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## **Dis-Borders**

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In these times of the “unbridled real”, with the desubjectifying effects that it entails, our commitment is still to a clinic of the subject, a clinic that maintains that there is no desiring position without its articulation to castration. Castration serves as a border, without castration we slip beyond the borders, we dis-border.

The Real bursts in and tears the social fabric apart, frays it, breaks it down. It shakes up the references and legalities under which we supported our bonds. This insufficient symbolic mooring entails not only a proliferation of the imaginary, but also a confrontation with an escape from meaning that traumatically revives our initial helplessness as speaking beings.

Lacan appeals to the concept of extimacy to place the Freudian concept of the unforgettable Other -*das Ding*- to where we try to come back time and again and that will mark on the subject their relationship to the *jouissance*. A *jouissance* articulated to speech and language as a speaking being, that comes into play and tries to win back in regards to their neighbor.

What happens with our fraternal bonds in this current scenario? Our neighbor has that level of extimacy, of alterity, of foreign equality. We are different, that is our only sameness. The subject becomes aware of themselves in their relationship to their neighbor, a relationship that is as necessary as it is unbearable, making the intolerable appear where they wanted to find their own reflection. In this way, the imaginary spreads over the real; and in the lovingness we find a piece of hostility commanded by hate. The neighbor becomes subject to rejection as the *jouissance* of the Other is being imagined in the other. That is the moment when the neighbor stops being so and becomes foreign, hostile.

In an article published in 1919, after the end of World War I and before the publication of *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, Freud tries to address the *Unheimlich* to place that *common core which allows us to distinguish as ‘uncanny’ certain things which lie within the field of what is frightening*. In it he defines *Un-heimlich* as *what arouses dread and horror*, placing it in the familiar.

Which brings his great question: How is it possible for the familiar to become

frightening? How to speak in an analysis of that uncanny effect?

In his seminar on *Anxiety* from December 5<sup>th</sup> 1962, Lacan finds in Freud's concept of the uncanny (*Unheimlich*) the key to define the concept of anxiety itself. "*The Unheim is poised in the Heim... in human experience, we have here man's home, his house... Man finds his home at a point located in the Other that lies beyond the image from which we are fashioned. This place represents the absence where we stand. Supposing that, which does indeed happen, it shows itself for what it is -namely, the presence that lies elsewhere, which means that this place is tantamount to an absence- then it becomes the queen of the game, it makes off with the image that underpins it, and the specular image becomes the image of the double, with all the radical uncanniness it brings. To employ terms that take on their signification in their opposition to the Hegelian terms, it makes us appear as an object, revealing the non-autonomy of the subject.*"

In Lacan's words, the *Unheimlich* presents itself through the window and, as it finds itself in anxiety's field, is framed by a border: "*the framing is still there. But anxiety is something else... Anxiety is this cut... it's the cut that opens up, affording a view of what now you can hear better, the unexpected...*".

Anxiety brings about a cut which can allow an interrogation during the analysis that relaunches the subject, placing the "a" as a desiring cause. Taking Lacan's letter, it won't be the same to live a tortured life than to turn that anxiety into an occasion to see what it awakens and to subjectify a part of the object.

If the politics of psychoanalysis is the politics of the unconscious, the symptom and the *Sinthome*, the analyst's position will continue to be "to make semblance of the object", it will be the place from where they will be able to counter that unbridled real. As Lacan says in *The Third*, (1974): "*It's not at all the analyst on which the arrival of the real depends. The analyst himself, his aim is to counter it*" and to make semblance of the object from there.

It is not about a sign of the times, the ferocious command of the superego "Enjoy!" always knows how to slip in, how to sneak in under the door and change its clothes. The analyst will make semblance of the object to place that *jouissance* in the scene of the analysis, to walk around its borders, to knit around the castration's gap, that not-all *jouissance* is possible, to separate the subject from any mortifying ideal, to keep the validity of the fact that our common life depends on the compliance of social demands, as far away as possible from the principle of "everyman for himself". Given that this position entails the worst in its ferociousness: ones *jouissance* that affects the others, irruption of each's hunger for *jouissance* that can be seen in the society as a whole.

We maintain, then, that the analysis is the commitment to the construction of a border for the enjoyable and endless drive slips, through the fabric of a "know-how".

To know-how-to with what, there?

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Regarding the borders: what are the places offered to desire and to the subject? And

what is the place for our performance as psychoanalysts?

A new citizen scenario is being set up, as to the limits. This promotes an urban political concept where other social bonds are developed and as such a particular kind of political subject can be created: the alienated subject.

In these pandemic times this is aggravated under the real of the horror of the virus. None the less, this must not leave us as spectators of what happens to the other during confinement. Social life is not just a sentence that depends on resemblance, that would only drive it towards comparison, leaving out rivalry and the desire for substitution.

Our compelling need for the little others is not just that. To them we owe our existence of a singularized original lack. The other's dimension is proposed in a penetrating way during this time of lockdown. However, not seeing the other's figure should not worry us, given that their physical presence does not guarantee that their alterity will be noted.

According to Hegel, someone would be *the Master* when "*he is recognized by someone whom he does not recognize... The Master's attitude, therefore, is an existential impasse*". And the other must face their intrinsically tragic desire, as they do not get recognition because they are defeated, or the obtained recognition is not valuable because it comes from a loser. In this way, every claim for recognition seems to be a fight.

