

LES NON-DUPES ERRENT1973-1974**Seminar 1: Wednesday 13 November 1973**

I begin again. I am beginning again because I had thought I might have been able to finish. This is what I call elsewhere the *passe*: I believed that it had passed. Only there you are: this belief – 'I believed that it had passed' – this belief gave me the opportunity to notice something. This is even what I call the *passe* is like. It gives the opportunity all of a sudden to see a certain relief, a relief of what I have done up to now. And it is this relief that is exactly expressed by my title for this year, the one that you have been able to read, I hope, on the notice and which is written:

as in a relief map - higher shows.

Les non-dupes errent: The unduped wander/are mistaken. - or do ASIRAY

That has a funny sound, huh? It is my kind of little air. Or to put things better, a little *erre* – e, double r, e. You know perhaps what is meant by an *erre*? It is something like the initial impetus. The impetus of something when what is propelling it stops and it still continues to move on. It nevertheless remains that this sounds strictly the same as *les noms du père* (the names of the father). Namely, what I promised to never speak about again. There you are. This because of certain people that I no longer need to describe, who, in the name of Freud, precisely, made me suspend what I had planned to state about the names of the father. Yeah. Obviously, it is in order not to give them in any way a consolation for the fact that I could have brought them some of these names that they are ignorant of because they repress them. It could have been of use to them. Which is what I

In 1964 after he was dumped from the 1960s

Direct allusion to the letter he who was an analyst of Lacan's. Lacan's doctored the sign was an 'In the Name of the Father' Lacan said Lacan was not aware that he was talking about.

would have precisely nothing to do with. In any case, I know that (10) they will not find them all by themselves, that they will not find them, given the way they have started, under Freud's impetus. Namely, under the way psychoanalytic societies are set up. There you are.

So then *les non-dupes errent* and *les noms du père* are so consonant, are all the more consonant that contrary, like that, to a certain leaning that people who believe themselves to be literate have in making liaisons even when it is a matter of an 's', you do not say *les non-dupes z'errent*, you do not say either *les cerises z'ont bon goût*, you say: *les cerises ont bon goût* and *les non-dupes errent*". They are consonant. That's the richness of the tongue. And I would even go further – it is a richness that not all tongues have, but this indeed is why they are varied. But what I am putting forward, from these encounters that are described as **witticisms**, perhaps I will manage before the end of this year to make you sense it – to make you sense a little better what the witticism is.

And I am even right away going to put forward something about it.

In these two terms put into words, *les noms du père* and *les non-dupes qui errent*, it is the same knowledge. In the two. It is the same knowledge in the sense that the unconscious is a knowledge from which the subject can decipher himself. It is the definition of the subject that I am giving here. Of the subject as the unconscious constitutes him. It deciphers him, the one who by being a speaker is in a position to set about this operation, who is even up to a certain point forced until he reaches a meaning. And that is where he stops, because... one has to stop. One even asks for nothing but that! One asks only for that because one does not have the time. So then he stops at a meaning, but the meaning at which one ought to stop, in the two cases, even though it is the same knowledge, is not the same meaning.

This is debatable

*Very dissonant
The terms sound
the same in French.
It's the same used.
Monologue. It's
part of La langue
as in a dream
of the house
goaled etc.*

**
**

Which is curious.

And which allow us to put our finger right away on the fact that it is not the same meaning, simply by reason of the spelling. Which allows us to suspect something. Something whose indication, in fact, you can see in what in some of my previous seminars, I noted about the relationships of writing to language.

Do not be too astonished, anyway, that here I am leaving the thing as a riddle, since the riddle, is the fullness of meaning. And you should not even believe that on occasion, it remains there, in connection with (11) this rapprochement, of this phonematic identity, of *les noms du père* and *les non-dupes errent*, you must not believe that there is no riddle there for me myself – and this indeed is what is at stake.

This indeed is what is at stake, and also this: that there is no difficulty in the fact that I imagine I comprehend. It illuminates the subject in the sense that I said earlier, and it gives you work. It must indeed be said, that for me, there is nothing more deadly than to give you work...but anyway, it's my role!

Work (*le travail*), everyone knows where that comes from, in the tongue, in the tongue that I am chatting to you in. You have perhaps heard talk of it, it comes from *tripalium*, which is an instrument of torture. And which was made of three stakes. At the Council of Auxerre it was said that it was not appropriate for priests or deacons to be alongside this instrument by means of which *torquentur rei*, the guilty are tortured. It is not fitting that either the priest or the deacon should be there (it would perhaps give them a hard-on).

It is in effect quite clear that work, as we know it through the unconscious, is what makes relationships, relationships to this

Ide is heady
Towards Joyce.
L. Says Joyce
feels - for a while
where as he feels in
for a while.

knowledge by which we are tormented is what makes these relationships to enjoyment.

So then I said: there is no objection to me imagining. I did not say 'I imagine myself'. It is you who imagine that you comprehend. Namely, that in this 'you-you', you imagine that it is you who comprehend, but I did not say that it was me, I said 'I imagine'. As regards what you imagine, I am trying to temper the matter. I am doing everything I can in any case, to prevent you. Because one must not comprehend too quickly, as I have often underlined.

What I put forward, nevertheless, with this 'I imagine', in connection with meaning, is a remark that I will put forward this year. It is that the imaginary, whatever you may have heard about it, because you imagine you comprehend – the fact is that the imaginary, is a dit-mansion, as you know I write it, just as important as the others. This can be very clearly seen in mathematical science. I mean in the one that is teachable because it concerned the real that the symbolic conveys. Which moreover only conveys it because of the fact that what constitutes the symbolic is always enciphered (*chiffre*). The imaginary is what stops the deciphering, it is meaning. As I told you, one must indeed stop somewhere, and even as soon as one can.

(12) The imaginary, is always an intuition of what is to be symbolised. As I have just said, something to chew on, to think, as they say. And in a word a vague enjoyment. Human wanking is more varied than is believed, even though it is limited by something that stems from the body, the human body, namely what, in the present state of things – but precisely it has not finished, something else may perhaps arrive – in the present state of things, assures the dominance of the opsis [appearance] in the little that we know about it, about this body, namely, anatomy.

L. distinguishes
between 'comprehend'
& 'imagine' in
the French

The imaginary is
not just a picture
- it's a dwelling place
where something in
Reel d.

dit-mansion
= the mansion of
the Real (Julien
P209 n. 36).

We don't know
a lot about the
real of the body.
It can never be
articulated

NB.

- peak word.

This dominance of the *opsis*, is what ensures that...is what ensures that all the same there is always intuition in what the mathematician starts from. I will perhaps this year make you sense the knot (make no mistake), the knot of the affair, in connection with what they call – I am talking about mathematicians, I am not one of them, I regret – of what they call ‘vector space’.

It is very nice to see how this business, which is perhaps anyway, some of you must have heard it vaguely spoken about, I can in any case affirm to them, that it is truly the last great step in mathematics, it starts like that from a philosophical intuition *Ausdehnungslehre*: the maths (*Lehre* is what is taught), the maths of extension, as Grassmann calls it. And then it comes out of that vector space and the calculus of the same name, is that not so, namely, something that is mathematically quite teachable, as I might say, something strictly symbolised, and which, at the limit, anyway, can...can function with a machine, huh?

It does not need to comprehend anything about it.

Why would it be necessary to return to comprehending – we will speak again about vector space, allow me simply to be satisfied today with an announcement – why is it necessary to return to comprehending, namely to imagining, in order to know where to apply the system?

More geometrico. Anyway, the most stupid geometry on earth, the one that you were taught at school, the one that proceeds from the cutting up of space with a saw: you saw a space in two, then after that you cut the shadow of the sawing along a line, and after that you mark a point... good. It is all the same amusing that *more geometrico* should have appeared like that throughout the centuries to be the model of logic. I mean that this is what Spinoza wrote at the head of the *Ethics*. Anyway that is how it was before logic, all the same.

Spinoza has to do with the contemporaneity of the war.

Ausdehnungslehre: extension
The teaching of the
maths of extension.

- something to do with vectors

In the geometrical style. Spinoza would be very far from doing this in a logical way.

(13) learned certain lessons, lessons which mean that we have all the same arrived at emptying out intuition, is that not so, and that, at present, it has even gone to the extremes in a book of mathematics, of these modern mathematics that according to some people are execrable, for many chapters one can do without the slightest figure. But all the same – and this is what is strange – one gets there. One always finishes by getting there.

So then I am putting forward, I am putting forward this for you this year: one always gets there, and it is not because geometry is done in space, in the intuitive, is that not so, the geometry of Greeks, anyway, of which one can say that... it was not bad, but in the end it was no great shakes. One gets to it for a different reason. Singularly, I will tell you: the fact is that there are three dimensions of the space inhabited by the speaking being (*le parlant*), and that these three *dit-mansions*, as I write them, are called the Symbolic, the Imaginary and the Real. This is not quite like Cartesian co-ordinates; it is not just because there are three of them, do not be misled. Cartesian co-ordinates belong to the old geometry. It is because... it is because it is a space of mine, as I define it from these three *dit-mansions*, it is a space whose points are determined quite differently. And this is what I tried – since this went beyond perhaps my capacities, it is perhaps this that gave me the idea of dropping the matter – it is a geometry where the points – for those who were there, I hope, last year – whose points are determined from the squeezing (*coincage*) of what you remember perhaps, what I called my 'rings of string'.

Because there is perhaps another way of making a point than beginning by sawing space, then afterwards tearing the page, then with the line which, one does not know from where, floats between the two, breaking this line, and saying: that is the point, namely nowhere, namely nothing, it is perhaps by noticing that, simply by taking three of them, of these rings of strings, as I explained it for you, when there are three, even though if you cut one of them, the two

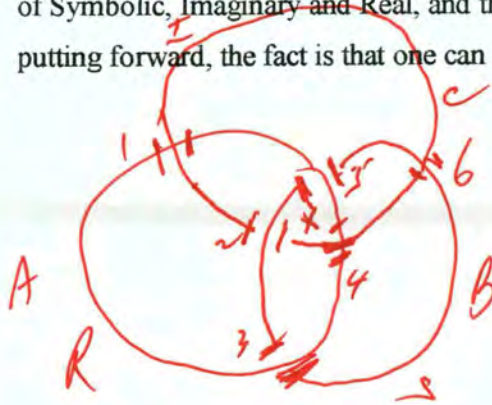
Individual geometry.

Different ways of looking at space.

- See the end of the 'Encore' Seminar.

others are not linked, they can, simply because they are three (before this three the two remaining separate), simply by being three, they squeeze one another in such a way as to be inseparable. Hence the squeezing. The squeezing is written something like that: namely, if you pull somewhere on any one of these rings of string, you see that there is a point, a point which is somewhere around there where the three are squeezed.

(14) It is a little bit different to everything that has been lucubrated up to now *more geometrico*, because it requires that there should be three rings, three rings of string, something much more consistent than this void with which one operates on space; three of them are required always, in any case to determine a point. I will re-explain that for you still better, namely *per longum et latum*, but I am pointing out to you that it starts, it starts, this notion, from a different way of operating with space, with the space that we really inhabit...if the unconscious exists. I am starting from a different way of considering space; and that in qualifying these three dimensions, in pinpointing them by the very terms that I appeared up to now to strongly differentiate in terms of Symbolic, Imaginary and Real, and that I am in the process of putting forward, the fact is that one can make them strictly equivalent.



Space for your
own version of
the Borromean
Knot!

This is a question which Freud asks himself at the end of *The interpretation of dreams* on the second last page: he asks the question of how what he calls – and one clearly sees that he does not any longer call it with such certainty, that he no longer pinpoints it by

Freud talks about
psychical &
material reality.

something that would separate it out – what he calls reality, that he describes as *psychical*: what does that have to do with the real?

So here then, he vacillates, he vacillates again a little, and he catches hold of material reality, but what does *material reality* mean in its relationships with *psychical reality*?

He is going to spend
time on the last
three pages of the
'Interpretation'
of Dreams.

We are going then, we are going then to try to distinguish them, to still keep an ounce of distinction between these three categories, while marking what I am putting on the agenda, namely, clearly marking that, as dimensions of our space – our space inhabited *qua* speaking beings – these three categories are strictly equivalent.

We already know the knack for that, huh? They are designated by (15) letters. This is the quite new path that has been opened up by algebra, and you see there the importance of the written. If I write R.I.S. (Real, Imaginary, Symbolic), or better: Real, Symbolic, Imaginary (you will see later why I am correcting it), you write them in capital letters, you cannot do otherwise, and they remain for you like that, sticking, in a way to the thing, simply a question of writing, it is quite heterogeneous, you continue like that because you have always comprehended – you have always comprehended, but wrongly – that the progress, the forward step was to have marked the overwhelmingly importance of the Symbolic with respect to this misfortunate Imaginary with which I began, I began by firing bullets at it, anyway, under the pretext of narcissism; only you know it is altogether real that the mirror image is inverted. And that even with a knot, especially with a knot, and despite appearances, because you imagine perhaps that there are knots whose mirror image can perhaps be superimposed on the knot itself, that is not at all the case.

Space – I mean like that intuitive, geometrical space – is orientable. There is nothing more specular than a knot. And that indeed is why (that indeed is why...) that it is something completely different if you

make the choice of writing this same capital RSI – you see where the trick lies – of writing them a, b, c. Here everyone senses that, at the very least that brings them together, huh, an a is worth a b, a b is worth a c, and...and it turns around, like that. It is even on this that the combinatorial was founded. It was on this that the combinatorial was founded and that is why when you put the three letters in a sequence, well then, there are no more than six ways to order them. Namely, according to the factorial law that presides over this business, it is 1 multiplied by 2 multiplied by 3: that gives 6, huh? Once you have 4, there are 24 ways of ordering them.

Only if, if you submit yourself to a conception of space in which the point is defined in the way that I have just showed, by squeezing – excuse me today for not writing all of that in figures on the board, I will do it afterwards – you notice that it is not by reason, like that, of a scansion that goes from the better to the worse, from the Real to the Imaginary, putting the Symbolic in the middle, it is not by reason of some preference or other, that you should notice that, in taking things (16) from the angle of squeezing, in other words by the Borromean knot: one ring of string is the Real, one ring of string is the Symbolic, one ring of string is the Imaginary, well then, you must not believe that all the ways of making this knot are the same.

There is a laevogyrotory knot and a dextrogyrotory knot.

(as in polarised light)

And even this, even if you have written the three dimensions of space that I define as being the space inhabited by the speaking being, even if you have not defined these dimensions by small letters, even if you define these dimensions by a, b, c, that you do not put here any emphasis on a diversely preferential content, you notice that, if you write a, b, c, there is a first series, and despite yourself, you will qualify it as the right one: the series that I call laevogyrotory, which will be a, b, c, then b, c, a, then c, a, b, namely, that there is the series – the laevogyrotory series which always leaves a certain order, which

is precisely the order a, b, c,: it is the same one that is conserved in b, c, a. And that the c comes first is of no importance. It is legitimate for you to imagine, since it was the capital 'I' that I pinpointed with a small c, to imagine the reality of the Symbolic.

It is sufficient if the Real remains before it. And you must not believe for all that that this 'before' of the Real with respect to the Symbolic, is all by itself some kind of guarantee of anything whatsoever! Because if you re-transcribe the a, b, c, of the first formula you will have R. S. I., namely: what produces (*réalise*) the Symbolic from the Imaginary.

Well then, what produces the Symbolic from the Imaginary, what else is it except religion...for me? What produces in proper terms the Symbolic from the Imaginary, is indeed what ensures that religion is not about to end. And that puts us, us analysts, on the same side, on the laevogyrotory side, by means of which imagining what has to be done, imagining the Real from the Symbolic, our first step taken a long time ago, is mathematics, and the final one, is what the consideration of the unconscious leads us to, in so far as it is from that that there is opened up – I have always professed it – it is from there that linguistics is opened up.

Namely, that it is by spreading the mathematical procedure which consists in noticing the fact that there is some Real in the Symbolic, that it is by this that a new passage is outlined for us.

The Imaginary does not need then to be placed at any rank (17) whatsoever. It is the order that is important, and in the other dextrogyrotory order, curiously, you have the formula a, c, b, as a result of which it is in the second phase that c comes first, but b is before a, and in the third phase, it is b, a, c, namely, three terms which we will see are of no little importance in discourse, it is from there no less that there emerged some distinct structures, which are precisely

all those by which other discourses are supported, only those that the laevogyrratory discourses permit to demonstrate by the space that they determine – certainly not as having had at one time their efficaciousness, but as properly speaking put in question by the other discourses. And here I am not showing any partiality, since I am putting us on the same side as where religion functions.

I will say no more about it today. But what I am putting forward is this: if in the tongue, the structure, it must be imagined, is this not what I am putting forward by the formula: *les non-dupes errent*? Since this is not immediately accessible, I am going to try to show it to you.

There is something in the idea of dupery, which is that it has a support: it is the dupe. There is something absolutely magnificent in this business of the dupe, it is that the dupe, if you will allow me, the dupe is considered to be stupid. One must really ask why. If the dupe is truly what we are told – I am speaking etymologically, this has no importance – if the dupe is this bird called the hoopoe (*huppe*) the hoopoe because it is smart (*huppée*), naturally nothing justifies that smart should be called hoopoe, it nevertheless remains that that is how it is summed up in the dictionary, the dupe, it appears, is the bird one can trap, precisely because it is stupid. We can absolutely not see why a hoopoe should be more stupid than any other bird, but the remarkable thing for me, is the accent the dictionary puts on specifying that it is feminine. Dupe is *la*.

There is somewhere a thing that I picked out, that I picked out in Littre: that it was a mistake for La Fontaine to make the dupe masculine. He dared write somewhere:

Du fil et du soufflet pourtant embarrassé,

Un des dupe un jour alla trouver un sage

Embarrassed by the thread and the snub,

One of the dupes went one day to find a wise man.

*le important
distinction - male
masculine*

(17) 'This is quite wrong', Littré says clearly, 'one does not say, *un dupe*, anymore that one can say *un linnotte* (a linnet, a featherbrain) to describe *un etourdi* (a scatterbrain).' That's a powerful reason.

The interesting thing is to know what gender the (*le*) *non-dupe* is. You see? I say right away: *le non-dupe*. Is it because what is highlighted by a *non* is neutral? I am not going to decide this: but there is one thing that in any case is clear, it is that the plural, by not being marked, makes this reference to the feminine completely uncertain. And there is something, anyway, which is still funnier that I – I cannot say that I found it in Chamfort – I found it also in the dictionary, in another one, this quotation of Chamfort, but it's not bad all the same, anyway, that it should be at the word *dupe* that I picked out this: 'One of the best reasons', writes Chamfort, 'that one can have for never marrying' (ah!) 'is that one is not completely *la dupe* of a woman as long as she is not your own'. *La vôtre*! Your wife or your dupe. Now there's something, all the same, that appears, anyway... illuminating, huh?

Marriage as reciprocal dupery.

This indeed why I think marriage is love: feelings are always reciprocal, I have said. So then... if marriage is such at this point...it's not sure, huh! Anyway, if I let myself go with the flow a little, I would say that – this is what Chamfort means – also no doubt – a woman never makes a mistake. Not in marriage in any case. This is why the function of spouse has nothing human about. *nb.*

We will explore that another time.

I spoke about the *non-dupe*. And I seemed to have marked him, in fact by an irremediable weakness, in saying that...he *errs*. Only we must clearly see what is meant by: *ça erre*.

