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Today we are going to move forward. We will try to articulate why, in order to situate anxiety for you, I am led, I announced that I will have to deal with this central field, already outlined in the Seminar on Ethics, as being that of jouissance. You already know through a certain number of approaches, and specifically the one that I made that year, that it is necessary to conceive of this jouissance so mythically, that we ought to situate its point as profoundly independent of the articulation of desire, because desire is constituted on this hither side of the zone which separates jouissance and desire from one another and which is the break (la faille) where anxiety is produced.

It is understood of course - and I said enough about it for you to sense it - that I am not saying that desire in its status does not concern the real other, the one who is involved in the jouissance; I would say that it is normative that desire does not concern this other, that the law which constitutes it as desire does not manage to concern it in its centre, that it only concerns it eccentrically and to one side, o substitute for O.

And therefore all the Erniedrigungen, all the degradations of love life punctuated by Freud which come to emerge, are the effects of a fundamental irreducible structure. This is the gap that we have no intention of masking, though on the other hand we think that the castration complex and Penisneid which flourish here, are not themselves the final terms for designating it.

This domain, the domain of jouissance, is the point where as I might say, the point thanks to which woman proves herself to be superior precisely in this, that her link to the knot of desire is much looser. This lack, this "minus" sign, with which the phallic function is marked for man, which means that for him his liaison to the object must pass by this negating of the phallus by the castration complex, this necessity which is the status of the (- ϕ) at the centre at man's desire, is something which for the woman is not a necessary knot.

This does not mean that she is for all that without a relationship to the desire of the Other; but precisely, it is indeed with the desire of the Other as such that she is in a way affronted, confronted. It is a great simplification that, as regards this confrontation, this phallic object only comes second

for her and in so far as it plays a role in the desire of the Other.

(2) This simplified relationship with the desire of the Other, is what allows the woman, when she works in our noble profession, to be with respect to this desire in a relationship which, it must be said, is manifested each time she approaches this field designated in a confusing way as that of counter-transference, in a relationship which we sense is much freer, this of course notwithstanding each particularity that she may represent in what I might call an essential relationship.

It is because, in her relationship to the Other, she does not hold to it as essentially as the man, that she has this greater freedom essentially, Wesentlich. What does that mean in a particular case? That means she does not hold to it as essentially as man does as regards the nature of jouissance.

And here I cannot avoid having to remind you, along the same line as that which the other day I incarnated for you at the level of the fall (chute) of Oedipus' eyes, that Tiresias, the seer, who ought to be the patron of psychoanalysts, was blinded, by an act of vengeance of the supreme goddess, Juno, the jealous one; and as Ovid explains very well to us in the third book of the Metamorphoses, from verse 316 to verse 338 - I would ask you to consult this text of which Mr T S Eliot in a note to The Wasteland underlines what he calls the very great anthropological interest - if Tiresias offended Juno, it is because, consulted like that, for a joke - the Gods do not always measure the consequences of their acts - by Jupiter who for once was having a relaxed relationship with his wife and teasing her about the fact that undoubtedly "the pleasure that you experience is greater" - he is the one who is speaking - "than that experienced by the man". But then he says: "But, by the way, what am I thinking of? Tiresias was a woman for seven years". Seven years, every seven years - the baker's wife changed her skin, sang Guillaume Apollinaire - Tiresias changes sex not by simple periodicity, but because of an accident: he met the two coupling snakes, the ones we see in our caduceus, and he was unwise enough to disturb their coupling. We will leave to one side the meaning of these snakes that one cannot unknot without running such great danger. It is by renewing his attempt that he also rediscovers his first position, that of a man.

(3) In any case, for seven years he was a woman. This is why he can testify before Jupiter and Juno, that whatever might be the consequences he must testify to the truth and corroborate what Jupiter says: it is women who enjoy (jouissent).

