

I return to the question formulated in the argument of this colloquium: How are passions at play in the direction of the cure? And I add: What impact do these passions (love, hate and ignorance) have on the possible construction of the analytic transference?

Lacan points out in the seminar "Freud's Papers on Technique" that the three fundamental passions can only be inscribed in the dimension of being and not in that of the real.

And he puts it this way: *"it is only in the dimension of being, and not in that of the real, that the three fundamental passions can be inscribed"*. (1)

That is to say, the passions respond to conceal something of the impossible real that the subject cannot bear, nor can it have a place within him.

The course of an analysis implies pursuing the sinuosities of desire and jouissance which, as variables of *dis-being*, refer to that which is subtracted from perception.

The proposal of this colloquium has led me to recall a clinical sequence that I would like to share with you.

I receive a middle-aged woman who speaks in a very bizarre style, I would say, very imaginary and almost incomprehensible to me. She says she feels little recognized at work, and very much loved by her husband; despite the latter, she defines herself as intensely jealous.

Her jealousy and desire for possession lead her to claim her narcissism over and over again, while I listen to her with patience, and minimal interventions.

At the same time, she presents herself, I could say, immersed in a serious "gluttony". A devourer, a gobbler, she never stops eating, day or night. She is voracious: for nourishment, for love, for work.

How long will it continue to swallow me in devastating mouthfuls? I felt he was wearing me.

For some random reason, in that massive, monotonous, and crushing transference, a setback appeared, almost a stumble, a whirlwind that could go unnoticed. It turns out that I didn't understand when he told me "The diet consists of eating powders".

A precious saying, in my opinion, that seems to allude to a drive path that repeats itself over and over again, without managing to be "bitten"

by some signifier that would make it possible to make a border and create a possible hole.

Without dwelling on the obscenity of her way of speaking, I would say that between the surprise and the ignorance, something began to take shape in a different manner...

As the gluttony subsided in her words, love began to appear in the form of furious eroticism towards a supposed lover. Meanwhile, rejection, I would say hatred, was directed towards her husband.

Because of her assertive way of talking, 'I am ready to give everything for this new relationship. I hate my husband. I hope he disappears' ...I make a small parenthesis: I am reading with commas and periods, what in her statements appeared without pause and without rhythm. It sounded like a monochord continuity.

I take up this assertive fragment: 'I am ready to give everything for this new relationship. I hate my husband. I hope he disappears' I would say, then, that love and hate appeared in a passionate way, not only because of the devastating nature of the subject but also because of the narcissism put into play.

I wonder: How does she transition from an untouchable narcissistic love for her husband to an intransigent, non-negotiable hatred? Is hatred necessary for her to detach herself from this imaginary attachment?

The transference became turbulent at times. She, demanding and overwhelming, prevented what Freud called "Transference Love" from taking hold.

I would like to make another parenthesis: regarding this colloquium, Belena Tauyaron, a colleague of ECLAP (whom I thank for her contribution) recalled a fragment of Freud in which he speaks of women of elementary passions.

In the text "Observations on Transference Love", Freud emphasizes transference love as that which brings into play the unconscious erotic factors of each analysand. However, I quote *"There is, it is true, one class of women with whom this attempt to preserve the erotic transference for the purposes of analytic work without satisfying it will not succeed. These are women of elemental passionateness who tolerate no surrogates. With such people one has the choice between returning their love or else bringing down upon oneself the full enmity of a woman scorned. In neither case can one safeguard the interests of the treatment."*
(2)

I wonder if we are facing this Freudian category of women of elementary passions.

I resume: Lacan emphasized with the neologism, *hatelove* (3), the immanence of hatred in love. That is to say, it is not one without the other, I think this is related to Freud's concept of ambivalence and therefore constitutes a crucial point of reversibility.

This crucial point of reversibility of love into hate transforms the *partenaire* into something unbearable. Everything that fascinated her now becomes insufferable and hated.

But let us return to Seminar 1: On the one hand, what is the relation between love and desire? And on the other hand, hatred and desire?

Love can be equated with desire and confuse us there. However, Lacan underlines what for me is a gem: love does not refer to the satisfaction of desire but to the satisfaction of being. It is entirely embedded in the passion of being and does not admit the real of *dis-being*.

Hate, perhaps, is closer to desire than love. When desire arises and the desired object is rejected, hatred follows. It may seem paradoxical, but often this interval, this 'gap,' is necessary.

I mean, in this case, it took off that unbearable *jouissance* that glued the passions into a unique identity. It also left out the possibility of loving in another way.

There was a third moment I would like to include in these brief notes: the death of her mother.

This transference and real factor marked a before and an after. I couldn't say what the consequences were, but I have the impression that her body was no longer just a container of waste.

The scansion of her story, a certain rhythm in her speech showed that my presence was no longer being swallowed and spat out by her voracity.

She was beginning to establish a back-and-forth, I would say, even a loving one, which allowed her to articulate some of the veins of her *jouissance*. Were her passions as a woman, speaking from a Freudian perspective, no longer so elementary, if I may say so?

So, ignorance. Lacan in Seminar 1 asks, I quote: "*What is ignorance? Certainly it is a dialectical notion, since it is only within the perspective of truth that it is constituted as such. If the subject does not refer himself to the truth, there is no ignorance*". (4)

I would suggest that in this clinical sequence, there is a transition from the passion for ignorance as a subject's destruction, to ignorance now being the subject's response to unconscious knowledge. What I mean is

that there is a distinction between ignorance as a passion and ignorance as a question of the subject.

I would like to emphasize that this patient ceased to fall ill after the death of her mother, marking a turning point where a semblance of subjectivity began to emerge.

To conclude, one more word about love, Lacan argues on “The Other Side of Psychoanalysis”: “The love of truth is the love of this weakness whose veil we have lifted, it's the love of what truth hides, which is called castration”(5)

What does the love of castration mean? Is it a path suggested by analysis for dealing with hate love? Is it the hope of being able to love in a way other than narcissistically.

Thanks.

Bibliography:

1. Lacan, J. Seminar “Freud's Papers on Technique”, p. 271
2. Freud, S. “Observations on Transference-Love”
3. Lacan, J. Seminar “Encore”
3. Lacan J. Seminar RSI.
4. Lacan, J. Seminar “Freud's Papers on Technique”
5. Lacan, J. Seminar “The Other Side of Psychoanalysis”