

Autres écrits, Joyce le Symptôme, pages 565-570

1975	May	13	Last session of Seminar 22, RSI
1975	June	16	Joyce, le Symptôme 1 <i>l'ouverture du 5e Symposium international James Joyce</i>
1975	June	20	Joyce, le Symptôme 2
1975	November	18	1 st session of Seminar 23, Joyce Le Sinthome
1975	November	24	Yale University Interview with students

Jacques Lacan	Domenick Hecq translation	Adrian Price translation
<p><i>Édition CNRS, 1979.</i> <i>Conférence donnée par J. Lacan dans le grand amphithéâtre de la Sorbonne le 16 Juin 1975 à l'ouverture du 5e Symposium international James Joyce¹</i></p> <p>1 Il s'agit d' un texte donné par J. Lacan à J.Aubert, à la demande de celui-ci, pour publication aux éditions CNRS, de sa conférence à l'ouverture du Symposium. le 16/06/1975. On notera l'écart entre les deux textes que sont Joyce I et Joyce II. Voir note 1 de Joyce I.</p>	<p>This text was presented by Jacques Lacan at the Vth James Joyce International Symposium (16 June 1975) at la Sorbonne, Paris on the 5th day of the conference ,20 June 1975.</p> <p>This text was first published in <u>Joyce & Paris</u>, Presses Universitaires de Lille et Editions du CNRS 1979.</p>	<p>'Joyce le symptôme' was first published in 1979 in the collection Joyce & Paris (the proceedings of the fifth international James Joyce symposium, held in Paris, 16-20 June, 1975), Presses universitaires de Lille et Éditions du CNRS, pp. 13-17; then, under the title 'Joyce le symptôme II', in Joyce avec Lacan, Navarin, 1987, pp. 31-37; and lastly, in <i>Autres écrits</i>, Seuil, 2001, pp. 565-70. © Éditions du Seuil, 2001. The Lacanian Review publishes this translation with the kind permission of Jacques-Alain Miller.</p>
<p>(13)Joyce le Symptôme à entendre comme Jésus la caille : c'est son nom. Pouvait-on s'attendre à autre chose d'emmoi : je nomme. Que ça fasse jeune homme est une retombée d'où je ne veux retirer qu'une seule</p>	<p>Joyce the Symptom as in Jesus the quail: that's his name. What else would you expect from withinme: I name. Should this sound a wee bit unmanly, it has nothing to do with me. The</p>	<p>Joyce the Symptom, to be heard like Jésus la Caille: it's his name. Was anything else to be expected overtego: je nomme. I name. That this should make jeune homme, young man, is the fallout from which I wish to draw</p>

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chose. C'est que nous sommes z'hommes.	lesson, though, is clear. We are Allman.	but one thing. It is that we are menkind.
<p>LOM : en français ça dit bien ce que ça veut dire. Il suffit de l'écrire phonétiquement, ça le faunétique (faun...), à sa mesure : l'eaubscène. Écrivez ça eaub... pour rappeler que le beau n'est pas autre chose. Hissecroibeau à écrire comme l'hessecabeau sans lequel hihanappat qui soit ding ! d'nom d'hom. LOM se lomellise à qui mieux mieux. Mouille, lui dit-on, faut le faire : car sans mouiller pas d'hessecabeau.</p>	<p>MAN- LOM in French, means exactly what it says. All you've got to do is write it down phonetically: it faunetizes (faun . . .) as it should do: the eaubdwsene. Spell it eaub . . . to make it clear that the beautiful is no different. Heethynksheesabeauwdland as in ladder without which heehawsntgodany ding! worthit in th'navn o'man. MAN dismanbers ad libitum. Get them wet, is he told, got to do it: for without getting them wet, no beauwdladder.</p>	<p>LOM: in French that's a telling way of putting what it means to say. It just has to be written phonetically: it fauneticates it (faun...) on its own level: the eaubscene. You should spell that eaub... to call to mind how the beau is the very same thing. Hissecroibeau to be written like the hessecabeau without which hee-haw-dly ain't no dingbait in name does ringa-dingnifie-d'homme. LOM lomellises himself, each trying to get the better of the next. Get in on it, they tell him, it takes some doing: no one gets moist, there's no hessecabeau.</p>
<p>LOM, LOM de base, LOM cahun corps et nan-na Kun. Faut le dire comme ça : il ahun... et non : il estun... (cor/niché). C'est l'avoir et pas l'être qui le caractérise. Il y a de l'avoïement dans le qu'as-tu ? dont il s'interroge fictivement d'avoir la réponse toujours. J'ai ça, c'est son seul être. Ce que fait le f...toir dit épistémique quand il se met à bousculer le monde, c'est de faire passer l'être avant l'avoir, alors que le vrai, c'est que LOM a, au principe. Pourquoi</p>	<p>MAN. Basic MAN, MAN whue haswanbody and hasbutwan. Say "he haswan. . ." rather than "he iswan" (abiding/body). For it is the fact of having rather than being it that characterizes him. There is a touch of makinithav in the "what have you got?" he keeps asking himself fictitiously despite having the answer from the start. "I've got it:" here is his sole being. The epistemic f. . . up that stirs up everything amounts to nothing more than putting "being" is front of "having." The truth,</p>	<p>LOM, LOM at base, bockedy LOM who's gotta body and Kun have just the one. The saying of it has to be like that: he zgotwonn... and not: he yizwonn... (cub'dy/holed). 'Tis the having and not the being that characterises him. There is some have in the yap whatchagot?, on which he questions himself fictively, always having the answer. I've got it, is his one and only being. The bloody shambles that is said to be epistemic, when it sets to shoving everyone around, pushes being in front of</p>

