

Radiophonie

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Translated by Jack W. Stone.

⁽⁵⁵⁾QUESTION I : In the *Écrits*, you affirm that Freud anticipates, without being aware of it, the researches of Saussure and the Prague Circle. Can you explain yourself on this point?

ANSWER¹ : Your question surprises me by conveying a pertinence that cuts into the pretensions to an "interview" that I have to put aside. It is even a redoubled pertinence--at two degrees, rather. You prove to me that you have read my *Écrits*, which apparently is not held for necessary to obtain an understanding of me. You choose a remark that implies the existence of another mode of information than the mediation of a mass: that Freud anticipates Saussure does not imply either of them had ever heard of each other (*qu'un bruit en ait fait prendre conscience à l'un non plus qu'à l'autre*).

Such that, in citing me (you), I have already responded to your citation before being aware of it: this is what I call surprising me.

Let us begin with the term we have arrived at. Saussure and the Prague Circle produce a linguistics having nothing in common with what was covered by this name before. Did they rediscover its keys between the hands of the Stoics--but what did they do with it?

Linguistics, with Saussure and the Prague Circle, was instituted from a cut which is the bar posed between the signifier and the signified, so that the difference from which the signifier is constituted prevails there absolutely, but also orders itself with an autonomy that has nothing to envy in the effects of the crystal: for the system of the phoneme, for example, which is its first successful discovery.

One thinks to extend this success to the whole network of the symbolic in ⁽⁵⁶⁾only admitting a sense inasmuch as the network responds to it, and from the incidence of an effect, yes--of a content, no.

This is a wager sustained by the inaugural cut.

The signified will or will not be scientifically thinkable, depending on whether or not a field of the signifier will hold, which, even in its material, distinguishes itself from no physical field obtained by science.

This implies a metaphysical exclusion, to be taken as a fact of a de-being (*désêtre*). No signification will henceforth be held to go by itself: that it make clear when it comes to light for example, where the Stoics have preceded us, but I have already queried: to what end?

If I have had to bandy about certain reprises of the word, I will call semiotic any discipline that starts from the sign taken for an object, but to mark that this is what creates an obstacle to the grasping of the signifier as such.

The sign supposes the someone to whom it makes a sign of something. This is the someone whose shadow occulted the entry into linguistics.

Call this someone what you like, this will always be a stupidity. The sign suffices for this someone to make an appropriation of language, as of a simple tool; of the abstraction, there it is,

¹. The first four of these answers were broadcasted by the R.T.B. (3rd program) on the 5th, 10th, 19th, and 26th of June 1970. They were re-broadcasted by 'O.R.T.F. (France-Culture) on June 7, 1970.

that language supports, as of average discussion, with all the progress of thought, what do I say? of the critique, into the bargain.

I must "anticipate" myself (taking up again the sense of the word from me and for me) on what I count on introducing in the written form of *l'achose* [the athing] , l, apostrophe, a, c, h, etc. to make felt in what effect linguistics takes position.

This will not be a progress: a regression, rather. This is what we have need of against the unity of obscurantism that already fuses itself for the ends of fending off *l'achose*.

No one seems to recognize around what unity is made, and that in the times when someone gathered the "signature of things, " at least one could not count on a stupidity enough cultivated for one to hook language to the function of communication for it.

The recourse to communication protects, dare I say, the rear of what outmodes linguistics, in covering over the ridicule that re-applies *a posteriori* on its basis. Let us suppose it shows in the occultation of language the figure of the myth that is telepathy. ⁽⁵⁶⁾Freud himself lets himself be taken by this lost child of thought: that it communicates itself without speech. He does not unmask there the secret king of the court of miracles of which he begins the scouring. Such that linguistics remains stuck to the thought that it (thought) is communicated through speech. This is the same miracle invoked to make it so that one telapathizes from the same wood from which one makes a pact: why not the "dialogue" with which we force-feed the false offspring, indeed the social contracts they await from it? Affect is there the right foot, the right eye, to seal these effusions.

Every man (*Tout homme*) (who does not know what this is?) is mortal (let us gather together over this equality communicable between alls [*toutes*]). And now let us speak of "all," let us speak together, it is the case to say, passing the conjurers ball of what is under the nose (*tête*) of syllogists (not of Aristotle, let us note) who with a single heart (since him) indeed wish that the minor premise put Socrates in the mix. For there would emerge from it also that death is administered like the rest, and by and for men, but without their being on the same side for what there is of the telepathy borne by a telegraphy, which the subject from then on does not cease to trouble.

That this subject is from the origin marked by a division, is what linguistics takes its strength from beyond banterings of communication.

Yes, the strength to put the poet in his sack. For the poet is produced from being . . . (if one permit me to translate one who demonstrates it, my friend Jakobson in this particular case) . . . is produced from being eaten by worms (*vers*²), which find their arrangement amongst themselves without worrying, it is manifest, whether the poet knows it or not. Whence the consistency for Plato of the ostracism with which he strikes the poet in his *Republic*, and the lively curiosity he shows in the *Cratylus* for those little animals that appear to him to be words in only doing so on their heads.

One sees how precious formalism was in sustaining the first steps of linguistics.

But it was all the same from the stumblings in the steps of language, of speech in other words, that it had been "anticipated."

That the subject is not the one who knows what he says, when well and good something is said by the word that fails him (*qui lui manque*), but also in the blunder (*impair*) of a conduct he believes his own, this does not render it ⁽⁵⁸⁾easy to lodge him in the brain by which he seems helped above all when it sleeps (a point that current neurophysiology does not deny), there obviously is the order of facts Freud calls the unconscious.

² This can perhaps be read as a pun: *vers* can be translated either as "worms" or as "verses" [tr.].

Someone who articulates it, by the name of Lacan, says it is that or nothing else.

No one, after him now, can fail to read it in Freud, and whoever, according to Freud, works to psychoanalyze, must behave himself there lest he pay for it with the choice of stupidity.

Henceforth in stating that Freud anticipates linguistics, I say less than what imposes itself, and which is the formula I now liberate: the unconscious is the condition of linguistics.

Without the eruption of the unconscious, there is no means for linguistics to emerge from the doubtful light by which the University, by the name of human sciences, still eclipses science. Crowned at Kazan by the cares of Baudouin de Courtenay, it has no doubt remained there.

But the University has not said its last word, it is going to make that the subject of a thesis: influence on the genius of Ferdinand de Saussure of the genius of Freud; demonstrating where the one got wind of the other before radio existed.

Let us make as if it was not always done without, deafening us all as much.

And why would Saussure have been aware, to borrow the terms of your citation, better than Freud himself of what Freud anticipated, notably Lacanian metaphor and metonymy, places where Saussure *genuit* Jakobson.

If Saussure does not bring out the anagrams he deciphers in Saturnian poetry, it is because they throw down university literature. Roguery does not render him stupid; this is because he is not an analyst.

For the analyst, on the contrary, dipping into the procedures in which university infatuation is clothed always finds its man (there is this as a hope) and throws him right into a blunder like saying that the unconscious is the condition of language: there it is a question of making oneself an author at the expense of what I have said, even drummed in, to those interested: to wit, that language is the condition of the unconscious.

What makes me laugh at this character is a stereotype: to the point that two others, those being used internally by a Society killed by its university bastardry⁽⁵⁹⁾, have dared define the *passage to the act* and *acting-out* exactly in the terms with which, explicitly addressing them, I had opposed them to each other, but in simply inverting what I attribute to each. A fashion, they thought, of appropriating for themselves what no one had known how to articulate before.

If I succumbed now, the only work I would leave would be these scraps chosen from my teaching, of which I have made a buttress against the news (*l'information*), of which it is to say everything that it diffuses it.

What I have stated in a confidential discourse, has nonetheless displaced common audition, to the point of leading to me an audience that gives me evidence of being stable in its enormity.

I remember the annoyance with which a boy interrogated me, who was mixed in, in wishing himself a Marxist, with a public made up of people from the Party (the only one) who had rushed (God knows why) to the communication of my "*dialectic of desire and subversion of the subject in psychoanalysis*."

I gently (gentle as I always am) pointed out what followed in my *Écrits*, the daze that answered me from this public.

As for him, "Do you believe then, " he said to me, "that it suffices that you have produced something, inscribed with letters on a blackboard, to expect an effect?"

Such an exercise has carried however, and I have had proof of it, were this only that from the scrap that made for it a right for my book--the funds of the Ford foundation that motivate such meetings from having to sponge them up, being then found unthinkably dried up for publishing me.

It is that the effect that is propagated is not of a communication of speech, but of a displacement of discourse.

Freud, misunderstood, were this by himself, from having wanted to make himself heard, is served less by his disciples than by this propagation: this without which the convulsions of history remain an enigma, like the months of May by which those who are employed at rendering them slaves to a sense are perplexed, by which the dialectic presents itself as a mockery.

⁽⁶⁰⁾QUESTION II : Linguistics, psychoanalysis, and ethnology have in common the notion of structure; beginning with this notion, can one not imagine the statement (*énoncé*) of a common field that will one day reunite psychoanalysis, ethnology, and linguistics?

ANSWER (at Easter '70, in the guise of an egg?):

Following structure is to assure oneself of the effect of language.

This is only done in putting aside the petition of principle that it reproduces from relations taken at the real. At the real to be understood from my category.

For these relations also make a part of reality inasmuch as they inhabit it in formulas that are also present there. Structure is captured from there.

From there, this is to say from the point where the symbolic takes body. I am going to return to this: body.

It would be astonishing that one not see that in making language a function of the collective, one returns always to supposing someone, thanks to whom reality is redoubled in that he represents it, so that we no longer have to do more than reproduce this lining: in brief, in the wasp nest of idealism.

I will come at the end to someone who is not of this vintage: someone to make a sign of it (*quelqu'un à lui faire signe*).

From the indicated vein, knowledge (*la connaissance*) is only motivated in making an adaptation of a supposed in existence, about which, whoever is reproduced like me, an organism, even a species, could say nothing worthwhile.

If *connaissance* is only born in jettisoning language, it is not so that *connaissance (elle)* will survive that it must be brought back into accord with it, but to demonstrate that it is born dead.

From another structure is the knowledge (*savoir*) that specifies the real (*le réel, le cerne*), as much as possible as impossible. This is my formula, as one knows.

Thus the real is distinguished from reality. This, not to say that it is unknowable, but that there is no question of knowing oneself there, but rather of demonstrating this real (*le démontrer*). A path exempt from any idealization.

No reason however to pen in the structuralists, if it is not to delude oneself that they take over what existentialism so well succeeded at: getting a generation to sleep in the same bed where it was born.