I pointed out to you earlier that *error* (anyway you are going all the same to consult the dictionary of Bloch et von Wartburg, because I am not going to spend my time doing etymology with you, which means simply highlighting the usage throughout the ages, that etymology makes perfectly obvious, does it not?) the fact is that exactly as in my title *les Non-dupes errent* and *les Noms du père*, huh, it is exactly the same thing for the word *erre*, or more exactly for the word *error*.

Error results from the convergence of 'error', *erreur*, with something (19) that has strictly speaking nothing to do with it, and which is akin to this *erre* of which I spoke to you earlier, which is strictly the relationship with the verb *iterare*. *Iterare*, what's more (because if it were only that, it would be nothing) is there uniquely for *iter* which means a journey. This indeed is why the knight errant is simply an itinerant knight.

The confidence
of English & French

→ country lane

Only, all the same, *error* comes from *iterare*, which has nothing to do with a journey, since it means to repeat, from *iterum* (re!).

Nevertheless, this *iterare* is only used for what it does not mean, namely *itinerare*, as is proved by the developments that have been given to this very *error* in the sense of wandering, namely, by making of the knight errant an itinerant knight.

Well then, that is the point of what I have to say to you, considering the difference, the difference that is... pinpointed from the fact that there are non-dupes. If the non-dupes are those (ceux ou celles) that refuse to be captured by the space of the speaking being, if they are those who keep their hands free of it, as I might say, there is something that we must know how to imagine, which is the absolute necessity that results from it, not wandering but error.

male or female

Namely, that as regards everything that is involved in life and at the same time in death, there is an invention (*imagination*) that cannot but

The non-dupes
are the more
positive type of
people who refuse
to be caught in
the net.

support all those who want to be non-dupes in structure. It is this: that their life is only a journey.

Life is that of the *viator*. Those who in this lower world – as they say – are in a foreign land.

The only thing that they do not notice, is that simply by bringing out this function of foreigner, they give rise at the same time to the third term, the third dimension, the one thanks to which they will never get out of the relationships of this life, unless it is to be then still more duped than the others, by this locus of the other that with their Imaginary they nevertheless constitute as such.

The idea of *genesis*, of development, as they say, of what is supposed to be some norm or other, thanks to which a being which is only specified by being speaking, in everything that is involved about its effects, precisely, will be commanded by something or other that no one is capable of defining, which is called development. And that is why, by wanting to reduce analysis, one fails, one makes the complete error, the radical error as regards what is involved in what the unconscious uncovers.

(20) There is something that Freud says to us, and here it is unambiguous: *Und* (it is the final paragraph of the *Traumdeutung*) *der Wert des Traums für die Kenntnis der Zukunft?*

And this is why it is very nice. Because people believe that in writing this, Freud is making an allusion to the famous divinatory value of dreams. But can we not read it differently? Namely, to say to us, and the value of the dream for the knowledge (*connaissance*) of what is going to result from it in the world, from the discovery of the unconscious, to see, whether, by chance, a discourse ensured that in a more and more widespread way, it is known – it is known – what the end of Freud's paragraph says, namely that this future held by the

The value of dreams for the knowledge of the future.

This is the last paragraph of the dream book. D. says this not that dreams predict the future.

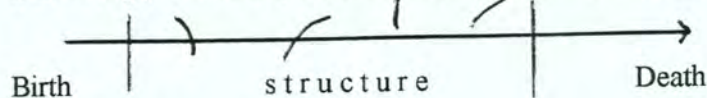
It's by the dream
that we discover
the self - & what
is its effect for
the self is
future -
what with knowledge
let like - the
future.

dreamer to be present, is *gestaltet*, structured by the indestructible demand in so far as it is always the same: *zum Ebenbild*. Namely, that if you wish, I am going to put something for you here:

Birth —————→ Death

which is supposed to be this journey, namely this development, like that, punctuated between birth and death.

What does Freud indicate to us from the emergence of the unconscious? It is that at whatever point one is at of this so-called journey, the structure, of something that I am sketching here, it does not matter: the structure, namely, the relationship to a certain knowledge, the structure, for its part never lets go. And the *desire*, as it is wrongly translated, is strictly always the same throughout life.



Simply the relationships of a particular being in his emergence, in his emergence into a world where already it is this discourse that reigns, his desire is completely determined from the beginning to the end.

This indeed is why it is only by... by no longer wishing to be a dupe of the structure, that one imagines in the maddest way, that life is woven from some contraries or other of life drives and death drives, is already all the same to float a little bit higher, anyway, than the notion – the age old notion of a journey.

(21) Those who are not dupes of the unconscious, namely, who do not spend their whole effort sticking to it, is that not so, who only see life from the point of view of the *viator* – this indeed is how moreover, that there arose... anyway... a whole stage of logic, the one from which subsequently, of course, and with I do not know what consequences, there appeared these things which one does not even see the degree to

produces: there are some very funny things. I do not want to compromise God too much in this business, everyone knows that I consider that...he is rather of the order of the super cherished; so then (22) why would he always tell the truth, when it works out just as well if he is totally deceptive, huh? Admitting that he made the Real, he is all the more subject to it in that precisely, if it is he who made it, so then, why not? I believe that, when all is said and done, this is how there must be interpreted the famous business of Descartes, is that not so, the evil genius (*le malin génie*). Well then, he is the evil genius and things work out like that. The smarter (*malin*) he is, the better things will go. That is even why it is necessary to be a dupe.

It is necessary to be a dupe, namely to stick, to stick to the structure.

Good, well listen, I've had my bellyful of this!.

Definitions

Error: 1. To roam, wander about. 2. To err; to be mistaken

Erre: the speed acquired by a ship when what is propelling it is no longer acting; something or someone that slides on after its initial impetus has been removed.

OR THE IMPETUS
LUNCH A DIVER HAS
WHEN HE DIVES INTO
A POOL.

Lancee: the initial impetus

Les non-dupes errent

The unduped wander / are mistaken

which they are paradoxes, is that not so: all men are mortal. Namely, what I said, travellers, huh.

Socrates is a man – and he is a man, he is a man, if he wishes, huh, he is a man if he throws himself into it, is that not so, this indeed moreover is what he does, and this indeed is why moreover, the fact that he should have asked for death, there is all the same quite a little difference; but this difference did not prevent what followed being absolutely fascinating. Nor was it any worse because of that....with his hysteria, he allowed a certain shadow of science, the one that precisely is founded on this categorical logic. It was a very bad example.

But this must [spread], huh. In any case this essentially imaginary function of the *viator*, ought to put us on our guard against any metaphor that comes from the way. I know well that the way, the way that is at stake, the Tao, imagines itself as being in the structure. But is it quite sure that there is only one Way? Or even that the notion of the way, of the method, is worth anything at all? Might it not be in forging for ourselves a quite different ethic, an ethic that would be founded on the refusal of being *unduped*, on the way of being always more strongly the dupe of this knowledge, of this unconscious which, when all is said and done, is our only lot in terms of knowledge.

I know well that there is this blessed question of the truth, huh. We are not going like that, after what I have said to you about it, returning to it and turning around it, set about sticking to it without knowing that it is a choice, since it can only be half-said. And after all, behind what we choose to say about it, behind there is always a desire, an intention, as they say.

It is on this that there was founded, in any case, all phenomenology, I am talking about that of Husserl. According, like that, as you vary the 'bits to say' of the truth, of course, to see the sort of things it

Seminar 2: Wednesday 20 November 1973

There is a little book, there that..... I am going to begin like that in a confidential way, huh, because, obviously I ask myself, I ask myself in starting up again, is that not so: am I enough of a dupe – am I enough of a dupe, huh – not to make a mistake (*errer*)?

To make a mistake in the sense that I specified for you the last time, which means: am I sticking enough to... to the analytic discourse, which does not all the same fail to comprise a certain sort of cold horror. Am I sticking to it enough not to... to be distracted from it, namely, not to truly follow it along its thread, or even, to employ a term that I will use later, there where I am expected, onto vector spaces, I am saying this to you right away; anyway, I will not tackle that today, but spaces introduces a notion, like that, another space in space. That is called fibred space (*espace fibré*).

But anyway, this analytic discourse, this must not all the same be forgotten, to excuse myself if I do not completely stick to it, the fact is that I founded it. I founded it in a written elaboration, the one that writes the small $\mathfrak{o}$ and the S_2 superimposed on the left, and then the $\$$ and the S_1 on the right.

$$\begin{array}{ccc} \mathfrak{o} & \longrightarrow & \$ \\ \hline S_2 & & S_1 \end{array}$$

When what is at stake is being dupe, is that not so, it is not a matter on this occasion of being the dupe of my ideas, because these four little letters are not ideas. They are not even ideas at all, the proof, is that it (24) is very, very difficult to give them a meaning. Which does not mean that... one cannot make something of them. This is what is inscribed from a certain elaboration of what I will call, it is the same thing to say that it is inscribed as to say what I am going to say now namely, the mathematics of Freud, what is locatable in the logic of his discourse, in his own wandering. Namely, the way he tried to render this analytic discourse adequate to the scientific discourse. That was his *erre*. This is what - I cannot say prevented him in a word - to construct the mathematics of it; since the mathematics that he did like that, needed a second step in order to be able to be inscribed subsequently.

So then, while I was speaking to you the last time, there came back to me, like that, blasts of memories, of something which of course did not happen to me here, which had worried me that morning in preparing what I had to say to you.

There you are, it is called - let us say it right away - it is called die Grenzen der Deutbarkeit. It is something which has a close relationship, in fact, with the inscription of the analytic discourse; the fact is if this inscription is indeed what I am saying about it, namely, the beginning, the key kernel of its mathematics, there is every chance that it can be used for the same thing as mathematics. Namely, that it carries in itself its own limit. I knew that I had read that, because I had it in an old yoke that I had bought like that, second hand, in the debris of what survived from the story of Freud, after the Nazi business, so then I had this debris... and I said to myself that all the same that must have been collected somewhere, given the date. It's true. It had been collected in volume III of the Gesammelte Schriften. But! But nowhere else, namely, where it ought to have appeared, being already edited in 1925, in fact, and even already appeared, in

BRACKET = Interpretation of the

3 parts

*The Limits of Interpretation
Vol XIX
1st & 2nd notes
etc.*

*3) The Decent B
The Impulse of Dreams
(See Maudsley's book)
- This is what I mean
in my 15 Day.*

*There was of course the Decent
It has to do with the notion of the
real.*

LAMBART - went to Leda - has got better. Better. = 'The New Age' - 5/11/73

*This whole was not
put into the German collection
- it was in the original
= the collected works
Vols 1-5*

*Part on someone who has an
absolute knowledge.*

fact, the first time, if I remember correctly, in... Well then, it had not appeared at all before... before that, before what I had then.

So then it was then – it came out in the *Gesammelte Schriften* but it did not appear where it should have appeared at the time it came out, namely, in the 8th edition of the *Traumdeutung*. And it did not appear because, in the additional notes in question, there is a third chapter – the first being constituted by these *Grenzen der Deutbarkeit*, the second I will skip over, I will talk to you about it again – and the third signifies *Die okkulte Bedeutung des Traumes*. Namely, the occult significance. That is why it did not appear.

the moral
responsibility

(25) What remained in my mind, what worried me, was *die Grenzen*. But because of the fact that these *Grenzen* were associated to the occult significance, it did not come out. Jones says that somewhere: there is an objection in fact to the occult. There is an objection from the side of scientific discourse. And in effect, as it is presented now, the occult, is defined very precisely, anyway, as what scientific discourse cannot stand. This is even one might say its definition. So then, it is not astonishing that it should object to it. This objection came, like that, conveyed by Jones, and this may appear a quite simple explanation of the fact that it did not appear where it should have appeared, namely, in the 8th edition.

It was never in
the dream book.
They were afraid to
put it in it.

Freud, as you know, there was nothing new, in fact, in that he worried about the occult. He did so, like that, by... by an *erre*. By an *erre* concerning scientific discourse. Yes, because he imagined that scientific discourse ought to take all the facts into account. It was a pure *erre*. And a still more serious *erre*: an *erre* that was pushed to the point of being an error. Scientific discourse does not take into account the facts that do not stick to its structure, namely, where it began to advance, its relationship with its own mathematics. But for it not to stick to it, it is still necessary that it should come within reach of this mathematical structure.

∴ The Implies
- the scientific
movement.
You can fall
into movement
by not knowing or

So that it takes into account all the facts which create a hole in its, let us say, I am going quickly, here, because it is not a valid word... but which create a hole because it is more tangible, right away, to say it like that, which make a hole in its system! But it wants to know nothing about what does not belong at all to its system. So then, in worrying himself like that, about occult phenomena – ones described as occult, that does not at all mean that they are occult, that they are hidden, because, what is hidden is, what is hidden by the form of the discourse itself, but what has absolutely nothing to do with the form of the discourse is not hidden, it is elsewhere.

You there, such as you are, like that – I am appealing to your feeling, in fact – there is nothing in common between the unconscious and the occult. In any case at the level that you are at here to hear me, I think that all the same you have been sufficiently broken to the idea that the unconscious... belongs fundamentally to language, huh. And if you were able the other day to look at what I had begun to do like that, (26) vaguely on the board with the line described as a journey, and then that you have simply been able to admit what I have been drumming into you for 20 years – indeed even more – namely, what closes, what finishes the *Traumdeutung*: what I recalled the other day, namely, this famous indestructible desire which travels along, which, on the line of the journey, once the entry into the field of language has occurred, accompanies from one end to the other and, *Ebenbild* always the same, without variation, accompanies the subject structuring his desire.

As Freud says, *Ebenbild*, (it is translated as *in the image* [SE: perfect likeness], but it is not in the image, it is *Ebenbild*, it is a fixed image, always the same!) in the image *der Vergangenheit*, namely, what in the image of this *Ebenbild* cannot even be called the past: it is always the same thing, there is no past once what is at stake is spatial function, the crossing of the line with this network of the structure

which is displaced, for its part, according to the line, but of which one can say at the same time is not displaced since the line does not vary. It is with respect to life as journey that one can say that there is a part that is past and another which remains, like that, to be consumed, which is called the future. These inscriptions of the indestructible desire go with the flow. But in going with the flow, at the same time they stop it, they fix it, is that not so, since all movement is relative, is that not so. And the flow within it is only a flow, it does not constitute a point of reference, huh. There you are.

Very interesting
from philosophical
point of view. No doubt
have a part on a
future - no have an
"indestructible present"
- from the text.

So then the symbolic structure, is that not so, is at the end of this *Traumdeutung* perhaps still to be discovered, but it is on this that Freud concludes his notion in this title, in this conclusion that comes here like the very point of everything he had ever stated about the dream in the *Traumdeutung*: his notion is there. This indeed is why that what retroact in it, is that - this is what he explained about the dream, is that not so - is that there is something of the unconscious, and that the unconscious is that: that he was able to say on occasion that the unconscious is the irrational, but that simply means that its rationality is to be constructed, that even if the principle of contradiction, the yes or the no, do not play the role that is believed in classical logic, is that not so - since classical logic has been superseded for a long time, at that very moment, well, it is necessary to construct another one... Yeah...

And I, I suspect, that if the *die Grenzen der deutbarkeit, the limits of interpretation*, (that's what that means) did not come out in the (27) following edition of *The interpretation of dreams*, it is not simply because it was in the shadow of the occult, it is because all the same here, that... that relied on it (*en remettait*). This went a little beyond the business about the affirmation that desire is indestructible, it showed in this structuring of desire itself something which precisely would have allowed its nature to be ^{the} mathematicised differently. That is why it is worth the trouble, all the same, for me to give you like that -

my dream

it is obvious that before such an audience it is not possible for me to give a commentary on the 25 pages of Freud, there are no more, there are even fewer – but I could all the same tackle the first paragraph, that will encourage you to go to find it because all the same it finished up by being published, as was pointed out to me by my dear friend Nicole Sels, whom after the last session I got into this business, I said to her: “But where the devil in fact is this thing?”, this thing which nevertheless in the *Gesammelte Schriften*, is indicated immediately after this point on which I terminated about the indestructible and invariable desire, because this is what was at stake.

So then as she commented to me – that is worth the trouble, is it not, commenting to me - as my dear Nicole who knows something about what is involved in searching for the edition of a text (who knows a bit about it and who can really do something about it, in fact, it is unimaginable how I make her run around, I mean, that she runs around, and that she brings it back to me within two hours; here she spent longer: she spent at least three days), yes, this supplementary chapter does not figure, because I had said to her: “All the same, it would be curious if I were not to find it in the *Gesammelte Werke*. And I can't find it!” She replied to me that it is not in any logical place in this work, nor in the volume that corresponds – about the *Traumdeutung*, I had of course noticed, this is even what had enraged me - nor in volume XIV which corresponds to the year 1925. It appeared *in extremis* and – she added – sneakily in volume I, for this volume was the last one to appear: in 1952. Here she is referring me back to the opinion of Strachey, who had translated it himself in the *Standard Edition*, is that not so, but in volume XIX – namely, in its normal year, yes, that's true – but he thinks that this fate is due to the grimace everyone made before the *okkulte Bedeutung* of dreams. This is what Strachey thinks. I do not know what Nicole Sels thinks about it, but it is, with respect - simply - to the facts that she brought me. secondary.

(28) So then I am not going to read the thing for you right away in German.

This is how it is put: 'The question of whether one can give a complete and assured translation of dream life' – *vollständige und gesicherte Übersetzung* – already this use of *Übersetzung* is not bad, it is very Lacanian, good – *in die Ausdrucksweise des Wachlebens*: 'into the mode of expression of waking life', and here he puts in brackets: *Deutung*, namely meaning; *Deutbarkeit* means interpretation but *deutung*, means meaning, *Traumdeutung*, means the meaning of dreams – 'cannot be treated in the abstract but in the *Beziehung* to *Verhältnisse*' – this is another term to express relations – 'with the relations' – designated then by another word, namely, posited differently: *Beziehung* is something, like that approximate: *Verhältnisse*, can be taken in the sense of relations that are written, I mean of what is constituted properly speaking in an articulation proper to the sense of the term, is that not so, as something that may happen to be posited there – 'the relations, *unter denen*', under whose influence one works at interpreting dreams: *man an der Traumdeutung arbeitet*. (SE XIX 127 – I have translated from Lacan's French & GW I 561.)

Read the
1st paragraph of
the Monkey revision

And this is where we go a little further in it.

XIX

The whole Seminar is
a comment on this
page

'Our *geistige* activities' – those of the spirit, that is how it is put: *unsere geistigen Tätigkeiten*. For Freud, that means 'what one thinks.' The activities of the spirit are what are generally designated as thoughts.

Streben. *Streben*, is a word which has different resonances, is that not so, than what it is translated by in English, namely, – on this occasion, is that not so, it is precisely Strachey's translation – *pursue*. It does not pursue anything at all. It pursues nothing at all, *streben* when one follows carefully what it is, when one sees the stuff of the word.

which is done obviously with its previous usages, is something which is, to be inscribed, something like this: you understand if you have a vaulted arch, like that, something in wood: it is the tie-beams (*tirants*). They appear to support it like that; if you have the slightest notion about architecture, you will know that the tie-beams, in a vaulted arch, well then, they pull. I mean that they pull towards the outside. The tie-beams are not supports. Anyway, it does not matter for the *streben* what they pull: what they may hold together, is "either *ein nützliches Ziel*" and you rediscover the essentially Lacanian functions of the (29) useful and of enjoying (*jouir*), they are specified as such, it is on this that at the start I made entirely pivot what I said about the ethics of psychoanalysis – "a useful goal", is, or what they *anstreben*, what they pull, "or indeed, *oder unmittelbaren Lustgewinn*", namely, quite simply my surplus enjoying (*plus-de-jouir*).