Their jouissance is greater, whether it is a quarter or a tenth more than that of the man - there are more precise versions. The proportion does not matter much because it only depends, in short, on the limitation his relationship to desire imposes on man, namely what I am designating as situating the object for him in the negative column, the (-9). Contrary to what the prophet of absolute knowledge teaches this man, namely that he makes his

hole in the real, which is called negativity in Hegel, what is involved is something else: the hole begins at the bottom of his belly, at least if we want to remount to the source of what constitutes for him the status of desire. Obviously it is here that a post-Hegelian Sartre, with what I would call his marvellous talent for misleading, has slipped in his own image, the one that you know well, the image of the little child that he makes a born bourgeois for us, as a way naturally of giving flavour to the affair, who sticks his finger into the sand of the beach, mimicing in his eyes and for our intention an act which is supposed to be the fundamental act. Of course starting from there a well-deserved derision can be exercised against the pretention of this new shape that we have given to the little man which is in man, namely that now we incarnate this little man in the child, without noticing that the child deserves all the philosophical objections that were made against the little man.

But after all beneath this figure in which Sartre represents it for us, it works, because what does it make resonate in the unconscious? Well then, by God, nothing other than this engulfment into the womb of mother earth desired by his whole body, whose meaning Freud unveils in a proper sense when he says textually at the end of one of the chapters of Hemmung, Symptom und Angst that the return to the maternal womb is the phantasy of someone who is impotent [cf SE XX 139].

Thus the orphan child that Sartre tries to hatch out in this man and whom through all his work, he urges to share the only glue of existence, will allow itself to be this phallus - the accent here is on the to be - the phallus that you can see by incarnating it in an image which is within the range of your research, the one that is found hidden in the valves of these little animals that are called razor fish and if that is lacking in your experience, (4) I hope that all of you have been able to see them on occasion suddenly sticking out their tongues at you in the soup tureen where you put those you have collected, a procedure carried out the way you collect asparagus with a long penknife and a simple length of wire that one hooks under the sand.

I do not know whether you have all seen that already, in the opisthotones, these tongues emerging from the razor back; in any case it is a unique spectacle that you should treat yourself to if you have not already seen it, and whose relationship appears to me quite obvious with this phantasy, on which you know Sartre insists in La Nausée, of seeing such tongues dart out suddenly from a wall or from any other surface, this according to the thematic that rejects the image of the world into an unfathomable facticity.

Well then, one might ask: "So what?" I do not believe that in order to exorcise the cosmos - because when all is said and done that is what is involved; it is to undermine, after the fundamental terms of theology, the cosmology which is of the same nature of course - I do not believe that it is this curious usage of tongues which is the right path, but much more rather than to

believe it to be, like earlier, essentially redoubled by Wesentlich - and I would like to have been able to score it for you in many others - I find myself in a Babel-like atmosphere which will end up, if I am roused, by making it one of the key points of what I have to defend.

In any case, this reference indicates to you why my own experience of what one sees on the beach, when one is a small child on the beach, where one cannot make a hole without water rising up in it, well then, to be frank, it is an irritation which also rises - but in me - at this oblique approach of a crab always ready to hide his intention of pinching your fingers.

A crab is very skillful! You could give him a pack of cards to shuffle - it is much less difficult than opening a mussel, which is something he does every day - well then, even if there are only two cards, he will always try to mix them up.

So it is said for example: the real is always full. That has an effect, that sounds a little bit like what is said here which lends credence to it, that of a genuine Lacanism. Who speaks like that about the real. I do.

The problem for me, is that I never said that. The real is full of holes and one can even make a vacuum in it. What I say, is that it does not lack anything, which is quite different.

(5) I added that if you makes pots, even if they are all the same, it is quite certain that they are different pots. It is even quite extraordinary that, under the name of the principle of individuation, this still gives just as much trouble to classical thought.

Look where we are still at in Bertrand Russell: to sustain the distinction between individuals, it is necessary to mobilise the whole of time and space, which, you must admit, is a real joke.

The next phase for my pots, is that the identity, namely what is substitutable between the pots, is the void around which the pot is made. The third phase is that human action began when this void was barred, to be filled with what is going to constitute the void of the pot next to it, in other words when to be half full is the same thing for a pot as to be half empty, in other words when it is not leaking all over the place.

And in every culture, you can be sure that a complete civilisation already obtains when there are the first ceramics.

I sometimes contemplate in my house in the country a very beautiful collection that I have of vases. Obviously, for these people, at that time, as many other cultures bear witness, it was their principal wealth; but in these vases, obviously, even if we cannot read what is magnificently, luxuriously, painted on their sides, translate it into an articulated language of rituals and myths, we know that in these vases there is everything, that this is enough, that the

relationship between man and the object and desire is here completely tangible and surviving.

