

also hears hers, it is well known--and that one wants to be the sound of the sea, no doubt because one knows that it is her who has scaled him.

They did not yet blather about the listening, those who wanted me to give Jakobson more honor, for the use he was to me.

These are the same who since objected to me that this usage was not conformed to him in metonymy.

Their slowness to grasp it shows what *cerumen*⁷ separates them from what that they hear before they make a parable of it.

They will not take literally (*à la lettre*) that metonymy is indeed what determines as an operation of credit (*Verschiebung* means: ⁽⁷²⁾veering) the unconscious mechanism itself where, however, it is the cash-balance-*jouissance* on which one draws.

For that which is of the signifier, to sum up these two tropes, I say wrongly, it appears, that *it displaces* when I translate in this way: *es entstellt* somewhere in my *Écrits*. That it disfigures, in the dictionary, one sends me word of it by express post, indeed by pilot balloon (again the figure thing and what one can tickle there). It is a shame that for a return to Freud where one would like me to show myself again, one ignores this passage of the Moses where he establishes (*tranche*) that he understands the *Enstellung* in this way, namely, as displacement, because, were it archaic, there, he says, is its first sense.

Making *jouissance* pass to the unconscious, which is to say, to accounting, is in fact a sacred displacement.

One will establish moreover in returning, through the index of my book, to this word in passages which veer from its usage, that I translate it (as I must) at the mercy of each context.

It is that I do not metaphorize metaphor, nor metonymize metonymy in saying that they are equivalent to the condensation and to the veering in the unconscious. But I displace myself with the displacement of the real in the symbolic, and I condense myself to give weight to my symbols in the real, as suits tracking the unconscious (*comme il convient à suivre l'inconscient à la trace*).

QUESTION IV : You say that the discovery of the unconscious led to a second Copernican revolution. How is the unconscious a key notion that subverts every theory of knowledge (*connaissance*)?

ANSWER : Your question is going to tickle the hopes, tinted to make me fear, inspired by our epoch's devolved sense for the word: revolution. One could mark its passage to a superegoistic function in politics, to the role of an ideal in the career of thought. Let us note that it is Freud, not I, who brings into play here those resonances from which only the structural cut can separate the imaginary as "superstructure."

Why not take our departure from the irony there is in blaming a (symbolic) revolution for an image of astral revolutions that scarcely give an idea of it?

⁽⁷³⁾What is revolutionary in the re-centering around the sun of the solar world? In hearing what I am articulating this year of a discourse of the master, one will find that this discourse closes there quite well the revolution it writes beginning from the real: if the aim of the ἐπιστήμη⁸ is indeed the transference of the knowledge of the slave to the master--this contrary to the priceless conjurers game by which Hegel would like to re-absorb their antinomy in

⁷ Earwax.

⁸ *episteme*- (knowledge).

absolute knowledge--the figure of the sun is there worthy of imaging the master-signifier that remains unchanged in the measure itself of its concealment.

For common consciousness, for the "people" that is, heliocentrism, namely that this turns around, implies that this turns in a circle, without it having to look at it any more. Shall I blame Galileo for the political insolence the Sun-King represents?

From the contrary ascendants that result from the see-sawing of axis of the sphere of the fixed on the plane of the ecliptic retaining the presence of what makes them manifest, the Ancients knew to draw images to support a dialectic guided to divide their knowledge (*savoir*) and truth: I would pin down from it a photocentrism as being less enslaving than the helio.

What Freud, as he explicitly says, allegorizes in his recourse to Copernicus of the destitution of one center to the profit of another, arises in fact from the necessity to bring down the haughtiness owed to any mono-centrism. This by reason of what he has business with in the psychology, let us not say: of his epoch, because it is still intact in ours: it is a question of the pretension from which a field is constituted there based on a "unity" by which it might take stock of itself. However farcical this might be, it is tenacious.

No question of this pretension worrying about the topology it supposes: namely, that of the sphere, since it does not even suspect that its topology might be a problem: one cannot suppose otherwise what one does not suppose at all.

The piquant thing is that the Copernican revolution makes a metaphor appropriated beyond what Freud comments on, and this is why from having returned it to him, I take it up again.

For, the history submitted to the texts where the Copernican revolution is inscribed demonstrates that it is not heliocentrism that constitutes its nerve, to the point that this was for Copernicus himself--the least of his worries (*le cadet de ses soucis*). To take the expression completely literally (*au pied de la lettre*), that is, in the sense of: not the first, it would extend to other authors of said revolution.

