

GT - Jasiner Graciela

*THERE IS NO SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP AND THE FREUDIAN FIRE*

In 1958, Lacan wrote that Freud—that staid bourgeois Viennese, a man of desire, an initiate into infinite mysteries—bequeathed unto us “a river of fire.”

And more than 20 years later, on January 5th, 1977, in the “Opening of the Clinical Section,” Lacan warned us that the only thing that could justify Freud’s having existed is a clinical practice that questions psychoanalysis and psychoanalysts, in order that we may realize “what is hazardous in our practice,” that is: what is uncertain, unpredictable and risky in what we do.

In that talk, in its very enactment, the French master reminded us of a fundamental concept of psychoanalysis, a mast that orients the direction of the cure and helps the psychoanalyst avoid being hypnotized by the siren’s song. Here I am referring to the fact that “the unconscious is structured like a language,” with its logic of incompleteness that no doubt paved the way into the well-known dictum: “the field is Freudian, and the unconscious is Lacanian.”

In that fiery, hazardous, enigmatic Freudian field we analysts—as Isidoro Vegh reminds us—travel the shoreline between knowledge and operative *jouissance* that we call *reading letter by letter*.

That is the field in which we take action, accompanying whoever asks our help, whoever is suffering. Therein we strive to effect a scission from the object of fixation, a way out from the parasitic *jouissance* that holds the subject back from advancing along the paths of desire.

Whenever through transference a way further is opened, the analyst has performed a significant act.

The ethics of psychoanalysis does not pertain to the Aristotelian ethics of the sovereign good, but rather to the Spinozian ethics of desire. Here is where the *subversion of the subject* comes into play in clinical practice.

Nonetheless, the neurotic, in his fantasy, offers himself up as an object to buttress an Other that has not been crossed out; however, a complete Oneself or a complete Other can never be obtained.

In an analysis, we go snipping off, almost like craftsmen, fragments of this sacrificial *jouissance*, weaving a pattern of new connections, offering our discursivity in various positions via different logical temporalities of the transference as the experience progresses. The interpretation of dreams—*Traumdeutung*—where Freud kneaded the dough of his unconscious, is nothing other than a field of words. For there is a fear of the unconscious, of the narcissistic wound, lest words, interacting almost capriciously, engender the subject as an effect.

Since Saussure, we know about the arbitrariness of the signifier; and in Lacan's last great text of 1972, *Létourdit*, we learn that *There is no sexual relationship*. That is to say, there is no proportionality or complementarity, either between the sexes or between the signifier and the signified.

*The fact of saying something remains forgotten within what is said in what is heard*. This indicates that there is no sexual relationship between *the fact of saying* and *the things said*. Nonetheless, the analyst's anxious haste, or the desperate search for reasons, as Bion liked to call it, may rush the assignment of meanings.

In the reality of our practice, *there is no sexual relationship* refers to the point of the horizon that guides the direction of the cure. What consequences does this have, what effects does it produce in the texture of our work?

*There is no Other without castration* and *there is no sexual relationship* are dicta with an ethical status. Both aim at desire.

A young doctor, the son of a surgeon who doubted he could someday achieve a measure of professional success comparable with his father's, came into my office in great anxiety. He

was “mortified,” he said, after years with a previous analyst who interpreted his interest in surgery as rooted in an Oedipal struggle with his father.

Reading the Oedipus complex in its imaginary dimension is not the same thing as reading it symbolically. To *have it* one must no longer *be it*.

At a session where we worked through his pain, his feeling of being torn apart in confronting these issues, I misheard something.

This occurred the day before a medical conference that the young man couldn’t make up his mind whether to attend.

He asked, anxiously: “Should I, or should I not, take the trip?”

“Take the *turn?*,” I asked.

“The turn?,” he asked, in astonishment.

We shared a long silence... the silence accompanying him.

“On Saturday, I took my daughter boating, but I was in another... I was worried about the whole mess with my dad,” he freely associated. “My dad refused to give me his miles.”

“Probably, a son *turning* into a father loses his dad’s miles,” I said.

Once more, a deep sound of silence inhabited our space.

At the following session, he recounted in relief the following:

“Last night, I entered the site *takingflight.com*.”

“Time to *take flight*” was my comment.

Every day, with every patient, one can rekindle the flame in the furrow Freud bequeathed us.

Thank you.