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? ça se sent, et une fois senti, ça se démontre.	however, is that the principle of MAN is to <u>have</u> . Why? it feels right, and it can therefore be demonstrated.	having, whereas what is true, as a first principle, is that LOM ain't without. Why so? It can be sensed, and once sensed, it is demonstrated.
Il a (même son corps) du fait qu'il appartient en même temps à trois... appelons ça, ordres. En témoignant le fait qu'il jaspine pour s'affairer de la sphère dont se faire un escabeau.	He has (even his own body) since he belongs simultaneously to three. . . let's say registers. Witness the fact that he prattles when fretting over the sphere he'll use to fabricate a ladder.	He ain't without (even his body) due to the fact that he belongs at the same time to three... let's call it, orders. Vouching for this is the fact that he prates in order to busy himself with the sphere from which to fashion himself an escabeau.
Je dis ça pour m'en faire un, et justement d'y faire déchoir la sphère, jusqu'ici indétronable dans son suprême d'escabeau. Ce pourquoi je démontre que l'S.K.beau est premier parce qu'il préside à la production de sphère.	I'm only saying this so that I can make my own ladder and make the sphere – so far as supremely secure as pedestal-qwa-ladder, fall down. Which means that the ladder is of primary import since one needs it to fabricate the sphere.	I'm saying this to make one for myself, and precisely by stripping it of the sphere, which until now would not be unseated from its throne of an escabodacious supreme. This is why I've been demonstrating that the S.K.beau comes first, because it presides over the sphere production.
L'S.K.beau c'est ce que conditionne chez l'homme le fait qu'il vit de l'être (= qu'il vide l'être) autant qu'il a – son corps : il ne l'a d'ailleurs qu'à partir de là. D'où mon expression de parlêtre qui se substituera à l'ICS de Freud (inconscient, qu'on lit ça) : pousse-toi [565]de là que je m'y mette, donc. Pour dire que l'inconscient dans Freud quand il le découvre (ce qui se découvre c'est d'un seul coup, encore faut-il après l'invention en faire l'inventaire), l'inconscient	The ladder is that which conditions man to thrive on being (he troughs out being, so to speak, empties it out) as long as he has – his own body: he can't have it any other way, in fact. Ergo my expression <u>speaking being</u> (<u>parlêtre</u> , literally "speak-through-being"), a likely substitute for Freud's unconscious (it reads, the unconscious): move away [565] so that I can move on. That is to say that when Freud discovers the unconscious (what is discovered is	The S.K.beau is what in man is conditioned by the fact that he lives being (=that he leaves being) as much as he's got – his body: he's got it nowhere besides but on that basis. Hence my expression parlêtre, which will supersede Freud's UCS (unconscious, let it be read): budge up [565] and let me squeeze in, then. To say that the unconscious in Freud, when he discovers it (what is discovered is discovered in one go, but after the invention still its inventory

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<p>c'est un savoir en tant que parlé comme constituant de LOM. La parole bien entendu se définissant d'être le seul lieu, où l'être ait un sens. Le sens de l'être étant de présider à l'avoir, ce qui excuse le bafouillage épistémique.</p>	<p>discovered in one shot, but an inventory of the invention then needs to be uncovered), he means some knowing as spoken and as constituting MAN. Speech is, of course, can be defined as the only place where being has meaning. The meaning of being is thus to prevail over having, which excuses the epistemic stutter.</p>	<p>has to be made), the unconscious is a knowledge qua spoken as a constituent of LOM. Speech bien entendu is defined as being the only locus, where being has a sense. The sense of being is to preside over having, which excuses the epistemic gibbering.</p>
<p>(14)L'important, de quel point – il est dit « de vue », c'est à discuter ? Ce qui importe donc sans préciser d'où, c'est de se rendre compte que de LOM a un corps – et que l'expression reste correcte, – bien que de là LOM ait déduit qu'il était une âme – ce que, bien entendu, « vu » sa biglerie, il a traduit de ce que cette âme, elle aussi, il l'avait.</p>	<p>What is significant here, from what point – “of view”, one says, but that can be argued, what is significant then, without specifying where one is coming from, is to be aware of the fact that MAN as a body – and that to say so is right, - despite his having deduced from this that he was a soul – which, due to some blind spot, he then translated as MAN has a <u>soul</u>.</p>	<p>Importing it, from what point – ‘of view’ so said, is it to be debated? The import therefore, without specifying whence, resides in accounting to oneself that LOM ain't without body – and that the expression remains correct, – even though LOM deduced from this that he was a soul – which, bien entendu, in ‘view’ of his squint, he has translated in the way of this soul, having that too.</p>
<p>Avoir, c'est pouvoir faire quelque chose avec. Entre autres, entre autres avisions dites possibles de « pouvoir » toujours être suspendues. La seule définition du possible étant qu'il puisse <i>ne pas</i> « avoir lieu » : ce qu'on prend par le bout contraire, vu l'inversion générale de ce qu'on appelle la pensée.</p>	<p>To have means to be able to make something out of it. Amongst other so-called possible aversions: that “may” always be suspended. The only way to define “possible” being” likely not to take place,” which one invariably understands back to front, given the contrary nature of what is called thinking.</p>	<p>Having means that one might do something therewith. Inter alia, among other havisions said to be possible in that they ‘might’ always be suspended. The only definition of the possible being that it may not ‘avoir lieu’, it may not ‘take place’: which is taken up from its opposite end, in view of the pervasive inversion of what is called thought.</p>