That around which turns, but this is precisely the word to avoid, around which gravitates the effort of a *connaissance* on the way to marking itself as imaginary, is sharply, as one reads it in making with Koyré the chronicle of Kepler's approach, to disentangle oneself from the idea that the movement of rotation, in that it engenders the circle (that is: the perfect form), can alone suit the affection of the celestial body that is the planet.

Introducing in fact the elliptical trajectory, which is to say, the planetary body veers in precipitating its movement (equality of the arcs covered by the ray in the unity of time: second law of Kepler) around the focus occupied by the master light, but turns around in slowing it down the farthest from another unoccupied focus, this without any fire taking place.

Here resides the step of Galileo: elsewhere than in the skirmish of his trial where he had no side to take but the stupidity of those who do not see that he works for the pope. Theology has this value, like psychoanalysis, of sifting out the rogues with such a fall. The step of Galileo consists of it being by his mediation that the law of inertia comes into play by which this ellipse is going to be clarified.

By which Newton, finally--but what a time of understanding must still pass before the moment to conclude--Newton, yes, concludes with a particular case of gravitation that rules the most banal fall of a body.

But there again the true reach of this step is stifled: which is that of the action--in each point of a world where what it subverts is from demonstrating the real as impossible--of the action, I say, of the *formula* that in each point submits the element of mass to the attraction of the

others as far as this world extends, without anything playing the role of a medium to transmit this force.

For it is indeed there that is found the scandal that lay consciousness (which stupidity, quite inversely, makes the common rogue) ended up censoring, simply by making itself deaf to it.

Under the shock of the moment, the contemporaries nonetheless reacted to it in a lively way, and our obscurantism had to have come along for us to have forgotten the objection everyone felt then: concerning *how* each of the elements ^[75]of mass could be informed of the distance to measure for it to weigh on any other.

The notion of field explains nothing, but only puts black on white, that is, supposes as written what we stress as being the effective presence, not of the relation, but of its formula in the real, from which I have from the first posed what there is of structure.

It would be curious to develop how far gravitation, the first field to necessitate such a function, is distinguished from the other fields, from electromagnetics, for example, properly made for what Maxwell led them to: the reconstitution of a universe. It remains that the field of gravitation, however remarkable its weakness might be in regard to the others, resists the unification of this field, that is, the remounting of a world.

From which I proffer that the LEM landing on the moon, Newton's formula realized in an apparatus, testifies that the trajectory carrying it there without expenditure is our product, or again: a knowledge (*savoir*) of a master. Let us speak acosmonautically rather than insistently.

It would also be interesting to point out how far the Einsteinian rectification in its fabric (curvature of space) and in its hypothesis (necessity of a time of transmission that the finite speed of light does not permit us to annul) is unstuck from the transcendental aesthetic, I mean that of Kant.

Which one would sustain by what pushes it, this rectification, to the quantic order: where the quantum of action returns us from a shorter stop than one would expect from physics, the act-effect produced as refuse of a correct symbolization.

Without risking ourselves there, let us pose that the chart of structure is Newton's *hypotheses non fingo*. There are formulas one does not imagine. At least for a time, they make an assembly with the real.

One sees that the exact sciences had articulated this chart with their field, before I might have imposed it for the correction of the conjecturals.

It is the only lever able to put out of the question making a lid of what turns from the millstone: psychology of an un-deshoddable in that Kant relays in it Wolff and Lambert, and which owes to this: that axised ⁽⁷⁶⁾on the same pivot on which ontology, cosmology, without theology teaching them a lesson, spit the soul, is the *connaissance* that the world has of itself, and precisely what defends against being recognized thusly, from the alibi of a Thing-in-Itself that would escape *connaissance*.

Beginning with this one adds to the fantasies commanding reality that of the foreman (*contremaître*).

It is to lead the Freudian revolution back to its ferule, that a clique mandated for the lysis-Anna of analysis re-edited this Golem under the title of the autonomous ego.

If there is a trace in Kant of the office one imputes to him of having defended against the Newtonian "cosmology," it is in that the Newtonian formula makes a deal somewhere, like a fish with an apple, and to mark that the *Vernunft*⁹ or the *Verstand*¹⁰ have nothing to do with it *a priori*.

⁹ Reason.

Which is no less sure of the experience called sensible, which I translate: not yet informed of structure.