This is what moreover, to take a step backwards, legitimises this famous mustard pot which made one of my colleagues gnash his teeth for more than a year to the point that I, nice as I always am, ended up by putting it back on the shelf with the pots of glue, even though, as I told him from the beginning, this mustard pot served me as an example, by the fact that it is - you know well, it is something striking in experience - that on the table it is always empty, that there is never any mustard except when it gets up your nose.

There we are! Now this having been said, it remains that on the usage of these pots, since recently there was posed for us a problem of this order, I am not looking at all as you might think at Piera Aulagnier, who is a clear-headed person in the way that women know how to be - and that is even what she is blamed for - knows very well that it is allowable to put the label "gooseberry jam" on the pot which contains the rhubarb. It is enough to know (6) what one wants to purge by this means and wait to collect what one wanted from the subject.

All the same, when I bring you here batteries of tarted-up pots - for do not believe that it is ever without having broken a lot of them; I also, in my time, gave whole discourses in which the action, the thought, the word, did the rounds in a way that made symmetry stink, well then, it has been thrown in the waste paper basket.

When I put impediment on top of the column which contains acting-out, embarrassment at the top of the next one which contains the passage à l'acte, if you wish, Piera, to distinguish the cases of acting-out that you have so carefully observed, if you wish to distinguish it as being what you call transference in act (transfert agi) - which is of course a distinct idea of your own, which deserves discussion - it nevertheless remains that it is to my table that you refer since you invoke in the text the embarrassment that your subject found himself in. And since this term is scarcely used outside of this place, it is here that you have noted it down.

Now it is manifest in the observation that the patient had been impeded by the midwife from attending the birth of his offspring, outside the maternal gates, and it is the dismay of being incapable of overcoming a new impediment of this order which threatens him, which precipitates him to throw the police into anxiety by the written claim of the right of the father to what I would call illiophagia, to specify the notion which is there to represent the image of the devouring of Saturn: because after all it is written in this observation that this gentleman presents himself at the police station to say that there is nothing in the law which impedes him from eating his baby who had just died. On the contrary it is obviously the embarrassment into which he is plunged on this occasion by the calmness of the policeman - who did not come down in the last shower - and the shock of the

dismay that he wanted to provoke which makes him act impulsively (passer à l'acte), with acts of a kind that have him put in prison.

So then, not to recognise, when obviously you are involved, that I could not find a better observation to explain what you know, that you are really involved, that you have put your finger on it, this is a certain betrayal of yourself, which of course could not be reproached to a person when what is involved is handling something like that which has been freshly minted. One could well put a little in it. But this all the same authorises me to recall that my own work is only of interest when it is properly used - this is not addressed to you, Piera, it is (7) not a matter of using it, as people have got into the habit, the bad habit of doing with respect to notions which are in general grouped together in teaching in a sort of collecting together which is only done for decoration. Having recalled this about what gives you the right to watch over what I bring you, what I have chosen for you with so much care, I take up my remarks again.

And to come to the woman, I also am going to try with one of my observations, to make you sense what I mean as regards her relationship to jouissance and to desire.

Here then is a woman who one day - the coordinates of longitude and latitude - remarks to me that her husband, whose insistence, as I might say, is the foundation of their marriage, has abandoned her for a little too long a time for her not to notice it. Given the way that she always receives what she senses from him as being more or less clumsy, this is rather a matter of relief to her.

Nevertheless, I am all the same going to extract a sentence in which - do not rush immediately to smell an irony which it would be quite wrong to attribute to me - she expresses herself as follows: "It does not matter to me whether he desires me or not, provided he does not desire someone else".

I would not go so far as to say that this is the common or the regular position. This can only take on its value from what follows in the constellation as it is going to be unfolded by the associations which make up this monologue. Here then she is going to speak about her own state, she speaks about it - one swallow does not make a summer - with a particular precision. Tumescence not being the privilege of the man, I think, I am not surprised that she, who has a quite normal sexuality - I am speaking about this woman - should testify, should say that, if for example when she is driving something alarms her which moves her say: "Good God! a car!", well then, inexplicably, this is what strikes her that day: she becomes aware of the existence of a vaginal swelling which she notes as responding at certain times to the sudden emergence in her field of any specific object whatsoever which in appearance is quite foreign to sexual images or space. This state, she says, which is not disagreeable, but rather inconvenient in its nature, goes away by itself.

