show me which square would double the surface of the first.” He traces the diagonal of each of the four small squares that comprise the large, quadrupled square. If you don’t want to tell me, then show me the length of the side that would be double that of the surface, and the slave clearly points out the diagonal of the 1st square, which is one side of the diamond-shaped square that is double the surface of the square with side **a**.

This is a way that one can speak of psychoanalysis and of human relations in mathematical terms. One cannot say this length or that surface, but one can show it. It’s a

dream, a symptom, a lapsus, a missed act. It's not speech, it's a writing, and it wasn't until the 16th century that Jacques Pelletier of Mans invented the sign under which we write this length today: $\sqrt{\quad}$.

It is like a writing, an image in a dream. A dream, as it's often found on the cinema screen, presents itself as a surface of 2 dimensions, and upon awakening you don't know too much of what it all means. You can eventually tell and with experience of analysis you can let the association of ideas flow that can make a hole in this surface in order to turn it into the kind that can be grasped. But in the beginning, the dream can do nothing but show. It's as if you the dreamer are in the same position as Socrates with the slave—the dreamer shows to himself something that he cannot say. The dream is there to give birth to this something, if he really wants to speak of it to someone, the next day even. Telling someone is the birth, the delivery—otherwise it remains a dead letter, it serves no purpose. Some people no longer remember their dreams, or, perhaps they are remembered, but without any interest because no hole has been made in them.

It would take many centuries before a hole was made in this problem mathematically. During this time this diagonal was used because it could be drawn, shown. If it could be shown then it could be read, but it couldn't be written and it wasn't until the work of the Arab mathematician Al Karesmi that a name was found—he called it the “square root.” The square root was sought one seeks the source, as everyone searches for the origin, this hole of the origin that you can't speak of because you never completely know where you came from. The only thing you can know is when you began to speak of it.

This square root can be calculated, but there are some that cannot, like the square root of two, which presents an infinite series of numbers in which the next one cannot be predicted: it's an irrational. There are other irrational numbers: $\pi = 3.1416\dots$. There are those even more simple: $2/3, \dots$

If one wants to treat these phenomena as formations of the unconscious, one can treat them in mathematical terms while using what mathematics offers us to speak of the irrational. The irrational is: I've had a dream and I don't understand any of it...I made a mistake, that wasn't what I wanted to say...I have a symptom...it makes me suffer, I want it to stop...the irrational writes what does not stop writing itself. It's an attempt to write this real that never stops writing itself.

Medicine is there to give us many ways to explain the symptom. Sometimes it makes sense, but more often it's wrong and there are tons of symptoms which are the only way for the subject to write by the bias of his body a π or a $\sqrt{\quad}$, an irrational, a surface. It's in the corporeal surface that it comes to be inscribed, as pain, sometimes as a lesion, something that makes a hole in the body's surface. It can cause true maladies that need to be treated. It's an attempt of the subject to make a hole in a problem that presents itself to him as a surface with no hole. He hasn't made a hole in it because he hasn't come to speak of it, and not having spoken of it he's like the slave with Socrates, he just shows. He goes to the doctor to show how or where he is sick.

The analyst, in distinction from the doctor who reads the symptom, *listens* to what the person says of it.

Example:

I received one morning the mother of a child that I've been seeing for three years. This infant tells me "salads,"—that is to say, stories that he invents. I can't tell if he believes them or not. They're always presented as personally lived. These are extraordinary stories, fantastic... Things happen as in a dream, and he is the principal character. Then he had a period when he was visibly searching for something to say but could not find it. These sessions were short, about 10 minutes. He'd say "That's all" and then go. It's been 3 years since I invited his mother to speak to me. She comes from time to time, tells me two or three things of his everyday life, of school, but she doesn't try to linger and she doesn't try to come regularly. Her son does that for her.

One morning she comes to the session and I'm surprised to hear her say, "When I left you last time I was overcome by a terrible sore throat." The date of this session goes back to the exact day when I myself also began to get a sore throat, me too. I'd begun to sense something like a violent torsion in my throat (a fit of coughing which got especially worse at night in bed, in relation to some problems with my companion.)

