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Fury

Anger, Lacan says in *Seminar X*, is provoked when, “at the level of the Other, of the signifier, that is, always, more or less, of faith, of good faith, one does not play the game”.<sup>1</sup> Well, that very day, I made someone really furious.

It occurred during supervision. I am alone in the waiting room. I am patiently waiting my turn, having jotted down the elements I intend to submit for study. Everything is in order, I have come prepared. Time passes, night falls, shadows lengthen. Lacan speaks about “the function of shadows”, saying that they feminise, an essential remark, but at the time it does not occur to me.<sup>2</sup> All is calm. I am enjoying it. No cause for concern, for I have decided that at a certain point I must leave for my own consulting rooms. I have already done the same thing several times in the past, not without some satisfaction. The moment arrives; I go to leave and open the door leading to the corridor. He appears and without any pleasantness and with an irritated air asks me what I am doing; I answer, a little embarrassed, that I am leaving: “Out of the question, you stay”, and he makes me return to the waiting room. Several minutes later he comes and gets me and takes me into his consulting room. I sit down. And his voice starts to thunder. He shouts, he launches a tirade of observations, of criticisms, and an interpretation, which while in part inaccurate, all the same touches upon a nodal point of my *jouissance* as a subject. The scene of quiet expectation that was there in the shadows is turned inside out like a glove, it is lit up by a raw light that I recognise. On the point of disappearing into a silent *jouissance*, under the avalanche, in the torment of these shouted words, “I” reappears as desire. The subjective experience is a shock. I depart shaken; this interpretation that brings two objects into play – the look/disappearance and the voice/being-there – is a moment of pass: *encore, en corps*; again, embodied.

Something instructive emerges immediately: no interpretation in psychoanalysis is possible without involving the body, in the form of objects *a*.

Returning to the example, we can retroactively decipher what happened, unawares to me, my “good faith”, obviously. In *Seminar X* distinguishes between *passage à l’acte* and acting out by way of the binary opposites world and scene, taken in the Freudian sense of “other scene”.<sup>3</sup> As Lacan notes, the object *a* is not in the scene. Whenever it appears a moment of anxiety emerges, to which two strategies can be a response, both in the order of acting, since “to act is to deprive anxiety of its certainty”.<sup>4</sup> Either the subject identifies with this object and disappears, or he acts out, “demanding to be in the scene”. There was therefore an initial moment, that of anxiety, quickly dealt with by the acting out that on this occasion places in the scene what has quite often been displayed in the logic of my existence as a *passage à l’acte*. A passage of Lacan’s in *Seminar X* spells this out: “A subject will return to this fundamental exclusion he feels he is in.” But its transformation into being acted out is an appeal to being interpreted. While a *passage à l’acte* consists in disappearing from the scene

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<sup>1</sup> Jacques Lacan, *Le séminaire livre X, L’angoisse*, Chapitre 1, p.23, Seuil, Paris 2004

<sup>2</sup> Jacques Lacan, *Le séminaire livre XVIII, D’un discours qui ne serait pas du semblant*, chapitre VIII, p.134, Seuil, Paris 2006.

<sup>3</sup> Jacques Lacan, *Le séminaire Livre X, L’angoisse*, chapitre IX, Seuil, Paris 2004.

<sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.*, chapitre VI, p 93

by identifying with the object as an encumbrance; here, departing, completing it, gives it the value of an appeal to the Other. The supervising analyst emerges at that limit between scene and world. He does not allow the subject to disappear into the object and eject herself, he calls her back onto the scene with his thunderous voice, unveiling the scenario of jouissance that is thus being enacted. No letting go of the unconscious on his part; on the contrary it is its almost wild reaffirmation.

Some time previously an encounter with the real had occurred in my life, which I had tried to put to work analytically with inconclusive results. On the other hand, at the same moment, in my practice as an analyst I had been confronted with some unexpected elements in the treatment of different women and their specific ways of making do with the inexistence of a sexual rapport, which were worked over in supervision. I was not unaware that the text that resulted from this was approaching a point in the unconscious that was not foreign to me. In fact, it ended on the observation of the search, on the part of each of these subjects with different structures, for a point of subjective disappearance, always a point of jouissance in the crossing of a boundary. It is in supervision, which demands of the analyst an analysis of the remainder still at work in his or her practice, that, logically, I should have rediscovered what thereby turned out to be a *sinthome*. For a *sinthome* as such never constitutes an appeal to the Other, needing neither scene nor law. Whence the fact that this supervision produces an effect of the pass: by means of an act it extracts knowledge from a *sinthome*. I will, effectively, call this fury an analytic act.

I therefore think that the pass can only be reproduced if one chooses to practice psychoanalysis.

I had gone through the pass some years before. My testimony, from the point from which I look at it today, was still very much organised around the Oedipal fiction and could be centred on or reduced to the production of a dream, a dream of an encounter with the impossible rapport, clearly unveiled. I had of course noticed that despite the content of the dream that invoked this non-rapport, no anxiety accompanied it. So much the better, I thought, attributing it to a further significant discovery of analysis, reducing the subject's desire to two letters. Two or three points remained in suspense, however. Today I am able to say that they were bound up with a solution discovered through maintaining jouissance in the webs of love.

In no way is the pass ever reproduced in an identical manner, but it is necessitated by the remainder I mentioned previously. I have arrived at the idea that it has a declension into moments of the pass and that it doesn't escape the dimension of time, either, which is a materialisation of the real.

In Lacan's seminar *L'insu que sait de l'une bévue s'aile à moure*, session of 14 December 1976, I came across a passage that enlightened me. Speaking of hysterics, stressing that he doesn't believe that all are females, and including himself in the category, he states that, to make herself exist, an hysteric only has the unconscious, which is radically other to herself. He adds that this is also his own case. "Me, too, I only have an unconscious. This is why I think about it all the time . . . . The difference between an hysteric and me, I who in sum, because I have an unconscious, unify it with my conscious, is that an hysteric is supported by a framework [*armature*]. This framework is, in sum, distinct from her conscious. It is her love for the father." Concerning myself, it is clear that the remainder I mentioned is related to

the father. You will have understood as much, from the irritated look and the raised voice. But I adhere to the unification of the unconscious and the conscious as the point for an analyst to aim for. My opinion is that for anyone who practices psychoanalysis supervision constitutes an essential means to achieve this aim. It treats the speaking-being in the analyst. The latter is sometimes in the analyst's position, that is, engaged in writing the logic at work in the words he hears, sometimes as analysand of his own unconscious such as it is mobilised by the act he or she poses. It can happen, then, that supervision is, after the initial pass, the continuation of the discipline of analysis and a guarantee of the analyst's desire. It is a question of extracting knowledge from the sinthome, which is not possible unless it is enacted on the analytic stage. The supervision is therefore, on occasion, "a supervisory analysis", according to an expression uncovered in Freud by one of our colleagues when researching a paper on the beginnings of this practice, before the term "supervision" was adopted by the IPA.

This was the case with me that day, no doubt because I had to make one more trip around a too-familiar mode of jouissance. In order to do without the father, make use of him one more time.

I will conclude, in homage to the rigour that the organiser proposed for these Study Days, by summarising three things that I have learnt since this reprimand:

- 1 Only he who accepts to be the dupe of his own unconscious can function as an analyst.
- 2 Being dupe of one's unconscious implies that it is brought into act, under supervision.
- 3 Even though the pass is discontinuous, it is nevertheless not without an end.

Translation: Russell Grigg