The noumenon owes to the mirage by which some functions wish to be taken as organs, with the effect of entangling the organs in finding a function. Thus this widowed function only has value as an alien body, fallen from a master discourse a little outmoded. Its sisters for this reason are in no condition, however pure and practical they affirm themselves, to show anything more of it than the specularization from which proceed the solids that can only be called "of revolution" in contributing to the most traditional geometrical intuitions there are.

That only structure is propitious to the emergence of the real from which a new revolution might be promoted, is attested to by the Revolution, with the big R French provided it. It was reduced to what it is for Bonaparte as for Chateaubriand: a return to the master who has the art to render them useful (consult the Essay titled from it in 1801); the time passing, to what it is for the historian quite worthy of the name, Tocqueville: a shaker [in English] degrading the ideologies of the *Ancien Régime*; to what men of intelligence do not understand any more except as a madness from which one goes into ecstasies (Ampère) or to a straight-jacket (Taine); to what remains of it for the present reader of a rhetorical debauchery little suited to make it respected.

It would be this way if Marx had not replaced it with a structure he formulates in a capitalist discourse, but in that this structure⁽⁷⁷⁾ had foreclosed the surplus value with which he motivates this discourse. In other words, it is from the unconscious and the symptom that he claims to prorogate the great Revolution: it is from the discovered surplus value that he precipitates the consciousness said to be of class. Lenin, passing to the act, obtains nothing more from it than what one calls regression in psychoanalysis: the times of a discourse not held in reality, and first of all from being untenable.

It is Freud who discovers for us the incidence of a *savoir* such that in being subtracted from consciousness it is no less denoted as being structured, I say, like a language, but articulated from where? Perhaps from nowhere where it is articulable, since it is only from a point of lack, unthinkable other than from the effects by which it is marked, and which renders it precarious for someone to know himself there in the sense where knowing oneself there (*s'y connaitre au sens où s'y connaître*), as the artisan does, is to be complicitous with a nature into which one is born at same time as she: for it is question here of a de-naturation; which renders it false moreover that anyone recognize himself there, which would imply the mode in which consciousness affirms a *savoir* as being self-knowing (*se sachant*).

The unconscious, one sees, is only a metaphoric term in designating the knowledge that only sustains itself in presenting itself as impossible, so that from that it is confirmed as being real (to be understood real discourse).

The unconscious disqualifies nothing of worth in this knowledge (*connaissance*) of nature, which is rather a point of myth, or even inconsistency, in being demonstrated from the unconscious.

In brief, it suffices to recall that bipolarity betrays itself as essential to all that is proposed of the terms of a true *savoir*.

What the unconscious adds there is to furnish it with a dynamic of the dispute which is made by a sequence of retaliations in not lacking their order that make of the body a gaming table.

The summations that return to it, according to our scheme: from being the fact of a fiction

¹⁰ Understanding.

of the emitter, testify less to repression, in that it is no less constructed, than to the repressed in making a hole in the chain of vigilance which is no more than a sleep disorder.

Against which guards the non-violence of a censure from which all sense receives the denial (*démenti*) from proposing itself as veritable, but from which the adversary rejoices in preserving the non-sense there (*nonsense* [in English], rather), the only point where it makes nature (as in saying: it makes water).

⁽⁷⁸⁾ If the unconscious from an other gives, makes a subject from negation, the other *savoir* is employed in conditioning it from what as signifier it most rejects: a representable figure.

At the limit is admitted what the conflict is a function of in that a clearing is made for the real, but for a body to be hallucinated there.

Such is the trajectory where navigate those boats that owe to me, let us recall, being registered as formations of the unconscious.

In fixing the correct basting, I have had to offer patience to those for whom this was the everyday business, without their having for a long time distinguished its structure.

To tell the truth, it sufficed for them to fear seeing the real surge forth from me there for an awakening to be produced, such that they found nothing better to do than, from the garden where I painted their delights, to reject me myself. From which I returned to the real of the E.N.S, that is, of the being (*étant*) (or of the pond [*étang*]) of *l'École normale supérieure* where on the first day I took my place there I was interpellated on the being (*l'être*) I accorded to all this. From which I declined having to sustain my aim from any ontology.

It is insofar as it was, aimed, to break an audience to my *logy*, that of its *onto* I made the shameful (*l'honteux*).

All *onto* now having been drunk, I will answer, and not in a round about way (*par quatre chemins*) nor by a forest hiding the tree.