At that point, she says, it bothers me to link up with what I am going to tell you, because of course it is not related. She tells me then that every one of her initiatives is dedicated to me, to myself. "I say it is" - I think you have understood for a some time: I am her analyst - "I cannot say consecrated, that (8) would mean doing it with a certain aim. No, any object whatsoever obliges me to evoke you as a witness, not even to have the approval of what I see. No, simply the look. In saying that, I am even going a little too far. Let us say that this look helps me to get its meaning from everything."

At this point, the ironic evocation of the theme encountered at a younger stage of her life, of the well-known title of the play by Steve Fasseur "Je vivrai un grand amour". Had she experienced at other moments of her life this reference to the other? This made her refer back to the beginning of her married life, then go further and testify in effect to the one who had been in effect, the one who is never forgotten, her first love.

It was a student from whom she was quickly parted, with whom she remained in correspondence in the full sense of the term. And everything that she wrote to him, she says, was really "a tissue of lies".

"I created a character bit by bit, what I wanted to be in his eyes, and what I in no way was. It was, I fear, a purely romantic enterprise which I pursued in the most obstinate way". To envelop myself, she says, in a kind of cocoon. She adds very gently: "You know, it was not easy for him to get over it....."

At this point, she comes back on what she does with reference to me personally: "What I am striving to be here is the complete opposite: I try always to be true with you. I am not writing a novel when I am with you; I write it when I am not with you". She returns to the weaving, always thread by thread, of this dedicating of every gesture which is not necessarily a gesture which she thinks would please me, nor even one which is necessarily one that agrees with me. It cannot be said that she forces her talent. What she wants after all, is not so much that I should look at her, it is that my look should come to substitute for her own: "It is the help of yourself that I summon. My own look is not enough to capture everything that is to be absorbed from the outside. It is not a matter of watching me doing something, it is a matter of doing something for me."

In short, I will finish here with something that I still have a large page on from which I only wish to extract the only word of bad taste which occurs on this final page:

"I am," she says, "operated by remote control, which is not in any way a metaphor, believe me. There is no feeling of being influenced. But if I make use of this formula, it is in order to remind you that you may have read in the papers about this left-(9) wing figure who after being conned in a bogus assassination attempt, thought he ought to give this immortal example that in politics the left is in effect always remotely controlled

by the right. This is the way moreover that a strict relation of parity can be established between these two parts."

So then where does all of this lead us? To the vase, to the feminine vase: is it empty, is it full? It does not matter, since even if it is, as my patient says, to be consumed stupidly, it is sufficient in itself. It lacks nothing. The presence of the object there is, as one might say, an addition. Why? Because this presence is not linked to the lack of the object cause of desire, to the (- Φ) to which it is linked in man. The anxiety of man is linked to the possibility of not being able, hence the myth which makes of the woman - it is a completely masculine myth - the equivalent of one of his ribs: this rib has been taken out of him, it is not known which one, and moreover, he is not missing any of them. But it is clear that in the myth of the rib what is involved precisely is this lost object, that woman for man is an object who is made with that.

Anxiety exists in the woman also. And even Kierkegaard, who must have had more of the nature of Tiresias probably than I have - I am fond of my eyes - Kierkegaard says that the woman is more open to anxiety. Must we believe this? In truth what is important for us, is to grasp its link to what we can call the infinite, indeterminate possibilities of desire around her in her field. She tempts herself in tempting the other, which is a way that the myth can also be of use to us here. After all, anything can be used to tempt him, as the complement of the earlier myth shows, the famous history of the apple; any object whatsoever, even one that is superfluous for her. For after all, what is she doing with that apple? She does not know what to do with it any more than a fish would. But it happens that this apple is already good enough to hook for her the little fish, to hook the fisherman on the line. It is the desire of the other which interests her. To put the accent a little bit better, I would say that it is the price of this desire in the market - for desire is a mercantile thing: there is a share listing of desire which rises and falls culturally - it is on the price that one gives to desire on the market that there depends at every moment the style and the level of love.