⁽⁶¹⁾No one has his chance for insurrection in establishing himself from structure, since by rights it constitutes the trace of the defect of a calculus to come.

Let this preface the greeting I am going to give to the *pool* [in English] you imagine.

I return first to the body of the symbolic that must be understood as not at all metaphorical. As is shown by the fact that nothing isolates the body to be taken in the naïve sense, that in which the being sustained by it does not know that language is what discerns it for

him, to the point that it would not be there if it were not able to be spoken of.

The first body makes the second from incorporating itself there.

Whence the incorporeal that remains to mark the first, from the time after its incorporation. Let us render justice to the stoics for having known with this term: the incorporeal, to sign how the symbolic holds to the body.

Incorporeal is the function, which makes a reality from mathematics, the application of a same effect for topology, or analysis in a broad sense for logic.

But it is incorporated that structure makes affect, neither more nor less, affect only to be taken from what is articulated of being, only having there a *de facto* being, that is, from being said from somewhere.

By which it is affirmed of the body that it is second whether it be dead or alive.

Who does not know the critical point from which we date in man the speaking being: the sepulcher is where, in a fashion, it is affirmed that contrary to any other, the dead body keeps what gave the living its character: body. A *Corpse* [in English] remains, does not become carrion, the body that speech inhabited, that language *corpsified*.

Zoology can take its departure from the pretension of the individual to make being from the living, but this is so that it might fold back on it, only if Zoology pursue it at the level of the polyper.

The body, to take it seriously, is to start with what can carry the mark proper to range it in a sequence of signifiers. Starting from this mark, it is a support, not potential (*éventuel*), but necessary, of a relation, for it is still to support it to subtract itself from it.

From before any date, Minus-One designates the place of the Other (*Autre*) (with the sigla big A) for Lacan. From the One-Short (*Un-en-Moins*), the bed is made for the intrusion that advances from the extrusion; this is the signifier itself.

Not all fleshings go this way. From those alone that imprint the sign to negativize themselves, mount, in that bodies are separated from them, the clouds, the ⁽⁶²⁾ upper waters, of their *jouissance*, heavy with thunders to redistribute body and flesh.

A perhaps less countable distribution, but of which one does not seem to notice that the ancient sepulcher figures this "set" itself, by which our most modern logic is articulated. The empty set of bones is the irreducible element by which other elements are ordered, the instruments of *jouissance*, necklaces, tumblers, weapons: more as sub-elements to enumerate *jouissance* than to make it re-enter the body.

Have I animated structure? Enough, I think, to announce that, of the domains it would reunite with psychoanalysis, nothing destines the two you say, especially.

Linguistics delivers the material of analysis, even the apparatus from which it operates. But a domain is only dominated from its operation. The unconscious might be, as I said, the condition of linguistics. The latter does not forasmuch have the least hold on it.

For it to leave blank what makes an effect there: the object **a** from which in showing that it is what is at stake in the psychoanalytic act, I have thought to clarify a completely other act.

This deficiency of the linguist, I might have experienced it from a contribution I asked of the greatest among the French to illustrate the beginning of my sort of revue, as little as it (*elle*³) was marked in its title: psychoanalysis, no less. One knows the case those made of it who with the grace of whipped dogs conducted me to it, holding it however with enough of a case to scuttle the thing in its time.

³ This "elle" could refer either to the contribution or to the deficiency [tr.].

It is indeed from another--grace is still to say too little--that was accorded me the attention merited by the interest never brought up before me of Freud for antithetical words, such as were appreciated by an Abel.

But if the linguist can do no better than it appears from the verdict that the good comfort (*bon aise*) of the signified requires that signifiers not be antithetical, this supposes that having to speak Arab, where such signifiers abound, announces itself as guarding against a raising of an anthill.

To take a less anecdotal example, let us remark that ⁽⁶³⁾the particular of the tongue (*langue*) is that by which structure falls under the crystal effect, as I said above.

To qualify it, this particular, as arbitrary is a slip (*lapsus*) that Saussure committed, in that, reluctantly, certainly, but by that all the more offered to the stumbling, he "ramparted" himself (*se « rempardait »*) there (since one tells me that this is my word) from university discourse where I have shown that what is harbored is precisely this signifier that dominates the discourse of the master, that of the arbitrary.

It is thus that a discourse fashions reality without supposing any consensus from the subject, dividing it, whatever there is of it, in that it states it in posing itself as stating it (*de ce qu'il l'énonce à ce qu'il se pose comme l'énonçant.*)

Only the discourse that is defined from the turn the analyst gives it manifests the subject as other, that is, returns to it the key of its division--while science, by making the subject a master, hides it, to the extent that the desire that makes a place for it, as with Socrates as with me, takes to barring it without remedy.

There is not the least barrier on the side of ethnology. An inquirer who would let his informer murmur sweet nothings from her dreams will make himself called back to order, in accounting for them by the terrain. And the deputy headmaster (*le censeur*), doing this, will not appear to me, were he Lévi-Strauss, to mark contempt for my flowerbeds.

Where would "the terrain" go if it were soaked in the unconscious? This would not make, whatever one might dream, any effect of drilling, but a puddle of our own vinting.

For, an inquiry that limits itself to gathering from a knowledge, it is from a knowledge from our barrel that we will nourish it.

From a psychoanalysis itself, let one not expect to inventory (*de recenser*) the myths that have conditioned a subject inasmuch as he has grown up in Togo or in Paraguay. For, psychoanalysis operating from the discourse that conditions it, and which I defined this year in taking it from its reverse side, one will not obtain from it any other myth than that which remains in its discourse: the Freudian Oedipus.

Of the material of which the analysis of myth is made, let us hear Lévi-Strauss state that it is untranslatable. This is indeed to understand him: for what he says is that it little matters in which language they are gathered: always likewise analyzable, from being theorized from gross units from which the definitive "mythologization" articulates them.

⁽⁶⁴⁾One seizes there the mirage of a common level with the universality of psychoanalytic discourse, but, and from the fact of who demonstrates it, without the illusion being produced. For it is not from the game of apologetical mythemes propagated by the Institutes that a psychoanalyst will ever make an interpretation.

That the cure can only happen in a particular language (which one calls: positive), even in playing at translating it, there constitutes a guarantee "that there is no metalanguage," according to my formula. The effect of language is only produced there from crystallinguistics. Its

universality is only rediscovered topology, inasmuch as a discourse displaces itself there. The topological access being there even pregnant enough for mythology to reduce itself to it at the extreme.

Shall I add that myth, in Lévi-Strauss' articulation--that is: the only ethnological form to motivate our question--refuses all I promoted with *the instance of the letter in the unconscious*? It operates neither from metaphor, nor even from any metonymy. It does not condense, it explains. It does not displace, it lodges, even in changing the order of the tents.

It only comes into play in combining its heavy units, where the complement, from insuring the presence of the couple, only makes a background spring forth.

This background is precisely what pushes back its structure.

Thus in psychoanalysis (because also in the unconscious) the man knows nothing of the woman, nor the woman of the man. With the phallus is summed up the point of myth where the sexual is made passion of the signifier.

That this point seems moreover to multiply itself, this is what especially fascinates the academic who, from structure, has a horror of psychoanalysis. Whence proceeds the recruiting of the novices of ethnology.

Where an effect of humor is marked. Black, of course, in painting itself in sectarian favors.

Ah! for lack of a university that would be an ethnic group, let us go make from an ethnic group a university.

Whence the wager of this sin whose terrain is defined as the place to make a writing of a knowledge whose essence is to not be transmitted by a writing.

Despairing of ever seeing the last class, let us recreate the first, the echo of knowledge there is in classification. The professor only returns to the dawn . . . the one where the bats of Hegel already believe themselves.

⁽⁶⁵⁾I will keep a same distance, to say mine from structure: passing the last as a psychoanalyst to go around (*faire le tour de*) your interpellation.

First that, under the pretext that I have defined the signifier as no one has dared, one not imagine that the sign is not my affair! Indeed to the contrary, it is the first; it will also the last. But there has to be this detour.

What I have denounced of an implicit semiotics of which only the disarray would have permitted linguistics, does not prevent that it must be redone, and by this same name, since in fact it is to do this that as of old we carry this name forward.

If the signifier represents a subject, according to Lacan (not a signified), and for another signifier (which means: not for another subject), then how can it, this signifier, fall to the sign which as the logician remembers, represents something for someone?

It is of the Buddhist I think, in wishing to animate my crucial question from his: No smoke without fire.

A psychoanalyst, it is by the sign that I am warned. If it signals to me the something I have to treat, I know from having found out how to break the lure of the sign to the logic of the signifier that this something is the division of the subject: which division owes to the other being what makes the signifier, by which it would only know how to represent subject as not being one except from the other.

This division echoes the avatars of the assault that, as such, have confronted it with the knowledge of the sexual--traumatically in that this assault is condemned in advance to failure for the reason I have said, that the signifier is not proper to give body to a formula that would be of

the sexual rapport.

Whence my enunciation: there is no sexual rapport, to be understood: formulable in structure.

This something where the psychoanalyst, interpreting, makes an intrusion of a signifier, certainly I have strained myself for twenty years so that he not take it for a thing, since it is a fault (*faillie*), and of structure.

But his wanting to make of it someone is the same thing: this goes to the personality in person, total, as one pukes out on occasion.

The least memory of the unconscious requires, however, maintaining at this place some two, with Freud's supplement⁽⁶⁶⁾ that it would not know how to satisfy any reunion except that of logic, which is written: either the one or the other.

If it is thus for the from the departure from which the signifier veers to the sign, where are we to now find the someone, who must be procured for it urgently?

It is the *hic* that is only made a *nunc* in being a psychoanalyst, but also a Lacanian one. Soon everyone will be one, my audience makes its prodrome, therefore psychoanalysts also. The rising to the social zenith of the object called by me my *petit a* would suffice there, by the effect of anxiety provoked by the hollowing out from which our discourse produces it, from failing at its production.

That it is from such a fall that the signifier falls to the sign is made evident to us in that, when one no longer knows which saint to devote oneself to (in other words: when there is no longer a signifier to fry, which is what the saint furnishes), one buys no matter what, a hot-rod (*bagnole*) notably, to make a sign of intelligence, if one can say so, of his boredom, the affect of the desire for an Other-thing (with a big O [A]).

This says nothing of the *petit a*, because it is only deductible in the measure of the psychoanalysis of each, which explains why few psychoanalysts manage it well, even in owing it to my seminar.