~ 12/15/12

Die Frage ob man von jedem Produkt des Traumlebens eine vollständige und gesicherte Übersetzung in die Ausdrucksweise des Wachlebens (Deutung) geben kann, soll nicht abstrakt behandelt werden, sondern unter Beziehung auf die Verhältnisse unter denen man an der Traumdeutung arbeitet.

Unsere geistigen Tätigkeiten streben entweder ein nützliches Ziel an oder unmittelbaren Lustgewinn. (GW, idem.)

For what is meant by a *Lustgewinn*? A gain of *Lust*. If the ambiguity of this term in German, is that not so, does not allow there to be introduced into the *Lustprinzip*, translated as the pleasure principle, precisely this formidable divergence that there is between the notion of pleasure as it is commented on by Freud himself according to the ancient tradition, the only outcome of Epicurean wisdom, which meant to enjoy the least possible, because what really fucks us up is enjoyment! This is precisely why they were described as swine, because in effect, swine, good God, do not enjoy as much as is

The Epicureans were called swine.

imagined, is that not so, they stay in their little pig house, nice and quiet, anyway, they enjoy the minimum possible...

That is why they are described as swine, because all the others, in fact, were seriously worried by enjoyment. Anyway they had to work at it, in fact: they were slaves of enjoyment. That is even why, listen... I am going to let myself be carried along, huh, that is even why there were slaves, huh. The only civilisation that was really bitten by enjoyment, had to have slaves. Because the ones who enjoyed were them! Without slaves, no enjoyment, huh. You for your part you are all employees. Anyway you do what you can to be employees. You haven't quite arrived at it, but believe me you will get there.

Good, I let myself be carried away a little, there like that. Reflect all the same a little on that, in fact, is that not so, that only slaves enjoy. (30) It is their function. And that is why they are isolated, that people have not even the slightest scruple in transforming free men into slaves, because in making them slaves, one allows them to devote themselves only to enjoying. Free men only aspire to that. And since they are altruistic, they make slaves. It happened like that in history, in our own history. Obviously there were places where it was more civilised: there was no slavery in China. But the result was that, despite what was said, they never managed to do science, huh. Now, they have been touched a little by Marx, so they are waking up. As Napoleon said: Above all, do not wake them up! Now they are awake. They will not have needed to go by way of this affair of slaves. Which proves, all the same that there are grafts, is that not so, that it is not the worst thing to avoid. One may avoid the best. And get there all the same.

Good, anyway, *unmittelbaren Lustgewinn*, means 'a surplus enjoying, there, immediate'. 'In the first case, huh, that with the goal of usefulness, it is, (these *geistigen Tätigkeiten*, the spiritual operations) they are intellectual decisions, preparations for the manipulation, huh,

Handlungen, or communications *an andere*, to others', namely, that one talks in order – as I have just said – to manipulate them, as you say.

'In the other case, we call that – *nehmen wir sie* (sie, namely, the *geistigen Tätigkeiten*) *Spielen und Phantasieren* we call that games and the fact of phantasising. Naturally as he says, *bekanntlich*, is that not so, the useful, if simply also all the same a detour, *ein Umweg*, for a satisfaction of enjoyment'. But it is not in itself that it is aimed at, is that not so.

'Dreaming' – he did not say the dream – 'the fact of dreaming is then an activity of the second kind', namely, what he had defined by *unmittelbaren Lustgewinn*. 'It is an error, *irreführend*, to say that dreaming strives towards these pressing needs of daily life that are always imminent and tries to bring to a proper end the day's work, *Tagesarbeit*. That is what concerns preconscious thinking: *das vorbewusste Denken*. For the dream, this utilisation, this useful intention, is that not so, is just as foreign as the bringing into play, into operation, the preparation, the niggling, is that not so, of a communication *einer Mitteilung* to another, *an einen anderen*'. This (31) is why our dear Freud has something Lacanian about him is that not so, since everything that he has just told us about the dream, is uniquely a construction, an enciphering (*un chiffage*), this enciphering which is a dimension of language has nothing to do with communication.

The relationship of man to language, which can only be... simply be tackled on the basis of the following: that the signifier is a sign, that is only addressed to another sign: that the signifier, is what makes a sign to a sign, and that that is why it is the signifier. That has nothing to do with communication to someone other, it determines a subject, it has as an effect a subject. And the subject, it is quite enough that he should be determined by that, qua subject, namely, that he should

Enciphering

emerge from something which can only have its justification elsewhere. Except for the fact that in the dream, as we see, namely, that the operation of calculation is done for enjoyment. Namely, that things are done in order that in the enciphering one wins this something which is the essential of the primary process, namely, a *Lustgewinn*. That is what is said there.

And then it continues. And it does not simply continue, it stresses. And this clearly shows how, why the dream function, namely, that it is only constructed and is in no way constructed, and that is why it functions, for that: it is made for nothing – 'except to protect sleep, *den Schlaf verhüten*'. It protects sleep. What Freud only said, like that, incidentally in different points, here he insists. I mean that the question that he introduces, this is why precisely what is involved in the dream depends on the unconscious, namely, on the structure, on the structure of desire – what in the dream might well discommode sleep.

As regards sleep, it is clear that we do not know very much. We do not know very much precisely because, because those who study it, like that, as facts, with two little encephalographs, encephalopodes, encephalo-whatever-you're-having-yourself, well, they link things together, but finally...it is all the same curious, is it not, that something so widespread in life, here, as they say, as sleep – in fact I am not putting anything forward here I am simply noting: the question has never been put about what it had to do with enjoyment. All that because enjoyment, anyway, is, it must be clearly said that it has not been made an altogether major mainspring of the conception of the world as it is put.

*fantasy & a joyous
is dominated from the
mother - discourse*

What is sleep? It is perhaps there that Freud's formula could (32) obviously take on its meaning and rejoin the idea of pleasure: if I spoke about swine earlier, it is because they often take a snooze, yes. They have the least possible enjoyment in the measure that the more

they sleep the better it is. In any case that would agree with – if my hypothesis is right, namely, that it is in the enciphering that the enjoyment is: one can also see, one can see by that, in any case, something, which is that the enciphering of the dream, after all, is not pushed all that far, as far as people say anyway! It is... I already explained condensation, displacement, it is ... it is metaphor, it is metonymy, and then it is all sorts of little manipulations, like that, which expand the thing in the Imaginary.

(It's not just the rebus. It's the enciphering + that is where the enjoyment is - It's also a direction! Metaphor etc. It's by enciphering that we get enjoyment.)

It is in that direction, huh, that enjoyment must be seen. So then one could perhaps raise oneself up, is that not so, to a structure, like that in conformity, in conformity to the history of calculation, the fact is that if it is in the direction of that something which happens... to what? *Die Grenzen*, the limits. That's the error. The limits *der Deutbarkeit*, if you read these four pages carefully, because there are no more than that, you will notice that, that what signals this limit, is exactly the same moment when it reaches meaning. Namely, that meaning is, in sum rather bitty. You do not discover ninety-nine meanings at the *bi-du-bout* of the unconscious: it is the sexual meaning. It is very precisely non-sense meaning. The meaning where the *Verhältnis* is in a mess. The *Beziehung*, for its part, takes place with the following: that there is no sexual *Verhältnisse* except that: the *Verhältnis* qua written, in so far as it can be inscribed or that it is a matheme, always ~~flunks~~ it. *Flunks it. Flunks (downwards)*

And this indeed is why there is a moment when the dream collapses namely, that one stops dreaming and sleep remains protected from enjoyment. It is because when all is said and done one can see the end of it (*le bout*).

But the important thing, the important thing for us, if it is true that this sexual meaning can only be defined by not being able to be written, is to see precisely what in this enciphering – not in the deciphering – that which in the enciphering necessitates *die Grenzen*, the same word,

here employed in the title, the same word serves for what in mathematics, is designated as *limit*. As limit of a function, as limit of a real number. The variable can increase ^{as} much as it likes – the function will not go beyond certain limits. And language is made like that. It is something which, however far you push its enciphering, will (33) never manage to let go what is involved in meaning, because it is there in the place of meaning; because it is there at that place. And what ensures that the sexual relationship cannot be written, is precisely that hole there, that all language as such fills, the access, the access of the speaking being to something which indeed presents itself, as touching the Real at a certain point, there, at that point here: at that point there, is justified the fact that I define the real by the impossible, because here precisely, it does not manage ever – it is the nature of language – it never arrives, ever at the point where the sexual relationship can be inscribed. Yeah... Yeah...

So then there remains our business with Freud and his *occult*.

The business of the occult, is very curious, is it not? I spoke to you about the 8th edition, but not the 7th. It is impossible to get one's hands on the 7th, not because of the Nazis, this time, but because it probably appeared in very few copies, anyway, it came out in 1919, can you imagine! The fabulous thing, is that all the same, thanks to another friend (you see that I have nothing but friends) Nanie Bridgman, Nanie Bridgman who is in the B.N. got her hands on the 7th. Well then that relieved me, huh. Because the way in which Freud is translated – it is true that that began especially with Marie Bonaparte, good.....but before that there was Isaac Meverson: I had got to the point, I beg his pardon for this, of thinking that for him it was the same thing, namely, that he wrote in any old way; I had got to that point, and why? Because (I didn't bring it here, like that, it's unfortunate, I forgot it, that's the truth) there is a little sentence, there is a little sentence at the moment when Freud asks the question, this is what culminates in this final paragraph that I spoke to you about, at

Biblio the National

the moment when Freud asks the question of what is involved, what is the order of reality of this dream – he is forced to call it psychical, but at the same time it worries him to call it psychical, because he clearly feels that the soul, in fact, this business does not hold up, anyway that the soul is all the same no different to the body, good.

There then he evokes material reality, he had not very clearly seen at that time that he had the material there: it was his whole book, very simply namely, the way in which he had dealt with the dream, dealing with it by the manipulation of deciphering, namely, after all simply with what language involves in terms of a dimension, of enciphering.

(34) So there, he gets involved in what is involved, when all is said and done, in this reality, and he is struck – he is struck only there, it is the only edition in which there is a sentence like that, a sentence where all of a sudden, he repudiates this fact: a savant, a modest savant certainly, he describes him like that, there are all the same two things that in any case – anyway here he puts a barrier, he cannot take it on board – it is the subsistence of what is dead.

This, this is directed at the immortality of the soul.

(Lacan does not buy this)
(L. does not buy this either)

And secondly that all the elements of the future can be calculated. Which obviously here, rejoins is that not so, rejoins the solid ground of Aristotle, huh. The soul in Aristotle is so defined that it in no way implies its immortality, and it is moreover thanks to that that there can be progress in science, it is starting from the moment when in effect people interest themselves in the body – and then secondly, secondly the following: the maintenance of the contingent as essential. And after all why the contingent, namely, that we cannot predict what is going to happen tomorrow? In many things we can predict it. What does Aristotle use in his definition of the contingent? Knowing who is going to be victorious tomorrow, knowing if from today, in the name of this, that tomorrow something will be called “the victory of

not in Italian - It's a name

Mantitheus can we from today write: the victory of Mantitheus. It is this alone that is involved in the arguments of Aristotle about the contingent. It is all the same a nice opportunity for us to question ourselves about why events which are moreover not just any old events, which are let us say human events – I do not see why I would refuse here to state it like that – why is it that this is the contingent? Because after all, there are all the same human events that are all the more predictable because they are constants. For example: I was sure that you would be just as numerous today as the last time – for reasons moreover that are just as obscure – but anyway it can be calculated. Why can a victory not be calculated?

Who is going to answer me? [*To Madame Gloria Gonzales, his secretary: Give me a cigar*].

Listen: a victory cannot be calculated.....

[*Someone in the audience*]: Because there must be two...!

(35) There is something in that idea...

There is something in the idea, it's obvious, anyway, it's true, as you say, there must be two, and sometimes even a little more... But by going in that direction, is this not so, you clearly see that, despite everything, you slide gently to the side, to the side where these two, where these two funk it: namely, to the side of the sexual relationship. It is a ^{whole} ~~hole~~ business, huh, to be two. Yes. When I think that I will not have the time today to tell you all the beautiful things that I had prepared for you about love, well then, this disappoints me a little but it was because I dragged things out, and then I dragged things out like that because...because I wanted all the same to make a careful calculation, namely, not to erre too much, huh, so that for the rest, anyway, you can perhaps wait a little bit.

ENLIGHTENING →

But to refer to something that I already put forward – I said it in a thousand ways, very often, but one day I said it quite crudely, like that, clearly, I said that the effect of interpretation – to limit myself to what, is that not so, I must remain stuck to, I must remain the dupe of, and still more a dupe without forcing myself, because if I am a dupe

by forcing myself, well then I will write the Discourse on the passions of love precisely what Pascal wrote, and you can really see that he is forcing himself, huh.

But it's deeper

After that naturally it slackened, it died, he was never able to come back to it, but anyway, it is probable enough (I am not sure) that he forced himself, all the same when he wrote that. The results are absolutely stupefying, are they not. It is absolutely magnificent in fact: by forcing oneself one manages to say... one manages, one truly manages not to *erre*. Read that, anyway it works, that is how love happens. Absolutely disconcerting, but that is how it happens. Good.

What is meant by saying that interpretation is incalculable in its effects? That means that its only meaning is enjoyment; it is enjoyment, moreover, that creates a complete obstacle to the sexual relationship being able to be written in any way whatsoever, and that in short, this allows there to be extended to enjoyment this formula that the effect of interpretation is incalculable. If you carefully reflect, in effect, on what is happening at the encounter of these two herds that are called armies, is that not so, and which moreover are discourse, walking discourses, I mean that each of them only holds together because people believe that the captain is S_1 . Good... it is all the same quite clear that if the victory of one army over another is strictly (36) unforeseeable, it is because one cannot calculate the enjoyment of a combatant. That that is what its all about in fact: if there are some who enjoy being killed, they have the advantage. There you are. This is a little glimpse concerning what is involved in the contingent, namely, of what is only defined by the incalculable... Yeah.

The all Quebec thing - "You love life & we love death" - but we are for K win.

So then now, all the same, I am not all the same going to leave you without telling you, anyway some few little words about what is completely opposite to the line, like that, with which we are in fact exercised - or indeed I am exercising myself before you - but where

all the same – anyway there is some chance, like that – followed a little, at least followed by your silence, is that not so...

The occult, cannot all the same simply be defined by the fact anyway that it is rejected by science. Because, as I have just told you, it is crazy how much it rejects, I mean science, huh! In principle, everything that we have just said, and which nevertheless exists all the same. Namely, war. There they all are, the savants scratching their heads: *Warum Krieg?* Ah! Ah! Why war? They cannot manage to understand that, the unfortunates... yeah... They tackle it in twos, huh, Freud and Einstein. It is not in their favour...

1930's

But anyway, the occult, the occult is well and truly surely that: this absence of relationship. And I would even tell you a little bit more about it, in fact, if I did not have all the same to specify clearly how it presented itself in Freud's time. Because there it is quite clear.

Everything that he wrote, is that not so, Psychoanalyse und Telepathie, Traum und Telepathie, and God knows we know the bad use that has been made of this by people who have isolated it under the name of psy-phenomena, they are fraudsters, are they not. It must all the same be clearly seen that Freud, then – read the texts, is that not so, those whose title I have just given, all the same, those, they can be found. Contrary to *Grenzen der Deutbarkeit*, it is quite clear: he says that the dream and telepathy, for example, have strictly nothing to do with one another. It even gets to the point that he goes so far as to say that telepathy, is something of the same order, anyway, I admit it, why not, it is of the order of communication. And in the dream, it is treated like any other, namely, the first part of what I stated for you earlier, namely, *etwas nützliches*, is that not so, something that is of use for the days scheming. And it is taken up in the same way in the (37) dream, not only does he prefer to admit, but very specifically he demonstrates that in every case where there was so-called *dreamt* telepathy, there are cases where one can admit the direct fact that there was a message, namely, announced along a special wire if I can express myself like that, because that is what telepathy is, is that not

He are in the
New Introduction
Lectures?

to come up in Joyce
- my daughter is not
mad - she is telepathic

so, it is a special wire. One can, you only have to treat the case, you only have to envisage it, to operate with it, in thinking that, like any other day's residue, there was a telepathic warning. In other words he doesn't give a damn whether it is telepathic or not, the only thing that interests him is that it is taken up in the dream, this (I don't want to be reading it for you because it is too late, is it not) this is stated in Freud: one must consider, to conceive something about the relationships of telepathy to the dream, that the telepathy is produced as a remainder, a residue of the preceding day. He prefers to admit that, even though of course naturally... he prefers to admit the telepathic phenomenon – this is the meaning of his position – than to bring it into the dream. And he underlines, he underlines, namely, he says why: because the dream is made – and he gives the whole list – with a whole series of encipherings and that these encipherings can only be brought to bear on a material which is constituted by the day's residues. He prefers to put telepathy, to range it with current events: in no way to attach it to the mechanisms of the unconscious. It is easy to confirm, it is enough for you to consult it – of course naturally in French it was never translated but all the same, there are some of you who read English, even a lot I hope, and on the other hand a certain number who read German – consult the texts of Freud on the unconscious and telepathy: there is never any ambiguity, he prefers to know everything, in short, not simply what he doubts, but about that... about what he washes his hands of, about which he says: I have no competence in that matter. But he prefers to admit that telepathy exists to simply bringing it close to what is involved in the unconscious. In other words everything that he emits, everything that he advances as remarkable, considering certain dreams, everything that he advances as remarkable consists always in saying: nothing else happened except the relationship to the dream as an enciphering. Or again only the relationship of the unconscious of the occultist or the fortune teller with the unconscious of the subject. In other words he denies any telepathic phenomenon in connection with this – he denies (38) regard to the following: that there was nothing else except a

mapping out of desire. This mapping out of desire, he considers as always possible, which means – which means as compared to my inscription of the other day about life as a journey and the structure which is displaced at the same time as the journey is outlined, outlined linearly.

The question can be raised, and how would it not be raised, whether the structure is truly punctuated by the desire of the Other, as such, if already the subject is born included in language, included in language and already determined in his unconscious by the desire of the Other, why would there not be between all of that a certain solidarity? The unconscious does not exclude – if the unconscious is this structure, this structure of language – the unconscious does not exclude, it is only too obvious, the unconscious does not exclude the recognition of the desire of the Other as such, in other words the network, the network of structure of which the subject is specially determined, and it is conceivable that it communicates with the other structures: the structures of parents certainly, and why not on occasion with these structures which are those of an unknown, provided, provided, Freud underlines, his attention is, like that, a little elsewhere.

*Freud's discussion of the
symbolic order*

And the best part, what he underlines, is that not so, is that this diverting of attention, is precisely obtained by the way in which the fortune teller worries himself with all sorts of mythical objects. That sufficiently diverts his attention for him to be able to apprehend something which allows him to make the following prediction to a certain young woman who had taken off her marriage band to make him believe that... anyway to remain anonymous: he tells her that she is going to get married and that she will have two children when she is 32. There is no explanation for this prediction – which moreover does absolutely not happen, but which despite the fact that it does not happen, leaves the subject for whom it was destined, absolutely enchanted. Each time that Freud underlines a telepathic fact, it is always a fact of this order, namely, where the prediction is in no way

realised; is in no way realised, but which on the contrary leaves the subject in an absolutely expansive state of satisfaction. ⁸ He could not have been told anything better. And in effect, this figure of 32 years on this occasion, was inscribed in her desire. If the unconscious is what Freud tells us, if these figures chosen by chance, is that not so, are in reality never chosen by chance, it is precisely by a certain (39) relationship with the desire of the subject: this is what is displayed right throughout *The psychopathology of everyday life*.