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<p>Aristote, Pacon contrairement au B de même rime, écrit que l’homme pense avec son âme. En quoi se trouverait que LOM l’a, elle aussi, ce qu’Aristote traduit du ?????? Je me contente moi de dire : noeud, moins de barouf. Noeud de quoi à quoi, je ne le dis pas, faute de le savoir, mais j’exploite que trinité, LOM ne peut cesser de l’écrire depuis qu’il s’immonde. Sans que la préférence de Victor Cousin pour la triplicité y ajoute : mais va pour, s’il veut, puisque le sens, là c’est trois ; le bon sens, entends-je.</p>	<p>According to Pacon, contrary to the B that rhymes with it, Aristotle writes that man thinks with his soul. Which would prove that MAN has it too, the soul, which Aristotle translates as vouç . Now I’m happy with knot, it’s simpler. Knot binding what to what, I’m not saying, since I cannot say, though I exploit some trinity which MAN cannot help writing since he waste worlded in it. This has nothing to do with Victor Cousin’s inclination for triplicity, but why not, since it all makes sense – three, I mean, true, common, sense.</p>	<p>Aristotle, unlike the rasher Bacon, writes that man thinks with his soul. Whereby it would transpire that LOM ain’t without that either, which Aristotle translates by vouç. As for me, I content myself with saying: noeud, less fuss. A knot of what to what, I say not, for want of knowing as much, but I exploit how, trinitied, LOM hasn’t been able to stop writing as much since he was first brought filth into the world. Without Victor Cousin’s preference for triplicity adding to it: but fine with that, if such is his wont, since the sens, the thrust of it, is trine: the bon sens, I mean.</p>
<p>C’est pour ne pas le perdre, ce bond du sens, que j’ai énoncé maintenant qu’il faut maintenir que l’homme ait un corps, soit qu’il parle avec son corps, autrement dit qu’il parlêtre de nature. Ainsi surgi comme tête de l’art, il se dénature du même coup, moyennant quoi il prend pour but, pour but de l’art le naturel, tel qu’il l’imagine naïvement. Le malheur, c’est que c’est le sien de naturel : pas étonnant qu’il n’y touche qu’en tant que symptôme. Joyce le symptôme pousse les choses de son artifice au point qu’on se demande s’il n’est pas le Saint, le saint</p>	<p>It’s precisely not to waste it, this commontation of sense, that I insist on the fact that man has a body, i.e. that he speaks through his body, i.e., that he speaks through his body. In other words, man naturally speaks through being. Thus established as head in this art he loses his very nature and hence decides on a goal: the natural as goal of his art. How naïve! The tragedy is that what is at stake is his own natural and it’s therefore not surprising that he should approach it only as symptom. Joyce the symptom stretches his artistry to such a point that it looks as</p>	<p>It is so as not to lose it, this bond du sens, this meaningful thrust, that I will now state that it has to be maintained that man ain’t without a body, specifically that he speaks with his body, put differently, that he bespeaks by nature. Having thus sprung up as obstinart, he denatures himself by the same stroke, whereby he assumes the natural as his goal, as the goal of art, such as he naively imagines this natural. Haplessly, this is what is natural to him: so it comes as no surprise that he touches on it only as a symptom. Joyce the</p>

