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DREAM AND INTERPRETATION – AN EXPERIENCE IN SOLITUDE

Laurent Dupont

My first ‘slice’ of analysis lasted 9 years. At the end of each session, each lasting 45 minutes, the analyst gave an oedipal meaning to what I had said. I cannot remember any of these constructions, nor of the dreams that I narrated there. If interpretation is transference, the knowledge exhibited by the analyst precipitated transference. It was only much later that I was able to realise that these constructions, which had often taken the form of an “I see what you mean”, constituted a gaze fixed upon me, and arising from the words I had spoken. It knotted *seeing* to *saying*.

My second ‘slice’ of analysis lasted 18 years. At first, I didn’t understand why the sessions didn’t always last the same time. I would say: “It only lasted 10 minutes.” The analyst would look at his watch: “So it did.”

“That’s it,” “that’s the word”, “how do you spell it?”, “yes”..., at the end of the session, these expressions would make it obvious that it was for me to elaborate. One gets educated to the cut, to the signifier. Transference then lies less in exposed knowledge than in supposition, the effect of localisation and of lack produced in analysis.

Effects of Meaning and Nomination

Construction is an addition of meaning that comes to feed a never-ending jouissance, whereas nomination is an encapsulation of jouissance in a name.

Interpretation, then, between the cut and the effect of meaning, produced an experience of deep solitude that might last a fraction of a second, or more. It was the sign of a moment of separation, of vibration brought to bear upon the punch [*poinçon*] of the formula of the fantasy:
§ ◊ a

A dream seemed to mark the end to my analysis: *I am reading a book to my son. Of the book, the only thing I can see is ‘Éditions Bayard Jeunesse’* [a French publishing house for young people]. I wake up with two signifiers: Bayard and Youth.

Testimony delivered at the NLS Congress, Paris, April 2017. The author is a member of the ECF.

My father often told me the story of Bayard, the fearless and irreproachable knight who sacrificed his life to protect the flight of the king, a story that came from a book that belonged to him when he was a child.

I then named my fantasy: to satisfy the Other with enthusiasm, at the cost of a *sacrifice*. And I decomposed this into “it (*sa-/ça*) cries (*-cri-/crie*) son (*-ficel/fils*)” [*ça crie fils*]. I then experienced an immense feeling of profound solitude on the couch. Silence. I then declared that I had believed in all this too much, that “it does not cry son”; the “it/*id*” that is engaged here is my *jouissance* in embodying this place, in *taking care of things/busying myself with it*.

This crossing of the fantasy had effects in the body: a feeling of emptiness, of relief, and of malaise. And yet, as I was about to start the procedure of the Pass, I felt such a strong disgust that I gave up. The crossing of the fantasy is not guaranteed. Something in my body refused this crossing.

The Body

The final ‘slice’ lasted three years.

The third analyst operated with his body, and mine awakened: anger, tears, laughter and disgust... “The body dysfunctions,” I said to the analyst, who replied: “That’s what it takes.” No meaning, just a feeling of solitude during the sessions.

Dreams abounded, but I was less inclined to look for their meaning in the family romance than to read them. After the constructions, the elaborations, the lucubrations, there was the body.

It was after the dream of the Uffizi Gallery¹ in Florence that I noticed that meaning had emptied out, that the search for a meaning to all this was simply the justification I had found to go and see someone who listens, several times a week, who listens in a particular way. To lie on a couch, with my voice coming out of my body, turning around the analyst’s and returning to this body of mine, anchored it. A body that I had previously dealt with through thought. It was neither sense nor transference, but the analytical *dispositif* itself.

1. This is the text of the dream as narrated by Laurent Dupont in his first testimony: “The Florence Uffizi: three scenes/paintings. The first painting should represent a still life [*nature morte*]. There is nothing but black. Surprise. The second: a self-portrait. There is nothing there but the deepest black. A bizarre sensation ensues, a mixture of disquiet and disgust. I think, a bit disappointed: “is this what *Renaissance* is?”. The last: a woman, but it is a solid black stain. I say: “Flemish *Renaissance* is a bit dull, this black is more like Soulages [a painter known for his black canvases but whose name is homophonous with relief]”. In my dream, I hear the signifier ‘relief’, I laugh. But when I wake up, I feel; empty, in disarray”.

The dream of the CAC² is the last one because it was the last one. Because I decided to leave this letter outside of sense. Because I am satisfied with being able to be alone on the side of the path, and bursting into laughter.

Translated by Nicolas Boileau

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2. This is the text of the dream: “On a steep mountain path, my father and the analyst are walking ahead of me. Suddenly, without saying a word, they throw themselves in the void, suspended on wires, screaming: CAC! CAC! CAC! I burst into laughter, now alone on the path. I wake up laughing.”

EXPLICIT SIGNS OF THE END OF AN ANALYSIS

Dominique Holvoet

The signs that an analysis is coming to an end resemble Tom Thumb’s pebbles, peppering the path. You arrive in analysis with a rucksack full of heavy, solid pebbles, take them out one by one, break them down and leave them on the path of what will retroactively constitute the path of your analysis. Each one of these broken down pebbles is the sign that there is an end to an analysis.

At the study days of the ECF in 2007, J.-A. Miller remarked that “an analysis has to enable the marking out, the isolation, and the readability of the writing of the programme of jouissance that prevails for a subject.”¹ This year in Rio, in the Conversation of the Pass, Éric Laurent noted that the exhaustion of the programme of jouissance progressively opens the subject to the contingency of an event that alters the programme. So, the signal of the end of an analysis occurs in the contingency of a moment when, after the mountains of your fictions have been crossed, once meaning has petered out, you reach the desert of meaning. The sessions follow one

Testimony delivered at the NLS Congress, Dublin, July 2016, *Discreet Signs in Ordinary Psychoses*. The author is a member of the ECF and NLS, former president of the NLS, and practices in Tournai, Belgium.

1. Miller, J.-A., “Mycoplasma Laboratorium”, communication for 36th Study Days of the ECF, 7 October 2007, available online at AMPblog2006.blogspot.co.uk