The interest. The interest is something that Freud knows very well how to underline eventually, is that not so, which is, the only remarkable point of these facts that are described as occultism, is that they always concern a person that is important for us, in whom one has an interest. That one loves. But there is nothing more conceivable than that one should have some unconscious relationships with a person that one loves. But it is not, it is not in so far as one loves him, because in so far as one loves him, it is well known, is that not so, one misses her (on la rate). One does not manage it. So then what is at stake all the same are two things, in this so-called telepathic news (*information*). There is the content of the news. And then there is the fact of the news. The fact of the news, is very properly speaking what Freud rejects. He is quite willing to admit it as possible, but in a world with which he has strictly nothing to do. As regards the content of the news, it has nothing to do with the person that it is a matter of having news about. It is uniquely concerned with the desire of the subject, in so far as love includes only too much this part of desire. It would desire to be possible.

So then, what I would like simply to accentuate in leaving you, is that there is all the same something that is conveyed from the deepest past, and which is called initiation. Initiation is what we have the debris of under the heading of occultism. This proves simply that it is the only thing that, when all is said and done, still interests us in initiation. I do not see why I should not give to initiation, as it was known in

may also have to do
with the same

Antiquity, in fact, a certain status. Everything that we can glimpse about the famous Mysteries – and everything that still remains of it in countries that can be situated ethnologically, as regards something of the order of initiation – is linked to what somewhere, someone like Mauss is that not so, called *techniques of the body* – I mean that, what we have and what concerns us in this discourse, the analytic as much as the scientific, indeed the university, indeed that of the Master and whatever else you wish ... is that, is that initiation presents itself, when one looks at the thing closely, always as this: an approach, an approach that does not happen without all sorts of detours, of deliberation, and approach of something where what is opened, revealed, is something which strictly, concerns enjoyment. I mean (40) that it is not unthinkable that the body, the body in so far as we believe it to be living, is something that is much more clever than what the anatomical physiologists know. There is perhaps a science of enjoyment, if one can express it thus. Initiation in any case cannot be defined otherwise. There is only one misfortune, which is that in our day, there is no longer a trace, absolutely anywhere of initiation.

Voilà.

The Han / Dupes " 1
→ the hand is important,

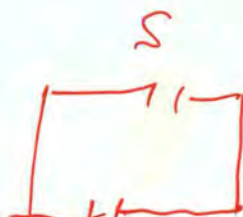
Seminar 3: Wednesday 11 December 1973

You can say that it is indeed because you are there that I am speaking. Don't tire me. huh. because otherwise I'm off. huh! Here is a little thing that I took the trouble to construct, to show it to you. It is a Borromean knot. Namely - take that one away for me, the blue - you see here the blue, it is taken away, huh. The result is that the two others are free. You have seen that I did not need to dismantle them for them to be free. There you are. There, Gloria can do it again for you. But anyway, I think that it is already sufficiently demonstrative. That is done with cubes. on occasion, it is done with cubes and one can see that there must be three in width and five in length for the minimal Borromean knot. Good.

The colours are not relevant!

his reading - a Spanish landscape - other husband who he took on board. Harari has squares

The idea is obviously to make something which... which corresponds to three planes. Namely, which are fabricated like the Cartesian coordinates. When you want to fabricate that, you will notice, well then, that you have all the same... some difficulties. You have some difficulties, that are not at all real: you have difficulties in taking into account right away what that is going to lead to, how much of it you have to put into one direction and then into the other. Try yourselves, won't you. Try above all - there was another thing that I did not bring for you, there was another thing which, which for its part corresponded not to the Borromean knot, which has the characteristic of... that each of the two rings (*ronds*) that this constitutes, they are not round (*rond*), it is just as if, the two rings that it constitutes are



*In book by Harari
 one 2 parts. See
 Harari & some
 an apt*

*Harari says the
 RSI is how we
 see is our body.*

freed if you wish, if you cut one of them. You also have the well (42) known arrangement that I am not going to reproduce for you on the board because, anyway I have it here but I am tired, you only have to think again of the three circles that serve as an emblem for the Olympics. There you can note that it is done differently, namely, that not only are two of these rings knotted, but the third is fastened (*se boucle*), not to one of the two, that does not make three which would make a chain, but to the two. Well then try. Try to make a montage, a montage of cubes so that it is like that, namely, that the continuity of the montage that you will have made, like that, you will make the yellow, the red and the blue, that this is done, that it is possible that you set up on three planes – the assurance that what is at stake are planes is given by the cubic form precisely, you are forced to, to make them on three planes – try it.

You will certainly not see right away that in this case, it is necessary that, that the side, as I might say, the side that is going to show itself, should be at a minimum four cubes. But that these four cubes are also found in the other dimension. Namely, instead of having twice $5 + 2$, as in this case, which gives 12, you have twice $4 + 2 \times 2$, which also gives 12 – which is curious. But look, the very difficulty that you will have in making this little construction, will be a good experience of something that I am going to begin with: it is that you will notice here the degree to which we do not sense (*nous ne sentons pas*) volume. Because you will be very hesitant. You will be very hesitant as I was myself. Because, starting for example from three simple series of 4, when you have fitted them together in such a way that this gives these famous three axes that are used in the Cartesian construction, when you only see four of them, you have moreover for an instant the feeling that it could be fastened, that it could be fastened, for example, like here, as if there were only four of them, and then, only three in width. You will have that feeling.

— if not being able to sense volume.

This is a way to make you experience the fact that we do not have the sense of volume, whatever we may have succeeded in imagining as three dimensions of space. The sense of... of depth, of thickness, is something we lack, much more than we believe. This to put forward what I want to tell you at the start: that we are beings, you as well as me, of two dimensions, despite appearances. We inhabit the Flat land [in English] as the authors who have produced a little volume on this (43) subject express it, and they seem to have a lot of difficulty, in fact, in imagining two dimensional beings. There is no need to look far. It is all of us.

? It's this is a book

At least this is how, truly, things present themselves.

The best thing that we can manage to do is in fact what we limit ourselves to – it would all the same be astonishing that in an assembly, here where people are in the process of... of scribbling, that I, that I might not be able to make myself understood: that is what scribbling is, it is the best we can do. And this is what was very well articulated by the fact that, people were found, in fact, to proclaim in a different area than ours, that the ink of the learned is very superior to the blood of martyrs. There are people who have dared say that! They have dared to say this obvious thing. It must indeed be said, this last one, the blood of martyrs, huh, what do we have of it? The subjects of paintings. This with the obsessional structure that Freud was able to recognise in what is a single thing: religion and art. I apologise to the artists, there are perhaps some here, who have wandered into this audience, even though I find it hard to believe. I apologise to the artists if they hear about this: they are worth no more than religion. It is... it is not saying much.

= what is superior to painting.

The stupid thing (connerie), and it is not the first time that I evoke it here, so that, I hope, you are not going to think it is directed at you – the stupid thing is our essence, a part of which is the fact that your demand – I have racked my brains for a long time to know why you

very vulgar word.

are so immoderately numerous – anyway through racking my brains, finally, a flash emerged from it. Precisely, your demand, the one that herds you in here, is how to have a chance to get out of this stupidity. This is even what you are counting on me for. Except for the fact that this demand forms part of the stupidity.

So then, this demand, to which I am yielding for one more day, you should know that it is not because your number is so great that – precisely, I am not going to try to pretend. It is because, not that it is great, but that it is number. And this is why I dedicate myself to the abjection, I must say, with which, in this place I am merged. There is a thing that I called *la passe*, which is practised in my school, uniquely because I wanted to try to have the testimony of it. It is necessary that I should be or that I am part of it, namely, today, in order to see clearly for myself what it is: to devote oneself to (44) responding to anyone whatsoever, to anything whatsoever – but respond what? What analytic discourse responds is this. What you are doing: everything that you are doing. And of its nature, as one might say, by its structure, more exactly, contrary to everything that was thought up to the present, among the specialists, 'philosophers' they are called, not ignorance – natural ignorance, as Pascal puts it, and I thank someone who, while I was working last Sunday in fact, took the trouble to call me, moreover because I had explicitly charged him to do so... but, it was like that, I will tell you again a little later, in the form of a little suggestion that had come to me from him about Pascal – well then, I had charged him with looking in Pascal at all the stages which go from natural ignorance to true science, with between the what he designates, like that, in his scribbling, the semi-skilled (*semi-habiles*). It is the person who rendered me this service, in fact, who... who wiped Pascal clean, like that, to avoid me having to do it, because I was wrecked – he thought he could identify these semi-skilled with the non-dupes. I hope I will manage, anyway in this effort, to make you sense that... it is not at all, at all, at all, what I mean. Not that the semi-skilled are not perhaps in effect non-dupes. I

*the passage to
he coming in analyst.*

believe for my part that they are just as much dupes as the others but, contrary to what you may imagine, it is not enough to be a dupe in order not to err!

Philosophers believe
that more things than
nature & science -
head does not agree

I said: *the non-dupes errant*, again you must not simply be a dupe of just anything. And even one must be a dupe especially of something that I am going to try, to try, that I would like to try today to get you to reach.

So then, what analytic discourse responds is this: what you do, far from being a matter of ignorance, is always determined. Determined already by something which is knowledge, and that we call the unconscious. What you do, knows (*sait*), knows what you are, knows you. What... you... do not sufficiently sense - anyway I cannot believe it in such a numerous assembly - is to what point this statement, is new. Never did anyone among the Grand Guignols who busied themselves with the question of knowledge, and God knows it is not without some unease that I rank Pascal there also since he is the greatest of all these Grand Guignols! No one has ever dared to pronounce this verdict that I am pointing out to you here: the response of the unconscious, is that it implies, that it implies no pardon (*le sans-pardon*), and even in attenuating circumstances. What you do is (45) knowledge, completely determined. Which is why, which is why the fact that it is determined by an articulation supported by the preceding generation in no way excuses you, since this only makes the saying, the saying of this knowledge, more hardened knowledge, as I might say. At the limit, a knowledge that was always there. I separated out this meaning from Freud, because he says it. He says it by his whole work. But I beg you not to comprehend me, you see that there is a reason for it! But for my part I can do nothing but hear it in what Freud says, because there is nothing, nothing to do than to let the consequences flow. Once it is stated, it founds a new discourse. Namely, an articulation of structure which is confirmed to be all that exists in terms of a bond between speaking beings. There are no other

Aristotle, Plato
etc.

This is a new statement

Italian dramatic
comedy - does it believe
- he fears by his work.

LB

Who do you blame
for "our" hero's
+ "our" hero's etc.

"You blame yourself"
- it's your yes.
There is no pardon.

bonds between them than the bond of discourse. That does not mean, naturally, that one does not imagine something else.

I told you earlier that... if we do not have volume, we are all the same two dimensional, huh. So then there is the profile, the projection, the silhouette, in fact everything that one adores in a beloved being. One never adores anything more. And since I started from that, huh, in connection with this famous story of the mirror, people imagined that I disparaged it. I did not disparage it at all, huh, because, like everyone else, I am very satisfied with it! As regards volume, thickness, the simple handling of what I advised you earlier, will inform you of the degree to which we are absent. But there is all the same something different huh, that we take for volume. And precisely it is the knot, huh? People have made of it metaphors – not unfounded

– the knots of friendship the knots of love. Well then, that comes from the fact, anyway: it is our only way of approaching volume. When we squeeze, like that, someone against us – that happens to me too, yeah, but... are we in short so sure of these knots? For adoration we will remain, will we not, at what I called earlier two dimensions the two dimensions (pretty, pretty) – there is a recent author, like that (I apologise to him if he is there, I have not yet had the time to read him) he calls it the Singe d'or. Since he paid me the homage of his book, I think that it perhaps all the same because he had some echoes of what I talk about, and perhaps even, who knows, he read me – and that... and in order to talk in this way anyway about the Golden

monkey, he must have had indeed some echo of what I have just been (46) pushing forward, about what attaches us to the image, to the image in two dimensions. I am far from having disparaged it. Not only am I far from having disparaged it, but it would be completely absurd to say so, because the signifiers themselves, we are forced to pass by the same image, the image of 'flat land', the image in two dimensions, huh, to demonstrate that they are articulated..

On the hands
- Love knots

The only sense of volume
is the knot.

You adore the two
dimensions.

the Singe d'or =

I first showed you the Borromean knot flattened out. Naturally, thanks to artifices, there are places where you see the break appearing, what can only be represented as a break, even though it is a knot, a knot precisely that I tried to put into volume for you, so that you would clearly see that it is not only flattened out that one can tackle it, besides the fact that when you have yourself handled this volume, you will notice that... the volume, here, produced in volume, this does not at all allow there to be distinguished, as I might say, this knot from its specular image. It is no more laevogyratory than dextrogyratory, it is not simply perfectly symmetrical but it is so on three axes, which makes it strictly impossible for its specular image to be different from it.

The image of the knot in the mirror is exactly the same!!

Writing, for its part, is done in a space that is no less specular than the others. This is even the principle of this very pretty exercise that is called the palindrome. It nevertheless remains that this hotch potch that I have just made between the Imaginary and the Symbolic, does not swamp anything. It does not swamp in particular the difference there is between the Imaginary and the Symbolic, it is well and truly the same thing, once imagined, it is our common notion of space that... that we imagine does not have an end. You should read on this the juicy remarks of Leibniz discussing with Newton: the so-called supposition, in fact, of a limit of space, would become unthinkable. Leibniz says, because if there was a limit, then outside of this limit, then, one could... one could make a little hole in the limit with a nail... It is absolutely extraordinary what one can read, what one can read about imagination. And notably about this fact that in order to imagine space – because it would be no less an imagination, but perhaps an imagination that would have opened up to something quite different: people did not start from the fact that in space there are knots. There surely would be an advantage in our seeing, as I might say, that the Imaginary and the Symbolic are only modes of approaching it.

The oneness of space

The I & S are only modes of approaching space

Important word

(47) I am taking them from the angle of space. Why are these two styles still not enough? But anyway I underline in passing that the word mode, is to be taken in the sense that this term has in the couple of words modal logic, namely, that there is meaning only in the symbolic, in other words in its grammatical articulation. When you approach certain tongues – I have the feeling that it is not wrong to say it about the Chinese tongue – you will notice that less imaginary than ours, the Indo-European tongues play on the knot. It is not a terrain onto which I am going to venture today, because I have enough to say like that, but perhaps... perhaps I would ask, I would suggest to a Chinese to take things from this angle, and to come to tell you what... what he thinks about it, if perchance what I tell him opens up his thinking about it, because it is not enough even to inhabit a tongue to have an idea of its structure, especially if as is necessarily the case, since I can only address the supposed Chinese in question, if I speak to him in my tongue, namely, that, if he understands me, it is because already with regard to his own, he is in a mess.

What is terrible is that when we distinguish an order, we make a *being* of it. The word mode on this occasion, ^{is sufficient} ought to be illuminated if we gave its true import to the expression mode of being. Now, there is no other being than one of mode, precisely. And the imaginary mode has proved itself, with respect to what is involved in the being of the symbolic. It proved itself so well that one might well risk... trying to see if the symbolic mode might not illuminate...the being of the Imaginary. This indeed is what I tried to do, whether you are aware of it or not. I would like to say in this third session in the year of this seminar, the place it has at the seminar and in its programme. And that is why I stated it in speaking to your right away, at first, about the Borromean knot. The Borromean knot which, like that, I saw emerging, in fact, I mean that in a kind of a way it invaded me, the Borromean knot has no kind of being. It does not at all have the consistency of geometrical space of which we know that there is no limit to it being cut into slices, is that not so, to its projection, to

RSI are not modes
of being.

whatever you wish... and even that this goes further. That... it invades. And this indeed is why it is instructive: it invades the other order. We are so captured by this imaginary mode, that, when we try to (48) manipulate the symbolic order, we arrive, in fact – remember the way in which sets are tackled, we are told about bijection, surjection, injection... all of that does not happen without images, in any case it is with images that you support these modes which nevertheless are designed to free you from the Imaginary. It is with little points that you will notice that between a domain and a co-domain there is an injection, or a bijection, or a surjection.

But by supporting it with points, you are carrying out nothing but an imaginary lucubration. Why has the flattening out of the Borromean knot not succeeded, did it not first come to evoke for us another start concerning the point... concerning the point, here incarnated, as I might say, because of the fact that at the heart of this little construction you have, whatever you do, an empty cell. Which is no less true than the other knot, not Borromean, huh, the knot that I called earlier Olympic. Except for the fact that there are... more complicated consequences. But let us leave that.

Why did the Borromean knot not evoke another start concerning the point? The point, the point that we are, huh, because even in the best case, this is what we are. Up to the present I am only talking to you about the Imaginary and the Symbolic, but precisely, my discourse tends to show you that these two dimensions must be completed by that of the Real. In other words, there must be three of them. Three for there to be this point, which could all the same perhaps, anyway, if... if one was not what is absurdly called a geometre, because, think about it, what does our geometry really have to do with the earth, anyway? Is the earth not something which is not at all flat? If we did not have a vocation for mapping, for the cadastral in what way would the earth suggest to us something flat? Why would we not have started from this point, on condition of starting from the knot, from the

Set Theory is supposed to free us from the imaginary. The imaginary $\equiv$ found in set theory.

We are the point!
= a lack, a desire,
an empty cell.

The one in the middle the 'o' of point.

a geometre.

Surveyor, a mappy art.

*If you knot your answer
is not in the it.*

idea that a point sets out. It departs at the start, in its definition, from the tugging point, for example. That means nothing to you? Between your Symbolic, your Imaginary and your Real, given all the times that I have been sifting them for you, do you not sense that your time, your time is spent being pulled in different directions? What is more it has an advantage, huh, it suggests that... that space implies time, and that time is perhaps nothing other, precisely, than a succession of instants of being pulled about. This would in any case express rather well the (49) relationship between time and this swindle... that is designated by the name of eternity.

Time is, it is perhaps that, finally, the trinities of space... what emerges there from a squeezing without remedy. Yeah.

The Borromean knot is definitely not at all something negligible. If you flatten it out, here, you will see everything that can be drawn from it. For example, here I am going to give you one of them like that, like that as a way of manipulating it for you. It is like that, like that as a way of manipulating it for you. It is like that. You can see a little what can be thought about it from the fact that in short to transform it – when it is flat – from a dextrogyratory into a laevogyratory, it is enough in the first position that you have seen here, to do that to any one of them. If you do this subsequently to the other, huh, this is how it must be done, and if you do it subsequently to a third – that is how it must be done – each time you invert it. Namely, that from the laevogyratory first of all you make it dextrogyratory, and when you have tipped over the third, it is laevogyratory again. It is.....it is not without interest. This illuminates the question of this famous business, like that, that the universe is supposed to be ambidextrous, in any case it allows us to throw a little bit of light on it. It is worth the trouble dwelling on it. It gives a different idea of spacialisation. It is in any case a structure which....which completely changes the import of the word space in the sense that it is used in *The transcendental aesthetics*. Namely, that we can only perceive things from the angle of

a space, which in Kant is simply imaginary. If there are three dimensions of space and if we begin to enumerate these three dimensions by the Symbolic and the Imaginary, the test must be carried about what that means for the third, namely, for the Real. There is only one thing to say about it for the moment. There, I cannot say that it is the date of the baptism of this Real: 'I baptise you Real, huh, *qua* third dimension...' I did that a long time ago. It is even by this that I began my teaching. Except for the fact that I added in my inner forum: 'I baptise you Real because if you did not exist, you would have to be invented.' That indeed is why I invented it. Not at all of course that it had not been denominated for a long time – because this is what is remarkable in the tongue, huh, it is that 'naming' (luckily we have English, huh, to distinguish naming from nomination, 'naming' means 'to name' which means to give a proper name, yes) – it is not for nothing, naturally, that I said: 'I baptise you'. I am not afraid of words which have a savour of religion, I do not sense any taboo for anything that smells of priestlings nor even for anything that they propagate.