I will therefore speak in parables, which is to say, to perplex.

Regarding the step (*pas*⁴) of smoke, if I dare say so, perhaps one will make it in grasping that it is to the fire that this step makes a sign.

What it makes a sign of is conformed to our structure, in that since Prometheus, a smoke is rather the sign of this subject that a match represents for its box, and for a Ulysses approaching an unknown shore, a smoke above all lets him presume that this is not a desert isle.

Our smoke is thus the sign, why not of the smoker? But let's go there from the producer of the fire: this will be more materialist and perfectly dialectical.

But that Ulysses gives us the someone is put in doubt in recalling that he is also no one. In any case, he is no one in that a smug Polyphemia⁵ is fooled by it.

But the evidence that it is not to make a sign to Ulysses that the smokers are holding camp, suggests for us a more rigorous approach to the principle of the sign.

⁽⁶⁷⁾ For it makes us feel, as in passing, that what sins in seeing the world as a phenomenon is that the noumenon, from only being henceforth able to make a sign to the *voũç*--that is: to the supreme someone, a sign of intelligence always--demonstrates from what poverty ours proceeds in supposing that everything makes a sign: it is the someone from nowhere who must scheme it all out.

⁴ Apparently a play on the double meaning of "pas," which can be translated either as step or as "no," as in *Pas de fumée sans feu* (no smoke without fire).

⁵ Feminine in the original [tr.].

Let this help us in putting the: no (*pas de*) smoke without fire, at the same step (*au même pas*) as the: no prayer without God, for one to hear what changes.

It is curious that forest fires do not show the someone to whom the imprudent sleep of the smoker is addressed.

And that there has to be the phallic joy, the primitive urination with which man, says psychoanalysis, responds to fire, to put us on the path of what there are, Horatio, in heaven and on earth, of other materials to make a subject than the objects your knowledge (*connaissance*) imagines.

The products for example from the quality of which, in the Marxist perspective of surplus value (*plus-value*), rather than from the master, the producers could ask an explanation (*demandeur compte*) for the exploitation they undergo.

When one recognizes the sort of surplus enjoyment (*plus-de-jouir*) that makes one say "this (*ça*) is someone," one will be on the path of a dialectical material perhaps more active than the Party flesh, employed as history's *baby-sitter* [in English]. This path, the psychoanalyst could light it with his pass.

QUESTION III : Would not one of the possible articulations between psychoanalysis and linguistics be the privilege accorded to metaphor and to metonymy, by Jakobson on the linguistic plane, and by you on the psychoanalytic plane?

ANSWER : I think that, thanks to my seminar at Sainte-Anne from which emerged the one who translated Jakobson into French, more than one of our listeners knows at this moment how metaphor and metonymy are situated by Jakobson with the signifying chain: substitution of one signifier for another for the one, the selection of one signifier in its sequence for the other. From which results (and only for Jakobson: for me the result is different): that the substitution is made from similarities, the selection from contiguities.

⁽⁶⁸⁾It is that it is a question there of something other than the *lecton*, of what renders a signified readable, and which is not for nothing for maintaining the stoic condition. I pass: this is what I have named with the *point de capiton*, to illustrate what I will call the Saussure effect of disruption of the signified by the signifier, and to specify here that it responded quite exactly to my esteem for the audience-mattress reserved for me, of course from being at Sainte-Anne, although composed of analysts.

I had to shout a little to make myself heard by a troop where diverse ends of customs clearance made a knot for certain of them. In conformity with a style necessitated for this epoch by the braveries the preceding had known to steer clear of.

And it is not for nothing that I introduced my *point de capiton* from the game of signifiers in the responses made by Joab to the collaborator Abner, act I, scene 1 of *Athalie*: a resonance of my discourse proceeding from a chord more silent in concerning them.

A brilliance achieved (*franchi*), someone rushed in to make of the *point de capiton*, which had no doubt retained him, the "anchoring" that language takes in the unconscious. Said unconscious as he wishes it, namely in the most impudent opposition to all I have articulated of metaphor and metonymy, said unconscious supporting itself by the figurative grotesque of the hat of Napoleon to be found in the drawing of leaves of a tree, and motivating his taste to predicate on it the representative of the representative (*représentant du représentatif*).

(Thus the profile of Hitler would emerge from childhoods born of gripes suffered by their fathers at the time of the Meudoneries of the *Front Populaire*.)

Metaphor and metonymy, without requiring this promotion of a wrecked figurativity, gave the principle from which I engendered the dynamism of the unconscious.

The condition for it is what I have said of the Saussurien bar, which cannot represent any intuition of proportion, nor be translated into a bar of a fraction except from a delusional abuse, but, as what it is for Saussure, making a real edge, to leap that is, from the signifier that floats to the signified that flows.

This is what metaphor brings about, which obtains an effect of sense (not of signification) from a signifier that makes a cobble in the swamp of the signified.

No doubt this signifier only lacks henceforth in the chain⁽⁶⁹⁾ in a precisely metaphoric fashion, when it is a question of what one calls poetry in that it arises from a making. As it is made, it can be unmade. By means of which one grasps that the effect of sense produced was made in the direction (*sens*) of non-sense: "the sheaf was neither miserly nor spiteful" (cf. my "Instance of the Letter"), for the reason that it was a sheaf, stupid to be eaten as is hay.

Completely different is the effect of condensation inasmuch as it takes its departure from repression and constitutes the return of the impossible, to be conceived of as the limit by which the category of the real is installed by the symbolic. On that a professor obviously induced by my propositions (which he moreover believes himself to contradict, while he is supported by them against an abuse by which he is abused, no doubt taking pleasure in it), has written some things to be retained.

Beyond the illustration of the hat in the leaves of the tree, it is from the leafing of the page that he prettily materializes a condensation from which the imaginary is elided from being typographical: that which some folds in the curtain make read: golden dream, the words dismantled to write there, borne flat: Revolution of October.

Here the effect of non-sense is not retroactive in time, as is the order of the symbolic, but indeed current (*actuel*), the fact of the real.

Indicating for us that the signifier re-emerges as a false note in the signified of the chain above the bar, and that if it is fallen from there, it is from belonging to another signifying chain that must not in any case tally with (*recouper*) the first, in that in making a discourse with it, the first changes, in its structure.

There we have more than we need to justify the recourse to metaphor to make grasped how in operating in the service of repression, it produces the condensation noted by Freud in the dream.

But, instead of the poetic art, what operate here are reasons.

Reasons, which is to say, effects of language inasmuch as they are prior to the signifiante of the subject, but they make this signifiante present in not yet being it in coming into play from the representative (*représentant*).

This intransitive materialization, shall we say, from the signifier to the signified, is what one calls the unconscious, which is not an anchoring, but a deposit, an alluvion of language.

For the subject, the unconscious is what reunites in him the conditions: either he is not, or he does not think.

If in the dream he does not think, it is for being in the state of may-be.⁽⁷⁰⁾ In which it is demonstrated what he remains to be on awaking and by which the dream indeed reveals itself the royal road to knowing its law.

Metonymy, it is not from the sense before the subject that it comes into play (from the barrier of non-sense, that is), it is from the *jouissance* where the subject is produced as a cut: which thus makes for it its fabric, but in reducing it for that to a surface linked to this body,

already the fact of the signifier.

Not of course that the signifier is anchored (or inked) in the tickle (again the Napoleon thing), but that it permits it among other traits by which *jouissance* is signified and of which the problem is knowing what is satisfied by it.

That under what is inscribed slip the passion of the signifier, it must be said: *jouissance* of the Other, because inasmuch as it is ravished from a body, it becomes the place of the Other.

Metonymy operant from a metabolism of the *jouissance* of which the potential is ruled by the cut of the subject, registers as a value what is transferred from it.

The thirty sails (*voiles*) by which are announced a fleet in the example rendered famous from being a commonplace of rhetoric, even if they have veiled (*ont beau voiler*) thirty times the body of promise borne by rhetoric or fleet, nothing will make it so a grammarian or a linguist might make of them the veil of Maya.

Nothing will any more make it so that a psychoanalyst admit that in passing his conjurer's ball without raising this veil over the office he renders them, he degrades himself to the rank of a prestidigitator.

No hope therefore that he approach the spring of metonymy when, in doing his catechism from an interrogation of Freud, he asks himself if the inscription of the signifier, yes or no, is doubled by what there is of the unconscious (a question to which no one outside my commentary on Freud, which is to say, my theory, would know how to give any sense).

Is it that this would not however be the interpretive cut itself, which, for the stammerer on the bench, is a problem to make a consciousness? It would reveal, then, the topology that commands it in a cross-cap, in a Moebius strip, that is. For it is only from this cut that this surface, where from every point one has access to its reverse side, without having to pass over an edge (thus it has a single surface), is seen afterwards provided with a *recto* and a *verso*. The Freudian double inscription thus would not spring from any Saussurian barrier, but from the practice itself that poses the ⁽⁷¹⁾question of it, namely the cut from which the unconscious in desisting testifies to have only consisted of the cut, that is, the more discourse is interpreted, the more it confirms itself to be unconscious. To the point that only psychoanalysis would discover that there is a reverse side to the discourse--on the condition of interpreting it.

I say these difficult things, from knowing that the inaptitude of my listeners puts them at ground level with them. That the vice of the psychoanalyst of being a person by his act displaced more than any other, renders him there in another fashion inapt, is what makes each of my *Écrits* so circumlocutory in creating a barrage to its making use of any-mouth-you-like.

It must be said that the desire to be the master contradicts the fact itself of the psychoanalyst: it is that the cause of desire is distinguished from its object. What the metonymy of the linguist testifies to is within reach of others than the psychoanalyst.

Of the poet, for example, who in so-called realism makes prose his instrument.

I have shown in its time that the oyster to be swallowed evoked by the ear Bel-Ami exerts himself to charm, betrays the secret of its mackerel's *jouissance*.⁶ Without the metonymy that makes a mucous membrane of this conk, there will no longer be anyone for his part (*de son côté*) to pay the share (*l'écot*) the hysteric requires, namely that he be the cause of her own desire, by this *jouissance* itself.

One sees here that the passage is eased from the linguistic fact to the symptom and that the testimony of the psychoanalyst remains included in it. One is convinced of it as soon as he begins to exalt himself from his "listening": hysteria of his *middle age* [in English]. The shellfish

⁶ *Jouissance de maquereau*, which, consistent with French colloquial usage, could also be translated as "pimp's *jouissance*" [tr.].

also hears hers, it is well known--and that one wants to be the sound of the sea, no doubt because one knows that it is her who has scaled him.