There are always many causes knotted together. I asked myself if there wasn't something else in my transfer with this woman, something that was sticking in my throat and becoming transposed across my own problems. She relates the following: "I have understood very well that my sore throat comes from the fact that I have something to tell you that I haven't been able to say and couldn't say to anyone. I came to you to say it because I admit I can't possibly continue like this."

"I often think about the question you asked me when I first came to see you three years ago: *what does this birth represent for you?* I knew very well what it represented but I didn't respond to you. At the time, I had a lover and I didn't know who had fathered this child. Watching him all these years I've succeeded in finding expressions of my mother-in-law in his face—thus he probably is my husband's. Then I looked at photos of my husband as a child, and from these it became very likely that my husband is the father.

But there is still a remainder, a non-spoken, a non-said in relation to her lover, her libido, the irrational, because she spoke to me next of the passion she had for her lover, who she wanted to leave her husband and children for but couldn't find the courage to do it. The irrational of passion could be translated, in Socratic terms, in the following way: I have a square with side **a**, which is my husband; now how can I have double this jouissance? This passion is instantly translated in her head, in regards to her lover, as "I want a child from him," and the moment she's separated from her lover, the desire for a child by this man is transformed into the pure desire for a child—just that and nothing

more. And by chance, at this exact moment, she forgets to take her pill...and finds herself pregnant.

This small boy arrived, who can only tell me these sing-songs. This infant of the square root $\sqrt{}$, of whom two men were there at the beginning (at the square root of...), at the dedoubling of the surface of the jouissance of his mother.

Voilà—this is what she transmitted to me through the bias of a symptom, that is to say, of an irrational that passed from her to me.

Lacan made a drawing representing the graph of desire and it's between this bifurcation that the letter **d** of desire is inscribed, as well as the *che voi*. *Che voi*: what do you want, what do you desire, what desire makes your life swing in this orientation or in that orientation? What makes a cut, what makes a hole in your life, what makes your life make sense or, on the contrary, remain in the absurd? A bifurcation, a cut between 2 possibilities. To go there or not go there.

What can assure me of the truth of my desire, if it's not what I say about it? In the manner or to the degree that I assume what I say of it, to the degree that I assume or do not assume my choices, conscious and unconscious. Especially the unconscious ones, like Christopher Delorme when he comes to complain that he drinks and wants to see me to stop drinking. At the beginning of one of his sessions he discovers that at base drinking is a *choice*, it's a choice of his desire to make this particular hole. His drinking is not a purely destructive symptom—it's destructive on one hand, but on the other it's not, for it allows him to hold on and be able to say: *my desire is there*, elsewhere than what everybody wanted of (for) me and other than why everyone was pleased with me.

The symptom shows to the other what I cannot say to him. It's very important to respect these symptoms, whether they're your own or those of others. To want to take care of it, get rid of it at any price, save or spare it at any price—this itself has a price, it will cost. The symptom has a side of worth, of value.

There is no guarantee of truth. In his *Metaphysical Meditations*, Descartes puts all knowledge in question: what if all the masters who've taught me have told me lies, stupidities? He makes a hole, he negates, he says, "it is not that." All the knowledge that I've been taught, it is not that. What remains, what is left to me, is perception, is what I can see, what I hear, what I touch. That is what's concrete, solid. But then he thinks, it's true that while I'm dreaming I also have the impression of reality, I'm also quite certain that what I see is absolutely real. So what assures me right now that I'm not in the middle of a dream, or that what I take for reality is only the illusion of a dream? No one can guarantee it for me. The only thing left to do is the work of negation—of knowledge, negation of perception, negation of all that comes to me from the exterior. It remains for me to negate all that. I've destroyed it, I've made a hole.