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<p>homme à ne plus p'ter. Dieu merci car c'est à lui qu'on le doit, soit à ce vouloir qu'on lui suppose (de ce qu'on sait dans son cœur qu'il n'existe pas) Joyce n'est pas un Saint. Il joyce trop de l'S.K.beau pour ça, il a de son art art-gueil jusqu'à plus soif. [566]</p>	<p>though he's a Saint, the saintly man to boot. Thank god for that for he should be thanked for it – the willpower one endows him with (knowing in one's heart that he doesn't ex-sist): Joyce is no Saint. He derives too much joyce from his beuawd ladder for that. He quenches his hartbris with his art, too.[566]</p>	<p>symptom carries things so far through his artifice that one wonders whether he isn't a Saint, the saint homme that stays p'ts. Praise be to God for we owe it to him, namely to the will that is supposed of him (for in our heart of hearts we know He does not ex-sist) Joyce is not a Saint. He rejoyces too much in the S.K.beau for that, he takes pride in art to his art's content. [566]</p>
<p>À vrai dire il n'y a pas de Saint-en-soi, il n'y a que le désir d'en fignoler ce qu'on appelle la voie, voie canonique. D'où l'on ptôme à l'occasion dans la canonisation de l'Église, qui en connaît un bout à ce qu'elle s'y reconique, mais qui se f... le doigt dans l'oeil dans tous les autres cas. Car il n'y a pas de voie canonique pour la sainteté, malgré le vouloir des saints, pas de voie qui les spécifie, qui fasse des Saints une espèce. Il n'y a que la scabeustration ; mais la castration de l'escabeau ne s'accomplit que de l'escapade. Il n'y a de saint qu'à ne pas vouloir l'être, qu'à la sainteté y renoncer.</p>	<p>To be truthful there is no Saint-as-such, there is but the desire to pave the way painstakingly, the canonical way. This means that one happens to ptim from time to time in the canonization of the church who knows something about it in matters of recanonowzation but nothing much in other matters. For there is no canonical way leading to sainthood. Despite the willpower of saints, no way designates them, no way turns them into a species. There is only this beauwd ladderstration; but the castration of the ladder is only possible through escaping. A Saint only comes into being through not wanting to be it, through refusing sainthood.</p>	<p>Truth be told there is no inner sanctity, there is only this desire, to put the finneshing touches to what is known as the Way, the canonical Way. Whence one does ptom on occasion in the canonisation of the Church, which knows a bit about it, having reconicalised itself, but which goes barking up the wrong bloody tree in every other case. For there is no canonical way to saintliness, in spite of the eagerness for sainthood, no way that sorts out Saints, that would turn them into a sort. There is only scabeustration; but the castration of the escabeau is accomplished only through escapade. You only get a saint through not wanting to be, through the sanctity of forswearing it.</p>

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<p>C'est ce que Joyce maintient seulement comme tête de l'art : car c'est de l'art qu'il fait surgir la tête dans ce Bloom qui s'aliène pour faire ses farces de Flower et d'Henry (comme l'Henry du coin, l'Henry pour les dames). Si en fait il n'y a que les dites dames à en rire, c'est bien ce qui prouve que Bloom est un saint. Que le saint en rie, ça dit tout. Bloom embloomera après sa mort quoique du cimetière il ne rie pas. Puisque c'est là sa destination, qu'il trouve amèredante, tout en sachant qu'il n'y peut rien.</p>	<p>This is what Joyce establishes, though only as head of the state of the art. For it is the very head of the state of the art that he creates in this Bloom who alienates himself to fool around as Flower and Henry (as in Henry from around the corner, or Henry for the ladies). And the ladies are the only ones laughing: this proves that Bloom is a saint. May the saint have a laugh now – very telling. Bloom will embloom when he's dead though the graveyard doesn't make him laugh. Since the grave is his destination, he finds it excremumbting, though he knows full well that nothing can be done about it.</p>	<p>This is what Joyce maintains solely by being obstinant: for it's by art that he makes its head sprout up in this Bloom from whose alienation stem his farces of Flower and Henry (Henry of the sly laugh, strictly for the ladies). If in fact the said ladies are the only ones to get a laugh out of it, this proves full well that Bloom is a saint. Que le saint en rie, that says it all. Bloom will be pushing up the blooming daisies after his death, though the graveyard gets no laugh out of him. Since that's where he'll end up, which he finds Dantengly acrimonerous, knowing all the while he can do nothing about it.</p>
<p>Joyce, lui, voulait ne rien avoir, sauf l'escabeau du dire magistral, et ça suffit à ce qu'il ne soit pas un saint homme tout simple, mais le symptôme ptypé.</p>	<p>Joyce, on the other hand, wanted to have nothing. Nothing except the ladder of masterly words and this is enough for him not to be saintly man, but rather the ptyped symptom.</p>	<p>Joyce, for his part, didn't want to have anything, save the escabeau of magisterial utterance, and this was enough given that he was not a straightforward saint homme but rather the ptypical symptom.</p>
<p>(15)S'il Henrycane le Bloom de sa fantaisie, c'est pour démontrer qu'à s'affairer tellement de la spatule publicitaire, ce qu'il a enfin, de l'obtenir ainsi, ne vaut pas cher. À faire trop bon marché de son corps même, il démontre que « LOM a un corps » ne veut rien dire, s'il</p>	<p>If he afflicts Henry the Bloom with his own fancy, it is to show that what he gets when all is said and done is not worth its weight in gold. Bartering his own body for cheap as he does, he show that "MAN has a body" means nothing, and one should be</p>	<p>If he makes the Bloom of his fantasising so Henrisible, it's to demonstrate that by laying it on as thick as the adman, in the end what he's got, having obtained it thus, is not worth that much. By cheapening his body itself, he demonstrates that 'LOM ain't without a body' doesn't</p>