In so far as it itself is a value, as the philosophers put it very well, it is from the idealisation of desire that it is made up. I say the idealisation, for it is not at all as a sick (10) person that our patient earlier spoke in this way about the desire of her husband. That it is important to her is love. That it is not all that important for him to manifest it is not necessary, but it is in the order of things.

In this respect, experience teaches us that in the jouissance properly speaking of the woman, which merits - and it is perhaps a good thing - there being concentrated on her all sorts of attentions from her partner, the impotence, properly speaking, the technical mistakes, the impotence of this partner may be very well accepted. And this can also be seen when a fiasco occurs, as Stendhal pointed out to us a long time ago, that in the

relationships where this impotence is long-lasting, and where it seems that if on occasion, after some time, one sees the woman taking to herself some assistant with a reputation for being more efficacious, this is rather through a kind of shame, so that it will not be said that she is being refused it, for whatever reason.

In passing, I remind you of my formulae about masochism that I gave the last time. They are designed, as you will see, to restore to masochism, whether it is the masochism of the pervert, or moral masochism, or feminine masochism that is involved, a unity that is otherwise difficult to grasp. And you will see that feminine masochism takes on a quite different, rather ironic, meaning if this relationship of occultation in the other of the alleged, apparent jouissance of the other, the occultation by this sort of jouissance of the other of an anxiety which it is undoubtedly a question of awakening.

This gives to feminine masochism a quite different import which can only be laid hold of by clearly grasping first what must be posited at the beginning, namely that it is a masculine phantasy.

The second thing, is that in this phantasy in short, it is by procuration and in relation to this structure imagined in the woman, that man makes his jouissance be sustained by something which is his own anxiety, something which overlaps for man the object and the condition of desire. Jouissance depends on this condition. Now desire for its part, only covers anxiety. You see then the distance that remains for it to travel to have jouissance within its range. For the woman, the desire of the other is the means for what? For her jouissance to have what I might call an appropriate object! Her anxiety is only before the desire of the other which she does not know very clearly when all is said and done what it covers. And to go further in my formulae, I would say that because of this fact in the kingdom of the man there is always some imposture present.

(11) In that of the woman, as we already said at one time - remember the article by Joan Riviere - if something corresponds to it, it is the masquerade; but it is something quite different. Woman in general is much more real and much truer in the fact that she knows what the ell she dealing with in desire is worth, that she passes through this in a very tranquil manner, that she has, as I might say, a certain contempt for her misapprehension, a luxury which the man cannot offer himself. He cannot have contempt for the misapprehension about desire, because it is his quality as a man to prize it. To allow his desire to be seen by a woman is obviously anxiety-provoking in some cases. Why? Because it is to allow there to be seen (laisser voir)- and I would ask you in passing to note the distinction between this dimension of allowing there to be seen compared to the voyeurism-exhibitionism couple, it is not simply to show it and to see it: there is the allowing it to be seen for the woman, for whom at most the danger comes from the masquerade - what is to be allowed to be seen, is what is there of course. If there is not much, it is anxiety-provoking: but it is always what is there, instead of

letting her desire for the man be seen, it is essentially letting there be seen what is not there.

So, you see, that you should not believe for all that that this situation, the proof of which may appear rather complex to you, is to be seen as all that hopeless. If undoubtedly it did not represent it to you as easy, could you ignore in it the access for man to jouissance. It remains nonetheless that this is quite manageable if one is only expecting happiness from it.

This remark being conclusive, we will go into the example which I find myself in short in a position to allow you to take advantage of, from the favour that we all owe Granoff for having introduced it here, namely Lucia Tower.

As I told you: in order to understand what Lucia Tower tells us about two males she was dealing with, I do not believe I can find a better preamble than the image of Don Juan.

I have worked over the question again a good deal these days for you. I cannot make you go through the labyrinth again. Read this appalling book which is called: Die Don Juan Gestalt by Rank; a cat could not find her kittens in it; but if you have the thread that I am going to give you, it will appear much clearer.

Don Juan is a feminine dream. What is necessary in this case, is a man who is perfectly at ease with himself, who in a certain fashion with respect to men, the woman can pride herself on (12) being, a man to whom nothing is lacking. This is perfectly tangible in the term to which I will have to return in connection with the general structure of masochism, which is that Don Juan - this sounds really banal to say it to you - the relationship of Don Juan to this image of the father, qua uncastrated, namely a pure image, a feminine image.