'Naming' *qua* proper name precedes, in fact, the necessity by which it is no longer going to cease to be written. As long as you do not take – this is the meaning of what I put forward in a mode of apparent underestimation for the Imaginary – as long as you do not take the Symbolic in a hand to hand struggle, you will not get to the end of it. Nor at the same time of what, my God, what I call in my notes the Church, but... but which is Christianity. Because that is where Christianity fucks you up. It is the true religion. This is what should make you look twice at it. It is the true in religion. It is all the same worth the trouble being interested in it (perhaps) if for nothing other than to see what it offers. But nothing of what I say will ensure it (*ny fera*). I say – I deafen you with it – *the truth can only be half said*. That means confirming that there is no truth unless it is mathematicised, namely, written, namely, it can only be suspended, as truth, from axioms. Namely, that there is no truth except about what

has no meaning. Namely, of that from which there are no other consequences to be drawn than in its register, the register of mathematical deduction, in this case – and how after that can psychoanalysis imagine that it proceeds from the truth?

This is only an effect – a necessary effect, even though of course this necessity does not manifest itself anywhere outside my office, the office that I am in the process of serving, is that not so – this is only an effect, this kind... of odour of truth in analysis. Only an effect of the fact that it uses no means other than the word. Strictly none. Do not start telling me, huh, that it uses transference. Because transference, for its part, is not a means. It is a result, that stems from the fact that the words, by its means, the means of the word, reveals something that has nothing to do with it, and very precisely the knowledge that exists in language. There again, I never said that it is language that is knowledge. Language, if you do not mind remembering some of the things that I drew on the board when I had the energy for it, language is an effect of the fact that there is something of the signifier *one*.

(51) But knowledge is not the same thing. Knowledge is the consequence of the fact that there is another. And so in appearance that gives two. For this second holds its status precisely from the fact that it has no relationship with the first, that they do not form a chain even if I said, somewhere, in my scribbles, the very first ones, huh, *Function and field* was not all that stupid. In *Function and field*, I perhaps slipped in that they formed a chain. This is an error. Because to decipher, I had to make some attempts, hence this stupidity. It is what is proper to deciphering. When one deciphers, one confuses things. And this is even how I did indeed manage, all the same, when all is said and done, to know what I was doing. Namely, what it was to decipher. It is to substitute the signifier I for the other signifier. — capital I. The one that only makes two because you add the deciphering to it. Which allows right away to count three. This does not prevent it being written – as I did – S index 2, because that is how it should be

read, the formula of the link between S_1 to S_2 . It is pure forcing, but it is not the forcing of a notion. This is what puts us under the yoke of knowledge. Since I am in the process of speaking to you about psychoanalysis, I add: the yoke of knowledge, at the very place of truth. At the place moreover of religion, of which I have just told you that it, for its part, is true.

This is one of the pillars of psychoanalytic discourse.

Even this discourse, like all the others, I described as quadripedal. Perhaps I described it as I have just told you, huh, I described it, precisely – I consider that quadripedal is a qualification and not a quantification, huh, because the further I go the more I am convinced that we only count up to three. And even if it is only because we count *three* that we can manage to count *two* – again the true religion, huh, since it is indeed of Christianity that I am speaking looked twice at it. The Orthodox, in particular, which wants nothing to do with the *filioque*. This is not by chance, huh, it does not want it to be two because a third proceeds from it. Because on the contrary it is from the third that the two emerges. So that it is not for nothing that it calls itself *Orthodox*, huh, it is right. That does not mean at all that it is successful in it. To succeed, as I have endlessly pointed out to you: is the sign of nothing. But that precisely it fails... I can indeed say that for us analysts this is rather in its favour, huh, which does not prevent it having to be eliminated, huh. Ecumenism is not there for nothing. (52) Good! Anyway I am spreading myself, and I am chatting, I have enough of my old refrains, because, they only amuse you, but again, it is the old refrains (*des bateaux*) that float, huh. All that is directed, is directed at the fact that... that I am made sweat a little by being always answered by an eternal *two*. Even though I never produced it except as an index, namely, as a symptom. The word moreover even admits it. What falls together, that is what it means. It does not mean it explicitly, but it means it all the same. The two can be nothing other than what falls together from the three. And that is why this year, I

The whole pattern is of
Munk.
We cannot count to five?

It's time to persuade those
people to join my sect
Come.

This is what divided
the Father & the
Son same.

In 325 AD - the
Statement about the
nature of God in
the Creed.

They don't believe from
the Son.

They do not want
the Father & the Son
to produce a Sonship.

They rejected the
fact that the
came from two.

am taking as subject, that is what this means – that means it in any case today when I am insisting on it: the Borromean knot.

- you start from the tree.

It is obvious that it is a pedagogical effort. It is because all the same of something of the order of this debility that is called love, in which one can scarcely do better than to get on as best you can, it is because of this that, my God, that Kant's text on pedagogy... - which I opened because I had acquired an original edition, I have to have my little pleasures, huh – but you can find it, it was edited, anyway I believe re-edited by the *Presses Universitaires*, anyway someone here made me a present of it, and it is... thrilling in fact. It is thrilling. On the subject of... as regards what is involved in debility, nothing better has ever been written, not even what Maude Mannoni wrote. Yeah.

ment d'habillage.

The child is designed to learn something. Here is what Freud states, here is what Kant states – it is all the same, all the same something – anyway, something extraordinary! It is something extraordinary that he had in short the presentiment of it: because how could he justify it? He is designed to learn something, namely, for the knot to be properly made. Because there is nothing easier than for it to fail, especially if you put it in this form namely, the same as this. Look! Here is the green circle and here is the red circle – anyway, the ring – suppose for the third, to construct it, I start from the inside of this one, the red, which is the outer one. In order to construct it, I have ^{to} plait it and that it goes somewhere, either under or over the green. But if I have started from under the red – you see the red is there, bigger than the green – if I have started from underneath the red, whether I make it pass over or under the green, the result is the same: namely, that there (53) would be no knot. In other words, if I do not start from above the red, together with having to go underneath the green, there would be no Borromean knot. Kant cannot know – because that is not where he started from – in short why the child must learn something. He must learn something so that the knot is properly made. In order that he should not be, as I might say, non-dupe, namely, a dupe of the

possible, huh. Dupe, dupe is a little bit too much. The non-dupes are two times dupes. They are precisely dupes because they are two. And it is in short the only objection that... from which I believed I should start like that, because I was dealing with ears, that had not precisely in fact been awakened – it is the objection, the only one, the only objection that I made to the moiety (*moi-ité*). This is an expression, like that that was attributed to me, rightly or wrongly, because I perhaps said it on one occasion, by one of my analysands, recently, and who has attended my seminar for a long while. The *moi-ité* as he expresses it, is obviously right away to fall into the two: since the *moi-ité* is necessarily made of two moieties. And if I said that religion is, is the truest thing that one can do, in religion – I will point out to you something about which I chattered on for a good while, huh: that thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, huh, does that mean that you will be three, yes or no? Yeah...

a moiety has two halves.

The Borromean knot can only be made from three. The Imaginary, the Symbolic, that is not enough, the third element is necessary, and I designate it by the Real.

There must be this determining solidarity of which there is a subject – spoken subject in any case; the loss of any one at all of these three dimensions, the condition for the knot to hold up, is that the loss of any one of these three dimensions must render the two others mad, namely, free from one another.

He becomes divided again.

These three dimensions, how do I represent them for you? With rings of string, as someone decided and very rightly, in a relevant way to entitle my second last seminar of last year. What is a ring of string in terms of dimension huh? I point out to you that a ring of string is not even a knot, huh, because a knot, can be seen, huh, can be made, can be written on the board... on condition of making the necessary little interruptions and God knows that they must be put in, people have such little imagination, huh. There you are, there you see I must

*unless SXX
had just come
out.*

*Miller called the
second last draft
of the word "Ring
of string"*

correct it again, a knot is that. In other words, a knot can be (54) unknotted. If you unknot it, you are finished, because you cannot do anything else than make another, and because you will never manage to distinguish one knot from another knot. Because they are not all alike, these knots. And that indeed is why a ring of string is necessary. Not that it is a knot, but it is necessary for the theory of knots.



For in effect, in order to be able to distinguish one knot from another, it must in no case be unknotted, or then when you make another knot you will have the feeling that it is the same one. That is why there are only two things: either to extend the cord that makes the knot to infinity – and so then you cannot unknot, huh – or indeed join the two ends, which is exactly the same thing. And this is what justifies the ring of string. The ring of string is something that allows you to have a theory of the knot. That is what requires it to be cut in order to break it. Cutpability (*coupabilité*). This is what is distinguished – but totally, this has perhaps not yet come to your mind but I hope all the same for some – is that it is a topology. A ring of string is a torus. And it is this alone that allows a knot to be elaborated.

You do not knot two spheres together. But the interesting is that you do not knot two rings of string, in this affair, you knot three of them, but in such a way that only the third knots the two others. There is somewhere, in an article called *La causalité psychique*, a place, a place around which a certain number of people have sparred like that, where I knot – because this is what is at stake, liberty and madness.

The article he made ~ 1945
 & *Psychosis*

where I say that the one cannot be conceived of without the other, which, of course disturbs people, because all the same, they think immediately, anyway that I am saying freedom is madness, huh... since in order to make myself comprehended why not, I (55) understand myself in it; only, what I would like to point out to you, is that the interest of joining in this way in the Borromean knot the Symbolic the Imaginary and the Real, is that what results from it, not only results from it, but it must result from it, namely, in the best case (*si le cas est bon*) – you will allow me this abbreviation given the time that we are getting to – in the best case it is enough, it is enough to cut any one of the rings of string for the two others to be free of one another. In other words, in the best case, allow me to imply that it is the result of good pedagogy, namely, that one has not failed in one's primal knotting; in the best case, when one of these rings of string is missing, you should go mad. And this is why, this is why the best case consists, namely, that if there is something normal, it is because, when one of the dimensions fails you for some reason or other, you should go, you should really go mad.

W.B.

And it is on this that I would like to finish, to show you its importance. Imagine the case of another knot, the knot that I called earlier Olympic, if one of your rings of string... fails you, fails you I might say, because of something that does not concern you, you do not for all that go mad. This because, whether you know it or not, the two other knots hold together, and that is what means that you are neurotic. This is why, always, I affirmed something that is not sufficiently known: neurotics are indefatigable. The only people that I saw behaving in an admirable way... during the last war, to recall it, God knows this does not give me any special pleasure, were my neurotics, those that I had not yet cured. They were absolutely sublime. Nothing disturbed them. Whether it was the Real, the Imaginary or the Symbolic that they lacked, they held up.

I do not know whether some of you, anyway remember, I did something, at one time, about the phobia of Little Hans. It is very curious. I never saw anyone highlighting this, this thing that I not only wrote but repeated, resifted, is that not so. I never saw anything else in trying to find out, anyway, what was, in fact, this blessed story of a horse, because, of course, I asked myself the question, like everyone else: why the horse, is that not so? Why did that make him so afraid... The explanation that I found – because I gave it, I worked on it, I insisted did I not: it was that the horse was the representative – (56) I can all the same say it: of three circuits. I did not underline the truth that they were three, these circuits. But the horse represented a certain number of circuits, that I even went looking for in a map of Vienna, to mark them out clearly, because first of all it is in Freud's text, how would I have found it otherwise? It is in the measure that the phobia, the phobia of little Hans, is very precisely in this triple knot whose three rings hold together, it is because of this that he is neurotic: the fact is that if you cut one, the two others always hold together.

Why is a
 horse phob.
 Little Hans was knotted
 in a knot - because
 my - that he was able
 to handle.

It is not the case certainly, that we attend to this, which is why precisely there are other couples in neurosis which are simple than that of phobia, we will come back to them. The importance, the importance is not even in this, which makes such a pretty image, huh, you were able to say in short that I defined the normal in this sense that it is constructed in such a way that it cannot but drive you mad, when one of these three rings fails. But the important thing is not that at all.

The important thing is that even though they are coloured with different colours with respect to one another, these three rings, these rings of string, are strictly equivalent. I mean that the important thing is that the Real just as much as the Imaginary or the Symbolic can play exactly the same function with respect to the two others. This is not self-evident. If I present you the knot like that: namely, the red

above the green and squeezing it, and the black – I am calling this one the black provisionally because there are black points (points noirs), and the black in a good position – it is not self-evident that I can easily put the two others into a different position, namely, ensure that the green should be above the red, the Borromean knot being just as correct. Namely, not having to be cut at any moment. One may believe that there is an obstacle to me putting the green in the place of the red, starting from a fixed position of the black, it is nevertheless the case. It is nevertheless the case and it is also what must be said concerning the three dimensions of our Real.

Black heads

The Real of which there is question at the end of *The interpretation of dreams* – and what must be said, what must be said is the following: it is that if I bored you the last time with this business of the occult, it is precisely because of something that for Freud is in a way the manifest avowal: the fact is that in three of these dimensions, two of which he (57) exposes so well for us, what is the Real for Freud? Well then, I am going to tell you today: it is precisely the occult. And it is precisely for this reason that he considers it impossible. Because this business of occultism and telepathy, he warns us, he insists, that he in no way believes in it.

The occult is like the hand of the dream.

How was it that someone like Freud was able to pursue in fact with such obstinacy, this shadow of the occult, that he considered properly speaking as cogitated by imbeciles? Read him carefully and you will see.

Well then, the importance of what I wanted to put forward for you the last time, and that I did not say, except by the sentence at the end, that there is no initiation, which those who have ears were well able to pick out as the only interesting sentence, is precisely that Freud – this is indeed something which deserves us looking at it twice – he was a dupe of the Real.

He was a dupe of the Real even if he did not believe in it. And this indeed is what is at stake. The good dupe, the one who does not err, must have somewhere a Real of which she is the dupe.

7
dupe is female in French

Seminar 4: Wednesday 18 December 1973

There you are. It is certain that... it is certain that in making me raise my voice to no use there by wanting to shi... tease me, excite me before I begin my thing today, things will not have been improved. Anyway, it will not have been improved, at least I suppose. There you are, because all the same, the last time... I made an effort, and today I would only have wished, anyway, to spread out from these margins, as I might say anyway to say things *mezza voce* as they say. Perhaps in order to try to illuminate for you, in fact, I mean for yourselves, its resonance. I presume ~~this~~ resonance after all, because what I said was designed to obtain it. I had echoes of it, but I do not see why moreover I would not say what I was trying to obtain.

What I said (*mon dit*) was about this knot that I did not introduce yesterday and whose import deserved my insisting on it. That means it could not appear immediately. It is not so much this knot that is important, it is its saying (*son dire*).

Its saying that in short, the last time, I tried to, to support sufficiently, like that. What is good about this knot, is that not so, is that it precisely makes quite clear that this saying, in so far as it is mine, is implicated in it. That means that, from this quarter where, you should note, I did not say *the word*, I said *the saying*. Not every word is a saying, otherwise, otherwise every word would be a happening (*un*

A few men in the
audience started
shaking at Luce
& caused an
interruption

what is
dit = said
=> it's a
happening.
dire is a saying

a happening or an event.
 événement), which is not the case, otherwise people would not speak empty words!

(60) A saying is of the order of a happening. It is not a happening that overflies, it is not a moment of knowing. In a word, it is not philosophy. It is something that is right up with what is going on. Right up with what determines us in so far as it is not quite what people believe. It is not every kind of local condition, like that, of this, or that, of what makes you yawn, of the Real, this is not what determines us speaking beings. And this stems precisely from this pedicle of knowledge, short certainly, but always perfectly knotted, which is called our unconscious, in so far as for each of us this knot has quite particular supports.

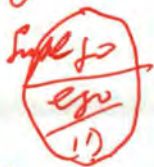
It is thus with bits and pieces, as I was able...that I constructed this topology by means of which I dare to split differently what Freud supported by these terms: *psychical reality*. For in fact my topology is not the same. Someone, someone, who like that, among the people who come chat with me, like that, put my knot, there, the Borromean one, like that, at the same stage, as I might say, is that not so as this famous egg [SE XIX 24?] made up of something which – you know that it is Freud in fact who made that – obviously, one could make a metaphor about nutritional reserves with what it... with what it is supposed to nourish, with enjoyment on the one hand and whatever you want on the other, the... the embryology of the soul. Good.

I would like to make a remark about what is called *love*. Because it is that, that is what I called earlier the resonance, the resonance among you, whether you know it or not, of what I supported the last time with my Borromean knot.

Love, in everything that, what people have allowed themselves to smear on top of it up to now, is all the same something which comes up against the objection that one cannot conceive how being – if of

The "Soul-Paradox" in the Ucs. Here is where we are determined.

The Ego + the Id



This is not what he is doing.

course you have already heard speak of that, anyway, it is dinned into your ears in metaphysics and... even elsewhere, in fact, in sermons, they speak of nothing but that – how being is supposed to be manipulated starting from any particular being (*étant*). This presents a great logical difficulty. Since being, when people speak to you about it, is not nothing, and it ends up in this aspiration which is supposed to be made starting from God, of love. I know well that you are not believers, is that not so? But you are even more stupid, as I already had occasion to tell you the last time, because even if you are not (61) believers, in this aspiration, I will show it to you right throughout what I am going to tell you today, in this aspiration you do believe. I will not say that you suppose it: it supposes you.

People try, in short, to empty out all that – or to fill it, what matter – by schematising it in the old metaphor of knowing. One knows whom one is dealing with – the one that one is dealing with, one knows in love... Only I object: what is being, if not the aseptic business of the imaginary perfections of which one dreams, of which you yourselves, I have just told you, whatever you may know about it, you dream, you dream of its ladder. The ladder whose final rung will or not be this God that I spoke about earlier... but if it is not that one, it is another. This is what is called daydreaming. Only what is demonstrated, precisely by the study of the dream, the true one, the one that you have when you are asleep and that strongly reproves you, has, whatever one says about it absolutely nothing to do with your dream, whether waking or not. This is even what distinguishes you as speaking beings: that there is a knowledge that you hear in the dream, that has nothing to do with what remains to you of it when you are supposedly awake. This indeed is why it is so important to decipher this dream – this dream that you only have at a certain time. Up to then, you are, you are, this has lasted for a time but you are not still so far from it, believe me, the time of the *signatura rerum*, from the reading of the daydream, from the readability of the world: you should not believe at

Being = etc
it's not in a particular
way

Mr. Bachelard
talked about the
levels of Being from
Aristotle.

Medusa } 3 by
Arctos } Malian
etc } families
re. related in the
Bachelard text.

He mentioned this
in the introduction of
the text about

as in Jung - Everything has its prototype, reach
the world as God's signature on the water.
But it's not psychoanalysis - but maybe be
Plato

all that because it is no longer the priests that dictate it to you, that you are not at the same point!

Love: if it is indeed here the metaphor of something, it is a matter of knowing what it refers to. We must start from what I said earlier about the happening. It refers, nothing more – in any case this is what I will limit myself to today, simply... to shift, anyway, is that not so, what I have just traced out about the tradition, about the metaphor of knowing – let us say that it refers first of all to the happening. To the things that happen, let us say when a man meets a woman. And why not? Because it is in general the fish that people try to play to death; when I say: 'when a man meets a woman', huh, it is because I am modest, I ^{mean} ~~middle~~ by that that I do not claim to go as far as speaking about what happens when a woman meets a man... because my experience is limited, huh.

