

INCEST BETWEEN THE SAYING AND THE SAID

Psychoanalytic discourse differs from the discourse of the master, of hysteria or of the university discourse in that it operates -through the psychoanalyst's act- under the place from which the subject speaks: his or her saying.

Whoever speaks as master, does so from the place of the significant-master in order to direct his life and that of others, assuming its risks. He who does so from the university discourse hides his enunciation behind the pretended neutrality and objectivity of the knowledge established by science. Hysteria, for its part, erases itself in order to question the significant-master and/or to demonstrate the unsatisfactory of knowledge. In this sense, it subsumes the position of the scientist insofar as it questions established knowledge, although scientific knowledge -once established- ends up eliding the subject.

Unlike these three, psychoanalytic discourse is labile. After all, if the psychoanalyst occupies the place of the disposal in his praxis, a disposal does not speak, and if it takes on a certain consistency it inevitably falls into the discourse of the master, of hysteria or of the university.

One might think that the analyst's function would be to reveal, through his or her actions, the meaning that corresponds to the sayings of the analysand, in order to establish that it is a master's, hysterical or university speech, which, in turn, would make it possible to establish diagnoses: hysteria, obsession, etc.

But the saying never allows itself to be trapped by a true said that would say the real of the saying. If that were to happen, it would imply incest between the saying and the said, which is logically prior to any imaginary figuration of it (with the mother or with the father, etc.). The truth to which the symbolic points, is half-said: there is always something real that escapes it.

What matters is the history of the subject and its story, which erupts when a formation of the unconscious (lapse, forgetfulness, failed act, or dream) highlights the difference

between *it is that and it is not that*, as Freud described in his article on Denial, when that and it is not that, as Freud described in his article on Denial, when that patient, after relating a dream with incestuous overtones, attributes to the analyst: "You may think she is my mother...but no, she is not my mother". Difference from the repetition of a unary trace that is inscribed thanks to a gap: *a*, the cause of desire, which as such is unspeakable.

The saids always point to the universal, while the saying expresses the singular of the subject that has to do with that cause. The saying exists to the said, it is not of the order of the dit-mension of truth.

The series of saids, the search for meaning aims to ensure that in the unconscious there is no sexual rapport: sex has no meaning. Relations between men and women may present impasses, but the real sexual non-rapport is between sex and meaning, that is, between the saying and the said.

The object *a* has two functions: on the one hand, it refers to what is impossible to say, the cause of desire, and on the other hand, it provides the material for the articulation of the saids that tend to veil this real: *it is that and it is not that*. It is what makes it possible to give each part of the body a phallic function, granting it the signifying value of a new said. In this way, a part of the body can be discursively stabilized. Thus, the breast becomes the object of desire of hysteria, the feces the object of the master's impossible desire, and the gaze the unknown object of the university student.

But the voice, the object that corresponds to the analytic discourse is volatile -verba volant-. The saying in the cure is a pure cut that prevents the saids from consolidating, making it impossible for S1 to stabilize into an S2. The analytic discourse interrogates the consistency of other discourses, including the mathematical, the religious or the philosophical.

This fundamental incest that occurs between the saying and the said has its clearest expression in psychosis (metonymy and interrupted sentence in schizophrenia, paranoid certainty, melancholic stagnation or maniac logorrhea) or in confusional states generated by the consumption of drugs or by traumatic events. In these cases, the subject is spoken by the Other losing his saying, but incest is present in all clinical structures whenever a subject stops speaking in his own name, since it makes a cut between the saying and the said.

When Ahmed, an 8-year-old boy, came to my office a year and a half ago, he spoke in such a way that nobody understood him. Neither his parents, nor at school, nor the doctors, nor myself at the beginning. Otherwise, according to his parents, he was a tyrant at home. When he came in for the first time, he kept repeating, "It's so hot, so hot!" which made me think that his body was the object of his mother's enjoyment. I verified this in an interview with the parents: she was wiping his bottom, showering him, dressing him, etc. I told her to stop doing it and told both of them not to allow him to act like a tyrant. In the consultation, since he was intrusive and touched everything, I told him he had to ask my permission. They listened to me, and that calmed his persecutory hallucinations about mummies, ghosts, zombies, etc. quite a bit. In one session, in front of the mother, he went on a rampage killing them with a gun.

At the entrance of each session I called him by his first and last name, and he started calling me by my first name. The father told me that he had found him one day, in a corner of his room repeating: "I am Ahmed (and the last name)". He used to mention mummies, pyramids, the moon and mountains. I realized that all this referred to his country of origin where he had lived with his mother for several years until his father brought them to Spain where he worked. The moon had to do with the Arabian crescent, the mummies and pyramids with his culture, the mountains with the place where he had lived. I talked about it with his parents and with him, showing him on a map where his country of origin was. Little by little Ahmed began to talk sense: I understood more and

more, and the same thing happened at home or at school. It was then that he drew a picture of a trip to the moon in which he was on a rocket with his parents and siblings. The moon came to represent the mother, since he identified her with something sweet to eat. In fact, his mother makes him cakes and sweets that he loves to eat. Shortly after, he drew two trains running in parallel lines: in one train his parents were riding, and on the other, he and his sister. Under each of these people, on the tracks, he drew poops. It had been a long time since the mother had finished to clean it up.

Then came a whole time in which he acted out violent scenes with his siblings or schoolmates by means of dolls. The children's parental partners watched these scenes, but in his case, he always played a mommy and two daddies.

It was then that he made a series of drawings showing the earth on one side and the moon and planets on the other. The earth appeared bigger and bigger, with pink clouds (affection) and black clouds (angry). Now, Ahmed was no longer circling in space but on the earth. Then he drew two mountains, one that he climbed with his family, guided by his father, and the other, which was his mother's mountain.

The father had come in to count: he took him to the mountain and to the mosque. To such an extent that, sometime later, he acted out a scene with dolls, in which he and his siblings enjoyed chasing the father to continue playing with their mother.

During all this period I has been wondered about my children, about my parents, and especially about my mother. He wanted to know if she had died, and if I would never see her again. On one occasion, I told him that his mother was young, that it would take many years for her to die, but that if he was thinking about that, maybe it was because he was ceasing to be a mama's boy.

At the same time, sexual themes surfaced, albeit in a veiled way. He frequently touched his genitals, and at school he told two girls that they were his girlfriend. The mother told me that at home he said she was the father's girlfriend.

Ahmed is getting calmer. His bedwetting has almost subsided. Now he plays tic-tac-toe with me. It's hard for him as his studies, but he wants to beat me, and sometimes he succeeds. When he gets frustrated, he says in a funny way that he is a monster who is going to eat me.

It seems clear to me, that now he wants to face that second father that I think he has been during this time. The one that introduced a cut between him and the mother and gave a place to the father. The one who marks him when he uses a "babysh" way of speaking, or corrects him when he inverts words.

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