They did not yet blather about the listening, those who wanted me to give Jakobson more honor, for the use he was to me.

These are the same who since objected to me that this usage was not conformed to him in metonymy.

Their slowness to grasp it shows what *cerumen*⁷ separates them from what that they hear before they make a parable of it.

They will not take literally (*à la lettre*) that metonymy is indeed what determines as an operation of credit (*Verschiebung* means: ⁽⁷²⁾veering) the unconscious mechanism itself where, however, it is the cash-balance-*jouissance* on which one draws.

For that which is of the signifier, to sum up these two tropes, I say wrongly, it appears, that *it displaces* when I translate in this way: *es entstellt* somewhere in my *Écrits*. That it disfigures, in the dictionary, one sends me word of it by express post, indeed by pilot balloon (again the figure thing and what one can tickle there). It is a shame that for a return to Freud where one would like me to show myself again, one ignores this passage of the Moses where he establishes (*tranche*) that he understands the *Enstellung* in this way, namely, as displacement, because, were it archaic, there, he says, is its first sense.

Making *jouissance* pass to the unconscious, which is to say, to accounting, is in fact a sacred displacement.

One will establish moreover in returning, through the index of my book, to this word in passages which veer from its usage, that I translate it (as I must) at the mercy of each context.

It is that I do not metaphorize metaphor, nor metonymize metonymy in saying that they are equivalent to the condensation and to the veering in the unconscious. But I displace myself with the displacement of the real in the symbolic, and I condense myself to give weight to my symbols in the real, as suits tracking the unconscious (*comme il convient à suivre l'inconscient à la trace*).

QUESTION IV : You say that the discovery of the unconscious led to a second Copernican revolution. How is the unconscious a key notion that subverts every theory of knowledge (*connaissance*)?

ANSWER : Your question is going to tickle the hopes, tinted to make me fear, inspired by our epoch's devolved sense for the word: revolution. One could mark its passage to a superegoistic function in politics, to the role of an ideal in the career of thought. Let us note that it is Freud, not I, who brings into play here those resonances from which only the structural cut can separate the imaginary as "superstructure."

Why not take our departure from the irony there is in blaming a (symbolic) revolution for an image of astral revolutions that scarcely give an idea of it?

⁽⁷³⁾What is revolutionary in the re-centering around the sun of the solar world? In hearing what I am articulating this year of a discourse of the master, one will find that this discourse closes there quite well the revolution it writes beginning from the real: if the aim of the ἐπιστήμη⁸ is indeed the transference of the knowledge of the slave to the master--this contrary to the priceless conjurers game by which Hegel would like to re-absorb their antinomy in

⁷ Earwax.

⁸ *episteme*- (knowledge).

absolute knowledge--the figure of the sun is there worthy of imaging the master-signifier that remains unchanged in the measure itself of its concealment.

For common consciousness, for the "people" that is, heliocentrism, namely that this turns around, implies that this turns in a circle, without it having to look at it any more. Shall I blame Galileo for the political insolence the Sun-King represents?

From the contrary ascendants that result from the see-sawing of axis of the sphere of the fixed on the plane of the ecliptic retaining the presence of what makes them manifest, the Ancients knew to draw images to support a dialectic guided to divide their knowledge (*savoir*) and truth: I would pin down from it a photocentrism as being less enslaving than the helio.

What Freud, as he explicitly says, allegorizes in his recourse to Copernicus of the destitution of one center to the profit of another, arises in fact from the necessity to bring down the haughtiness owed to any mono-centrism. This by reason of what he has business with in the psychology, let us not say: of his epoch, because it is still intact in ours: it is a question of the pretension from which a field is constituted there based on a "unity" by which it might take stock of itself. However farcical this might be, it is tenacious.

No question of this pretension worrying about the topology it supposes: namely, that of the sphere, since it does not even suspect that its topology might be a problem: one cannot suppose otherwise what one does not suppose at all.

The piquant thing is that the Copernican revolution makes a metaphor appropriated beyond what Freud comments on, and this is why from having returned it to him, I take it up again.

For, the history submitted to the texts where the Copernican revolution is inscribed demonstrates that it is not heliocentrism that constitutes its nerve, to the point that this was for Copernicus himself--the least of his worries (*le cadet de ses soucis*). To take the expression completely literally (*au pied de la lettre*), that is, in the sense of: not the first, it would extend to other authors of said revolution.

That around which turns, but this is precisely the word to avoid, around which gravitates the effort of a *connaissance* on the way to marking itself as imaginary, is sharply, as one reads it in making with Koyré the chronicle of Kepler's approach, to disentangle oneself from the idea that the movement of rotation, in that it engenders the circle (that is: the perfect form), can alone suit the affection of the celestial body that is the planet.

Introducing in fact the elliptical trajectory, which is to say, the planetary body veers in precipitating its movement (equality of the arcs covered by the ray in the unity of time: second law of Kepler) around the focus occupied by the master light, but turns around in slowing it down the farthest from another unoccupied focus, this without any fire taking place.

Here resides the step of Galileo: elsewhere than in the skirmish of his trial where he had no side to take but the stupidity of those who do not see that he works for the pope. Theology has this value, like psychoanalysis, of sifting out the rogues with such a fall. The step of Galileo consists of it being by his mediation that the law of inertia comes into play by which this ellipse is going to be clarified.

By which Newton, finally--but what a time of understanding must still pass before the moment to conclude--Newton, yes, concludes with a particular case of gravitation that rules the most banal fall of a body.

But there again the true reach of this step is stifled: which is that of the action--in each point of a world where what it subverts is from demonstrating the real as impossible--of the action, I say, of the *formula* that in each point submits the element of mass to the attraction of the

others as far as this world extends, without anything playing the role of a medium to transmit this force.

For it is indeed there that is found the scandal that lay consciousness (which stupidity, quite inversely, makes the common rogue) ended up censoring, simply by making itself deaf to it.

Under the shock of the moment, the contemporaries nonetheless reacted to it in a lively way, and our obscurantism had to have come along for us to have forgotten the objection everyone felt then: concerning *how* each of the elements ^[75]of mass could be informed of the distance to measure for it to weigh on any other.

The notion of field explains nothing, but only puts black on white, that is, supposes as written what we stress as being the effective presence, not of the relation, but of its formula in the real, from which I have from the first posed what there is of structure.

It would be curious to develop how far gravitation, the first field to necessitate such a function, is distinguished from the other fields, from electromagnetics, for example, properly made for what Maxwell led them to: the reconstitution of a universe. It remains that the field of gravitation, however remarkable its weakness might be in regard to the others, resists the unification of this field, that is, the remounting of a world.

From which I proffer that the LEM landing on the moon, Newton's formula realized in an apparatus, testifies that the trajectory carrying it there without expenditure is our product, or again: a knowledge (*savoir*) of a master. Let us speak acosmonautically rather than insistently.

It would also be interesting to point out how far the Einsteinian rectification in its fabric (curvature of space) and in its hypothesis (necessity of a time of transmission that the finite speed of light does not permit us to annul) is unstuck from the transcendental aesthetic, I mean that of Kant.

Which one would sustain by what pushes it, this rectification, to the quantic order: where the quantum of action returns us from a shorter stop than one would expect from physics, the act-effect produced as refuse of a correct symbolization.

Without risking ourselves there, let us pose that the chart of structure is Newton's *hypotheses non fingo*. There are formulas one does not imagine. At least for a time, they make an assembly with the real.

One sees that the exact sciences had articulated this chart with their field, before I might have imposed it for the correction of the conjecturals.

It is the only lever able to put out of the question making a lid of what turns from the millstone: psychology of an un-deshoddable in that Kant relays in it Wolff and Lambert, and which owes to this: that axised ⁽⁷⁶⁾on the same pivot on which ontology, cosmology, without theology teaching them a lesson, spit the soul, is the *connaissance* that the world has of itself, and precisely what defends against being recognized thusly, from the alibi of a Thing-in-Itself that would escape *connaissance*.

Beginning with this one adds to the fantasies commanding reality that of the foreman (*contremaître*).

It is to lead the Freudian revolution back to its ferule, that a clique mandated for the lysis-Anna of analysis re-edited this Golem under the title of the autonomous ego.

If there is a trace in Kant of the office one imputes to him of having defended against the Newtonian "cosmology," it is in that the Newtonian formula makes a deal somewhere, like a fish with an apple, and to mark that the *Vernunft*⁹ or the *Verstand*¹⁰ have nothing to do with it *a priori*.

⁹ Reason.

Which is no less sure of the experience called sensible, which I translate: not yet informed of structure.

The noumenon owes to the mirage by which some functions wish to be taken as organs, with the effect of entangling the organs in finding a function. Thus this widowed function only has value as an alien body, fallen from a master discourse a little outmoded. Its sisters for this reason are in no condition, however pure and practical they affirm themselves, to show anything more of it than the specularization from which proceed the solids that can only be called "of revolution" in contributing to the most traditional geometrical intuitions there are.

That only structure is propitious to the emergence of the real from which a new revolution might be promoted, is attested to by the Revolution, with the big R French provided it. It was reduced to what it is for Bonaparte as for Chateaubriand: a return to the master who has the art to render them useful (consult the Essay titled from it in 1801); the time passing, to what it is for the historian quite worthy of the name, Tocqueville: a shaker [in English] degrading the ideologies of the *Ancien Régime*; to what men of intelligence do not understand any more except as a madness from which one goes into ecstasies (Ampère) or to a straight-jacket (Taine); to what remains of it for the present reader of a rhetorical debauchery little suited to make it respected.

It would be this way if Marx had not replaced it with a structure he formulates in a capitalist discourse, but in that this structure⁽⁷⁷⁾ had foreclosed the surplus value with which he motivates this discourse. In other words, it is from the unconscious and the symptom that he claims to prorogate the great Revolution: it is from the discovered surplus value that he precipitates the consciousness said to be of class. Lenin, passing to the act, obtains nothing more from it than what one calls regression in psychoanalysis: the times of a discourse not held in reality, and first of all from being untenable.

It is Freud who discovers for us the incidence of a *savoir* such that in being subtracted from consciousness it is no less denoted as being structured, I say, like a language, but articulated from where? Perhaps from nowhere where it is articulable, since it is only from a point of lack, unthinkable other than from the effects by which it is marked, and which renders it precarious for someone to know himself there in the sense where knowing oneself there (*s'y connaitre au sens où s'y connaître*), as the artisan does, is to be complicitous with a nature into which one is born at same time as she: for it is question here of a de-naturation; which renders it false moreover that anyone recognize himself there, which would imply the mode in which consciousness affirms a *savoir* as being self-knowing (*se sachant*).