If it's I who's made this hole, it's because I think. I think, therefore I am. But again a doubt comes to him: what if an evil genie has been amusing himself by only

making me think that I've exercised this negation of knowledge and perception myself, and is playing with me and *making* me believe in the truth of my thoughts and thus of the truth of my being? Nothing can guarantee that I'm not the plaything of an evil genie. It's because of this doubt that I have to make the hypothesis that God exists—that is to say, I make the hypothesis that there is no evil genie, that there is no God who errs, that God is good and does not seek to fuck me up. With Lacan one is not very far from this because one says simply: you have to make the hypothesis that the truth of what speaks is the truth of what I say. And nothing can guarantee the truth of what I say. There's a hole, there's a place of a void, the place of the certainty of truth that Descartes, like many others, fills up with God—Lacan, with nothing.

There is no subject without an other and the libido is what circulates between the subject and the other. This is why love is always reciprocated, love or hate or whatever sentiment; it's always reciprocated because a hole links these two surfaces, these two people who are each entitled to this "I," but who in fact cannot define themselves if there's no hole between them, a hole making the relation between one and the other.

Another matheme, the Mobius Band, can elucidate things.

There is no subject without an other, there is no other without a subject. This is why psychoanalysis also takes the step of never making diagnoses. Psychoanalysis is not about putting a label on the other, rather it interrogates itself in its relation to the other. This is why I tell you my dreams and not those of the other. This is why Freud came to believe that in order to interpret dreams in a scientific manner he had to interest himself in his own dreams.

It's true that Freud also tells the dreams of people who come to see him, friends, etc...he finds it necessary to seek such supports elsewhere since the processes of the dream, the dreamwork, and not the content, holds true for others as well as himself. But he invented psychoanalysis while analyzing his own dreams. He applied it to others, but while always indicating the limits, since the method of interpretation of dreams, according to him, is to ask the dreamer what he knows of it, and what he wants to know of it.

The passion of not knowing comes back regularly and means: I don't want to know anything about it, this dream does not interest me. Freud himself experiences this passion of ignorance in relation to the dream called the "uncle with the yellow beard." He dreams that he sees his friend R. with his face surrounded by a yellow beard, the same yellow beard that belongs to his uncle, and feels great tenderness for him in the dream. It's a simple dream that stops there. Upon awakening, Freud—the very person in the middle of proving to the whole world that all dreams have a sense—nonetheless says to himself, "This dream is absurd!" If it were one of his patients he would naturally say in response to this exclamation: "You do not want to analyze this dream because it would upset you too much."

Freud then asks himself, “this dream upsets me too much. Why?” He lets his associations run free. He’d had a visit the day before from his friend R., who’d just come from the Ministry inquiring about the status of his nomination as Professor Extraordinaire. He asked if it was being held up for denominational reasons, but was told that could not be discussed. Freud is also up for promotion to Professor, and he is also Jewish.

Freud’s father had said that this uncle was feeble-minded because he’d dissipated the family’s fortune by gambling (that is, because he’d never made a hole in society...). This uncle was despicable. Freud grabs hold of the *sense* of his dream by linking these two elements: the friend R. and the uncle. He tries to make sense of the great tenderness he has in the dream for R. (who is also his uncle), an excessive tenderness that goes well beyond the surface. He says to himself: this isn’t possible. In fact I don’t love my friend R. with such tenderness and I detest my uncle. I must own up to the fact that I hate this friend R.—this is what this great tenderness dissimulates. The contempt which is near to hate for this uncle and the esteem that he has for his friend R. are confounded in an excessive tenderness that is there to mask what, behind esteem, is in fact hatred for his friend R. And why this hatred for R. if it’s not because it figures him as feeble-minded, like his uncle, and therefore not worthy of promotion to Professor. Whereas if R. doesn’t get promoted because he’s Jewish, if it’s because of discrimination, that’s quite another thing. Freud is not feeble-minded, therefore the dream assures him that R. was not promoted because he was feeble-minded, like his uncle, thus preserving the chance for Freud to be promoted even though he is Jewish.

It’s difficult to own up to the fact that you can have feelings of hatred for a colleague that you admire. This is why this force of resistance came from that led Freud to say in the morning, “This is absurd.”

In Freud’s method of dream analysis each element is cut separately, and the dreamer is asked for his associations to each separate element. The essential moment of the analysis of the dream is when it’s cut to see what’s in each of its parts.