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n'en fait pas à tous les autres payer la dîme.	grateful that he doesn't make everybody else pay for it.	mean a thing, if he doesn't tithe everyone else for it.
Voie tracée par les Frères mendiants : ils s'en remettent à la charité publique qui doit payer leur subsistance. N'en restant pas moins que LOM (écrit L.O.M.) ait son corps, à revêtir entre autres soins. La tentative sans espoir que fait la société pour que LOM n'ait pas qu'un corps est sur un autre versant : voué à l'échec bien sûr, à rendre patent que s'il en a un, il n'en a aucun autre malgré que du fait de son parlêtre, il dispose de quelque autre, sans parvenir à le faire sien.	A way paved by the mendicant friars: they rely on public charity for sustenance. Wearing other people's care, however, doesn't mean that MAN has body. Society's vain attempt to behave as though MAN has more than one body is the other side of the coin, a fake, of course, for if it is true that he has one, it is also true that he has no other one though as a speaking being he does have access to some other he never manages to make his own.	This is the way trodden by the mendicant brethren: they fall back on public charity which has to pay their subsistence. It no less remains that LOM (written L.O.M.) has his body, to clad, along with further bodily care. The hopeless attempt that society makes for LOM not to have just one body lies in another catchment area: doomed to fail of course, making it clear that if he zgotwonn, he hasn't got any other, despite, due to the fact of his parlêtre, having some other at his disposal, without managing to make it his.
À quoi il ne songerait pas, on le suppose, si ce corps qu'il a, vraiment il l'était. Ceci n'implique que la théorie bouffonne, qui ne veut pas mettre la réalité du corps dans l'idée qui le fait. Antienne, on le sait, aristotélienne. Quelle expérience, on se tue à l'imaginer, a pu là faire obstacle pour lui à ce qu'il platonise, c'est-à-dire défie la [567]mort comme tout le monde en tenant que l'idée suffira ce corps à le reproduire. « Mes tempes si choses » interroge Molly Bloom à qui c'était d'autant	Perhaps this wouldn't cross his mind were he really the body he has. This involves nothing but the ludicrous theory that rejects the reality of the body from the idea that generates it. As we know, this is an Aristotelian idea. Now what did he stumble upon so that the experience made him Platonize, that is challenge [567] death – like everybody, hoping that the idea would serve the body through reproduction? The question is killing us. “My temples so. . .” questions Molly Bloom for whom it must have been tricky since she was right in it	Which he wouldn't dream of, so we suppose, if he truly were the body he's got. This implies nothing but the buffoonish theory that doesn't want to put the reality of the body in the idea that forms it. An Aristotelian antiphon, as we know. What experience, it's a killer imagining it, could have set an obstacle for him here, for him to Platonize, that is to say, to defy [567]death like the world at large by upholding that the idea shall suffice this body by reproducing it. 'Met him pike hoses' wonders Molly

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<p>moins venu à portée qu'elle y était déjà sans se le dire. Comme des tas de choses à quoi on croit sans y adhérer : les escabeaux de la réserve où chacun puise.</p>	<p>– though not telling. Like so many things one believes without commitment: the ladders in the storeroom are for everybody to help themselves.</p>	<p>Bloom, to whom it came even less within reach given that she was right there already without uttering it to herself. Like a whole stack of things one believes in without subscribing to them: the escabeaus kept in the store that everyone dips into.</p>
<p>Qu'il y ait eu un homme pour songer à faire le tour de cette réserve et à donner de l'escabeau la formule générale, c'est là ce que j'appelle Joyce le symptôme. Car cette formule, il ne l'a pas trouvée faute d'en avoir le moindre soupçon. Elle traînait pourtant déjà partout sous la forme de cet ICS que j'épingle du parlêtre.</p>	<p>Now there once was a man who thought of exploring this storeroom and who worked out the general formula for the ladder: this is what I call Joyce the symptom. For he didn't merely stumble upon a novel formula. It was already all over the place in the guise of the unconscious I peg with the term speaking being (parlêtre).</p>	<p>That there should have been one man who thought of doing the rounds of this store and of providing the general formula for the escabeau, there stands what I'm calling Joyce the symptom. For he didn't come across this formula, never having had the faintest inkling of it. And yet it was already lying around all over the place in the form of the UCS that I pinpoint in the parlêtre.</p>
<p>Joyce, prédestiné par son nom, laissait la place à Freud pas moins consonant. Il faut la passion d'Ellmann pour en faire croix sur Freud : <i>pace tua</i>, je ne vais pas vous dire la page, car le temps me pressantifie. La fonction de la hâte dans Joyce est manifeste. Ce qu'il n'en voit pas, c'est la logique qu'elle détermine.</p>	<p>Joyce predestined as he was by his name, made room for Freud – no less consonant. Ellman was passionate enough to cross out Freud: <u>pace tua</u>, I can't tell you the page as I've got to make haste. The function of haste in Joyce is obvious. What he can't see is the logic it determines.</p>	<p>Joyce, predestined by his name, left the place for Freud no less consonant. It takes Ellmann's passion to kiss Freud goodbye: <i>pace tua</i>, I won't tell you which page because time is of the presence of me. The function of haste in Joyce is manifest. What he doesn't see is the logic that haste determines.</p>
<p>Il a d'autant plus de mérite à la dessiner conforme d'être seulement faite de son art qu'un eaube jeddard, comme Ulysse, soit un jet</p>	<p>His merit is all the greater since the depiction of true haste in a barst eawbobject entirely made out of his art such as Ulysses is a burst of</p>	<p>He is all the more deserving having drawn it up in full conformity in being wrought only from his art given that an eaube jeddard, like</p>