The unconscious, one sees, is only a metaphoric term in designating the knowledge that only sustains itself in presenting itself as impossible, so that from that it is confirmed as being real (to be understood real discourse).

The unconscious disqualifies nothing of worth in this knowledge (*connaissance*) of nature, which is rather a point of myth, or even inconsistency, in being demonstrated from the unconscious.

In brief, it suffices to recall that bipolarity betrays itself as essential to all that is proposed of the terms of a true *savoir*.

What the unconscious adds there is to furnish it with a dynamic of the dispute which is made by a sequence of retaliations in not lacking their order that make of the body a gaming table.

The summations that return to it, according to our scheme: from being the fact of a fiction

¹⁰ Understanding.

of the emitter, testify less to repression, in that it is no less constructed, than to the repressed in making a hole in the chain of vigilance which is no more than a sleep disorder.

Against which guards the non-violence of a censure from which all sense receives the denial (*démenti*) from proposing itself as veritable, but from which the adversary rejoices in preserving the non-sense there (*nonsense* [in English], rather), the only point where it makes nature (as in saying: it makes water).

⁽⁷⁸⁾ If the unconscious from an other gives, makes a subject from negation, the other *savoir* is employed in conditioning it from what as signifier it most rejects: a representable figure.

At the limit is admitted what the conflict is a function of in that a clearing is made for the real, but for a body to be hallucinated there.

Such is the trajectory where navigate those boats that owe to me, let us recall, being registered as formations of the unconscious.

In fixing the correct basting, I have had to offer patience to those for whom this was the everyday business, without their having for a long time distinguished its structure.

To tell the truth, it sufficed for them to fear seeing the real surge forth from me there for an awakening to be produced, such that they found nothing better to do than, from the garden where I painted their delights, to reject me myself. From which I returned to the real of the E.N.S, that is, of the being (*étant*) (or of the pond [*étang*]) of *l'École normale supérieure* where on the first day I took my place there I was interpellated on the being (*l'être*) I accorded to all this. From which I declined having to sustain my aim from any ontology.

It is insofar as it was, aimed, to break an audience to my *logy*, that of its *onto* I made the shameful (*l'honteux*).

All *onto* now having been drunk, I will answer, and not in a round about way (*par quatre chemins*) nor by a forest hiding the tree.

My proof only touches on being (*à l'être*) in giving it birth from the flaw the being (*l'étant*) produces from being said (*de se dire*).

From which the author is to be relegated to making himself the means for a desire that passes beyond him.

But there is another intermediation that Socrates said in act.

He knew like us that for the being (*à l'étant*), it takes time (*faut le temps*) to make itself be (*à être*).

This "faut le temps" is the being (*l'être*) that solicits from the unconscious to return to it each time that it will have to (*que lui faudra*) take, yes, *faudra le temps*

For, understand that I play on the crystal of the tongue to refract from the signifier what divides the subject.

Faudra le temps there, it is of French that I chat with you; I hope this is not a problem (*c'est du français que je vous cause, pas du chagrin, j'espère*).

What it will take in that it takes time (*Ce qui faudra de ce qu'il faut le temps*), there is the flaw (*faillie*) from which being (*l'être*) is said, and indeed that the usage of a future of this form for the verb: *faillir* is not recommended in a work addressed ⁽⁷⁹⁾ to Belgians, it is there accorded that grammar would be duty-bound (*faudrait à ses devoirs*) to proscribe it.

However little it should be there (*Si peu s'en faut qu'elle en soit là*), this little proves that it is indeed from lack that in French the *falloir* reinforces the necessary, supplanting there the *il estuet de temps*, of the *est opus temporis*, to push it to the estuary where antiquities lose themselves.

Inversely it is not by chance that this *falloir* makes an equivocal said in the mode, subjunctive by default: *avant (à moins) qu'il ne faille y venir...*[before (unless) he has to come there].

This is how the unconscious is articulated from that which of being (*l' être*) comes to the saying.

What makes the fabric of time is not a borrowing from the imaginary, but rather from a textile where knots would say nothing except of the holes found there.

This logical time has no In-itself except what falls there to make a bid for masochism.

This is what the psychoanalyst relays in making a figure of someone. The "*faut du temps*," he supports it for a long enough time so that for what comes to be said there, he need do no more than instruct himself that a thing is not nothing: a thing (*celle*) is precisely this of which he makes a sign to someone.

One knows that I introduced there the psychoanalytic act, and I do not take it for an accident that the commotion of May prevented me from coming to its end.

I owe it here to mark that someone might only seat himself there from the fashion (*façon*), the effacing (*effaçon*) rather, he imposes on the true.

Only one knowledge *savoir* gives said effacing: the logic for which the true and the false are no more than letters operating from a value.

The Stoics presented it with their practice of a politicized masochism, but only pushed it to the point that the skeptics had to put the breaks on their mythic invocation of a truth of nature.

These are the refusals of the Greek mechanics that have barred the road to a logic from which a truth might be edified as texture.

In truth, only psychoanalysis justifies the mythic here of nature to establish it in the *jouissance* that holds its place in producing itself from an effect of texture.

Without it, mathematical logic suffices to make a superstition of skepticism in rendering irrefutable some assertions as little empty as:

⁽⁸⁰⁾ – a system defined as from the order of arithmetic obtains consistency from making in its breast a separation of the true and the false only in confirming itself from being incomplete, that is, from requiring the undemonstrable of formulas that are only verified from elsewhere;

– this undemonstrable, on the other hand, is insured from a demonstration that decides independently from the truth it concerns;

– there is an undecidable that is articulated in that the undemonstrable itself would not know how to be insured.

The cuts of the unconscious show this structure, attesting to it from similar falls to be specified (*à cerner*).

For, to return myself here to the crystal of the tongue, in that *falsus* is the fall in Latin, to link the false less to the true that refutes it than to there having to be time to make a trace of what has failed to establish itself from the start. In taking it from its being the past participle of *fallere*, to fall, from which *faillir* and *falloir* proceed each by its detour, that one might note that the etymology only comes in here as a support of the homophonic crystal effect.

It to take it as one must, making this word double, when it is a question of pleading the false in the interpretation. It is precisely as *falsa*, let us say fallen, that an interpretation operates from being to the side, that is: where being is made, it is from some false liaison (*du pataqu'est-ce*).

Let us not forget that the symptom is the *falsus* that is the *cause* by which analysis is sustained in the process of verification that makes its being.

We are not sure, as to what Freud might have known of this domain, except from his frequentation of Brentano. It is discrete, that is, establishable in the text of the *Verneinung*.

I have cleared the path for the practitioner who will know to attach himself to the logical ludion I have forged for his usage, the *objet a*, without being able to supply for (*suppléer á*) the analysis, called personal, which has at times rendered it improper to manage it.

Once again to add to what Freud is maintained by, a trait that I believe decisive: the unique faith he had in the Jews for not failing the seismic rupture of the truth. In the Jews whom moreover nothing separates him from any of the aversion he avows by the usage of the word: occultism, for all that is of mystery. Why?

Why except because the Jew, since the return from Babylon, is the one who knows how to read, which is to say, from the letter he takes distance ⁽⁸¹⁾ from his speech, finding there the interval, just right for bringing into play an interpretation.

A single one, that of the Midrash, which distinguishes itself here eminently.

In fact for this people who have the Book, the only one among them all to affirm itself as historical, in never proffering myth, the Midrash represents a mode of approach of which the modern historical critique could indeed be only a bastardization. For if it takes the Book literally (*au pied de sa lettre*), it is not to make it support some more or less patent intentions, but, from its signifying collusion taken in its materiality: from what its combination renders obligatory from vicinity (*voisinage*) (thus not wanted), from what the variants of grammar impose of an inflectual (*désinentiel*) choice, to draw an other saying of the text: even in implying there what it neglects (as reference), the childhood of Moses for example.

Is it nothing in approaching what of the death of the same, Freud held to its being known, to the point of making of it his final message?

Above all in putting there the distance--never taken before me--from the work of Sellin with whom his meeting on this point did not appear to him something to disdain, when its corruption (*dévergondage*), from being from a pen highly qualified in the exegesis called critical, throws derision on the hinges (*gonds*) themselves of the method.

An occasion to pass to the reverse side (this is focus of my seminar of this year) of psychoanalysis inasmuch as it is the discourse of Freud, itself suspended. And, without recourse to the Name-of-the-Father from which I have said myself to abstain, a legitimate approach to be taken from the topology betrayed by this discourse.

A topology where protrudes the monocentric ideal (this being the sun changes nothing) from which Freud sustains the murder of the Father, when, from letting it be seen that it is against the grain of the Jewish patriarchal test, the totem and the taboo abandon it from the mythic *jouissance*. Not the figure of Akhenaton.

That in the dossier of signifiante here in play from castration, be poured the crystal effect I touch upon: from *the* false of time.

Note on my answer to the 4th question:

I would like it to be known that this text does not claim to account for the "Copernican revolution" such as it is articulated ⁽⁸²⁾ in history, but for the usage . . . the mythical usage made of it. By Freud notably.

It does not suffice, for example, that heliocentrism was the "least of the cares" (*le cadet des soucis*) of Copernicus. On what rung are we to place it? It is certain, to the contrary--one knows that I was instructed by the writings of Koyré on this--that it appeared admirable to him that the sun was there where he gave it its place because it was from there that it best played its

role as a light. But is this what is subversive there?

For he does not place it at the center of the world, but in a place quite near, which, for the admired end and for the glory of the creator, goes as well. It is therefore false to speak of heliocentrism.

The strangest thing is that no one, let it be well understood: of the specialists besides Koyré, brings up that the "revolutions" of Copernicus do not concern the celestial bodies, but the orbs. It goes by itself for us that these orbs are traced by the bodies. But, one blushes to have to remind people of it, for Ptolemy as for everyone since Eudoxes, these orbs are spheres that *support* the celestial bodies and the course of each is ruled by several orbs *supporting* it concurrently, 5 perhaps for Saturn, 3, as I remember it, for Jupiter. That matters to us! as do also those Aristotle adds to stamp between two celestial bodies, the two just named for example, the effect to be expected of the orbs of the first on those of the second. (This is because Aristotle wants a physics that works [*qui tienne*]).

Who could not grasp this, I do not say from reading Copernicus, of whom a phototyped reproduction exists, but simply from spelling out the title: *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium*? Which does not prevent some notorious *traducteurs* (some people who translate the text) from titling their translation: *On the Revolutions of Celestial Bodies*.