Some representations are written in terms of a surface turning around a hole. The analysis allows me to give the surface value and thus a representation. I name one side with the feeling of hate, the other with love because it is both at the same time.

Once Freud has unraveled all the associations of his dream, about the light, the shadow, the university, the Professor Extraordinaire, he still says the analysis of the dream is not complete, for it still remains for him to analyze this excessive tenderness.

Most of the time in everyday life one arranges things so as to project onto the other, to attribute to the other feelings that one doesn’t want to admit having. Hatred is a feeling that isn’t well tolerated—we’re supposed to love! It’s part of the morals of our civilization!

Example:

An adolescent for whom I am trying to make a hole between him and his mother. He has a father who doesn't know him and who's never bothered with him. He talks to me about his interest in music groups, his dislike of school. One day he tells me that as he was going down the Champs Elysées, the sun was following him and he was very anguished about it. At one point he went into a store to get some shade and wait there until the sun went down. Just when he said the sun was "lying in wait" for him, I said "The dirty bastard!" I never heard him speak of the sun after that.

Through this comment I implied that I was putting myself on his side in his battle against the sun. I was his friend, his ally. At the same time I put this very light irony in my voice as if I were putting a little distance, a nuance into the way he had sustained himself in relation to the sun. That was enough. That made a hole. I no longer heard him speak of the sun. Truly, the sun was his father who paid no attention to him, who played no part. He was presented as a surface that he could not grasp and the hole that he tries to make in his ungraspable father comes back to him from the exterior as a hole that the sun is trying to make in his skin. This is why he took refuge in a hole by taking shade.

The analysis provokes a cut in the Mobius Band. Analysis is always a cut, to cut each element of the dream in order to allow associations to each. As a result there is a redistribution of feeling. This cut of the surface that was the image of the dream reattributes to each part the sentiment that properly belongs to it—that is to say, there is the friend R. on the one hand who is esteemed, and the uncle on the other who is injured.

The Mobius Band and its cut allows us to speak of the irrational, allows a writing, to render account of it.

The neuroses can be organized in this way.

The story of little Hans, he has a phobia of horses

Hans loves everybody until the day he sees that his papa is his rival in the possession of the mother—that is, the Oedipus Complex. To the degree that there is rivalry, there is jealousy and he wants to kill his rival. This is incompatible since he loves his father very much—yet he discovers that in his relation to mama he feels hate. One day he sees a horse who's been pulling a cart fall down—the horse makes frantic movements with its feet and the thought comes to Hans: if only papa would fall down like that and hurt himself like this horse. It's by the bias of this representation that the hatred for his father is expressed. This hatred comes to cut in two and see to it that the father is positively painted with love, and negatively painted with hate, because of his attachment to this surface that is called mama.

The father painted on the one hand positively with love, and on the other hand the horse painted negatively with hate produces the horse phobia. In addition to this reversal of love and hate there is also a change in content, and a reversal of the first person so that it's not me who wants to be aggressive against my father, it's the horse who comes to

attack me. Thus I am afraid of horses. More or less all infantile phobias (rats, the dark, etc.) operate by this mechanism. It's what Freud called repression, deformation. The father is not recognized as being on the other side of the same surface.

Another example: Dora

Dora has cough which she does not know the origin of, and which she cannot cure. Her father gets the same cough from time to time. And when this gets really bad, he says: I have to go for a cure in the water spa town and Dora, his daughter, knows very well that in this village he will be meeting his mistress, Mrs. K. All at once, the cough signifies: I have a desire to go be with my mistress. For Dora who is identified with her father who she loves very much, it's the same, to be as papa is to have the same cough and to be interested in the same way with Mrs. K: it's her way of denying the fact that it is necessary to be castrated. The femininity of Dora, what she seeks in loving Mrs. K as her father, passes through a certain masculinity in order to attain this femininity as object. It is translated by a somatic symptom. In a general manner one can call this hysteria.

Hysteric discourse is when there's a somatic symptom. Phobic discourse is when there's a fear of something. Obsessional discourse is when one wants to be better than all the others.