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<p>d'art sur l'éaube scène de la logique elle-même, ceci se lit à ce qu'elle calque non pas l'inconscient, mais en donne le modèle en temps-pèrant, en faisant le père du temps, le Floom ballique, le Xinbad le Phtarin à quoi se résume le symdbad du symdptôme où dans Stephens Deedalus Joyce se reconnaît le fils nécessaire, ce qui ne cesse pas de s'écrire de ce qu'il se conçoit, sans que pourtant hissecroiebeau, de l'hystoriette d'Hamlet, hystérisée dans son Saint-Père de Cocu empoisonné par l'oreille zeugma, et par son symptôme de femme, sans qu'il puisse faire plus que de tuer en Claudius l'escaptôme pour laisser place à celui de rechange qui fort embrasse à père-ternité.</p>	<p>art on the eawbder scene of logic itself: here is not the exact copy of the unconscious, but rather its model, a time-patering model where the father of time is Ploom ballique, Xinbad the Phartin which is what the symbad of the symdpton amounts to in Stephen Daedalus in whom Joyce identifies himself as the necessary son, and there is no end to this self-conception through writing without canceling the beawd lad for that matter, the one in Hamlet's hys-story, hystericized in the cuckold of a Holy Father who absorbed poison through his zeugma ear and through his womanly symptom only managing to kill the escaptom Claudius and thus making space for the proxy who embraces in all good faith for all passivity.</p>	<p>Ulysses, should be a jet of art on the eaube scene of logic itself, this can be read in how it traces out not the unconscious, but provides its model by pitter-patering, by producing the pater of time, the ballic Floom, Xinbad the Phthailer, which is what the symdbad of the symdptom boils down to, where in Stephens Deedalus Joyce recognises himself, the necessary son, which does not stop being written given how he conceives himself, yet without it transpiring that hissecroiebeau, of the little hystory of Hamlet, hystericised in its Cuckold of a Holy Father poisoned through the zeugma ear, and through his woman symptom, without him being able to do more than kill in Claudius the escaptom in order to make way for his replacement who will fort embrace for sempaternity.</p>
<p>Joyce se refuse à ce qu'il se passe quelque chose dans ce que l'histoire des historiens est censée prendre pour objet.</p>	<p>Joyce refuses to see any significant event in what a historian's history takes as object.</p>	<p>Joyce rejects that anything can happen in what the history of historians is supposed to take for its object.</p>
<p>Il a raison, l'histoire n'étant rien de plus qu'une fuite, dont ne se racontent que des exodes. Par son exil, il sanctionne le sérieux de son jugement. Ne (16)participent à l'histoire que les déportés : puisque l'homme a un corps,</p>	<p>He is right: history is but a great escape whose exodi are what we hear about. Thus Joyce's exile validates his judgement. Those who partake of history are all displaced persons: since man <u>has</u> a body, it is through his</p>	<p>He's quite right, history being nothing more than a flight, none of which is told but the exoduses. Through his exile, he sanctions the seriousness of his judgment. Deportees alone take part in history: since man's got a</p>

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c'est par le corps qu'on l'a. Envers de l' <i>habeas corpus</i> .	body that he is being had. The reverse of <u>habeus corpus</u> .	body, it's by the body that he can be got. The flipside of <i>habeas corpus</i> .
Relisez l'histoire : c'est tout ce qui s'y lit de vrai. Ceux qui croient faire cause dans son remue-ménage sont eux aussi des déplacés sans doute d'un exil qu'ils ont délibéré, mais de s'en faire escabeau les aveugle. [568]	It would be worth having another look at history: the story is about the only truth you'll find in it. Those who throw themselves headlong in its turmoil are displaced persons too, or voluntary exiles, but to use this as a ladder makes them blind. [568]	Reread history: this is all the truth to be read in it. Those who believe they stand for a cause in its hullabaloo are also misplaced without doubt by an exile they have deliberated, but in making themselves an escabeau they are struck havisionless. [568]
Joyce est le premier à savoir bien escaboter pour avoir porté l'escabeau au degré de consistance logique où il le maintient, art-gueilleusement, je viens de le dire.	Joyce comes first in the art of escaplading as he turns the ladder into an instrument of logic consistency and maintains it so through hartbris.	Joyce is the first to get the fancy footstoolwork right, having raised the escabeau to the degree of logical consistence at which he maintains it, the apple of his art, as I have just said.
Laissons le sytmôme à ce qu'il est : un événement de corps, lié à ce que : l'on l'a, l'on l'a de l'air, l'on l'aire, de l'on l'a. Ça se chante à l'occasion et Joyce ne s'en prive pas.	Let's leave the symptom at that which it is: an event of the body intertwined with: Heigho! One's got it, seems to have it, sings it, gentes and laitymen. One has it. Ladida. Nice song. Joyce obviously enjoys the tune.	Let's leave the symptom to be what it is: an event of the body, bound to how: y'ain't without it, y'got it from thin air, y'air it, an aria y'ain't without. Once in a while that gets sung, and Joyce doesn't hold back from doing just that.
Ainsi des individus qu'Aristote prend pour des corps, peuvent n'être rien que symptômes eux-mêmes relativement à d'autres corps. Une femme par exemple, elle est symptôme d'un autre corps.	Thus it can well be that some individuals amongst those Aristotle mistakes for bodies are by symptoms compared with other bodies. A woman, for instance, is the symptom of another body.	So it is, individuals whom Aristotle takes for bodies, may be brought to bear as no more than symptoms themselves relative to other bodies. A woman, for instance, is another body's symptom
Si ce n'est pas le cas, elle reste symptôme dit hystérique, on veut dire par là dernier. Soit	If this is not the case, she remains a symptom, says the hysteric – the ultimate symptom. Paradoxically, then,	Should this not be the case, she remains the symptom that is said to be hysteric, by which one means last.