(62) I would like to suggest the following to you, anyway, since we have started from two extreme points, I propose to you, in connection with the commandment of divine love, that I evoked for you the last time in challenging you to say yes or no, huh, does it make two or three? You remember perhaps, anyway those who were there. So then, I modify it slightly: what effect does it have on you if I state 'thou shalt love thy neighbour (*ta prochaine*) as thyself'? That makes you sense something all the same, huh, which is that this precept founds the abolition of the difference between the sexes. When I tell you that there is no sexual relationship, I did not say that the sexes are confused, far from it! Without that all the same, how could I even say that there is no sexual relationship, what would that mean? It is important to situate – you certainly have not done it yet – like that, to situate it in an exact fashion, I am making a little remark since today I am giving a commentary on myself, there is no sexual relationship, well it is of the same order, huh, as what I concluded my second lecture with, the one that was not all that understood: I spoke a lot about the *occult* – and believe me, I am putting myself in the same

Mayer (to. mad)
= means, interplay
of middle.
↓
It's this middle one
in the 3 olympic
rings.
Commandment kind??

Referring to the woman:
What would happen
from this?

place, huh – I spoke a lot about the occult but the important point, there were one or two people who remarked it, is that I said that there is no initiation. It is the same thing as to say that there is no sexual relationship. Which does not mean that initiation is the sexual relationship, because it is not enough for two things not to exist for them to be the same! Yeah...

*He is concerned
about the psycho.
So he came a
psychologist there
is no initiation.*

It is clear that, that love, in short, that here is the problem with which what I said the last time reverberates, it is all the same a fact, that is how there is described the complex relationship – it is the least that can be said – between a man and a woman.

So then here, perhaps I can hang the following, anyway, which is at the heart of my title, in fact, a first lineament of which I put forward in my first seminar, huh. Are we going to attribute what is rightly described as the complex relationship between a man and a woman simply to the fact of having made together what I called, I remark, not an error but a wandering, viator, as I articulated it, the journey on this earth, the category, the category comically which precisely excludes us from the world, is this what love is: to have done a bit of the path together?

(63) You see where that takes us, huh?

We would have helped one another. Yeah, there will always be, on the horizon, in fact, this promise. And then... and then it is true that there is something true in it, huh? Because we are man and woman (*bonhomme, bonne, femme*), as the existentialists used to say, I am talking about la bonne femme, the idea never came to them of talking about *bonhomme*, God knows why, even though it is better. A man and a woman who would have done a bit of the path together. On the horizon of love there would be the grandfather and the grandmother. There is that in the unconscious. There is also that.

*Viator = life as a
journey which one
has to take.
This alienates you
as you are
lacking the end
of the journey. It's
etc. etc. us from
the world.*

*The bourgeois type
of woman.*

I would like all the same to suggest that this is perhaps not all. The question that I am asking: by what path does one love a woman... if I ask the question, that is an old Lacanian refrain, it is no doubt because I have the answer. But there are many of them. There is even no question that has more answers. Naturally, you don't know any of them, because you let yourselves be led by the thing – by the whirlwind. If one has first of all answers, the first thing to do is to count them, huh. And there is one that I find very good.

How does a man love a woman? By chance.

Yeah, that one I already gave you, huh, it is the luck (*l'heur*) of which I have been speaking like that for not all that long, when I say that the lucky chance (*bon-heur*), that it trickles down, that there is some of it everywhere, that you know nothing but that, even! It is simply a matter of having the feeling a little more that you are surrendered to this happiness (*bonheur*). Because anyway, it has to be said, to take my earlier reference the circumstances are not always of mutual help, when love happens between a man and a woman, and then, since I heard just now a little voice, down there singing its little song there, I would like all the same to point out in the margin that the fellow traveller, huh, ought to awaken more echoes than you believe in your dear little souls, huh, it forms part of a certain vocabulary, the vocabulary of the quarter where people speak about *the imagination in power*. I should tell you, the left, appears to me to be all that is most traditional. And the metaphor, is that not so, of fellow traveller, does not appear to me to be enough, if it is not precisely in the Christian register of the *viator*.

As regards the imagination in power, I am not the one who made them say it! No more than I make anyone at all say anything whatsoever. (64) My function is rather to listen. Naturally, anyway, here I re-launch things, but it is rather because what I listen to comes out my ears. Good.

If you ask
the question you
already have the
answer.

heur = chance

bonheur = happiness

Just around the
the left
was coming back
with France. After
the input my part
of Pampdon.

Sxx: Love is
beautiful. - This is
the centre of the
game.

also about the
Bonheur

What am I doing now, huh? I am giving you a snapshot, like that, of another answer. Of another answer which is the one that justifies my question. It is obvious that... I mean, like that, anyway, to look twice at it. Because if saying is a happening, God knows the consequences that it can have! Bah, I am going all the same to give it to you.

Love is nothing more than a saying, *qua* happening. A happening without any smudges. And that love has nothing to do – with the truth, is to say a lot, since all the same what it shows, is that it cannot all be said. This saying, this saying of love is addressed to knowledge in so far as it is there, in what must indeed be called the unconscious. Let us say in this... this knot of being, if you wish, but in a quite different sense, than what first of all started from confusion, this knot, I said: it is the word knot that is important, it is not being, the being of this knot, that I drew the last time, and which is only justified by the unconscious. That implies then, everything it comprises, precisely this saying from the last time, in so far as it takes account of the place of this knowledge. What constitutes this saying is not knowledge, this knot is not in any way, it is not a knowledge of anything whatsoever. It implies my saying as a happening in what it is. With its three faces that it is imaginable since I made an effective image of it; that it is symbolic because I can define it as knot; and that it is altogether real by the very happening of this saying, which happening consists in that, in any case, every one of you can give it the meaning that it has.

*here is a saying -
it's a happening &
the saying of love is
based on knowledge
in the unconscious.*

- of the Borromean Knot.

And that is why, as always, I beg you not to comprehend too quickly. Because obviously, I must ward off, as they say, any kind of precipitation. This is what accounts on occasion for my slowness. I am here Master Jacques from the fact that one must ward off all precipitous interpretations, it is in nothing but this that there is constituted the exploit that there may be in this saying. That is why I have to decide, and that means that I am abbreviating.

The import of this Borromean knot is that from each one of the three rings of string its rupture as a set follows. While in a simple chain, I am going to put it on the board for you – Gloria please draw a chain, a (65) chain simply with three rings, and make them correctly, huh? Good...like that. Huh, yes, but then you have to stop there, like that, after that, huh, and there also, you have to stop to do it that way. A simple chain of three huh it is only from the ring in the middle that you can break the extremes. Otherwise, if you take first of all one of the two extremities, the two others remain knotted. It is precisely in this that there consists the difference to the Borromean knot and of the Borromean knot on the other hand with the Olympic knot. The fact is that the Olympic knot, however paradoxical that may appear, this time it is by taking away anyone whatsoever of the three that the two others remain knotted. But it is simply symmetrical from what happens in this one here for the ring in the middle.

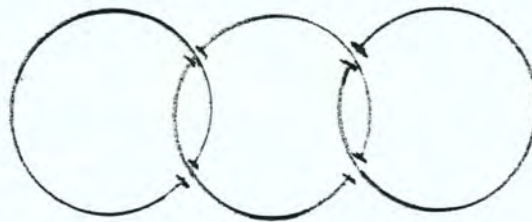


Fig IV. 1

*This is the Olympic Knot
& only by cutting the
middle one you break
the other two. This is a
regular chain. In the knot
you only go over and
under once -
4 crossings.*

*But in the Borromean
Knot each knot is
crossed. True ??*

*The no. of crossings
are important.*

The consistency of all of that, of course, is only imaginary, huh, except that we reduplicate it with the Symbolic, simply by imagining it as a knot, and what is it, to imagine it on the one hand, but to formulate it as a knot, that pushes us towards mathematical formulae. Those of what is only barely sketched out, namely, the theory of knots, except for the fact that all the same this is indeed the representative (*representant*), of language and that *lalangue*, written in my way, reflects it in its very formation, that the more, in a word, we plough ahead in talking about it, the more we confirm what is self-evident, that we are moreover in the Symbolic, and after this why not admit the Real, real from the fact that in this business we pay with our hide? Namely, what may be most efficacious, and however far one

goes, of our real presence. This real presence, let us say, nothing more, in fact, that after all, there is no need for hash to reveal it to you by its transformation into a light substance. We are deep enough in this business for us to be able to say that the important thing in what makes a knot here is that it is this ring of string, this is what is consistent in each one of these terms that I distinguish in three (66) categories what is consistent is strictly equivalent. Since – give me my little instruments, I am going to give you a present, while I'm at it, huh, ah! [Dr Lacan throws rings of string into the audience] – if I say that, as I showed you the last time – not without, as was pointed out to me by someone who was good enough to write a little note on these subjects which showed that the person had not understood very much, but who all the same pointed out to me incidentally that it was not without awkwardness that I had manipulated these instruments for you, good – if what I am saying is true, namely, that the Borromean knot has this curious property, huh, that...that one can in this construction put each one in strictly the same place as any one of the two others, even though that is not immediately self-evident, first of all, well, if each one can, in this function be qualified for its consistency of being strictly equivalent whether it is considered as Real or as Imaginary or as Symbolic, well then with this ring, which consists precisely in a Borromean knot, I can make a Borromean knot by simply, if I had the time, linking these three Borromean knots. I would like all the same for you to look at them a little bit closely, like that, and that you would do something with them. Yeah.

What is important, namely, that they are distinct, it is only important precisely that they are distinct, in so far as it is necessary that they make up three. They consist first and foremost in their difference. Like that, if something got into me, anyway, I would write like that something on the board to which I am not so inclined, given my mood today, to give a special status to, namely, to give you that in... with a significance that is ~~any~~ more than... outlined out. There you are.

2

sketch out.

Now p. 2

I am not going to put around it something, like that, something that isolates it, that asepticises it as a precaution, I am putting it quite crudely:

2

The figure (*chiffre*) of love, huh – *ils sont hors deux* [they are outside two, they are beside themselves] – as I told you, it is lalangue, anyway which mathematics is expressing, huh.

$$2 = 1 \text{ or } 3$$

$$2 = 1 \vee 3$$

(67) Ah! That is simply idiotic, but it is not idiotic if one puts – here I must put down some signs used in logic, namely, brackets, and which will serve me here as a sign of equivalent implication, which is precisely as you know what grounds equivalence, huh. What is it equivalent to? It is equivalent to the fact that 2 or 1 is equal to 2 or 3.

$$(2 = 1 \vee 3) \longleftrightarrow (2 \vee 1) = (2 \vee 3).$$

Which is a formula on which you... anyway that you will try to situate, like that, in what is given in the premises of propositional logic. You can make whatever you like of it, huh, I am letting you look after it.

I am letting you look after it because I must advance, I must advance into the... the properties, the properties of the triple, of the triple that we have to deal with. Yes. In these properties of the triple, there is the following: that since each one of the terms of these three of the Borromean knot frees the other two, I know well that there is a relationship, a real relationship – in any case that can be symbolised – with this middle, this middle which, for its part, leaves the two extremes well emptied of omnipotence. But in the case of the Borromean knot, the two extremes have the same. So then, we can consider them from the angle, from the angle of making each one of them the middle.

If you let any say – it would show more here.

[Someone in the audience]: What is meant by the v, Monsieur, is it a v or a multiplied?

What is he saying? It is a *vel*, it is an *or*, or, one or the other! It is used in logic, in written logic, like that, one puts a little v to say or. This reads: $2 = 1 \text{ or } 3$, this implies the equality of 2 or 1 with 2 or 3...

To show you the importance of it, namely, the importance of this: by taking in the Borromean knot that I am going to draw for you all the same since there are people who seem to be interested in what I am saying, good, that I am going to draw for you like that, I do not know if you remember, that's it, and there you are. The interest of taking each one as a middle – since today I am talking about meaning – is to push them forward for you, like that, interpreted. There you are. I am (68) rather easy, rather easy about the fact that I am taking care that you will not give too much meaning too quickly to what I am saying, there is also a good way, anyway, to obtain the same result, it is... to give you so much of it that you will vomit it out, huh. Namely, that I am not going to do it with the back of the spoon. I am going to tell you things to make you vomit, and then after all, huh, you will have the time to swallow them again, like the dog in Scripture. There is even here something that shows why one should not retreat. If I want to give to this exactly its import, anyway, we must have a go at it.

Let us take this as the Symbolic, that one as the Real, that one as the Imaginary. If we take the Symbolic [*clean the board for me if you don't mind, the thing*] as playing the role of middle [*thanks, you are too kind*] as playing the role of middle between the Real and the Imaginary... here we are at the heart of what is this love that I spoke about earlier under the name of divine love. It is enough for this that this Symbolic taken *qua* love, divine love – that suits it – is there in the form of this commandment which puts at the pinnacle *being and love*. For it to conjoin something *qua* being and *qua* love, these two things cannot be said except by supporting the Real on one hand, the



Fig IV 2

Imaginary on the other, respectively, beginning with the last, of the body and the other, the Real, of death. It is indeed here that there is situated the core of religion, in so far as it preaches divine love. It is indeed here also that there is realised this crazy thing, from this emptying out of what is involved in sexual love on the journey. This perversion of the Other as such, establishes in the sadistic story of Original Sin, and in everything that follows from it, by having adopted, naturally, this pre-Christian myth, why not, it is perhaps just as good as any other, establishes in the Imaginary, in this body precisely, this sort of levitation, of insensibility about what concerns (69) it, which is after all, I do not need to insist any more on it, the whole history of what is called Arianism, indeed of Marcionism.

It's the - charitic -
- the for it
- it negates the body.

Marcion is a
heretic in the sense of
Nicaea.

Here is where the dimension of 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' acquires its imperative.

Be a dupe of it, you will not err, I must say. Because one cannot say that such religion is nothing. Since as I told you the last time, it is the true one, it is the true one since it invented this thing - this sublime thing - of the Trinity. It saw that there had to be three of them. That there had to be three rings of string of strictly equal consistency for *nothing* to function. It is all the same quite curious that for every end, it should produce that with regard to love. But read The life and reign of love in Kierkegaard - it has just been published by Aubier. There are a lot of you, you are all going to rush into Aubier when you leave, huh, because usually, when I say a book should be read, it has effects! I have a copy, already, so then you can exhaust the edition, but read it!

Read it because there is no more implacable logic, nothing better has ever been articulated on love, I mean divine love. There is not the slightest wandering, everything is traced out logically. Love is charity, woman - a curious slip - is charity, faith and hope and thanks to that charity is, as you see in art, anyway, rather lamentably symbolised by this woman with innumerable breasts, is that not so, on which are hung innumerable kids. But it is all the same something, to

charity is usually depicted as a woman with innumerable breasts

do that, precisely it is at the origin of my slip, to make that from the image of the woman. The finality, the finality in so far as there are two extremes and a middle, I am pointing it out to you, the whole specification of ends – and moreover ends that are always articulatable from rec... I do not dare to say the word reciprocity, it is not correct on this occasion. But I ~~middle~~^{mean} that moreover what is the start becomes the end, when the end plays the function of start. The relationship of the body and of death is articulated by divine love in such a way that it ensures that on the one hand the body becomes dead, that death becomes the body on the other hand, and that it is by means of love.

But it is quite general that the very idea of finality should be something that is attached to the intermediary of desire. The love of God is the supposition that he desires what is accomplished for all ends, as I might say. It is the definition of teleology in itself. It is a transformation of the term *desire* into the term *end*. But in this articulation, what creates the end is the middle; in the articulation of (70) the Borromean knot, there is a confusion between ~~means~~^{the middle} and the ends. Every end can serve as a ~~means~~^{mean}. Let us here, precisely make this simply parenthesis: this simple parenthesis that, in taking this place, in taking this place divine love has chased away what I have just defined as desire. With this gain of a truth, the truth of the three who, as I might say, pays the thing and compensates: it can be properly speaking situated at this place, at the place of the Symbolic in so far as it only becomes a middle, is desire. I am pointing it out to you in passing, Christian love has not extinguished, far from it, desire. This relationship of the body to death, has as I might say, baptised love. But I am not insisting any more for the moment, I am taking another connection.

Very exactly what can result from taking, this time no longer the Symbolic, but the Imaginary as middle. If like earlier, and it is in this that there is pinpointed what I articulated for you as something to make you vomit, I always give this summary sense of death to the

Real, as constituting its kernel, and to the Symbolic, because up to now I did not have to put it forward, to the Symbolic what it reveals to us by its use in the word, and especially in the word of love, to support what in effect all analysis makes us sense – to support enjoyment.

So then, what does the ring of string of the Imaginary taken as middles demonstrate to us? It is that what it supports is nothing less than what must indeed be called love. Love, as I might say, at its place, that that it has always had. And if once, in my *Ethics*, I gave an account of courtly love, of courtly love in what it imagines about enjoyment and about death, this is something that it is – I was going to say miraculous – very surprising and well designed to hold our attention, that it should have been feudalism that produced this order of courtly love. Not that I believe that what is testified to in it is something like a rectification, a counter-theory about divine love, a compensation, but much more rather of an ancient order through which there is testified precisely how much there remained, more than is believed of this ancient order in feudalism. For the ancient order has nothing to do with the one we know. It is – I do not see moreover why some economist would contradict me since beyond the feudal age, he no longer wants to know anything – it is what was conserved in the feudal era. And in a word, I would ask you to verify it, I do not see any distinction as regards the emphasis, as regards the meaning of (71) love, between what remains to us of it; the very elegant theories of courtly love and the whole romance that is deployed around it, I do not see any difference between that and what the literature of Catullus bears witness to us and the homage to Lesbia, however much of a prostitute she was. I think that here, namely, the Imaginary taken as middles, here is the foundation of the true place of love.

Catullus wrote love poems to Lesbia. Here is an ancient poem of Catullus in triplicate partly love.

How did there occur this displacement, after all very fruitful, which in Christian love situates love at the place – you will see at the end why – at the place that seems to me to be that of desire? The thing was only possible – and that is why I am talking about something about

which I have thought a bit, huh – from what Christ taught. I am not talking about his Passion, which is the passion of the signifier, I am speaking about his saying (*son dire*). I am speaking about his saying! 'Imitate the lilies of the fields', he utters. 'They do not weave or sew', he says. And this is the important point: this failure to recognise the presence in nature of what knowledge took some time to discover, namely, that, who has woven or sewn more than the lilies of the field? To utter, to articulate this as a model, is here, properly, to add denegation to misrecognition, and the denegation of what? Since it is only a metaphor? The denegation of the unconscious. Namely, of what it weaves and sews, this knowledge without which there is no proper situating of love if what love consists in, is very precisely this saying, this saying that starts, you should note, from the Imaginary taken as middles. What there is in courtly love, is that what still remained in Plato suspended on the Imaginary of the beautiful, it is this that is crystallised, which, in love as middle takes on a body, as opposed as I might say, for all of this can be done, be articulated by a series of triple oppositions to the Imaginary of love as it is articulated in the *Symposium*, is opposed to taking it as means of what is involved in courtly love.