A symptom cannot be fabricated. If there's no symptom, one continues to turn or revolve simply out of habit, in an excessive manner, a little like the excessive tenderness in Freud's dream. In order to dissimulate hate or dissimulate love, sentiment, one tries to be particularly loving, to listen to others, be in the service of others, be nice, etc. What Freud called the reaction formation. This is not the symptom; it is only personality, which is made to function a little more excessively than "normal."

The indirect style

I see a woman for her agoraphobia. She can't go out because she gets scared as soon as she steps outside. What is the content of her phobia? "I'm afraid of falling down on the sidewalk, of getting vertigo, of being picked up by firemen and taken to a hospital." In fact this did happen to her once. She fell down and the firemen were called. She tells me one day, "My son came back from school and said that the teacher told him he was 'condemned to repeat 5th grade.' I was scandalized that a teacher would say such a thing! Condemned? Doomed? I have to go see her. Condemned: this is a word my son would never use, it must have come from her."

I say: "It's what you understood from what your son understood from his teacher. It's an indirect style."

The following session she tells me: "I went to see this teacher, and right away she told me, 'I'm so happy to see you because your son is doing simply superbly, the best work in the class.'" She was stupefied to find out that there is absolutely no condemnation in the direct discourse of the teacher.

It was clear that an indirect style had been mistaken for a direct style. Style is the man—it's what makes a hole, and to mistake the enunciation of speech for the statement, for the *énoncé*, can sometimes be problematic. Enunciation is: I speak, the fact of saying something. The statement or *énoncé* is, out of what I say, what can be transmitted in a universal manner, the content. The problem is that what is transmitted in a universal manner, any *énoncé*, must pass through an enunciation.

Analysts are interested in the enunciation and not the statement. Statements correspond to knowledge and enunciation to truth. Within knowledge I can want or intend to say something, but the lapsus overtakes me and I end up saying something that reveals truth.

So with this woman on the one hand there is a phobia of going outside, and on the other there's this tendency to believe that the whole human race wants to harm her son, while she only wants the best for him. She recalls a memory: when her parents were separated, her mother left her to stay a few times with a couple who lived in a firehouse.

Another memory: "I don't know why I'm afraid of firemen, I admire them a lot. When I was in this firehouse I would see them training and I would become especially scared during this exercise when they had to walk across a pole 4 or 5 meters from the ground. I was afraid they'd fall."

All of this comes to represent something of the order of this disappointed love for/from her father and mother.

For her son, she is torn between love and hate—aware that she must separate herself from him, but unable to do it because she loves him too much. The symptom represents a compromise between all these things: I won't budge, I'll just stay in my house. Her personality is constrained, because she cannot fabricate a symptom, she cannot make a phobia or a somatic symptom. She starts functioning in a completely crazy manner, in a way people in general would call psychotic. There is an impossibility of making up, fabricating, dissimulating repression. In other words, aside from the opposition between love and hate, there's another distinction between tender, platonic love, and sensual love. This distinction makes the separation between men and women. [?]

The image of the father, the representation of the father, can be cut in two with one side being cut by tender love, legitimate love, and the other side by a sensual love which is negative because it's forbidden—this is the Oedipus complex: one cannot sleep with one's father.

Another example:

Pierrette: People are talking about her in the television when she's settled in front of it.

I've tried many times to make her tell me what's being said on the television. Her response: I'm being filmed without my knowledge because there are hidden cameras in shops and parking structures. My telephone conversations can be recorded.

Pierette speaks of the television, of the Internet, of cell phones, of everything that makes communication possible, but without any of the content of the communication.

We have passed from the representation itself to the modality of the representation, that is, to its frozen functioning. But this modality, with her, is not found in representations or in the identification of feeling, feeling being what makes the hole (love is always reciprocated and hate as well), but only in those things that make a hole between human beings in a purely mechanical manner—that is to say, all the possible modes of communication allowing humans to be put into relation with each other, the holes between speaking beings. In other words, she tries to tell me of speech without really getting there (without really speaking), and without getting to the point where speech can actually say something.