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<p>paradoxalement que ne l'intéresse qu'un autre symptôme : il ne se range donc qu'avant dernier et n'est de plus pas privilège d'une femme quoiqu'on comprenne bien à mesurer le sort de LOM comme parlêtre, ce dont elle se symptomatise. C'est des hystériques, hystériques symptômes de femmes (Pas toutes comme ça sans doute, puisque c'est de n'être pas toutes (comme ça), qu'elles sont notées d'être des femmes chez LOM, soit de l'on l'a), c'est des hystériques symptômes que l'analyse a pu prendre pied dans l'expérience.</p>	<p>what interests her is another symptom – the penultimate one and so neither the ultimate nor a woman's privilege, though considering MAN's lot as speaking being (parlêtre), one understands what she symptomatizes herself for. Because these are hysterics, hysterical symptoms of women not all like that, no doubt, since it is because they are not all (like that) that MAN registers them as women (from the point of view of the One has it) and it is because of such hysterics as symptoms that analysis is involved with praxis.</p>	<p>Specifically, and paradoxically, that only another symptom takes her interest: it only falls in line accordingly last-but-one, and to boot is not a woman's privilege, though it can readily be understood taking full measure of the lot of LOM qua parlêtre, with which she symptomises herself. It was with hysterics, hysteric symptoms of women (Not all like that, no doubt, since it is by being not all (like that) that they are noted as being women chez LOM, to wit, where y'ain't without it), it was with symptom-hysterics that analysis was able to find a footing in the experience.</p>
<p>Non sans reconnaître d'emblée que toutom y a droit. Non seulement droit mais supériorité, rendue évidente par Socrate en un temps où LOM commun ne se réduisait pas encore et pour cause, à de la chair à canon quoique déjà pris dans la déportation du corps et symptomme. Socrate, parfait hystérique, était fasciné du seul symptôme, saisi de l'autre au vol. Ceci le menait à pratiquer une sorte de préfiguration de l'analyse. Eût-il demandé de l'argent pour ça au lieu de frayer avec ceux qu'il accouchait que c'eût été un analyste,</p>	<p>This doesn't mean that ALLmen have no right to it. Not only right, but right of preeminence as well, which Socrates made clear at a point in time when common MAN wasn't reduced to canon fodder even though he was well and truly embroiled in the deportation of bodies and symptoms. Socrates, the exemplary hysteric, had a fascination for this sole symptom; he was enmeshed in the other flight. This led him to practice a kind of prefiguration of analysis. Had he asked for money instead of mucking around with those he delivered he would have</p>	<p>Not without acknowledging from the outset that the whole shebang of everyman has rights thereto. Not just rights, but superiority, made evident by Socrates at a time when the common LOM would not yet reduce itself, and with good reason, to canon fodder, though it was already caught up in the deportation of the body and sympt'homme. Socrates, perfect hysteric that he was, used to be fascinated by the symptom alone, purloined from others on the wing. This led him to practice a kind of foreshadowing of analysis. Had he asked</p>

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avant la lettre freudienne. Un génie quoi !	been an analyst before Freud: a genius!	money for it, instead of hanging out with those he delivered, he might have been an analyst, avant la lettre freudienne. A genius, what!
Le symptôme hystérique, je résume, c'est le symptôme pour LOM d'intéresser au symptôme de l'autre comme tel : ce qui n'exige pas le corps à corps. Le cas de Socrate le confirme, exemplairement.	To sum up, the hysterical symptom is the symptom for MAN to become the interest of the other's symptom, which involves no wrestling match. Socrates' case confirms this perfectly.	To summarise, a hysteric symptom is a symptom for LOM of making an interest of the symptom of the other party as such: which doesn't require a bodily one-on-one. The case of Socrates confirms this in exemplary fashion.
Pardon tout ça n'est que pour spécifier de Joyce de sa place.	All this to specify Joyce's position. Sorry.	Forgive all this just to set apart Joyce from his place.
Joyce ne se tient pour femme à l'occasion que de s'accomplir en tant que symptôme. Idée bien orientée quoique ratée dans sa chute. Dirai-je qu'il est symptomatology. Ce serait éviter de l'appeler par le nom qui répond à son vœu, ce qu'il appelle un tour de farce dans <i>Finnegans Wake</i> page 162 (et 509) où il l'énonce proprement par l'astuce du destin en force qu'il tenait de Verdi avant qu'on nous l'assène. [569]	Joyce occasionally takes up the position of woman so that he can become a symptom. It's a good idea, but it falls flat. One could say that he is a symptomatology. No need then to call him by the name that fulfils his wish, what he calls a <u>tour de farce</u> in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> (p. 162) and explains by way of some fluke of fate he remembered from Verdi before they killed him for us. [569]	Joyce takes himself for a woman on occasion only to reach fulfilment as a symptom. A well oriented idea albeit bungled when it falls to the ending. Shall I say that he is symptomatology. That would be to avoid calling him by the name that answers to his wish, which he calls a tour de farce in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> on page 162 (and 509) where he states it properly through the farce of dustiny that he took from Verdi before we were dealt a very palpable hit. [569]
Que Joyce ait joui d'écrire <i>Finnegans Wake</i> ça se sent. Qu'il l'ait publié, je dois ça à ce qu'on me l'ait fait remarquer, laisse perplexe, en ceci que ça laisse (17)toute littérature sur le	Joyce derived some stupendous enjoyment throughout the writing of <i>Finnegans Wake</i> : one can feel it. But, one wonders – as someone pointed out to me, why he had it published, for it	That Joyce enjoyed writing <i>Finnegans Wake</i> can be sensed. That he published it, I'm indebted to someone mentioning this to me, leaves us perplexed, in that it leaves all literature cream-