The relationship can be clearly read in what you find in the labyrinth and in the detours of Rank, that what is involved in Don Juan, if we can manage to link him to a certain state of myths and of rituals: Don Juan represents, Rank tells us - and here he is following his nose - the one who in olden days is capable of damning a soul without losing his own for all that. The famous jus primae noctis is supposed to be based on this, the existence, which you know is mythical, of the priest who deflowers on the first night, is here in this zone.

But Don Juan is a beautiful story which works and has its effect, even for those who do not know all its niceties, which undoubtedly are not absent from Mozart's song and which are to be found in the Marriage of Figaro rather than in Don Giovanni.

The tangible trace of what I am putting forward to you about Don Juan, is that the complex relationship of man to his object is effaced for him, but at the price of accepting his radical imposture. The prestige of Don Juan is linked to an acceptance of this imposture. It is always there, at the place of another:

it is, as I might say, the absolute object.

Note that it is not at all said that he inspires desire. If he slips into women's beds, one does not know how he is there. One could even say that he does not have one either, that he is in a relationship with something vis-à-vis which he fulfills a certain function. This something, call it the odor di femina, and that takes us a good way. But desire plays so little part in the affair, that when the odor di femina passes he is capable of not noticing that it is Dona Elvira, namely someone with whom he has supped to the full, who has just crossed the stage.

It has to be said, he is not what for the woman is an anxiety-provoking character. It can happen that the woman really senses herself to be the object at the centre of a desire. Well then, believe me, it is then that she really flees! We are now going to enter, if we can, into Lucia Towers' story.

(13) She has two men - I mean in analysis. By God, as she tells it, she always had very satisfying relations with them from a human point of view.

Do not imagine I am saying that the affair is simple, nor that they do not hold out for a long while. They are two anxiety neurotics. At least that is the diagnosis that she posits, having examined everything carefully.

These two men who have had, as it should be, some difficulties with their mothers, and with what are called "female siblings", which means sisters, but which situates them as being equivalent to brothers, these two men now find themselves intimately acquainted with women, we are told, that they have well and truly chosen in order to exercise a certain number of aggressive and other tendencies, and to protect themselves in this way from a penchant, that by God is not analytically contestable, for the other sex.

"With both men", she tells us, "I was quite aware of the contributions which they themselves made to the difficulties with their wives, namely that both were too submissive, too hostile, in a sense too devoted, and both wives", she tells us - for she enters boldly into an appreciation of the point of view with a lorgnette - "were frustrated for lack of sufficient uninhibited masculine assertiveness from their husbands", a way of affirming themselves as men in an uninhibited way. (cf 240)

In other words - we immediately enter into the heart of the subject, she has her ideas about things - they do not pretend enough. For her part, of course, without knowing what might trap her in this, she herself feels very "protective", a little too "protective" although differently in the case of the first man: she protects, she tells us, his wife a little bit too much, and in the second case him a little bit too much.

In fact, what reassures her, is that she has a much greater attraction for the second, and this - you have to read the things

all the same in their innocence and their freshness - because the first one has all the same some "psychosexual problems" that are not too attractive.

This one, the first one, shows himself in a way which is not all that much distinguished from that of the other. Both really tire her with their mumbling, their halting speech, their circumstantiality - that means they go on and on - their repetitiveness, and minutiae. But after all she is an analyst: what she notices in the first one, is this tendency to attack her own power as an analyst.

The other has a different tendency: for him it is rather a matter of taking an object from her than properly speaking of destroying it as frustrating. And of course in this connection, she says to herself: "Well now, after all, by God, it is perhaps because the second one is more narcissistic."

In fact this does not hold up, as those who have a little culture can remark, with the other references that we have about narcissism. For on the other hand it is not so much narcissism which concerns him here as what is called the anaclitic aspect, as she will clearly see from what follows.

Moreover on the other hand, she tells us, however long, however fastidious may be the path which is taken with the one and the other without anything showing the efficacy of the analysis of transference, it nevertheless remains that there remains in all of this something which does not have anything fundamentally disagreeable about it, and that in fact all the counter-transference responses that she perceives in herself do not at all, she says, reasonably go beyond this limit where one could say that any female analyst would risk losing her way in connection with such valuable characters if she were not on her guard. She is very specially so. And very especially, she pays attention at what is happening on the side of this woman over whom she watches perhaps a little more specifically: the wife of her first patient. She learns that she has had a little psychosomatic accident. She says to herself: "By God, that's not too bad. Since what I feared, was that she was drifting towards a psychosis, here we have an anxiety that is well bound."