This is the opposite of Fatima, who produces a frozen representation of her desire, reversed and turned around: I want to sleep with my father, but as this is forbidden, it must be others who say this (*Wendung*, reversal) and it must be my father who wants to sleep with me (*Verkehrung*, inversion). This creates the discourse “People say that I want to sleep with my father.”

If in the case of Fatima we have a surface that cannot be holed, we have in the case of Pierette a hole that can't be covered with a surface, though it can suddenly turn into a surface. Speech is no longer functioning; it has failed as an object, as one of those objects that serve to communicate in our world (telephones, internet, etc....) and that never stops repeating “it speaks.” But what is it saying? It's no longer saying anything.

Topology helps with becoming oriented. It is to learn how to orient surfaces. To become oriented is also to know what to do, to know how to respond. It's not a knowledge of a fixed order that can be learned by heart, memorized, it's a *savoir-faire*, a working with what's given. To work with topology is to work with what cannot be said, only shown. The one—saying—works in articulation with the other—showing—allowing me to disengage an orientation little by little. To be given mathematical parameters, to articulate them within rules of analytic practice and theory, allows a fecundation of things, to fecundate a relation.

The relation to the master:

My altercations with Christopher Delorme, who is drinking less, can be taken up again with the question, who is the master here?

He has conferred a status of master on me by coming to ask me for an orientation in his life, because he no longer knows where to go, or what to do. At the same time he contests having given me this function by insisting, “I remain the master of my life.”

The dream is presented as a surface, and interpretation is like a cut that makes a hole. The hole which brings value to the surface is the feeling one wants to give to it, and thus to name it. It's the hole as feeling which puts a surface on in order to name this feeling. Then its no longer only a hole, but a surface, a representation.

Hatred and anger are often corollaries of the paternal function.

One does not have to become fixated on the imaginary father who was like this or like that, or with the mother who was like this or like that. They are as they want and especially as they can be. Instead, one tries to give suppleness back to life, to speech, to relations with others. The death drive cuts it, holes it, destroys it, and is at the same time the life drive, eros, because it produces representations. The more nuanced and varied the representations, the more representations are produced, then, the more it makes life!

The act of making a cut engenders a surface. As long as there's no hole one cannot say there's a surface. But when there's a cut, you can say there's a hole and a surface. In other words, there is feeling and there is representation.

If one forces an infant to learn something, it will not work. On the contrary, if he loves what he does, if he puts his libido into play, this is because it interests him or because the prof is interesting or because mama occupies herself with it and it's interesting to bring pleasure to mama. In all these cases its because there is libido, there is a hole which puts value to representations, those contents which need to be kept, retained, held onto, in order to make something of them.

A dream:

I dream of my partner dressed in leather. She's in front of the mirror making herself up. She's laying on an enormous foundation of green tint. We leave and after leaving we pass a large hall inside of which are some stairs rising like a small house, a house inside a house. Outside I see that the house is next to a hill, it's my partner's house. She's added many more small houses to the rooftops of her house.

When I wake up, I ask myself what it's all about.

I think of the green face of my partner: when I was 20 years old and took myself for a painter, I'd made a portrait of the death of a young girl, and it was a young girl with a green face who had long black hair, exactly as my companion in the dream. Death.

This immediately leads me back to one of my analysands, who told me the following:

When she was little, in Kabylie, around 4-5 years old, she had an uncle who was about her age. This uncle died very young. She said to her mother, "I do not agree! I do not want death. I want to bring him back." Her mother responded, "Yes, you can bring him back. You take a spoonful of olive oil, you put it in the mouth and this will bring him

back.” The little girl goes to the cemetery with her bottle of olive oil and her spoon. She scrapes at the ground where her uncle was buried. She arrives just to the brink where the shroud covers the cadaver, where death is interred, and at this moment her grandmother intervenes: she takes her far away from there. She stopped her just in time.

She has come to see me because she cannot support death. She has recently been through grief because of the death of her father-in-law. She was astonished at how much this death upset her. She wasn't able to say a single word to her son, it was too much for her. It was following from this that she remembered the story of the uncle she'd tried to disinter.