It is literal, which is equivalent here to saying: it is true, that Copernicus is a Ptolemean, that he remains in the material of Ptolemy, that he is not Copernican in the invented sense that makes use of this term.

Is it justified to hold to this invented sense to respond to a metaphoric usage? Is not this the problem posed by every metaphor?

As someone more or less has said, with the arts one amuses oneself, one muses with the lizards (*avec les arts on s'amuse, on muse avec les lézards*¹¹). One must not lose the occasion to recall ⁽⁸³⁾ the cretinizing essence of the sense for which the common word is suited. This nonetheless remains a sterile exploit, if a structural liaison cannot be grasped in it.

An interviewer's question deserves an improvised answer. On first impulse (*du premier jet*) what has come to me--come from the depth of a piece of information I endeavor to believe not to be null--is to start with the remark with which, to heliocentrism, I oppose a photocentrism of a permanent structural importance. One sees from this note what naiveté Copernicus falls into from this point of view.

Koyré increases it, this naiveté, in referring it to the mysticism propagated by Marsile Ficino's circle. Why not, in fact? The Renaissance was occultist, which is why the University classes it among the eras of progress.

The veritable turning point is owed to Kepler and, I insist on it, in the subversion, the only one worthy of this name, constituted by the passage he paid for with so much trouble, from the imaginary of the form said to be perfect as being the that of the circle, to the articulation of the conic, of the ellipse on this occasion, in mathematical terms.

I incontestably collapse what Galileo did, but it is clear that what Kepler brings in here escapes him, and nonetheless it is he who already combines between his hands the elements from which Newton will forge his formula: I mean by this the law of attraction, such as Koyré isolates it from its hyperphysical function, from its syntactic presence (cf. *Études newtoniennes*, p. 34).

To confront it with Kant, I stress that it finds its place in no critique of imaginary reason.

It is *de facto* the strong place whose siege maintains in science the ideal of a universe by which science subsists. That the Newtonian field does not let itself be reduced to this, is well

¹¹ This is a pun: *les arts* and *lézards* are homophones [tr.].

designated by my formula: the impossible is the real.

It is from this point once attained that shines our physics.

But in inscribing science at the register of hysteric discourse, I let be understood more than I have said of it.

The approach to the real is narrow. And it is from haunting it that psychoanalysis looms forth.

⁽⁸⁴⁾QUESTION V : What are its consequences on the plane:

a) of science,

b) of philosophy,

c) more particularly, of Marxism, even of Communism?

ANSWER : Your question, which follows a preconceived list, merits my marking that it does not go by itself after the preceding answer.

It seems to suppose that I have acquiesced to this: "the unconscious . . . subverts every theory of *connaissance*," to cite you, in almost the same words except that I elide them to separate them: (the unconscious) "is it a key notion that," etc.

I say: the unconscious is not a notion. Might it be a key? This is judged from experience. A key supposes a lock. Assuredly some locks exist, and even those the unconscious makes work (*jouer*) correctly, to close them? to open them? it does not go by itself that the one implies the other, that they are *a fortiori* equivalent.

It must suffice for us to pose that the unconscious is. Neither more nor less. This is indeed enough to occupy us for one more moment after all the time this has lasted, without anyone before me making an additional step. Since for Freud this was to be taken from the *tabula rasa* in each case: from the *tabula rasa*, not even on *this* that it is, he cannot say it, outside of his reserve of a purely ritualistic recourse to the organic: on *what it is* in each case, this is what he means. In waiting, nothing is sure, except that it is, and that Freud, in speaking of it, does linguistics. Again no one sees it, and, against him, each tries to make the unconscious re-enter a notion from before.

From before Freud says that it is, without that (*ça*) being, nor this (*ça*), and certainly not the Id (*notamment pas non plus le Ça*).

The answer I gave to your fourth question means that unconscious subverts the theory of *connaissance* all the less in that it has nothing to do with it for the reason I say: that it is alien to it.

This is without it being for nothing that one can say that the theory of *connaissance* is not, for the reason that there is no *connaissance* that is not from illusion or from myth. This, of course, in giving the word a sense whose usage is worth the trouble of maintaining beyond its mundane sense: that is, that "I know him" (« *je le connais* ») means: I ⁽⁸⁵⁾ have been introduced to him or I know what he does by heart (for a writer notably, for a so-called "author" in general).

It is to be noted, for those to whom Γνωθι σεαυτὸν¹² could serve as a *muleta* on the occasion, since it is nothing else, that this extravagant aim (*visée d'exploit*) excludes all theory because its orders were brandished by the Delphic deceiver. Here, the unconscious brings neither reinforcement nor disappointment: but only that the σεαυτὸν will be necessarily (*forcément*) cut in two, in the case where one worries again about something that resembles it after having put to

¹² "Know thyself" [tr].

the test "his" unconscious in an analysis.

Let us therefore break there: no *connaissance*. In the sense that would allow you the embrace of enveloping there the rubrics with which you now think to advance your question. No *connaissance* other than the myth I just denounced. A myth whose theory henceforth arises from mytho-logy (to be specified with a hyphen) necessitating in addition an extension of the structural analysis for which Lévi-Straus furnishes the ethnographic myths.

No *connaissance*. But *savoir*, yes, in spades, just in knowing what to do (*à n'en savoir que faire*), the armoires are full.

From there, certain (of these *savoirs*) hook you in passing. It suffices there that one of these discourses whose structure I have put in circulation this year animate them. Being made a subject of a discourse can render you a subject to *savoir*.

If no discourse any longer wants it, it happens that one interrogates a *savoir* on its outmoded usage, that one does an archeology of it. This is more than the work of an antiquary, this is in order to make its structure function.

Structure, *it*, is a notion: from elaborating what follows from it for reality, from this presence in it of formulas of *savoir*, of which I marked above that it is its notional advent.

There are *savoirs* whose consequences can remain in sufferance, or else fall into disuse.

There is one no one had any idea of before Freud, of which no one after him has one yet, except in owing to me what end to take it by. To the extent that I was just now able to say that it is in regard to other *savoirs* that the term unconscious, for this, makes a metaphor. Beginning with it being structured like a language, one trusts in me fruitfully: yet one must still not be mistaken ⁽⁸⁶⁾ about its being rather it, insofar as it is not abusive to pronounce it, it, the unconscious that you take by this end.

If I insist in this way on marking my slowing down of your haste, it is because you must remember that where I have illustrated the function of haste in logic, I have underscored it from the effect of the lure with which it can make itself complicitous. It is only correct in producing this time: the moment to conclude. Yet one must take care not to put it to the service of the imaginary. What it pulls together (*rassemble*) is a set (*ensemble*): the prisoners in my sophism, and their relation to a departure structured from an arbitrary: not a class.

It happens that haste, in erring in this sense, fully serves this ambiguity of results I hear resonating from the term: revolution, itself.

For it is nothing new for me to ironize on the term of revolutionary tradition.

In brief, I would like to mark the utility this trace takes on from demarcating itself from seduction.

When it is from production that the business takes its turn.

Where I point to Marx's step.

For he puts us against a wall from which one is astonished to recognize that there is nothing else to recognize, for something to reverse itself, not the wall of course, but the manner of turning around.

The efficacy of glottal stops at the siege of Jericho lets one think that here the wall makes an exception, to tell the truth sparing nothing on the number of turns necessary.

It is that the wall is not found, on this occasion, to be made of stone, but rather of the inflexible of an extra wailing.

And if this is the case, we rediscover the structure that is the wall of which we speak.

In defining it from relations articulated from their order, and such that in taking part there, one only does it at one's own expense.

Expense of life or else of death. Expense of *jouissance*, that's the main thing (*voilà le primaire*)

Whence the necessity of the surplus enjoyment (*plus-de-jouir*) for the mechanism to turn, *jouissance* only indicating itself there so that one might have it from this effacing (*effaçon*), as a hole to fill.

Do not be astonished that I pause (*ressasse*) here when ordinarily I hurry along my path.

⁽⁸⁷⁾ It is that in remaking here an inaugural cut, I am not repeating it, I am showing it doubling to gather what falls from it.

For, the surplus value that Marx's scissors, in detaching it, restores to the discourse of capital, this is the price that must be paid to deny as do I that any discourse can be appeased by a metalanguage (from Hegelian formalism on this occasion), but this price, he paid it in straining to follow the naïve discourse of the capitalist to its ascendant, and with the hellish life he made for himself there.

This is indeed the case to verify what I say of the *plus-de-jouir*. The *Mehrwert* is the *Marxlust*, the *plus-de-jouir* of Marx.

The shell to hear forever the listening of Marx, this is the *cauri* the Argonauts deal in on a not at all pacific ocean, that of capitalist production.

For this *cauri*, surplus value, is the cause of the desire that an economy makes its principle: that of the extensive production, therefore insatiable, of that lack-in-enjoying (*manque-à-jouir*). It is accumulated on the one hand to increase the means of this production on the side of capital. It extends consumption, on the other hand, without which this production would be vain, precisely from its ineptitude in procuring a *jouissance* that would allow it to slow down.

Someone named Karl Marx calculated there the place of the dark corridor, but also capital (it is the case to say it) that the capitalist, (that he occupies the other corridor of a body to enjoy from a Plus or from a *plus-de-jouir* making a body), so that capitalist production might be insured by a revolution propitious for making his hard desire endure (*à faire durer son dur désir*), to cite there the poet it merited.

What is instructive is that these ideas are everywhere (*ces propos courent les rues*) (with more or less the logic, of course, I provide them). That they emerge in the form of a discontent of which Freud had no more than a premonition, are we going to blame this on the unconscious? Certainly, yes: it is designated there that something labors. And this will be an occasion to observe that this does not at all bend the implacable discourse completed by the ideology of class struggle; it only induces the exploited to compete in principle in the exploitation, in order to defend their patent participation in the thirst of the lack-in-enjoyment.

What then is to be expected from this song of discontent? Nothing, except the testimony of the unconscious that it speaks--all the more willingly since with non-sense it is in its element.

But what effect is to be expected from it ⁽⁸⁸⁾ since, as you see, I stress that it is something that is, and not a key notion?

To refer to what I have installed this year of a radical articulation of the discourse of the master as reverse side of the discourse of the psychoanalyst, two other discourses are motivated to pass by a quarter turn from one to the other, namely the discourse of the hysteric and the discourse of the university; what is brought in by this is that the unconscious only has to do with the dynamic that precipitates the see-sawing of one of these discourses into the other. Now, wrongly or rightly, I have believed myself able to risk distinguishing them from the slippage--of a chain articulated from the effect of the signifier considered as truth--over structure--as function of the real in the dispersion of *savoir*.