We are notified of a wonderful but sinister promise. A world strictly biopolitical: discipline, control, medical evaluations. The discourse of the university, with its serial devices, will make the semblance of knowledge in this new dystopia. In the place of this semblance's truth appears the signifier of order. Our real emerges in the impossible that oppresses the subject. In a nearby future, we could be in front of one of the discourse of the master's answers.

It is not just about our practice as analysts exhausting itself in a purely formal game of constitutive elements in which we only name ourselves. If that were the case, it would only be a pale reflection of the so-called "reality". Nowadays it is about putting words and letters where limits show their diversity and the impossibility of being reached by representation. The real does not equate to the completion. Therefore, when it comes back, it yields symptoms in the subject and in the social relations.

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What is psychoanalysis' specificity in view of the Real that bursts in?

In the second to last CEG, when the topic of our Colloquium was chosen, one of the repercussions that we were touched by, among others, were the migration waves in Europe and the segregation phenomena that they announced. A phenomenon already foretold by Lacan.

Since then, an unthinkable possibility has presented itself: social lockdown as a defense against the pandemic. Complied to a greater or lesser degree, accepted or denied, the social lockdown unquestionably impacted the social bonds between speakers in an unprecedented way.

Psychoanalysis and its clinic are not oblivious to this problem.

The online way of socializing did not impact exclusively on the analytical setting.

Alongside Lacan, we had already questioned the duration of sessions, but never before have we had such a transformation in relation to the space where they happen.

While we could argue that the field where an analysis takes place is that of the speech and language, there is still something new in our horizon and we will keep on dealing with it for a long time.

We love, we desire, we fuck, we study, we become a subject, we even get sick and die in direct contact with a reduced group of people. Sometimes even alone.

The unconscious is not confined, but what are the mishaps of the subject's displacements? What are the vicissitudes of the drive through the technological borders?

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If we pose the border as a defense, would social lockdown be a border or a defense against the pandemic? It would seem so. However, what does it mean for the unconscious not to be in confinement but slipping into words that appease or words that escape, but without reaching the metaphors? It would be a *how-to-know*, a new bylaw of knowledge in the S2 that represents the drive's representation, a new use of the language and the *lalangue* that rings and echoes.

What can psychoanalysis say of the misadventures that the subject endures there? What will be the ups and downs of the drive in the crossings or the dislocations of the unknown technological borders?

We know, thanks to Freud and Lacan, that the repressed will be the representant of the representation, in the representating of the drive in question. Meaning that this will be the S2, the possible or believable knowledge from which a subject establishes themselves is equivalent to the notion of signifier. With this it reveals (un-folds) that the unconscious is not confined or isolated because language is its condition.

The motion drive is an objective unit that is not conscious or unconscious. It is a fragment isolated from reality, that we conceive as having its own impact of action in the unconscious.

This representant of the drive will belong to the unconscious when the drive's border seeks to be named. Eros in action balancing Thanatos, as a result of the analysis of another location or a lucky displacement, which implies a subject of the unconscious. An other that comes from the Other of the unconscious after crossing the border of the ominous outside and the inside that it sets out to replace. The drive's representating makes it a signifier? Makes it an artisan? But how?

If the analyst observes the border that slips towards the affection, towards the subjective translation of the *objet petit a*, of that object of desire of the drive's representating in the fantasy that grammaticalizes the drive, the analysand will know-how-to there, the knowledge with the Real. They will find the *know-there-how* ability with that other symptomatic border of the hole that just appeared when replacing its effects in the Real.

If they get lost in epochal theories, shared over who knows what sociocultural border represented by the same affection, they will leave the analysand alone with the phallic *jouissance*. With that *jouissance* of words that embellish the scene of the border that is called "of social lockdown", they will find the supposed defense against the pandemic. They will try to "preserve themselves" from contagion, confining themselves to "avoid"

death or they will play around with it from the social lockdown of some “clandestine party or border”.

When their slips *make-know* and constitute the heresy of their life, the place where they must *err-his-eye R.S.I.*, with the border of which hole will it be knotted?

We are not talking about borders to cross or coasts to imagine here, but about toric holes that constitute and determine the matter (to three) or of three, about the language that determines a subject every time the borders slip. Between the border of their consistency and their ex-sistency, to make-know creates a subject that moves and that becomes dislocated even when imprisoned by the pandemic. The pandemic will not be able to obliterate their subjective condition thanks to the unique effects of the Real that will happen in their analysis.

In the face of the multiplication of objects, orders and advice about how to live in this pandemic times that claims to be universal, when scientists seem to hold the illusion that everything is possible, the topology that is defined by the Borromean knot allows us to think about a logic of the impossible.

Stuck in the RSI clog, the *objet petit a* as a hole becomes operational in the Real.

We are witnesses to the dis-borders, to the ways of a rampant *jouissance*, to the fierceness in the social bond, to various miseries, but also to the pain in the face of death, to the loss of the beloved ones, to the loss of what was built over many years of hard work and effort; in short, to the confinement, the depression, the melancholy.

In these ominous and un-bridled times, the specific or unique quality of the psychoanalysis in the polis will bring about a plot in the speech, where the traumatic real overflows (dis-borders), making it an occasion for reading and creating.