

## ITALIAN NOTE

Jacques Lacan<sup>1</sup>

In the way it presents itself, the Italian group has on its side the fact that it is three-legged (*tripode*). This may be enough to ensure that we can establish ourselves on it

To act as the centre of psychoanalytic discourse, it is time to put it to the test: usage will decide on its equilibrium.

That he thinks – ‘with his feet’ is what is within reach of the speaking being as soon as he starts to wail.

Still, we will do well to hold as established, at the present time, that a vote for or against is what decides on the preponderance of thought even if the feet mark time in disagreement.

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I suggest to them that they start from the fact that I had to recast another, specifically the E.F.F.(*sic*)

The analyst described as of the School, A.E., is henceforth recruited to it by submitting himself to the test called the *passe* to which however nothing obliges him, since moreover, the School delegates some who do not offer themselves to it, to the title Analyst Member of the School, A.M.E.

The Italian group, if it is willing to hear me, will limit itself to naming those who apply for entry on the principle of the *passe*, taking the risk that there may be none such.

This principle, which I have put in these terms, is the following.

The analyst is authorised only by himself, this is self evident. A guarantee that my School gives him, true under the ironic cipher of A.M.E. [AME = soul], matters little to him. It is not *with that* that he operates. The Italian group is in no position to furnish this guarantee.

What it has to watch out for, is that as regards authorizing himself there is not just the analyst.

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<sup>1</sup> Letter to three Italian Lacanians: Contri, Drazien and Verdiglione. *Ornicar* 25, 1982, *Seuil*

For my thesis, inaugurating in that it breaks with the practice by which the so-called Societies make of analysis an aggregate, does not for all that imply that just anyone is an analyst.

For what it enunciates it is that it is the analyst that is at stake, it presupposes that there is one of them.

To authorise oneself is not to auto-ri(tual)ise oneself.

For I have posed on the other hand that the analyst depends on the not-all.

Not every one (*pas-tout être*) who speaks can authorise himself to act as an analyst. The proof is that an analysis is necessary for it, even though it is not sufficient.

The analyst alone, in other words not just anyone, is authorised only by himself.

There are some, now it is done: but it is because they function. This function only renders probable the ex-sistence of the analyst. A probability sufficient to guarantee that there are some: that the odds are high for each, leaves them short for all.

If it came to an agreement nevertheless that only analysts function, taking it as a goal would be worthy of the Italian tripod.

I would like here to open up this path if it wants to follow it.

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For that it is necessary (which is why I waited to open it up), for that it is necessary to take into the account the real. In other words what falls under the jurisdiction of our experience of knowledge (*du savoir*):

There is knowledge in the real. Even though it is not the analyst, but the scientist who has to accommodate it (*le loger*) .

The analyst accommodates a different knowledge, at a different place but one which should take account of the knowledge in the real. The scientist produces knowledge, by making himself the subject of the semblance. A necessary but not sufficient condition. If he does not seduce the master by veiling from him that his ruin lies there, this knowledge will

remain buried as it was for twenty centuries when the scientist believed himself subject, but only of more or less eloquent dissertation.

I only come back to this too well-known fact to recall that analysis depends on it, but that for him likewise that is not sufficient.

It was necessary for there to be added to it the outcry of a so-called humanity for whom knowledge is not intended since it does not desire it.

There is only an analyst in that this desire comes to him, so that already by this he is the reject of the aforementioned (humanity).

I say already: this is the condition of which from some aspect of his adventures, the analyst must bear the mark. Find it in his peers in 'knowledge'. It cannot fail to be seen that this presupposes another previously elaborated knowledge, of which scientific knowledge has given the model and bears the responsibility. This is the very thing that I impute to him, to have transmitted an unheard-of desire only to the rejects of the *docte ignorantia*. Which it is a matter of verifying: to make the analyst. Whatever about what science owes to the hysterical structure, Freud's romance, is his love-affairs with the truth.

In other words the model of which the analyst, if there is one, represents the downfall, the reject as I have said, but not just any one.