Gradually through her sessions come new associations: “One day my mother threw these kittens that our cat had had over the wall of the cemetery. I went to the other side and sought after them, to bring them food and drink until my mother saw what was happening and put the kittens somewhere else.” Another memory: she sees her mother burying a kitten in a corner of a field and she sees the cat looking everywhere for her lost kitten. She says to the cat: “Come on, I know where she is.” She goes to the corner of the field, digs up the kitten and gives it to the cat who puts this small thing in her mouth and takes it back into the house. Her mother finds another place to bury it where the little girl can't find it. She concludes, after all these memories: “I truly have a problem with death. Why am I incapable of tolerating it? Why am I always trying to save these living beings from death?”

I ask her: “Have you been able to save yourself from death?” It stays there.

The next time she arrives saying, “I was in the bus and I was thinking of your question, which I have never understood until this moment. In thinking it over all of a sudden I felt as if someone was strangling me and as if someone was hitting me on the head. What came back to me was an image I have completely forgotten. The image of Malika (the name she had given to death—Malika-la-mort). I have completely forgotten this image. It was your question that brought it back to me.”

This image was that of a young woman with long black hair. She points out that death is usually represented by a skeleton, an old woman, a demon, but not by a young woman. It's a young woman of 20 years... “My mother was 20 years old when I was born, and when I was a tiny baby, she tried to strangle me and hit her arms on my head.”

It was for me like a surface without a hole, and the dream, by attaching itself right where I had been personally touched, attempted to make a hole, and allowed me to make a hole in the hole of her memory and bring back this image of Malika-la-mort, who was called up to me in my memory by the bias of the dream, by the fact that I had myself long forgotten this portrait that I made of a dead young woman with a green face.

Here is another example of how the transference functions.

From there, a certain number of memories come back to her of the kind, “In Kabylie we were very poor and my mother tried to make me disappear because she could not feed me,” and “This was because I was a girl!” Effectively, what came back to her was a supplementary memory that was already present in my dream without my understanding it. She had this uncle with whom she used to play all the time, that she used to love a lot when she was 4-5 years old. One day, the day when her uncle was getting circumcised, she started screaming all day long, and when her screaming took shape, when she could say some words, she said, “I don’t want there to be circumcision.”

She does this work of the cut. We do it together--it consists of putting into play the surfaces that have until then been engulfed in disorientation.

Orientation concerns life or death, boy or girl, the one is complementary correlation of the other. It was like that in my dream in the sense that this small house within a house reminded me of what I’d seen the previous summer in Thailand, where in all the houses there was a small house of spirits, the house of the ancestors. Incense always had to be kept burning to give nourishment to the dead people so that they would feel okay in their new house and not come back to annoy the living in their own houses.

This is what I saw in my dream. But because it was my partner’s house and because she’d added more houses on top of her house, it indicated that in my mind she’d added a phallus where there was none, that is, on the “house” of her body. Her body gets another body that is a small house on top of a house, that is, the body as phallus, the body part added just as the infant would like to be an object attached to the body of the mother.

I have been touched there by this woman right where I myself was touched and my dream made a hole in the surface constituting the transfer between her and I.

Today, science is our modern-day religion. Psychoanalysis goes against the truth of modern science insofar as the psychoanalytic subject is the subject that science has pushed to the side in pursuit of objectivity. Today we have to be “objective”! Objectivity in our societies has become our religion. To have any value, something has to be objective. The value of a representation must be its objectivity: that is what is demanded of journalists, juries, of the entire world because if one were ever to be subjective that would be terrible! You’d risk being handed over to your “personal feelings”! But the subject pushed to the side by science and by the scientific ideology of our époque is the subject psychoanalysis is after. The one of feelings, the one that errs, the one that sees a phallus when there isn’t one.

When I am in an analytic relation with Fatima or Pierrette, I am in psychosis, I am in a transference relation I qualify as psychotic, as in other situations I am in a neurotic transference relation. It’s not the other who’s neurotic, it’s not the other who’s crazy, the other who’s sick, it’s our relation. And the work of the analyst is to guide this relation

until its very end. If this is madness, it's to go to the very end of this madness, together. It's not an attempt to prevent the other from going into a delusion, on the contrary.

