

Autor: Viviana Maggio

Grupo de Trabajo: Inscripción del significante en lo real

Título: ***Artifice¹ creates reality, not fiction***

Dispositivo: Mesas de Grupos de Trabajo inscriptos en Convergencia

"The poet has not any other alternative than to create or invent other worlds.

Poetry creates reality, not fiction"

Roberto Juarroz

¡Mayombe—bombe-mayombé!

¡Mayombe—bombe—mayombé!

"I sing to kill a snake" Nicolás Guillén entitled this poem, a song, and he warned us from there, that it is with a song that something can be done with the horror.

Sensemaya, the snake,
Sensemaya, with its eyes,
Sensemaya, with its tongue,
Sensemaya, with its mouth

And he goes through his holes/borders one by one while surrounds/plays the object with the song, which now has become an aesthetic object, a way to tell us of the capture of drives in the sublimation nets.

Then in another space, resting on the sonorous meaningless sound of mayombe bombe, mayombé, of the percussion palms on my own body, and of the feet on the floor of a small hall, it is developed the scene of the encounter with a fifteen year old young lady thrown to the infinite of the metonymic drift and to the repetition of incomprehensible phonemes, that she repeated in spite of herself, where the body loses the One that supported it and then the exclusion follows. It is there where the

¹ Artifice here implies Artifice, Ong for the Assistance, Research Transmission in serious childhood and adolescent problems, Intersections in the fields of Art, Restoration and the Psychoanalysis, written and clinically directed by Viviane Maggie, La Plata, Buenos Aires, Argentina – artificiolapla@yahoo.com, as the artifice in the clinic, one by one, in "doing something with it".

words in their metaphoric aspect are not enough, and furthermore, they have no place and an artifice is to be found. It is to make a hole among other things where one can enter/her. And we see that the work is not in the order of Doing, it is “to do something with that”.²

So here, there is a call from the side of the subject, because something there pushes to be produced; and a resource, the artifice of the scene, within the laws of dance theatre is to give its own.

This young lady, who is brought with help because she could not stay in a place, and with whom I started to research. It was not without her that I could find another less difficult way of trying to drill the infinite (she run all the time and it was very difficult to stop her). Then, I try to catch her, to find some kind of means that allows me to do so, inviting her to **imitation**, (imitation is not something of little importance when dealing with the construction of the aesthetic object, neither is it in the construction of subjectivity)³

Imitation of a gesture, to which I give great relevance. What is dance without it, stroke/movement in the immense space of sonorous temporality?

I also invite her to go through the “animalistic aspect” of the language, in Lacan invention that plays with the animal aspect which is inside the phonetic aspect, **to let her be caught, if that could indeed be possible, by the song of the poet:**

Mayombe bombe, mayombe

Sonority that makes rhythm, that allows the interval, the production and introduction of the alive person in the rhythm.

And the sonorous travel of the poetic text, which also accounts for that dimension, the irresistible subtle *jouissance*, that one that Lacan warns in the art/in the artifice “how to do that it escapes us, that overflows far more the *jouissance* we may have from it”: That *jouissance* he warns about in the work of an artist, so much irresistible,

² Neither is it with the word, but of a dimension of the word that is present in poetry, and from which Lacan warns Joyce, Joyce allows it, this is what Artifice deals with, to give the proper place to the person with the knowledge, to do something with it and is allowed to research, in different ways, the encounter with it, which in the words of Santiago Kovadloff “it has no function of make-up” (From the book “El Silencio Primordial”) (The primordial silence).

that it was in that instant, in front of her, inviting her to the mirror (with all the bet it means for a subject...) **offering the support of the gesture stroke in the space captured by the sonorous temporality**, it was in that instant that she entered it and repeated with me, imitating me, more than that, letting her/letting us be taken by that puff/*jouissance* of the captured gesture by the poem, by the fonematic dimension of the language that exists in poetry.

Such is the power of the sound in the poetic text and in the dance, that she also offered me, her gesture to imitation (a sign that she entered the game and she humanized, the humanity of parleter, in the latest Lacan's developments, different from the subject of the unconscious). Some minutes, only one puff, in which the infinite releases again in an endless race, without contours or holes that did not let her separate off/produce) until I managed to capture her again offering her the mayombe bombe, mayombe. sensemayá, (this is the dominion ritual of the real by means of the use of the signifier rhythm) a sensemaya that touches some kind of spring, some flow that can be developed. And this would not be possible without offering my body, taken by the poetic resonance, drum body that resounds, dimension of the alive body supporting the sound, captured by the sonority, by the *jouissance* dimension of the artistic work.

There, inside the language heart, in the non-semantic of the language, moving, biting the Real, entering it⁴. Ex-istence effect⁵, reality created by the poet art.

And at the moment to finish, another event appears to surprise us when, crouched in the hall, both of us extended our hands, prolonging the arm and describing an arc in the space (having managed to live in a space!) until pointing an exterior fix point.

The dead snake cannot look at;
the dead snake cannot drink,
cannot breath,
cannot bite

³ We are aware that in Psychoanalysis in the imitation we are not in the representative work but in the drive domain of sublimation, there where the body perception and the intensity constitute to the aesthetic something different from the signifier domain.

⁴ Artifice is a written work, a work of raw material transformation, work of invention, *jouissance* effect, not of meaning. There, where a research is approached (in words of Hector Yankelevich in his book "Del Padre a la Letra") (From the Father to the Letter) the bond between the track and the writing.

⁵ In this meaning, Diana Giussanni's thesis is a reference and an orientation, it is in her book "Del Más allá y el último Lacan, la peste freudiana" irojo editors.

The object of the poet song, there where poetry becomes dramatic text, and the dance, dance theatre⁶ could not miss the date.

Mayombe—bombe—mayombé!

Sensemayá, the snake...

Mayombe—bombe—mayombé!

Sensemayá, it does not move...!

There the object, and with it the constituted scene,

“sense mayá, died”

Death of the real by the spell of the signifier.

With that it was enough for the day... our job had at least warned us, that that could be a way of encounter each time, maybe a possible way to somewhere.

And the Psychoanalysis recovers the drive dimension in the Aesthetic, here we try to do the other way round, give place to the capture of the drive by the aesthetic object. This is a bet that Artifice, in the artifice of each one, allows to transit.

⁶ Discipline/artifice which was mine most of my life (1979/1997) and in the group Metáforas, Collective Creative Group in the Language of Dance Theatre, from 1982 to 1997 staging different shows, work that today I think about, made this offer possible with the use of artifice for this and other patients, whom I had the chance to work with.