It is starting from there that is to be judged what the unconscious can subvert. Certainly no discourse, where it all the more appears as from an infirmity of speech.

Its dynamic instance is to provoke the seesawing by which one discourse turns into an other, by a skewing (*décalage*) of the place where the effect of the signifier is produced.

In following my rough-hewn topology, one rediscovers in it the first Freudian approach in that the effect of "progress" to be expected from the unconscious is censorship.

In other words, that for what will follow from the present crisis, everything indicates the procession of what I define as university discourse, that is, contrary to every appearance, to be held for a lure on this occasion, the rise of its rule.

It is the discourse of the master itself, but reinforced by obscurantism.

It is from an effect of regression, on the other hand, that the passage to the discourse of the hysteric operates.

I only indicate it to answer you on what there are of consequences of your so-called notion, as to science.

As paradoxical as the assertion may be, science takes its *élans* from the discourse of the hysteric.

We would have to penetrate from this side the correlates of a sexual subversion of the social ladder, with the incipient moments in the history of science.

This would be a rude putting to the test of a robust thought.

⁽⁸⁹⁾It is conceived of starting with this that the hysteric is the divided subject, in other words, the unconscious in exercise, which puts the master against the wall to produce a *savoir*.

Such was the ambition induced in the Greek master under the name of ἐπιστήμη.¹³ There where the δόξα¹⁴ guided his conduct essentially, he was summoned--and namely by a Socrates avowed an hysteric in that he said he did not know himself except in the business of desire, made patent by his pathognomic symptoms--to show something that gave value to the τέχνη¹⁵ of the slave and justified his powers as master.

Nothing to detract from his success, when an Alcibiades shows no more than the lucidity of avowing, himself, what captivates him in Socrates, the object **a**, which I have recognized in the ἄγαλμα¹⁶ spoken of in the Symposium, a *plus-de-jouir* in freedom and of a quicker consumption.

The beautiful thing is that it would be the progress of Platonism that re-emerged in our science with the Copernican revolution. And if one must read Descartes and his promotion of the subject, his "I think, I am therefore," one must not omit the note to Beeckman: "At the point of mounting the stage of the world, I advance masked . . .".

Let us read the *cogito* in translating it according to the formula Lacan gives of the message in the unconscious: it is then, "Either you are not, or you do not think," addressed to *savoir*. Who would hesitate to choose?

The result is that science is an ideology of the suppression of the subject, which the gentleman of the rising university knows very well. And I know it as well as he.

The subject, in reducing itself to the thought of its doubt, makes room for the return in force of the master-signifier, to double it, under the rubric of extension, with an entirely manipulable exteriority.

¹³ Episteme

¹⁴ Doxa

¹⁵ Techné

¹⁶ Agalma.

That the *plus-de-jouir*, to give the truth of the work that is going to follow, receives there a mask of iron (it is of it that the *larvatus prodeus* speaks), how can we not see that it is to remit it to divine dignity (and Descartes acquires himself of it) from being the sole guarantee of a truth that is no more than a fact of the signifier?

Thus is legitimized the prevalence of the mathematical apparatus, and the (momentary) infatuation with the category quantity.

If quality was not also encumbered by the signified, it would also be propitious to scientific discernment: let it suffice to see it ⁽⁹⁰⁾ return in the form of the signs (+) and (-) in the edifice of electromagnetism.

And mathematical logic (Thank God! for, me, I call God by his name-of-God of Name) makes us return to the structure in *savoir*.

But you see that if the "*la connaissance*" has not yet become aware of it again (*n'a pas encore repris connaissance*), it is not from the fact of the unconscious that it has lost it. And there is little chance that it would be it that would reanimate *connaissance* (*la ranime*).

Just as one knows that *connaissance* has erred in physics, while it has wanted to insert itself in some aesthetic departure--that the theory of movement has stayed knotted, while it has not disentangled itself from the feeling of impulsion--that it is only to the return of the repressed of some signifiers that it is finally owed that the equivalence of repose to uniform movement is revealed, so the discourse of the hysteric demonstrates that there is no aesthesia of the opposite sex (no knowledge [*connaissance*] in the biblical sense) to account for the so-called sexual rapport.

The *jouissance* by which it is supported is, like every other, articulated from the *plus-de-jouir* by which in this rapport the partner succeeds: 1) for the *vir*, only in identifying it with the object *a*, a fact nonetheless clearly indicated in the myth of Adam's rib, which so made laugh, with good reason, the most celebrated epistolary of feminine homosexuality,¹⁷ 2) for the *virgo*, only in reducing it to the phallus, that is, to the penis imagined as organ of tumescence, the inverse of its real function.

Whence the two rocks: 1) of castration where the signifier-woman is inscribed as privation, 2) of penis envy where the signifier-man is felt as frustration.

These are the shoals putting the access proffered by some psychoanalysts to genital maturity at the mercy of chance.

For there is the bastard ideal by which those who say themselves "of today" mask that here the cause is from an act and from the ethic it animates, with its political reasons.

This is also what the discourse of the hysteric questions the master on: "Let's see if you are a man!" But the representation of the thing, as Freud says, is here no more than a representation of its lack. Omnipotence (*toute-puissance*) is not; it is indeed for this ⁽⁹¹⁾ that it is thought. And it is not to be reproached for it, as the psychoanalyst insists on doing stupidly.

Mourning the essence of the male is not the interesting thing, but producing the *savoir* by which is determined the cause that makes a challenge in its being (*qui fait défi en son étant*).

On that, one will say not without pretext that the psychoanalysts in question want to know nothing of politics. The annoying thing is that they are jaded enough to profess it themselves, and that the reproach against them comes from those who, for having lodged themselves in the discourse of master Marx, make an obligation of the insignias of conjugal normalization: which would have to trouble them on the thorny point of the moment.

A detail regarding what interests us: the unconscious will not subvert our science in

¹⁷ Madame de Sévigny [tr].

making honorable amends with any form of *connaissance*.

That it seem to at times in that the jibe it introduces there, that of the nocturnals inhabiting the fallen wing of the castle of tradition, if the unconscious is a key, it will only be so in closing the door that would gape in this hole of your bedchamber.

The fans of initiation are not our guests. Freud does not trifle with that. He proffered the anathema of disgust against such excursions and did not understand the stink Jung made about mandalas.

This will not prevent celebratory offices from being observed with cushions under your knees, but the unconscious would contribute nothing to them but indecent laughter.

For sparing usage, it would be recommendable as a sunflower constituting the fan of the reactionary in the material of *connaissance*.

For example, it restores to Hegel the humorous worth he merits, but reveals its total absence in all the philosophy succeeding him, apart from Marx.

I will only say that the final example came to my "*connaissance*," that incredible return to the potency of the invisible, more anguishing (*angoissant*) from being posthumous and from a friend of mine,¹⁸ as if the visible had again for any gaze an appearance of being (*d'étant*).

These phenomenological airs (*simagrées*) all turn around the ghostly tree of supra-normal *connaissance*, as if there were a normal one.

⁽⁹²⁾ No clamor of being or nothingness not extinguished by what Marxism has demonstrated by its effective revolution: that there is no progress to be expected from either truth or well-being, but only the swerving from imaginary impotence to the impossible that establishes itself as being the real in only founding itself on logic: there where I warned that the unconscious is seated, but not to say that the logic of this swerving does not have to be hastened by the act.

For the unconscious comes into play from another direction (*sens*) as well: starting from impossibility by which sex is inscribed in the unconscious, maintaining as desirable the law connoting the impotence in enjoyment (*l'impuissance à jouir*).

It must be said: the psychoanalyst does not have to take a side here, but to produce a certificate (*dresser constat*).

This is how I testify that no rigor I might have put into marking here the failings of the suture has not been met with a final non-reception by the communists I have dealt with.

I account for it by the fact that the communists, in constituting themselves in the bourgeois order as against-society, only end up counterfeiting everything the first makes honorable: work, family, and country traffic influence there, and syndicate against whomever would avoid the paradoxes of their discourse.

In demonstrating these as a pathological factor, since my *propos sur la causalité psychique*, everywhere where my effort might have worked to loosen the psychiatric monopoly, I have never received a response from them not aligned with university hypocrisy, the unfolding of which it would be a whole other story to predict.

It is obvious that they now make as much use of me as of it. Minus the cynicism of not naming me: these are honorable men.

QUESTION VI : How are *savoir* and truth incompatible?

ANSWER : Incompatible. A nicely chosen word that might allow us to answer the question with the snideness it deserves: but yes, but yes, they sympathize (*compatissent*).

¹⁸ Merleau-Ponty [tr.].

They suffer together, both the one and the other: it's the truth.

But what you mean--I'll give you this one--is that truth and knowledge are not complementary, they do not make a whole.

⁽⁹³⁾ Excuse me: this is a question I do not ask myself. Since there is no whole (*il n'y a pas de tout*).

Since there is no whole, nothing is whole.

The whole is the index of *connaissance*. I have said often enough, it seems to me, that on this basis, it is impossible to point to it.

This will not prevent me from impulsively adding that the truth suffers all: one pisses, one coughs, one spits therein. "My word!" it cries in a style I have sketched out elsewhere, "what are you doing? Do you believe you are at home?" This means that it indeed has a notion, a key notion of what you do. (But not you because it is, and it is in this, finally you see, that the unconscious consists.) To return to the truth (*elle*), which occupies us for the instant, saying that it suffers all, pink from discourse!, can mean that this makes it neither hot nor cold. This is what lets you think that it is manifestly blind or deaf, at least when it looks at you, or else when you subpoena it (*l'assignez*).

To tell the truth (*A vrai dire*), which is to say to measure oneself against it, one will always do better in approaching it to equip oneself with a heavy *savoir*. It is thus more than compatible, as an (a)ccountancy (*comp(a)tabilité*)--that is, what interests you from the start since *savoir* can reduce the expenses of doing business with the truth, if you so desire.

Reduce them how far? This, "one does not know," it is even this by which *savoir* is indeed forced to trust in nothing but it for what gives it its weight.

Thus, *savoir* constitutes a dowry. What is admirable is the pretention of the one who would make himself loved without this mattress. He offers his bare breast. How adorable his "non-*savoir*" must be, as one expresses oneself quite willingly in this case!

Does it astonish you that one springs from there, holding, good dog, between one's teeth, one's own carcass?

Naturally, this no longer happens, but it is still known. And because of this, there are those who still play at doing it, but only in seeming (*de semblant*). You see "all" that traffics beginning with *savoir* and truth being incompatible.