Lacan has said that psychoanalysis is a directed paranoia. Freud said that neurosis was a transfer neurosis. Lacan is thus well in the line of Freud, he just made a further step in saying it's not only a transfer neurosis, it can also be a directed paranoia. At the end of his life he asked the question: is psychoanalysis an autism of two?

The telling of the dream is the psychotic moment of the transfer. It's the moment when one is facing a screen. The dream unrolls and one doesn't understand any of it. It's pure madness, anything can happen in this dream, and anything can mean its opposite. And I do not understand a thing. A dream is a madness and the telling of the dream starts to function like an exit from this madness in the sense that it begins to cut, to interpret, interpretation is a cut and perhaps a way to advance into this madness but also a way to possibly get out by going all the way to the end.

In Lacan's *Écrits* I have shown you the kind of temporality concerned in all narratives: there is a temporality peculiar to phobia, a temporality for hysteria, a temporality for psychosis, of this psychosis of the dream. One of Lacan's writings is called "Logical Time and the Assertion of Anticipated Certainty." There is a temporality specific to man insofar as he is the only animal who speaks and thus, the only one who can anticipate his own death. Because he speaks he can ask questions about his origin and thus about the sense of his life.

What is my desire in terms of the sense of my life? Which way do I take in relation to this hole, this origin that I cannot say anything about, and this hole of death that I cannot speak of?

Lacan's account of logical time allows us to advance into this question: it's a rich sophism. It presents the following situation:

Three prisoners in a prison are led to a director of the prison who tells them: I can free one of you if you can solve the following dilemma: Here are five discs, three white and two black. Without you knowing which one, I place one on each of your backs. You can see which disc is on the back of the others but you can't see your own. You are not allowed to speak to your fellow prisoners nor communicate by any kind of sign. You must simply figure out the color of the disc on your back...

It is in this sense that logic partakes of psychoanalysis.

Here again, it's a question of getting out. The prisoners are able to get out while making their hole, that is to say, recognizing themselves and being able to say: I am white or black. They are in a psychotic situation. Potentially, a white disc could be placed on all their backs, which would make all of them see two white discs. Or, there could be two blacks used. If any of them sees two black discs the response is easy: if I see two black then I must be white. Or, if I see one black and one white, then there would be at least

one of them who sees two black discs and that one will respond much more easily than the others by running to the door, and then I'll know that I'm white.

I could suppose I'm black, if I see two whites. Since I'm in a psychotic situation, I make the hypothesis that I'm black because I see two whites. But if nothing happens--if I'd been black, the two others would have seen a black and a white, and they would have said to themselves more strongly, "*I must be white*" since they don't see *me* running to the door. Likewise, I note that the others would be leaving if I were black. But if they don't leave then I must not be black. Nothing happens, there is no communication and therefore I must make the hypothesis: I must not be black.

From this fact I have acquired a savoir: I am not black, I am white. Having thus acquired this knowledge I turn myself towards the door and they do so at the same time. But then this truth comes to derail the very knowledge I've just established. If they rush towards the door, it's perhaps because I was black and it's taken them a while to figure it out, thus perhaps I am black!

The movement of life that resumes, restarts, reanimates; the writing which opens things up, is a truth working across knowledge, working to contradict the discourse of the master, knowledge. The truth comes to contradict the knowledge that establishes the master cut.

There are people who are bakers all their lives because that's the quality their father slapped on their backs. I'll be a baker because he wanted me to be a baker and I'll never give myself any other attribute than this. Logical time, the analytic cure, allows one to get out by rendering account of what others attribute and have attributed to me, and in choosing definitively what I attribute to myself. Because I see that if I continue to conform myself—or revolt against—what others attribute to me, I lose precious time, which could have been put to better use. I could have put myself out there and said, I have no other choice than to choose, myself, rather than be chosen. Choose what? What I have to say. Because I will never know anything at all other than what I've said...on the condition of never staying in silence and of always pushing myself forward by saying it.

The prison in question is nothing other than the structure of language: one does not escape it...one talks.