And then she thinks no more about it. She thinks no more about it and the situation continues, namely that one may well analyse everything that happens in the transference, and therefore even the use made of it in his analysis by the patient - I am speaking about the first one that is involved - of his conflicts with his wife, to obtain from his analyst all the more attention, to obtain from her the compensations that he had never found with his mother, still no progress is made.

What is going to release things, make them progress? A dream, she tells us, which happens to her, to her the analyst. A dream in which what happens? In which she sees that perhaps it is not all that sure that things are going so badly for this woman. First of all because in the dream she welcomes her, the analyst,

extremely well, that she shows her in all sorts of ways that she has no intention - this is in the dream - of torpedoing the analysis of her husband - which was one of the presuppositions of the business - and that this woman is therefore prepared to show (15) a disposition that we would call, to translate the atmosphere of the dream, a cooperative one.

This makes our analyst, Lucia Tower, prick up her ears. She understands that there is something to be completely revised. This chap is really someone who in his home really tries to do everything necessary to make his wife more comfortable, in other words, the desire of this gentleman, is in no way as aimless as all that. Our little pal takes himself seriously all the same; there is a way of dealing with him, in other words, he is capable of taking himself for what is at stake, the dignity of which had been refused him up to then: to take himself for a man, to get involved in the game. When she makes this discovery, when she re-orientes her relationship to the desire of her patient, when she perceives that she has miscognised up to now where things were situated, she can really undertake with him a revision of everything that had been played out with her up to then in a deceptive way. The claims of the transference were themselves an imposture. And, she tells us, from that moment on everything changes. But how does everything change and in what sense?

You have to read her to understand that it is at that moment that the analysis becomes something particularly difficult to tolerate. For, she says, from that moment on everything happens in the midst of this storm of depressive movements and of naked rage, as if he were putting me the analyst to the test in each one of my smallest fragments.

If a moment of inattention, she tells us, meant that each one of these little fragments does not sound right, if one of them was sham, I had the feeling that my patient would shatter into pieces.

She herself qualifies as best she can - she does not see everything but she clearly names what she meets up with - that what is involved is something, she tells us, which really belongs to phallic sadism couched in oral language.

What are we going to retain from this? Two things: firstly the confirmation by the very terms that are used of what I designated for you as being the nature of sadism - for the not entirely attractive anomalies of the patient are certainly of this order - that what is sought for in the sadistic search is this little fragment which is lacking in the object: it is the object, and it is a search for the object that is involved in the way in which, once the truth of his desire has been recognised, the patient behaves.

(16) This to show you also that it is in no way masochistic to put oneself in the line through which the search for the sadistic object passes. Our Lucia Tower does not accuse herself of any such thing and we have no need either to impute it to her.

Simply she draws a storm down on herself, and - she underlines it with a particular courage - with respect to a character with whom she only entered into a relationship from that moment when his desire interested her.

She does not conceal that it is in function of the fact that she herself is in a posture of rivalry with the characters of his history and that obviously that his desire was not entirely involved in her, that she supports therefore the consequences of this desire to the point that she experiences this phenomenon that the analysts circumscribe and have called "carry-over", which means report or designate where most obviously one can denote the effects of the counter-transference when you continue to think about a patient when you are with another one. And nevertheless, she tells us, all of this, when I had almost reached the end of my tether, disappeared by chance "amusingly", really in the most amusing and sudden fashion, which means that going on holidays during one of the annual breaks, well, by God, goodness, she notices that nothing remains of this business, this business is of absolutely no interest to her, namely that she is really incarnating in the freest and most airy mythical position Don Juan as he leaves the room where he has committed his usual idiocies.

After this break, her efficacy, her adaptation in this case and, as I might say, the implacable nakedness of her look is very essentially possible in the measure that a relationship which for once is only a relationship to a desire as such, however complex moreover you may suppose it to be - and she indicates that she also has her problems - is never when all is said and done anything but a relationship with which she can keep her distance. It is on this point that I will continue the next time.