This is something that deserves to be put forward. You must not believe that, if I said that divine love took the place of desire, that means that it is quite simple, that they should be put back in their place, namely, that each should take up its own again; this is not at all what happened. If courtly love was, as I might say, ousted from its place, in order to preside in place of desire at the ascension of a Christian love, that does not mean that desire is exchanged: it was pushed elsewhere. It was pushed elsewhere, namely, there where the Real itself is a middle between the Symbolic and the Imaginary. And (72) if this Real, this is what is audacious, in fact, in my interpretation today, anyway this evening – if this Real is indeed death, this is a crude figuration but if this Real is indeed death, there where desire was chased, if you will allow me to speak in terms of a happening –

3rd phase
where the Real
is in the middle

where desire was chased to, what we have is **masochism**. Certainly not, of course, in so far as it is supposed to be, in any way at all, the vehicle of death – it is only psychoanalysts who believe that, the poor little things, huh! Life instinct, death instinct, that is all they occupy themselves with in their interpretation; they are completely off the mark – but there is no doubt that it is masochism that stirred them up, the connection, the use as a middle, as a middle to unify, to unify enjoyment and the body, the use of this perversion as middle, is certainly what rivets them. What rivets them, as I might say, for a time, anyway irremediably, to what a part of their theory is constructed on. It nevertheless remains that love is the relationship of the Real to knowledge. And psychoanalysis must correct itself by this displacing, by this displacing which stems from the fact that after all, it only followed the out-of-place turnaround of desire, it must indeed come to know that if psychoanalysis is a middle, that it holds itself at the place of love. It is the imaginary of the beautiful that it has to affront, and it is to open up a path of a re-flowering of love in so far as $l'(a)mur$, as I said one day, writing the little a object in brackets plus the word mur , since $l'(a)mur$ is what limits it.

Love is the specific imaginary of each one, which unites it to only a certain number of people not at all chosen by chance. There is the mainspring of the surplus enjoying. There is the relationship of the ~~Real~~ ^{Real} of a certain knowledge and love fills the hole. As you see, huh, it is a little difficult.

It's a little difficult, but all the same, what I must say to you to end – because after all, all these things do not end – what I must show you to end is something that is going to answer to what I told you the last time about the structure of this knot, of the Borromean knot that you now have in your hands, namely, that starting from a certain badly chosen point, there is no ~~middles~~ ^{means} of getting out. All of this ~~middles~~ ^{middles} that everyone weaves his own knot. There is something that I want to show you, to show you how this failure happens. Because there is all

*If the Real is
dead the masochism
disappears ...
masochism is
denial of the body.*

*Analyst has to fight
against the imaginary
if he is not dead*

(73) the same an inverse! I seem to be singing the *los* of love to you, yes there is an inverse: the fact is that you are going to see how, if love becomes really the middle by which death is united to enjoyment, the man and the woman, being to knowledge, if it really becomes the middle, love no longer defines itself as a failure. Because there is nothing more than truly the middle that can unknot the one from the other. And this happens in a way that I am going to show you which is the following.

The Borromean knot – there is *Same the* charming listening to me, who sent me a whole document on this – the Borromean knot, was tackled along mathematical paths, as you know, I told you, the theory of knots is still at the abc stage; the amusing thing is that it comes to light, not by taking things at the level of knots, but at that of the plait (*la tresse*).

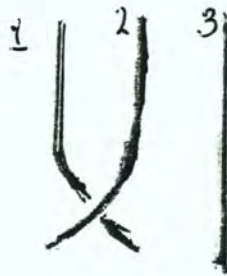


Fig IV. 3

Ah! What is a plait?

First of all, it has relationships with three, otherwise it would not be called a plait... one, two, three... How can I make a plait with that? Anyone at all who has taken care of a woman's hair will all the same know it, but you naturally do not know it because now women have short hair. So then a plait is made like that, no? Namely, huh, you change the place of the two into the place of the one and the three being in its own little corner. Good, one must truly mark the place of the result because otherwise you will understand nothing about it. If I knot it again too quickly you will not be able to see where the cuts are

made. I had myself, of course, to run into this trouble and I am avoiding it for you, so then now, change the place of the three with the place of the two. You had there (since this is 1, 2, 3) you had there 2, 1, 3. After that then you will have 2, 3, 1 and if you continue the thing once more, you will have from one end to the other 3, 2, 1. Good.

(74) Imagine they are in the order, the starting order: between 1, 2, 3 and 3, 2, 1 it is the inverse order, there is nothing easier than to join them up, it is enough in short to adopt the procedure, as was very well seen by the charming person who wrote to me about this thing, it is a matter of procedures as in the Moebius strip. The funny thing is that when you look, there, what circulates, at least I hope, namely, my Borromean knots from earlier, fiddle around with it: you will see that between the places where this appears to form a knot and the places where it can be flattened out, it is a question, of course, of choice, it can vary infinitely but it puts itself, naturally in... in three phases, as I might say. You ^{right} can imagine for yourselves that the Borromean knot is made up of three of these exchanges, and only of three. Well then not at all, not at all, if you only make three of them, namely, if you proceed by re-sticking together the 1, 2, 3 to the 3, 2, 1, namely, without waiting to see whether if it does six phases, you have the 1, 2, 3 in the proper direction, and that it is like that, nicely, that one obtains the Borromean knot – try it out. Try this out, namely, by only making three phases of the plait, what you will obtain is not the Borromean knot, it is that. This to tell you how easy it is to fall into

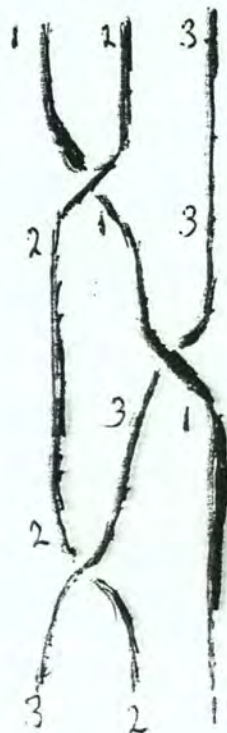


Fig IV. 4

(75) the middle. And that the face, the equivalent face of what I situated of love as being the essential bond between the Real and the Symbolic, is that taken as a middle, it has every chance of being what it also is at the level of finality, namely, what is called a pure failure.

§

Seminar 15: Tuesday 11 June 1974

Voilà! I had to make an effort to ensure that this room was not occupied today by people who are doing exams and I must say that people were good enough to leave it to me. It is obvious that it is more than kind on the part of the University of Paris I to have made this effort since, classes being over for this year – which of course I did not know, this room should have been at the disposition of another part of the administration whose business is to channel you. There you are.

So then all the same, since it cannot be done again, beyond a certain limit, today will be the last time this year that I will speak to you. This forces me naturally to cut things a little short, but that is not going to hold me back since in short one must always finish by cutting things short. For my part I do not know moreover very well why I am lodged in this place, since in short the University, if this is what I am explaining to you, it is perhaps *the woman*. But it is the prehistoric woman, it is the one whom you see is made of folds (*replis*). Obviously for my part it is in one of these folds that she shelters me. She does not realise – when one has a lot of folds one does not feel very much – otherwise, who knows, she would perhaps find me burdensome. Good.

So then, on the other hand, on the other hand – you'll never guess – you will never imagine what I wasted my time on – wasted, in short,

yes, wasted – what I wasted my time on in part since I last saw you gathered together here. You'll never guess: I was in Milan at a (226) semiotic congress. That is extraordinary. It is extraordinary and of course, it left me, it left me a little nonplussed. It left me a little nonplussed in the sense that it is very difficult precisely from a University perspective to tackle semiotics. But anyway, this very lack that I, as I might say realised in it, threw me back, as I might say, on myself. I mean made me realise that it is very difficult to tackle semiotics – for my part of course, I did not make a face because I was invited, like here, very, very kindly, and I do not see why I would in short have disturbed this Congress by saying what – that the same, in short, cannot be approached like that in the raw starting from a certain idea of knowledge, a certain idea of knowledge that is not very well situated, in sum, in the university. But I reflected on it and there are reasons for that which are, perhaps, due precisely to the fact that the knowledge of *the woman* – since it is like that that I situated the university – the knowledge of *the woman*, is perhaps not quite the same thing as the knowledge with which we are occupied here.

as in "SEMIOTIC"
- the unit of
MEANING.

as opposed to
PITONÉ &.

The knowledge with which we are occupied here – I think I have made you sense it – is the knowledge in which the unconscious consists. And it is, in sum, on this that I would like to close this year.

I never, in sum, I never attached myself to anything other than what is involved in this knowledge described as unconscious. If for example I marked the accent, in short, about knowledge in so far as the discourse of science may situate it in the Real, what is singular and that whose impasse I believe I have articulated in a way here, the impasse which is the one for which Newton was assailed inasmuch as, not making any hypothesis, any hypothesis inasmuch as he articulated the thing scientifically, well then, he was quite incapable, except of course for the fact that he was reproached for it, he was quite incapable of saying where there was situated this knowledge thanks to which in short the heavens move in the order that we know, on the foundation of gravity.

If I emphasised, is that not so, this character of a certain knowledge in the Real, this may seem to be beside the question, beside the question in this sense that unconscious knowledge, for its part, is a knowledge that we have to deal with. And it is in this sense that one can say that it is in the Real.

*He is linking up
his knowledge
with knowledge in
the real.*

This is what I am trying to support for you this year with the support of a writing, of a writing that is not easy, since it is the one that you have seen me handle more or less adroitly on the board in the form of the Borromean knot. And this is how I would like to conclude this year; it is by coming back to this knowledge and to say how it is (227) presented. How it is presented, I would not say altogether in the Real, but on the path that leads us to the Real.

*He does not
say the Borromean
knot is a model
for the RSI but
it's a "support".*

I must all the same start again from that, from what was also presentified to me, presentified in this interval, namely, that there are some very funny people in short, people who continue in a certain Society described as International, who continue to operate as if all of that was self-evident. Namely, that this could be situated, be situated in a world; in a world like that that is supposed to be made up of bodies, of bodies that are called living – and of course there is no reason for them to be called that, is that not so – that are plunged into a milieu, a milieu that is called 'world' and all that, in short, why should it be rejected all of a sudden?

*He gives quite
a commentary on
"Beyond the Pleasure
Principle" in this
session.*

Nevertheless what comes out of a practice, of a practice which is based on the ek-sistence of the unconscious ought all the same allow us to detach ourselves from this elementary vision which is that of... I would not say of the ego, even though it is encumbered by it and that I read things directly extracted from a certain congress that was held at Madrid where for example, one sees that Freud himself, I must say, said things just as outrageous, just as outrageous as what I am going to put forward to you: that it is from the ego – the ego, is something other than the unconscious, obviously, it is not underlined that it is

something different, there is a moment where Freud redid his whole topography as it is called, is that not so. There is the famous second topography which is a writing, simply, which is nothing other than something in the form of an egg, the form of an egg which it is all the more striking to see, this form of the egg, that what is situated in it as the ego comes at the place where in an egg, or more exactly on its yolk, on what is called the vitellus, is the place of the embryonic point. It is obviously curious, it is obviously very curious and it brings the function of the ego closer to where, in short, there is going to develop a body, a body which only the development of biology allows us to situate the way it is formed in its first morulations, gastrulations, etc. But since this body – and it is in this that there consists Freud's second topography – since this body is situated by a relation to the id, to the id which is an extraordinarily confused idea; as Freud articulates it, it is a locus, a locus of silence – that is the principle thing he says about (228) it. But in articulating it in this way, he only signifies that what is supposed to be id, is the unconscious when it says nothing. This silence is a saying nothing. And this is no small thing, it is certainly an effort, an effort in the direction, in the direction that is perhaps a little regressive as compared to his first discovery, in the direction let us say of marking the place of the unconscious. It does not say for all that what this unconscious is, in other words, of what use it is. There it says nothing: it is the place of silence. It remains beyond doubt that it complicates the body, the body in so far as in this schema, it is the ego, the ego which is found, in this writing in the form of an egg, the ego which is found to represent it.

Is the ego the body? What makes it difficult to reduce it to the functioning of the body, is precisely that in this schema, it is supposed to develop only on the foundation of this knowledge, of this knowledge in so far as it says nothing, and to draw from this what must indeed be called its nourishment. I repeat: it is difficult to be entirely satisfied with this second topography because what happens, what we have to deal with in analytic practice, is something which

The germinal part of the egg.

humans. It is the less when it says nothing.

— to "The Ego + the Id"

The ego - Freud's second topology seems to be related to the body.

He thinks the second topo. is responsive compared to the first topo.

The whole thing is a bit of a mess!!

indeed seems to be presented in a quite different way. Namely, that this unconscious, as compared to what would couple so well the ego to the world, the body to what surrounds it, what would order it in this sort of relationship that people persist in wanting to consider as natural the fact is that, as compared to this, the unconscious is presented as essentially different from this harmony. Let us say the word: discordant (*dysharmonique*). I am blurting it out right away, and why not, it must be emphasised. The relationship to the world is certainly, if we give it its meaning, this effective meaning that we see in practice, is something about which one cannot but immediately feel that, as compared to this quite simple vision in a way of exchange with the environment, this unconscious is parasitic. It is a parasite to which it seems a certain species, among others, accommodates itself very well, but it is only in the measure that it does not experience its effects that must indeed be said, to be stated for what they are: namely, pathogenic. I mean that this happy relationship, this supposedly harmonic relationship between what is living and what surrounds it, is disturbed by the insistence of this knowledge, of this knowledge that no doubt is inherited – it is not by chance that it is there – and this speaking being, to call him that, as I call him – this speaking being inhabits it but he does not inhabit it without all sorts of (229) drawbacks. So then if it is difficult not to make life the characteristic of the body, because it is almost all we can say about it, *qua* body, it is there and it seems to be able to defend itself, to defend itself against what? Against this something to which it is difficult not to identify it, namely, what remains of that body when it no longer has life. It is because of this that in English the cadaver is called ‘corpse’; in other words, when it is living, it is called ‘body’. But that it is the same, has a satisfying air like that, materially. In short, one sees clearly what remains of it is the waste scrap, and if one must conclude that life, as Bichat said, is the totality of forces that resist death, it is a schema, it is a schema, in spite of everything, that is a little crude. It does not say at all how life is sustained. And in truth, in truth, we arrived very late, very late in the biology, before having the idea that

The unconscious is discordant, rather than harmonious.

We get on well but the unconscious has pathogenic effects.

life is something other – it is all that we can say about it – something other than the totality of forces that oppose the dissolution of the body into a corpse. I would even say more: everything that may allow us to hope a little for something else, namely, about what life is, takes us all the same towards a quite different conception: the one in which I tried this year to situate something by talking to you about a biologist, an eminent biologist, about Jacob and his collaboration with Wollman, and of that which moreover, well beyond - it is through this that I tried to give you an idea of it – of that which, well beyond, is found to be what we can articulate about the development of life, and specifically the fact at which biologists are coming to, thanks only to the fact that they can look at things more closely than has always been done, that life is supported by something as regards which I am not, for my part, going to take the step and say that it resembles a language, and talk about messages that are supposed to be inscribed in the first molecules and which could have obviously singular effects, effects which are manifested in the way in which there are organised all kinds of things that are turned into manure, or to all sorts of constructions that are chemically located and locatable. But in fact, there is certainly a profound eccentricity which happens and which happens in a way as regards which it is at least curious that this comes to be noticed everywhere only from some articulated thing, up to and including a punctuation.

(230) I do not want to enlarge on that; I do not want to enlarge on it, but after all, it is indeed because I in no way assimilate this kind of signalisation that biology makes use of, I in no way assimilate it to what is involved in language, contrary to a sort of jubilation that seems to have laid hold in this connection of the linguist who meets up with the biologist, shakes his hand and says: 'We're in this together'. I think that concepts, for example, like that of structural stability can, as I might say, give a different form of presence to the body. For after all, what is essential, is not only how life manages with itself for there to be produced things that are capable of being

*It is related
to the '21' seminar!*

*He is French
He worked on
genetics. In 1964
he collaborated with
Wollman on genetics.
In 1970 he published
another book
"The Logic of the
Living - A history
of Heredity"*

*Is he talking
about the DNA
& the double helix*

living, the fact is that all the same, that the body has a form, an organisation, a morphogenesis, and that it is a different way also of seeing things, namely, that a body, reproduces itself.

Let's not just reduce what happens in a body to language.

So then it is not the same, all the same, it is not the same as the way in which things are communicated inside, as one might say. This notion of communication which is all that is at stake in this idea of first messages thanks to which a chemical substance is supposed to be organised, is something else. It is something else and then, this is where the leap must be taken and we must note that signs are given within a privileged experience, that there is an order, an order to be distinguished, not of the Real, but in the Real, and that it originates, is made original by being solidary with something which, despite us, as I might say, is excluded from this approach of life, but of which we do not take account – that is what this year I wanted to insist on – that life implies it, imaginarily implies it as one might say. What strikes us in this fact which is the one to which Aristotle really adhered, that it is only the individual who truly counts, the fact is that without knowing it, he supposes enjoyment to it. And that what constitutes the One of this individual, is all sorts of signs, but not signs in the sense that I understood earlier, signs which give this privileged experience that I situated in analysis, let us not forget – there are signs in its displacement, in its motion, in short, that it enjoys. And that indeed is why Aristotle had no trouble making an ethics, the fact is that he supposes, the fact is that he supposes hedone, that hedone had not received the meaning that it received later from the Epicureans; the hedone that is at stake, is what puts the body into a current which is one of enjoyment. He can only do so because he is himself in a (231) privileged position. But since he does not know which, since he does not know that he thinks about enjoyment in this way because he belongs to the class of masters, it happens that he tackles it all the same, namely, that only one who can do what he wants, that only he has an ethics.

linked to hedonism.

It's what makes you act - it's the basis of your pleasure.

This is the ethics of the master. Aristotle does not reflect on the fact that he is a master. The only one who can afford to have an ethics is the one who can do what he wants.

This enjoyment is obviously linked much more than is believed to the logic of life. But what we discover, is that in a privileged being – as privileged as Aristotle was compared to the totality of human beings – in a privileged being, this life, as I might say, varies or even is damaged (*s'avarie*) is damaged to the point of being diversified into what? Well this precisely is what is at stake: what is at stake are *semes* namely, this something that is incarnated in *lalangue*. Because one must indeed accept to think that *lalangue* is solidary with the reality of the feelings that it signifies. If there is something that really makes us get in touch with that, it is precisely psychoanalysis. That 'impediment' – as I said at one time in my seminar on *Anxiety* which I regret, after all, is not yet at your disposal – that 'impediment', 'dismay' – dismay as I clearly specified it: dismay is the withdrawal of a power – that 'embarrassment' are words which have meaning, well, they only have the meaning conveyed on the traces opened up by *lalangue*. Of course, we can project these feelings onto animals. I would simply point out to you that if we can project impediment, dismay, embarrassment onto animals, it is uniquely onto domestic animals. That we may be able to say that a dog was dismayed, embarrassed or impeded in some way, is in the measure that he is in the field of these *semes*, and this by way of our mediation.

So then I would like all the same to make you sense what analytic experience implies: the fact is that when it is a question of this semiotics, of what creates meaning and of what involves feeling, well then, what this experience demonstrates, is that it is from *lalangue*, as I write it, that there proceeds what I will not hesitate to call animation – and why not, you know very well that I do not bore you with the soul: animation, is in the sense of a series fiddling about, a fiddling, a scratching, in a word of a fury – the animation of the enjoyment of the body. And this animation is not experience, does not come from just anywhere. If the body is animated in its motive power, in the sense (232) that I have just told you, namely, that it is the animation that a parasite gives, the animation that perhaps I give to the University for

Domestic animals
are subjected to the
language of man &
they are linked to
heart (in the
wild animals)

example, well then, that comes from a privileged enjoyment, distinct from that of the body. It is certain that to speak about it, in short, one is rather embarrassed because to put it forward like that is laughable, and it is not for nothing that it is laughable: it is laughable because it makes us laugh. But it is very precisely this that we situate in phallic enjoyment. Phallic enjoyment is what, in short, is contributed by the semes, since today alongside – since today, worried as I was by this Congress on semiotics, I allow myself to put forward the word 'seme'. It is not that I insist on it, you understand, because I do not try to complicate your lives. I do not try to complicate your lives, nor especially to make semioticians of you. God knows where that could lead you! That would lead you moreover into the place where you are, namely, that would not lead you out of the University. Only here is what is at stake: the seme is not complicated, it is what makes meaning. Everything that creates meaning in *lalangue* proves to be linked to the ek-sistence of this tongue, namely, that it is outside the business of the life of the body, and that if there is something that I have tried to develop this year before you – that I hope to have made present, but who knows – it is that it is in so far as this phallic enjoyment, that this semiotic enjoyment is added on to the body that there is a problem.

