

VIII International Convergence Congress 2023

What ethics for psychoanalytic practice today?

In Vienna there are four mirrors
where your mouth and echoes play

...

There are fresh garlands of crying

Federico Garcia Lorca. Little viennese waltz

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I will tell a little anecdote. Some time ago, an Argentine musician -Mario Siperman, known for being the keyboardist of the Fabulous Cadillacs-, has undertaken a peculiar task: to record in Spanish some songs by Leonard Cohen -Canadian composer, interpreter and poet-. I am not interested here in discussing the value of projects of this nature, nor in giving my opinion about them -something that, moreover, I am far from being up to par with-; I simply want to take advantage of what happened to me when listening to some recordings of these songs to introduce the issue that I want to bring up today.

The comment could be simple: I can't stand listening to Cohen's songs in Spanish, sung by others. But the question that opens what interests me is: why? First, I can't recognize them: the encounter between the music and the sonority of the original language, that alchemy that only happens in the language in which he sings for me, is completely lost. But also, I'm missing Cohen's voice: that wonderful voice, that scratches the body and makes it hurt, that plunges us, at the same time, into the deepest melancholy and the most beautiful eroticizing roar; the one that, in addition, he sings in what is *his* language, I miss it and it hurts me that I miss it.

¹Cohen has a beautiful song, "Take this waltz", inspired by this poem. It is that, a version, a reading; not a translation.

A relatively short time ago I took Facundo, a 9-year-old autistic boy, for analysis. They summon me at a critical moment; Facundo is extremely "messy": he yells, he doesn't stop wandering, he hits. He was in treatment until recently with a therapist who "shared" with his twin brother, who also has a diagnosis of autism.

I am not going to stop now to give reasons for this situation -which concerns the transfer of the parents-, but the matter is that the office is installed in Facundo's house; especially, now, in Facundo's room. We work almost without speaking, especially since I can see quite clearly that every time the set phrases that were taught to him begin to flow, in the manner of imperatives, his body becomes out of place and all kinds of bizarre phenomena appear.

Some time ago, in his sessions, it is usual for this sequence to be repeated: Facundo throws himself on the bed and bites a pillow. I pull it out, tugging. He laughs loudly and childishly, out loud.

In one of our meetings, the mother bursts in bringing a boiled egg - "he asked me for an egg", she says as an explanation-. Facundo wants to grab it with his hand; I cut it with the fork and give it to him; he picks up the fork and brings it to his mouth. At one point, he grabs the fork and feeds me into my mouth; I chew noisily and gloat until I swallow loudly. A little later, the chirping of a dove is heard; Facundo puts his hand to his neck, as if the chirping of the dove reverberated there.

The next session the mother told me, when I arrived, that Facundo was sick and that he didn't want to eat because "he doesn't like anything he can eat". I tell her to give me some of what she says he can eat. She leaves me an apple, which I peel and cut in front of him. I give him a little piece and eat one; again I chew loudly and swallow gladly. So we are eating the apple; towards the end, he gets up and looks for the bits. Then he throws himself on the bed, puts the barrel of a toy gun in his mouth, and starts playing with his tongue there. I take a flute, I invert it and I barely make a thread of air pass through that pipe, which hardly sounds.

When I left, the mother saw that I was carrying the plate with the peels and apple remains and she asked me: "did he eat?? Did you have to do all that eating paraphernalia with him and stuff?"

I am interested in taking up and repeating some scores that I had placed when our Working Group was summoned to the preparatory activity for the meeting of the Argentina-Uruguay Liaison Commission, a very specific point of transference love: the one that concerns the work of assembling the body and the language where something was interrupted, delayed, difficult, simply, disabled.

Then I located a very beautiful book that we worked on in the group; a book of conversations with Julia Kristeva and Philippe Sollers -with both as a couple: *Of marriage as one of the fine arts*-. I return to some of the paragraphs that I poured there.

It said something like this:

There is an idea that Kristeva and Sollers discuss and which I would like to use with the turn that must be given since we are talking, as I said, of that peculiar love that is transference love. They maintain that there is a reinvention of childhood in love; "a childhood recovered a posteriori, in the encounter, that completely reinvents you, re-born and different... That makes you relive a sensory memory recovered, revealed and suddenly intensified, renewed"². What arises from here, almost necessarily, is that in love it is about creating a shared language, one's own and at the same time foreign and foreignizing; a language that works with the affections of the body.

Placing love as a reinvention -may be just an invention of childhood where the child was impeded or unable to come- puts things in the right measure: transfer is the chance to write a territory of origin, precisely because there is no an "original childhood"³, that is to say, because the origin is an always latent possibility and a place that unravels, folds, relaunches in the transference; his own field, even.

And I ended with something like this: how to relocate the call to the analyst in the transference in analyzes in which "talk" would be nothing more than an effect of the analytic work, in which the center of the game plays "the activation or forcing of the Real in language for the causation of a subject"⁴?

2 Kristeva, J. and Sollers, Ph.: *Of marriage as one of the fine arts*, Buenos Aires, Interzona, 2016, p. 35

3 *Ibid*, p. 34

4 Borgatello de Musolino, M.: *Affection and causation of the subject in the clinic*, Book II, Buenos Aires, Letra Viva, 2012, p. 83

I add in this course today a couple more notes to continue my work; some that I add from Cohen in Spanish, my impact and the clinical vignette.

When Lacan speaks in "The Third" of the purring of the cat, he speaks of a very peculiar joy, a sense-hearing joy, the *j'ouïs-sens*. The assembly of the pulsional body cooked with the cauldron of *lalangue*, supposes this reverberant enjoyment, which implies, on the one hand, the immersion in the sonic magma and, on the other, the putting into play of a voice imbued with sonorities that will trace for the assembly of the phonant drive (not only the invocative one) -in this sense, as R. Harari said, the phonic joy logically and chronologically precedes the significant⁵-. Transference love takes on all its dimension of affect - it is a love like any other, Freud says - by sedimenting in a wandering body, due to the phonic joy that it puts into play, splinters with which the game of the drive will be armed and on which that will be cut -as if it were a continuous bass- the edges that they already make, to a discretization. Here, effectively then, transference as love is dimensioned as what childhood edits, motorizes an absolutely new turn around the poison of language, draws a space in which to inhabit, with its own sounds, a map so that the *parlêtre* can walk around the world.

Until here today.

⁵ I thank E. Feinsilber for evoking this quote, who worked on it in his Seminar this year.