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<p>flan. La réveiller, c'est bien signer qu'il en voulait la fin. Il coupe le souffle du rêve, qui traînera bien un temps. Le temps qu'on s'aperçoive qu'il ne tient qu'à la fonction de la hâte en logique. Point souligné par moi, sans doute de ce qu'il reste après Joyce que j'ai connu à vingt ans, quelque chose à crever dans le papier hygiénique sur quoi les lettres se détachent, quand on prend soin de scribouiller pour la rection du corps pour les corpo-rections dont il dit le dernier mot connu daysens, sens mis au jour du symptôme littéraire enfin venu à consommation. La pointe de l'inintelligible y est désormais l'escabeau dont on se montre maître. Je suis assez maître de lalangue, celle dite française, pour y être parvenu moi-même ce qui fascine de témoigner de la jouissance propre au symptôme. Jouissance opaque d'exclure le sens.</p>	<p>does all literature in. Any attempt at reviving it would mean that he wanted it to end. He cuts short the dream that lingers for a moment, that is, until one realizes that this moment is entirely reliant on the function of haste in logic. My point, perhaps because there is something left for us to poke through (after the Joyce I met in my twenties), the toilet paper upon which letters are legible, if one takes care to scribble for sake of rection of the body, the corpo-rections, with the last word being dysense, a sense accommodating the literary symptom which he predicted was to come to concomption. The tip of the unintelligible becomes thus established as the ladder one shows oneself to be mastering. This mastery of <u>llanguage</u> is so close to the bone for me (French, is the language in which I shine), that is fascinating to witness the jouissance inherent in the symptom. An opaque <u>jouissance</u> since it excludes sense.</p>	<p>cracked. To wake it is precisely the sign that he wanted to bring it to its finnal end. He takes the dream's breath away, which will linger on for some time more. The time it takes to realise that it abides only by the function of haste in logic. A point underlined by yours truly, doubtless given that there remained after Joyce whom I met when I was twenty something for working one's arse off in the toilet paper on which the letters are teased apart, when one takes care to scribbledehobble for the rection of the body, for the corpo-rections of which the final wordaysensey utters, sense brought to the light of day of the literary symptom at last come down with condumbtion. There, the nib of unintelligibility is nowadays the escabeau of which one makes a show of being the master. I am master enough of lalingua, the one called French, to be a parvenu there myself, that which fascinates bearing out the jouissance that is proper to the symptom. An opaque jouissance from excluding meaning.</p>
<p>On s'en doutait depuis longtemps. Être post-joycien, c'est le savoir. Il n'y a d'éveil que par cette jouissance-là,</p>	<p>One suspected as much. To be post-joycian means knowing this. Any awakening depends on this particular</p>	<p>They have long doubted as much. Being post-Joycean is so much knowing. There can be no awakening unless this</p>

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soit dévalorisée de ce que l'analyse recourant au sens pour la résoudre, n'ait d'autre chance d'y parvenir qu'à se faire la dupe... du père comme je l'ai indiqué.	<u>jouissance</u> – that is without the value of an analysis that would resort to meaning in order to solve it and hence turn one into the dupe. . . of the father, as I point out above.	jouissance, to wit a devalued jouissance given that analysis turns to meaning to resolve it, has no other chance of getting there but to get its dupe... its due pater, as I have indicated.
L'extraordinaire est que Joyce y soit parvenu non pas sans Freud (quoiqu'il ne suffise pas qu'il l'ait lu) mais sans recours à l'expérience de l'analyse (qui l'eût peut-être leurré de quelque fin plate). [570]	What is extraordinary is that Joyce achieved this – not without Freud (though having read him is not necessarily sufficient), but without having recourse to the experience of analysis (that would perhaps have deceived him with some flat ending). [570]	What is extraordinary is that Joyce got to be a parvenu there, not without Freud (though his having read him wasn't sufficient) but without turning to the experience of analysis (which might have lured him with not so finne an end). [570]