My proof only touches on being (*à l'être*) in giving it birth from the flaw the being (*l'étant*) produces from being said (*de se dire*).

From which the author is to be relegated to making himself the means for a desire that passes beyond him.

But there is another intermediation that Socrates said in act.

He knew like us that for the being (*à l'étant*), it takes time (*faut le temps*) to make itself be (*à être*).

This "faut le temps" is the being (*l'être*) that solicits from the unconscious to return to it each time that it will have to (*que lui faudra*) take, yes, *faudra le temps*

For, understand that I play on the crystal of the tongue to refract from the signifier what divides the subject.

Faudra le temps there, it is of French that I chat with you; I hope this is not a problem (*c'est du français que je vous cause, pas du chagrin, j'espère*).

What it will take in that it takes time (*Ce qui faudra de ce qu'il faut le temps*), there is the flaw (*faillie*) from which being (*l'être*) is said, and indeed that the usage of a future of this form for the verb: *faillir* is not recommended in a work addressed ⁽⁷⁹⁾ to Belgians, it is there accorded that grammar would be duty-bound (*faudrait à ses devoirs*) to proscribe it.

However little it should be there (*Si peu s'en faut qu'elle en soit là*), this little proves that it is indeed from lack that in French the *falloir* reinforces the necessary, supplanting there the *il estuet de temps*, of the *est opus temporis*, to push it to the estuary where antiquities lose themselves.

Inversely it is not by chance that this *falloir* makes an equivocal said in the mode, subjunctive by default: *avant (à moins) qu'il ne faille y venir...*[before (unless) he has to come there].

This is how the unconscious is articulated from that which of being (*l' être*) comes to the saying.

What makes the fabric of time is not a borrowing from the imaginary, but rather from a textile where knots would say nothing except of the holes found there.

This logical time has no In-itself except what falls there to make a bid for masochism.

This is what the psychoanalyst relays in making a figure of someone. The "*faut du temps*," he supports it for a long enough time so that for what comes to be said there, he need do no more than instruct himself that a thing is not nothing: a thing (*celle*) is precisely this of which he makes a sign to someone.

One knows that I introduced there the psychoanalytic act, and I do not take it for an accident that the commotion of May prevented me from coming to its end.

I owe it here to mark that someone might only seat himself there from the fashion (*façon*), the effacing (*effaçon*) rather, he imposes on the true.

Only one knowledge *savoir* gives said effacing: the logic for which the true and the false are no more than letters operating from a value.

The Stoics presented it with their practice of a politicized masochism, but only pushed it to the point that the skeptics had to put the breaks on their mythic invocation of a truth of nature.

These are the refusals of the Greek mechanics that have barred the road to a logic from which a truth might be edified as texture.

In truth, only psychoanalysis justifies the mythic here of nature to establish it in the *jouissance* that holds its place in producing itself from an effect of texture.

Without it, mathematical logic suffices to make a superstition of skepticism in rendering irrefutable some assertions as little empty as:

⁽⁸⁰⁾ – a system defined as from the order of arithmetic obtains consistency from making in its breast a separation of the true and the false only in confirming itself from being incomplete, that is, from requiring the undemonstrable of formulas that are only verified from elsewhere;

– this undemonstrable, on the other hand, is insured from a demonstration that decides independently from the truth it concerns;

– there is an undecidable that is articulated in that the undemonstrable itself would not know how to be insured.

The cuts of the unconscious show this structure, attesting to it from similar falls to be specified (*à cerner*).

For, to return myself here to the crystal of the tongue, in that *falsus* is the fall in Latin, to link the false less to the true that refutes it than to there having to be time to make a trace of what has failed to establish itself from the start. In taking it from its being the past participle of *fallere*, to fall, from which *faillir* and *falloir* proceed each by its detour, that one might note that the etymology only comes in here as a support of the homophonic crystal effect.

It to take it as one must, making this word double, when it is a question of pleading the false in the interpretation. It is precisely as *falsa*, let us say fallen, that an interpretation operates from being to the side, that is: where being is made, it is from some false liaison (*du pataqu'est-ce*).

Let us not forget that the symptom is the *falsus* that is the *cause* by which analysis is sustained in the process of verification that makes its being.

We are not sure, as to what Freud might have known of this domain, except from his frequentation of Brentano. It is discrete, that is, establishable in the text of the *Verneinung*.