*Enjoyment is
broken up into various
enchantments – adherence,
driving etc. – You
live "various" & is
"damaged" but the
many articulation
and give to the
brakes "pleasure" &
'displeasure'.*

I proposed to you to resolve this problem if indeed it is a complete solution, but to resolve it simply in short, from the observation that this sliding semiosis tickles the body in the measure – and this measure, I propose to you as absolute – in the measure that there is no sexual relationship. In other words, in this confused totality that only the seme, the seme once one has awakened it to ek-sistence, namely, that one has said it as such, it is by this, it is in the measure that the speaking body inhabits these semes that it finds the means to supply for the fact that nothing, nothing apart from that, will lead it towards what we have indeed been forced to bring out in the term 'other', in the term 'other' which inhabits *lalangue* and which is designed to represent the fact precisely that there is no relationship with the

partner, the sexual partner, except by the mediation of what creates meaning in *lalangue*. There is no natural relationship, not that if it (233) were natural, one could write it, but that precisely one cannot write it because there is nothing natural in the sexual relationship of this being which finds itself less a speaking being than a spoken being.

There is no
"Natural Relationship"
- the first three brought
of there is already
Says this.

That imaginarily, because of that, this enjoyment as regards which you see that in presenting it to you as phallic, I qualified in an equivalent way as semiotic, of course, it is obviously it appears to me quite grotesque to imagine this phallus in the male organ. It is all the same in that way indeed that it is imagined in the facts that analytic experience reveals. And it is certainly also the sign that there is in this male organ something which constitutes an experience of enjoyment which is apart from the others, not only which is apart from the others, but which ... the other enjoyments, the enjoyment which is, faith, quite easy to imagine. Namely, that a body, good God, is designed so that one has the pleasure of lifting one arm and then another, and then of doing gymnastics, and of jumping and running and of pulling and doing whatever you want, good. It is all the same curious that it should be around this organ that a privileged enjoyment should come to birth. For this is what analytic experience shows us, namely, that it is around this grotesque shape that there begins to pivot this sort of supplying that I described as what in Freud's statement, is marked by the privilege, as one might say, of sexual meaning, without it being truly realised, even though all the same, that tickled him also and he glimpsed it, he almost said it in *Civilisation and its discontents* – namely, that meaning is only sexual because meaning is substituted precisely for the sexual which is lacking. That is what is supposed by everything implied by its use, its analytic use of human behaviour: not that meaning reflects the sexual, but that it supplies for it.

Meaning, it must be said, meaning like that when one does not work on it, well then it is opaque. The confusion of feelings, is everything that *lalangue* is designed to semiotise. And it is indeed because of

The first stress on
the primacy of the
symbolic i.e. language
is very material -
e.g. French - language
for example allows
Joker etc

that that all words are designed to be pliable in every direction. So then what I proposed, what I proposed from the start of this teaching, from the Rome discourse on, is to grant the importance that it has in practice, in analytic practice, to the material of *lalangue*. A linguist, a linguist of course, is altogether introduced right away to this consideration of the tongue as having a material. He knows this (234) material well: it is what is in the dictionaries, it is the lexical, it is morphology also, in short, it is the object of his linguistics. There is someone who, naturally, is a hundred cubits above a congress like the one that I told you about, who is Jakobson. He spoke a little about me in the margins, not in his opening discourse, but immediately afterwards, he was determined to specify clearly that the use that I had made of Saussure, and behind Saussure - I knew enough about it to know all the same - the Stoics and Saint Augustine. Why not? Me, I retreat before nothing. The fact is that what I borrowed from Saussure simply and from the Stoics under the term of *signatum*, this *signatum*, is meaning and that it is just as important as this accent that I put on the *signans*...

He is saying that
the Stoics had
interpreted Saussure.

The *signans* has the interest of allowing us to operate in analysis, to resolve, even though like everyone else we are only capable of having one thought at a time, but to put us in this state that is modestly described as floating attention. This means precisely that when the partner, here the analysand, for his part expresses one, a thought, we can have a quite different one, that it is a lucky chance from which there springs forth a flash. And it is precisely here that an interpretation can occur, namely, that because of the fact that we have a floating attention, we hear what he has said sometimes simply because of a kind of equivocation, namely, a material equivalence. We perceive that what he said - we perceive it because we undergo it - that what he said could be understood in the wrong way. And it is precisely in understanding it in the wrong way that we allow him to perceive where his thoughts, his own semiotics, where it comes from:

it comes from nothing other than the ek-sistence of *lalangue*.

Lalangue ek-sists elsewhere than in what he believes to be his world.

Lalangue has the same parasitic quality as phallic enjoyment, with respect to all other enjoyments. And it is what determines as parasitic in the Real what is involved in unconscious knowledge. *Lalangue* must be conceived of. And why not, why not speak of what *lalangue* might be in relationship with phallic enjoyment like the branches of a tree. It is not for nothing – because all the same I have my own little idea... – it is not for nothing that I pointed out to you that this famous tree at the start, there, the one from which the apple was picked, one could ask the question of whether it enjoyed itself just like any other (235) living being. If I put this forward to you, it is not entirely without reason, of course. And then let us say that *lalangue*, any element whatsoever of *lalangue*, is, with respect to phallic enjoyment, a strand of enjoyment. And that is why it stretches its roots so far into the body.

Good, so then what one must start from – you see that this is being dragged out, it is late, good – is this strong affirmation that the unconscious is not a knowing (*connaissance*): it is a knowledge (*savoir*), and a knowledge in so far as I define it from the connection of signifiers. First point. Second point: it is a discordant knowledge which does not lend in any way to a happy marriage, to a marriage which would be happy. This is implied in the very notion of marriage, this is what is outrageous, what is fabulous: does anybody know a happy marriage? No, but in short... Let us go on. Nevertheless the name is designed to express happiness. Yes, the name is designed to express happiness and it is the one that came to me to tell you what one could imagine in terms of a good adaptation, as they say, of a fitting together, in short of something which would ensure that what I have said to you about life, the life of the body in the one who speaks, this could be judged in terms of a just, of a noble exchange between this body and its milieu, as they say, its old pal the *Welt*.

the introduction doesn't
knowledge, as opposed
to the knowledge from
the present.

CO-NAISSANCE
BIRTH

All the same, these remarks have their historical importance, because you will see, you who will survive me, you will see: everything that has begun to be babbled about in biology clearly gives the impression that life has nothing natural about it. It is something mad. The proof is that they have shoved linguistics into it! In a word, it's outrageous. This life will keep some surprises, when people have stopped talking like bird brains, namely, imagining that life is opposed to death. It's absolutely crazy, this business! First of all what do we know about it? What is dead? The inanimate world we are told. But it is because there is a different conception of the soul than the one that I represented for you now, namely, that the soul is that which... is a crab (crabe).

*The soul is something
like a crab.*

It's phallos.

So then, I am going to tell you, even: at the point that we are at in it, it is paradoxical. It is paradoxical, I say that because ^{it} read a little torchon paper that was produced there in the last congress of the *Société de Psychanalyse* and which bore witness to something that at the very least is paradoxical: which is that as regards what I am in the process of rejecting, namely, that there is a knowing, that there is the slightest harmony between what is situated ⁱⁿ terms of enjoyment, of (236) corporal enjoyment and what surrounds it. But there is only one place where this famous knowing can happen, a place, according to me and you will never guess it: it is in analysis itself. In analysis, one can say that there can be something that resembles knowing. And I find the testimony for it in the fact that in connection with the paper, the torchon paper that I am talking to you about which deals with the dream, the innocence with which this is acknowledged is absolutely marvellous. There is someone and someone about whom I am not at all surprised should be that person, because all the same he received a little finishing touch that I gave him at one time, the fact is that everything is centred around the fact that he sees there being reproduced in one of his dreams a note, a properly speaking semantic note – namely, that it is only truly here as noted, articulated, written –

It's a cheap paper.

*He is probably
speaking about
Portalis.*

*There was a
beginning in hand
~ 1974 ??*

he sees there being reproduced in one of his dreams a semantic note of the dream of one of his patients. He is quite right to stick knowing into his title. This kind of co-vibrating, semiotic co-vibrating, it is not surprising that it is called like that modestly transference. And people are quite right also to call it only that. I'm for that. It is not love, but it is love in the ordinary sense, it is love as it is imagined. Love is obviously something else. But as regards the idea, as one might say, that people have of love, there is nothing better than this sort of analytic knowing. I am not sure that it goes very far, this is indeed moreover also why all analytic experience remains bogged down. And that is not what should be at stake. It should be a matter of elaborating, of allowing the one that I call the analysand to elaborate, to elaborate this knowledge, this unconscious knowledge which is in him like a canker, not like a depth, like a canker.

This is something different, of course, it is something different to knowing. And it would need a discipline obviously a little different than the philosophical discipline. There is something in Cocteau — because from time to time I do not see why I should spit on writers, they are rather less stupid than the others — there is a thing in Cocteau that is called *Le Potomak* where he created something that I am not going to try to tell you what it is: *les Eugène*. But there is also within it the Mortimers. The Mortimers have only a single heart, and it is represented in a little drawing where they have a dream in common.

*Si plein, si rond,
(un seul pour deux)
le rêve des Mortimer,
qu'en vain les Eugène
cherchent, pour y pénétrer,
une issue*

[So full, so round, (a single one for two) the dream of the Mortimers that in vain the Eugenes seek a way out of in order to penetrate it]

Jean Cocteau, *Le Potomak* (1915)



The Eugenes are on the outside & the Mortimers are on the inside.

It is someone in the style of my psychoanalyst of just now, the one that I did not name: between the analysand and the analyst, it is like among the Mortimers. It is not frequent, it is not frequent even among people who love one another, for them to have the same dream. It is even very remarkable. It is indeed what proves the solitude of each one with what emerges from phallic enjoyment. Good.

So then all the same – there is less than a quarter of an hour left – I would like all the same to make some remarks, I would like to make all the same some remarks about the import – because this seemed to strike like that a pal who is there in the first row, I blurted that out to him like that during a dinner and I had the surprise to see that it filled him with pleasure, so then I realised how badly I explain myself: because I had written for you on the board:

$\exists x . \overline{\Phi}x$ (There should be a negation over the Φx)

Which means:

There must be one who says no to phallic enjoyment

Thanks to which and to which alone

There are alls (des tous) who say yes

lots of people

(There are lots of people who don't say 'no' to phallic enjoyment)

(238) I put you face to face with the fact that there are – I must have, I must have given rise to some confusion – that there are others among whom there are none who say no. Only, that has as a curious consequence that among these others, in short, there are none at all who say yes. That is the inscription, it is the attempt at inscription in a mathematical function, of something which uses quantifiers. There is nothing illegitimate – I am not going to argue that today because we don't have any more time – there is nothing illegitimate in this quantification of meaning. This quantification stems from an identification. The identification stems from a unification. What did I write for you formerly in the formulae of four discourses? An S_1 that has fixed itself, that has pointed towards an S_2 . What is an S_1 ? It is a signifier, as the letter indicates. What is proper to a signifier – it is the

feature of a tongue about which one can do nothing – is that any signifier can be reduced to the import of the signifier *One*. And it is as signifying *One* – I think that you remember formerly my little brackets: $S_1 S_2$ in brackets, and there were S_1 's that stuck themselves in front again, etc., to express the business that I am defining to ensure that the signifier should be what dominates in the constitution of the subject: a signifier is what represents a subject for another signifier. Good so then, so then, any letter x , whatever it may be means this *One* as indeterminate. This is what is called in the function, in the function in the mathematical sense, the argument. This is where I started to talk to you about identification. But if there is an identification, as sexed identification and if, on the other hand, I am telling you that there is no sexual relationship, what does that mean? That means that there is a sexed identification only on one side, namely, that all these pinpointings of identification described as functional, are to be put – and it is in this that the pal in question manifested his lively satisfaction, it is because I had told him like that in a solid way, instead of to you, I left you in the soup – the fact is that all these identifications are on the same side: that means that it is only a woman who is capable of making them. Why not the man? Because you note that I say of course 'a woman' and then I say 'the man'. Because the man, the man as he is imagined by *the woman*, namely, she who does not exist, namely, an imagination of the void, the man for his part is twisted by his sex. Instead of a woman being able to make a sexed (239) identification. She has even nothing to do but that, because she must pass by way of phallic enjoyment which is precisely what is lacking to her. I am saying that to you because I could speckle it with a reference to my four little pinpointings, there: $\forall x$ – I am not going to the board because you won't hear if I write on the board – what does that mean for *the woman*, because you may have been able to believe that with that, that what I was designating were all the men? That means the requirement that *the woman* shows – it is obvious: that the man should be all hers. I begin with this, because it is the funniest bit. It is in the nature of the woman to be jealous, in the nature of her

He only introduced these - "Woman and Problems" & "The psychoanalytic end".

It's only a woman who can have a "sexed identification".

love. When I think that in 10 minutes I am going to have to explain to you what love is! It's annoying to be hassled to that extent. Good. The not-all (*pas-toutes*) by which I inscribed the other relationship to $\bar{\Phi}x$, is that by which this same love, the love that is at stake and that I put like that, generously, entirely on the side of women, we must all the same put, as I might say, a ~~break~~^{gap} on it, I mean by that, that it is not all that she loves: there remains a bit for herself, for her corporal enjoyment. This is what is meant by the $\bar{\forall}x$ the 'not-allness'. Good. And then after the $\exists x$, existence, the existence of the x , that for its part, as near as may be – as near as may be and then because I said it clearly here – which is the one where God is situated... One must be more temperate, I mean by that that one must not be too haughty about this business of God, since with time it has become worn out, and it is all the same not because there is knowledge in the Real that we are forced to identify it to God. I for my part am going to propose to you, a different interpretation. The $\exists x \bar{\Phi}x$, is the locus of the enjoyment of the woman who is much more linked to the saying than is imagined. It has to be said that without psychoanalysis it is quite obvious that in this I would be a complete novice like everyone else. The link of the enjoyment of *the woman* to the impudence of the saying, this is what it appears to me to be important to underline. I did not say shamelessness (*impudeur*). Impudence is not the same, it is not at all the same. And the $\exists x \bar{\Phi}x$, both barred, is the way in which *the woman* does not exist, namely, the way in which her enjoyment cannot be grounded on her own impudence.

— Newton's
— an event.
— 'le dire'.

I am handing you that like that, it is, I must acknowledge that it is... I find you patient. These, these are hammer blows that I am landing on your mug. But anyway, since I am a little bit rushed, I would like all (240) the same to conclude on this fact that the unconscious as discordant knowledge is more foreign to a woman than to the man. It is funny that I should be saying such a thing to you! So then, so then what is going to result from it? What is going to result from it is that there is all the same the woman's side. It is not because it is more

foreign that it is not foreign to the man also. It is more foreign to her because that comes to her from the man, from the man of whom I spoke earlier, from the man of whom she dreams because if I said that the man exists, I clearly specified that it is in the measure that he is, more cankered or even more notched by the unconscious. But a woman preserves, as I might say, a little bit more fresh air in her enjoyments. She is less notched contrary to appearances.

And it is on this that I would like to end. I would like to end on something which is an extract from Peirce: namely, that it was noticed all the same that logic, Aristotelian logic, is a purely predicatory and classificatory logic. So then he started to think around the idea of the relation, namely, what is perfectly, what is self-evident, what is like a billiard table, a billiard table concerning not the function of pinpointing to a single argument that I have just given you as being that of the identification by putting the thing back into the woman's pocket. He started to cogitate around the $x R (R, \text{the sign of an ideal emptied-out relation, he does not say which}) R$ and $y: x R y$: a function with two arguments. What, starting from what I have just put forward for you today, what is the knowledge relation? There is something very, very clever that is noted in Peirce – you see I pay tribute to my authors – when I make a discovery in one, I attribute it to him. I attribute it to him like that, I might moreover not have attributed it to him. Formerly, I spoke about metaphor and metonymy, and all the people started crying out, on the pretext that I had not said immediately that I owed that to Jakobson. As if everyone should not have known that! Anyway it was Laplanche and Lefebvre-Pontalis who were shouting about that. Anyway, what a memory! Make no mistake!

This is not the Real - it's the sign of the Real

*See the book
"Peirce ... takes
... & Psychoanalysis
in 2000 my
John Mulder
L.J. M. & Richard
(name)
+ he speaks
about 'borders &
complexity' the way.*

If what I am saying to you today, what I am putting forward is founded, knowledge does not have a subject. If knowledge is made up in the connection of two signifiers and if it is only that, it only has a subject if we supposed one that only serves as a representative of the

(241) subject for the other. There is all the same something which is rather curious there: it is the relation, if you write $x R y$ in this order, is the result that x is related to y ? Can we support what is expressed in the active or passive voice of the verb by the relation? But that is not self-evident. It is not because I said that feelings are always reciprocal – because this is how I expressed myself at one time before people who as usual understood nothing about what I was saying – it is not because one loves that one is loved. I never dared say such a thing. The essence of the relation if in effect some effect is referred back to the starting point, means simply that when one loves one becomes enamoured as I said. And when the first term is knowledge? There we have a surprise, which is that knowledge is perfectly identical, at the level of unconscious knowledge, to the fact that the subject is known. At the level of meaning in any case, it is absolutely clear: knowledge is what is known.

So then let us try all the same to draw some consequences from something that analysis shows us, which is that what is called transference, namely, what I called earlier love, everyday love – the love on which one calmly rests and then, no more trouble – is not altogether the same as what happens when the enjoyment of *the woman* emerges. But there you are, I will reserve that for you for next year. For the moment, let us try to clearly grasp that what analysis has revealed as truth, is that love, the love of which I spoke earlier, love is directed towards the subject supposed to know and so that it would be the reverse side of what I questioned the relation of knowledge about, well then, it would be that the partner, on this occasion, is borne along by this sort of motion that is described as love.

But if the x of the relation that might be written as sexual, is the signifier in so far as it is connected to phallic enjoyment, we have all the same to draw out its consequence. The consequence is that if the unconscious is indeed the support of what I told you about today, namely, a knowledge, the fact is that everything I wanted to tell you

Interestingly: this year about the non-dupes who err means that anyone who is not in love with his unconscious errs. That says nothing whatsoever against past centuries. They were just as much in love with their unconscious as the others and so they did not err. Simply, they did not know where they were going, but as regards being in love with their unconscious, (242) they certainly were! They imagined that it was knowing (*la connaissance*) because there is no need to know that one is in love with one's unconscious in order not to err. One only has to offer no resistance, to be its dupe. For the first time in history, it is possible for you for you to err, namely, to refuse to love your unconscious, since in short you know what it is: a knowledge, a knowledge that pisses you off. But perhaps in this impetus (*e-r-r-e*), you know, this thing that pulls, when the ship is riding at anchor – it is perhaps here that we can wager on rediscovering the Real a little more in what follows, to perceive that the unconscious is perhaps no doubt discordant, but that perhaps it leads us to a little more of this Real than this very little of reality which is ours, that of the phantasy, that it leads us beyond: to the pure Real.