I only think of this because it is a lure that one has, I believe, imagined to justify an *amuck* run in regard to me: let us pose that a person who would complain of being bitten by the truth, would admit himself a f . . . ked psychoanalyst.

⁽⁹⁴⁾Very precisely, I have only articulated the topology that puts a frontier between truth and knowledge in showing that this frontier is everywhere and only fixes a domain in that one takes to loving its beyond.

The paths of psychoanalysts remain well enough preserved that the experience proper for clarifying them is still only on the programme.

This is why I will take my departure from where each makes a strangling of his approach: exemplary, from being exempted from the experience.

Is it not astonishing that the formula to which I have given flight for more than a decade, that said to be of the subject-supposed-to-know, to explain the transference, no one, and even in the course of the thing being laid out on the blackboard, all the more obviously in that the box was inscribed separately from the marble that would fill it, no one, I say, put forth the question: is this, supposed as is this subject, to know the truth?

Do you grasp where this takes us? Above all do not think about it: you will risk killing

the transference.

For of the *savoir* of which the transference makes the subject it is established in the measure that the subjected labors there, that it was only a "know-what-to-do-there" (« *savoir y faire* ») with the truth.

No one dreams that the psychoanalyst is married to the truth. This is even why his spouse constitutes a bell, certainly not to be too much shaken, but that has to be there as a barrage.

A barrage to what? To the supposition that would top them all: that which would make the psychoanalyst betrothed to the truth.

It is that with the truth there are no possible relations of love, or of marriage, or of free union. There is only one sure one, if you indeed want it to have one with you: castration, yours, of course, and from the truth, no pity.

Knowing that it is like this does not prevent it from happening, and to be sure, still less that one might avoid it.

But one forgets it when one avoids it, while when this happens, one knows it no less.

This seems to me the acme of compatibility. One would have to grit one's teeth to not do it: the combatibility, in that a noise of flight returns to you making a beating (*batte*) and a properly sinister (*patibulaire*) one.

One does not have to learn all the truth. A bit suffices: which expresses itself, seen its structure, by: to know a bit of it.

Over that I have known how to conduct certain people, and I astonish myself in saying ⁽⁹⁵⁾ as much on the radio. It is that here those who listen to me do not have, to understanding what I am saying, the obstacle of understanding me. Where it appears to me that this obstacle owes to my having to calculate it elsewhere.

Now I am not here to instruct the psychoanalyst, but to answer your questions, which puts them back in their place.

His discipline insofar as he follows me, he, penetrates him with this: that the real is not to begin with for being known.

Like truth, it is indeed the dyke to dissuade the least effort at idealism. While in being misrecognized, it takes rank under the most contrary colors.

But this is not a truth, it is the limit of the truth.

For the truth is situated from supposing that which of the real makes a function in *savoir*, which is added there (to the real).

It is from there, in fact, that *savoir* carries the false to being, and even to the being-there, the *Dasein*, scrubbing you to the point that all the participants in the ceremony lose their breath.

To tell the truth, it is only from the false at being that one is preoccupied as such with the truth. The truth that is not false teeters on it (*s'en balance*).

There is only one where it is revealed in surprise. And this is why it is considered a dubious taste, when it is indeed from Freudian grace that it produces some false liaisons (*pataqu'est-ce*) in discourse.

It is at this joint at the real that is found the political incidence where the psychoanalyst would have his place if he were capable of it.

The act putting into play the *savoir* to make a law of would be there. A Revolution that succeeds in that a *Savoir* is reduced to making a symptom, seen with the gaze itself that it produced.

Its recourse then is the truth for which one battles.

Where it is articulated that the effect of truth owes to what falls from *savoir*, that is, from

what is produced there, impotent however to nourish said effect. A circuit no less relegated (*voué*) to not being able to be perpetual than any other movement--whence is demonstrated here also the real of another energetics.

It is it, this real, the hour of truth having passed, that is going to snort until the next crisis, having refound its luster. One would even say that this is where the holiday of every revolution is: that the trouble of the truth has been rejected into the shadows. But at the real, not a thing is ever seen of it (*il n'est jamais vu que du feu*¹⁹), even illustrated in this way.

⁽⁹⁶⁾QUESTION VII : To govern, to educate, to psychoanalyse are three wagers impossible to make. However, the psychoanalyst must indeed hook onto this perpetual contestation of every discourse, and notably his own. He hooks onto a *savoir*--analytic *savoir*--the one which by definition he contests. How do you resolve--or not--this contradiction? Status of the impossible? The impossible is the real?

ANSWER : Pardon me if, for this question again, I only attain the answer in re-clothing it with my own hands.

To govern, to educate, to psychoanalyze are in fact wagers, but in calling them impossible, one only holds to prematurely insuring them of being real.

The least that one might impose on them is to give the proof of it.

This is not to contest there what you call their discourses. Besides, why would the psychoanalyst have this privilege, if he was not found activating them (*les agencer*) with the step, the same he receives from the real, in pushing forward his own?

Let us note that, this step, he establishes it from the act itself from which he advances it; and it is to the real of which this step makes a function, that he submits the discourses that he puts in step from the synchrony of the said.

Installing itself from the step it produces, this synchrony has no origin except its emergence. It limits the number of discourses it subjects, as I have done in the shortest way possible by structuring them from the number four with a non-permutative revolution in their position, of four terms, the step of the real sustained from it being henceforth univocal in its progress as in its regression.

The operatory character of this step is that a disjunction breaks in it the synchrony between terms that are different each time, precisely in that this synchrony (*elle*) is fixed.

In truth, there is no lysis to make there (*là n'a lyse*²⁰) of its name, which, in the proverb you activate after Freud, is called to cure and makes us laugh too gayly.

To Govern, to educate, to cure thus who knows? by analysis, the fourth folding back to make there a figure of Lisette²¹: it is the discourse of the hysteric.

But, what! would the impossibility of the latter two propose itself in the mode of an alibi for the first two? Or rather resolve them in impotence?

⁽⁹⁷⁾ By analysis, there is no lysis there (*là n'a lyse*), permit me again this play on words, except the impossibility of governing what one does not master, to translate it as impotence from the synchrony of our terms: commanding *savoir*. For the unconscious, this is tricky.

For the hysteric, it is the impotence of *savoir* that her discourse provokes, in animating itself from desire--which reveals how educating founders.

¹⁹ The French idiom *il n'y a vu que du feu* means "he never saw a thing" or "he was completely taken in by it."

²⁰ A pun on *l'analyse* (analysis) [tr.].

²¹ Perhaps an allusion to the perspicacious maid in Moliere's *L'Amour Medicin*. After all other diagnostic efforts have failed, Lisette discovers the cause of the engueue's illness to be a love letter [tr.].

A striking chiasmus from not being the right one, except in denouncing from where the impossibilities take ease in proffering themselves in alibis.

How to oblige them to demonstrate their real, from the relation itself that, in being there, makes a function of it as impossible?

Now the structure of each discourse necessitates there an impotence, defined by the barrier of *jouissance*, to be differentiated as a disjunction, always the same, of its production from its truth.

In the discourse of the master, it is the *plus-de-jouir* that only satisfies the subject in sustaining reality from the fantasy alone.

In university discourse, it is the gap where the subject is engulfed that it produces from having to suppose an author to *savoir*.

These are truths there, but where it is read again that they are traps to fix you on the road from which the real comes in fact.

For they are only consequences of the discourse proceeding from it.

But this discourse, it has arisen from the see-sawing where the unconscious, as I have said, constitutes a dynamic in making it a function in "progress," for the worst, over the discourse that precedes it from a certain rotational direction (*sens*).

Thus the discourse of the master finds its reason from the discourse of the hysteric in that it making himself the agent of the all powerful, the master (*il*) renounces responding as a man, since in soliciting him from being, the hysteric only obtains *savoir*. It is to the *savoir* of the slave that is henceforth remitted producing the *plus-de-jouir* from which, starting from his own (his own *savoir*), he did not obtain that the woman was cause of his desire (I am not saying: object).

Whence it is insured that the impossibility of governing will only be constricted (*serré*) in its real in regressively working the rigor of a development that necessitates the lack in enjoyment (*manque á jouir*) from its start, if it maintains it to its end.

It is on the contrary from being in progress over university discourse that the discourse of the analyst would permit it to specify (*cerner*)⁽⁹⁸⁾ the real of which its impossibility makes a function, in that it would indeed like to submit to the question of the *plus-de-jouir* that already has its truth in a *savoir*, the passage of the subject to the signifier of the Master.

This is to suppose the *savoir* of structure, which, in the discourse of the analyst, has the place of truth.

This is to say with what suspicion this discourse must sustain all that presents itself at this place.

For impotence is not the disguise of which the impossible would be the truth, but it is no more the contrary: impotence would render the service of fixing the gaze if truth were not seen there on the point of vanishing . . . into thin air.

We must cease these games of which truth makes the expense ridiculous.

It is only in pushing the impossible in its deductions (*retranchements*) that impotence takes on the power of turning the patient into the agent.

It is in this way that it comes into act in every revolution in which structure might have a step to make, so that impotence changes its mode, of course.

In this way language makes a renewal (*novation*) from what it reveals of *jouissance* and makes arise that the fantasy realize a time.

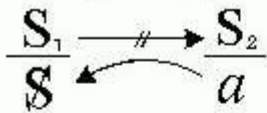
It only approaches the real in the measure of the discourse that reduces the said in making a hole in its calculation.

Of such discourses, at the present hour, there are not a lot.

⁽⁹⁹⁾Note on the answer to question seven. To facilitate its reading, I am reproducing here the structural schemas of the four "discourses" which were the subject of my seminar this year. For those who have not followed its development.

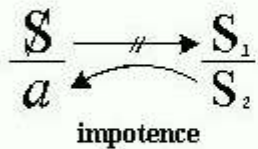
Discourses from the "reverse side of psychoanalysis."

Discourse of the Master
impossibility

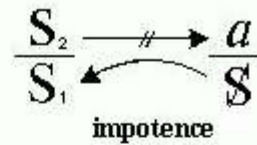


-is clarified by regression from the:

Discourse of the Hysteric

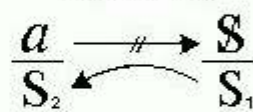


Discourse of the University



--is clarified by its "progress" in the:

Discourse of the Analyst
impossibility



The places are those of:

the agent
the truth

the other
production

The terms are:

S₁ the master signifier

S₂ *savoir*

S the subject

a the *plus-de-jouir* (surplus enjoyment)