I have cleared the path for the practitioner who will know to attach himself to the logical ludion I have forged for his usage, the *objet a*, without being able to supply for (*suppléer á*) the analysis, called personal, which has at times rendered it improper to manage it.

Once again to add to what Freud is maintained by, a trait that I believe decisive: the unique faith he had in the Jews for not failing the seismic rupture of the truth. In the Jews whom moreover nothing separates him from any of the aversion he avows by the usage of the word: occultism, for all that is of mystery. Why?

Why except because the Jew, since the return from Babylon, is the one who knows how to read, which is to say, from the letter he takes distance ⁽⁸¹⁾ from his speech, finding there the interval, just right for bringing into play an interpretation.

A single one, that of the Midrash, which distinguishes itself here eminently.

In fact for this people who have the Book, the only one among them all to affirm itself as historical, in never proffering myth, the Midrash represents a mode of approach of which the modern historical critique could indeed be only a bastardization. For if it takes the Book literally (*au pied de sa lettre*), it is not to make it support some more or less patent intentions, but, from its signifying collusion taken in its materiality: from what its combination renders obligatory from vicinity (*voisinage*) (thus not wanted), from what the variants of grammar impose of an inflectual (*désinentiel*) choice, to draw an other saying of the text: even in implying there what it neglects (as reference), the childhood of Moses for example.

Is it nothing in approaching what of the death of the same, Freud held to its being known, to the point of making of it his final message?

Above all in putting there the distance--never taken before me--from the work of Sellin with whom his meeting on this point did not appear to him something to disdain, when its corruption (*dévergondage*), from being from a pen highly qualified in the exegesis called critical, throws derision on the hinges (*gonds*) themselves of the method.

An occasion to pass to the reverse side (this is focus of my seminar of this year) of psychoanalysis inasmuch as it is the discourse of Freud, itself suspended. And, without recourse to the Name-of-the-Father from which I have said myself to abstain, a legitimate approach to be taken from the topology betrayed by this discourse.

A topology where protrudes the monocentric ideal (this being the sun changes nothing) from which Freud sustains the murder of the Father, when, from letting it be seen that it is against the grain of the Jewish patriarchal test, the totem and the taboo abandon it from the mythic *jouissance*. Not the figure of Akhenaton.

That in the dossier of signifiante here in play from castration, be poured the crystal effect I touch upon: from *the* false of time.

Note on my answer to the 4th question:

I would like it to be known that this text does not claim to account for the "Copernican revolution" such as it is articulated ⁽⁸²⁾ in history, but for the usage . . . the mythical usage made of it. By Freud notably.

It does not suffice, for example, that heliocentrism was the "least of the cares" (*le cadet des soucis*) of Copernicus. On what rung are we to place it? It is certain, to the contrary--one knows that I was instructed by the writings of Koyré on this--that it appeared admirable to him that the sun was there where he gave it its place because it was from there that it best played its

role as a light. But is this what is subversive there?

For he does not place it at the center of the world, but in a place quite near, which, for the admired end and for the glory of the creator, goes as well. It is therefore false to speak of heliocentrism.

The strangest thing is that no one, let it be well understood: of the specialists besides Koyré, brings up that the "revolutions" of Copernicus do not concern the celestial bodies, but the orbs. It goes by itself for us that these orbs are traced by the bodies. But, one blushes to have to remind people of it, for Ptolemy as for everyone since Eudoxes, these orbs are spheres that *support* the celestial bodies and the course of each is ruled by several orbs *supporting* it concurrently, 5 perhaps for Saturn, 3, as I remember it, for Jupiter. That matters to us! as do also those Aristotle adds to stamp between two celestial bodies, the two just named for example, the effect to be expected of the orbs of the first on those of the second. (This is because Aristotle wants a physics that works [*qui tienne*]).

Who could not grasp this, I do not say from reading Copernicus, of whom a phototyped reproduction exists, but simply from spelling out the title: *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium*? Which does not prevent some notorious *traducteurs* (some people who translate the text) from titling their translation: *On the Revolutions of Celestial Bodies*.

It is literal, which is equivalent here to saying: it is true, that Copernicus is a Ptolemean, that he remains in the material of Ptolemy, that he is not Copernican in the invented sense that makes use of this term.

Is it justified to hold to this invented sense to respond to a metaphoric usage? Is not this the problem posed by every metaphor?