To believe that science is true on the pretext that it is (mathematically) transmissible is a properly delusional idea that each one of its steps disproves by casting a first formulation back to times long gone. Because of this there is no noticeable progress for want of knowing the consequences. There is simply the discovery of a knowledge in the real. An order that has nothing to do with that imagined before science but that no reason assures of being a good luck (*bon heur*).

If the analyst is exhausted by the rejection that I have spoken about, it is indeed from having a glimpse of the fact that humanity is situated from *bon heur* (this is what it is steeped in: for it there is nothing but *bon heur*), and this is why he should have circled the cause of his horror, of his very own, detached from that of all, the horror of knowledge.

From then on, he knows that he is a reject. This is what the analyst must at least have made him sense. If he is not fired with enthusiasm for it, there may well have been an analysis, but no chance of an analyst. This is

what my newly minted *passe* often illustrates: enough for the *passeurs* to disgrace themselves by leaving things undecided, for want of which the case falls foul of a polite refusal of his candidature.

This will have a different import in the Italian group, if it follows me in this affair. For in the *Ecole de Paris*, there is no trouble despite all that. The analyst only being authorised by himself, his mistake is passed on to the *passeurs* and the performance continues to general *bon heur*, touched however by depression.

What the Italian group will gain by following me, is a little more seriousness than I achieve with my prudence. For that it must take a risk.

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I now articulate things for the people who hear me.

There is the *o*-object. It *ex-sists* now, in that I have constructed it. I presuppose that people are acquainted with the four episodic substances that it is known what it is used for, to be enveloped by the drive by which each one is directed in his heart and only reaches by a shot that misses it.

This fact supports the most effective productions, - and moreover the most clinging realities.

If it is the fruit of analysis, send the aforesaid subject back to his beloved studies. He will decorate with some supplementary vases the patrimony supposed to put God in a good mood. Whether one likes to believe it, or whether one is revolted it is the same price for the genealogical tree on which the unconscious subsists.

The *ga(r)s* or the *garce* [the chap or the bitch] in question act as a congruent relay there.

Let him not authorise himself to be an analyst, for he will never have the time to contribute to knowledge, without which there is no chance that analysis will continue to be at a premium on the market, in other words: that the Italian group is not destined for extinction.

I have put forward the principle of the knowledge at stake as the ideal point that everything allows to be supposed when one has the sense of the blueprint: it is that there is no sexual relationship, I mean relationship that can be put in writing.

It is useless from then on to try, I will be told, to be sure not [by] you, but if your candidates, it is one more to reject (*retorquer*), because of having no chance of contributing to the knowledge without which you will die out.

Without attempting this relationship of writing, there is no means in effect of arriving at what I, at the same time as I posed its inex-sistence, proposed as a goal by which psychoanalysis might make itself the equal of science: namely to prove that this relationship is impossible to write, or that it is in this that it is not affirmable but moreover not refutable: under the heading of truth.

With the consequence that there is no truth of which one can say all, even this one, because this one is not said at all. The truth is of no use except to create the place in which this knowledge is exposed.

But his knowledge is not nothing. For what is at stake, is that reaching the real, it determines it just as much as the knowledge of science.

Naturally this knowledge is not at all settled. For it has to be invented.

Neither more nor less, not to discover it since the truth is nothing more here than firewood, I say it clearly: the truth as it proceeds from *f...terrie* (the spelling should be commented on, it is not *f...terie*).

The knowledge designated by Freud as the unconscious, is what the human humus invents for its perennality from one generation to the other, and now that an inventory has been made of it, we know that it proves to have a desperate lack of imagination.

One can only understand it with reservations: in other words to leave in suspense the imagination which falls short there, and to bring in the contribution of the symbolic and of the real that the imaginary binds together here (that is why one cannot let it drop) and to attempt starting from them, which all the same have proved themselves in knowledge, to augment the resources thanks to which one will manage to go beyond this troublesome relationship, to make love more worthy than the proliferation of chit-chat, than it constitutes to this day, - *sicut palea*, said St. Thomas in ending his life as a monk. Find me an analyst of this stubbornness (*tuile*),

who will plug the yoke into something other than a roughly sketched-out *organon*.

I conclude: it is the tripod itself that will take on the role of *passeurs* until further notice since the group has only these three legs.

Everything must turn around the writing that will appear.