As someone more or less has said, with the arts one amuses oneself, one muses with the lizards (*avec les arts on s'amuse, on muse avec les lézards*¹¹). One must not lose the occasion to recall ⁽⁸³⁾ the cretinizing essence of the sense for which the common word is suited. This nonetheless remains a sterile exploit, if a structural liaison cannot be grasped in it.

An interviewer's question deserves an improvised answer. On first impulse (*du premier jet*) what has come to me--come from the depth of a piece of information I endeavor to believe not to be null--is to start with the remark with which, to heliocentrism, I oppose a photocentrism of a permanent structural importance. One sees from this note what naiveté Copernicus falls into from this point of view.

Koyré increases it, this naiveté, in referring it to the mysticism propagated by Marsile Ficino's circle. Why not, in fact? The Renaissance was occultist, which is why the University classes it among the eras of progress.

The veritable turning point is owed to Kepler and, I insist on it, in the subversion, the only one worthy of this name, constituted by the passage he paid for with so much trouble, from the imaginary of the form said to be perfect as being the that of the circle, to the articulation of the conic, of the ellipse on this occasion, in mathematical terms.

I incontestably collapse what Galileo did, but it is clear that what Kepler brings in here escapes him, and nonetheless it is he who already combines between his hands the elements from which Newton will forge his formula: I mean by this the law of attraction, such as Koyré isolates it from its hyperphysical function, from its syntactic presence (cf. *Études newtoniennes*, p. 34).

To confront it with Kant, I stress that it finds its place in no critique of imaginary reason.

It is *de facto* the strong place whose siege maintains in science the ideal of a universe by which science subsists. That the Newtonian field does not let itself be reduced to this, is well

¹¹ This is a pun: *les arts* and *lézards* are homophones [tr.].

designated by my formula: the impossible is the real.

It is from this point once attained that shines our physics.

But in inscribing science at the register of hysteric discourse, I let be understood more than I have said of it.

The approach to the real is narrow. And it is from haunting it that psychoanalysis looms forth.

⁽⁸⁴⁾QUESTION V : What are its consequences on the plane:

a) of science,

b) of philosophy,

c) more particularly, of Marxism, even of Communism?

ANSWER : Your question, which follows a preconceived list, merits my marking that it does not go by itself after the preceding answer.

It seems to suppose that I have acquiesced to this: "the unconscious . . . subverts every theory of *connaissance*," to cite you, in almost the same words except that I elide them to separate them: (the unconscious) "is it a key notion that," etc.

I say: the unconscious is not a notion. Might it be a key? This is judged from experience. A key supposes a lock. Assuredly some locks exist, and even those the unconscious makes work (*jouer*) correctly, to close them? to open them? it does not go by itself that the one implies the other, that they are *a fortiori* equivalent.

It must suffice for us to pose that the unconscious is. Neither more nor less. This is indeed enough to occupy us for one more moment after all the time this has lasted, without anyone before me making an additional step. Since for Freud this was to be taken from the *tabula rasa* in each case: from the *tabula rasa*, not even on *this* that it is, he cannot say it, outside of his reserve of a purely ritualistic recourse to the organic: on *what it is* in each case, this is what he means. In waiting, nothing is sure, except that it is, and that Freud, in speaking of it, does linguistics. Again no one sees it, and, against him, each tries to make the unconscious re-enter a notion from before.

From before Freud says that it is, without that (*ça*) being, nor this (*ça*), and certainly not the Id (*notamment pas non plus le Ça*).

The answer I gave to your fourth question means that unconscious subverts the theory of *connaissance* all the less in that it has nothing to do with it for the reason I say: that it is alien to it.

This is without it being for nothing that one can say that the theory of *connaissance* is not, for the reason that there is no *connaissance* that is not from illusion or from myth. This, of course, in giving the word a sense whose usage is worth the trouble of maintaining beyond its mundane sense: that is, that "I know him" (« *je le connais* ») means: I ⁽⁸⁵⁾ have been introduced to him or I know what he does by heart (for a writer notably, for a so-called "author" in general).

It is to be noted, for those to whom Γνωθι σεαυτὸν¹² could serve as a *muleta* on the occasion, since it is nothing else, that this extravagant aim (*visée d'exploit*) excludes all theory because its orders were brandished by the Delphic deceiver. Here, the unconscious brings neither reinforcement nor disappointment: but only that the σεαυτὸν will be necessarily (*forcément*) cut in two, in the case where one worries again about something that resembles it after having put to

¹² "Know thyself" [tr].