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July 9, 1979

So, what do you want me to say? I had a premonition of something nasty in it, like a word, or a worm, a piece of worm that would be a piece of word, and that would be seeking to reconstitute itself by slithering, something tainted that poisons life. And suddenly, precisely there, only there, I started to lose my hair, no, to lose some hair that was not necessarily mine, perhaps yours. I was trying to keep it by making knots that, one after the other, came undone only to reform themselves further on. I felt, from a distance and confusedly, that I was searching for a word, perhaps a proper name (for example, Claude, but I do not know why I choose this example right now, I do not remember his presence in my dream). Rather, it was the term that was searching for me, it had the initiative, according to me, and was doing its best to gather itself together by every means, for a period of time that I could not measure, all night perhaps, and even more, or else an hour or three minutes, impossible to know, but is it a question here of knowing? The time of this word remains, does it not, especially if it were a proper name, without comparison with everything that might surround it. The word was taking its time, and by dint of following it you ask me, I ask myself: where is this leading us, toward what place? We are absolutely unable to know, forecast [prévoir], foresee, foretell, fortune-tell. 2 Impossible anticipation addressed myself to you and you it more patiently if something were to subject us to it, that thing, predicts us, us, according to tials. Imagine that an anachron out of phase, it lifts or displaces as if we were late with respect to the future, the one which fore anticipated, snapped up, called, coming [d'une seule venue]. Calle languages? I was trying to explain the other day, at his first smile I and I ask myself, I asked myself, I asked myself, I asked myself: where is this leading us, toward what place?

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fortune-tell/. Impossible anticipation, it is always from there that I have

addressed myself to you and you have never accepted it. You would accept

it more patiently if something wasn't telling us, behind our backs and in

order to subject us to it, that this place, it, knows us, forecasts our com-

ing, predicts us, us, according to its code [chiffre, also cipher, figure, ini-

tials]. Imagine that an anachronism resembling no other shifts us [décade]
out of phase, it lifts or displaces the blocks [les cales], brakes or accelerates

as if we were late with respect to that which has already happened to us in

the future, /the one which foresees us/ and by which I sense us predicted,

anticipated, snapped up, called, summoned from a single casting, a single

coming [d'une seule venue]. Called, you hear? You hear this word in several

languages? I was trying to explain it to him [or her], to translate it to him

the other day, at his first smile I interrupted

and I ask myself, I ask myself how to deform the syntax without

touching it, as at a distance. At stake here is what I'd like to call the

old-new sentence, as they say over there, you remember, the old-new syn-

agogue. I ask myself, not myself, it is not myself that I ask, it is myself

that I ask for when I ask myself, you that I ask. But you cannot answer

me for the moment, only when I have met up with you again. Inciden-

tally, do you know that you saved my life again the other day when with

an infinitely forgiving movement you allowed me to tell you where the

trouble [le mal] is, its return always foreseeable, the catastrophe coming in

advance [prévenante also thoughtful, warning], called, given, dated. It

[Elle] is readable on a calendar, with its proper name, classified, you hear

this word, nomenclatured. It wasn't sufficient to foresee or to predict what

would indeed happen one day, /forecasting is not enough/, it would be

necessary to think (what does this mean here, do you know?) what would

happen by the very fact of being predicted or foreseen, a sort of beautiful

apocalypse telescoped, kaleidoscoped, triggered off at that very moment

by the precipitation of the announcement itself, consisting precisely in

this announcement, the prophecy returning to itself from the future of its

own to-come [à-venir]. The apocalypse takes place at the moment when I

write this, but a present of this type keeps a telepathic or premonitory af-

finity with itself (it senses itself at a distance and warns itself of itself) that

loses me on the

W:ay

and makes me scared. I have always trembled before

what I know in this way, it is also what scares the others and through

which I disturb them as well, I send them to sleep sometimes. I suffer

from it. Do you think that I am speaking here of the unconscious, guess

[devine]? I

ask myself—this, I ask you: when it plays, from the start, the absence or
rather the indeterminacy of some addressee that it nevertheless apostrophizes, a published letter provokes events, and even the events it foresees and foretells, what is going on, I ask you. Obviously, I am not talking about all the events to which any writing or publication at all gives rise, starting with the most effaced of marks. Think rather of a series of which the addressee would form part, he or she if you wish, you for example, unknown at that time to the one who writes; and from that moment the one who writes is not yet completely an addressor, nor completely himself. The addressee, he or she, would let her/himself be produced by the letter, from [depuis] its program, and, he or she, the addressor as well. I can no longer see very clearly, I've stalled [je cale] a bit. Look, I'm trying: suppose that I now write a letter without determinable address. It would be encrypted or anonymous, it doesn't much matter, and I publish it, thus using the credit I still have with our publishing system, along with all that supports it. Now suppose that someone replies, addressing her/himself first to the presumed signatory of the letter, who is supposed by convention to merge with the “real” author, here with “me,” whose creature he supposedly is. The publisher forwards the reply. This is a possible route, there would be others and the thing that interests me can happen even if the aforesaid reply does not take the form of a missive in the everyday sense and if its dispatch is not entrusted to the postal institution. So I become the signatory of these letters that are said to be fictive. When I was only the author of a book. Transpose that in the direction of what they still call the unconscious, transpose in any case, it is transference and telepoetics that, deep down, are weaving away. I encounter the other on this occasion. It is the first time, apparently, and even if according to another appearance I have known the other, like you, for years. In this encounter the destiny of a life is knotted, of several lives at the same time, certainly more than two, always more than two. A banal situation, you will say, it happens every day, for example between novelists, journalists, their readers and their audience. Others would conclude: a letter that would be the external occasion, in some sense, of an encounter between two identifiable subjects—and who would already be determined. No, but of a letter that after the event seems to have been launched toward some unknown addressee at the moment of its writing, an addressee unknown to himself or herself, if one can say that, and who is determined, as you very well know how to be, on receipt of the letter; this is then quite another thing than the transfer of a message. Its content and its end no longer precede it. So then, you are to the program of the letter, or rather, to the program, in the sense of appearance, programs. So you say: it is I, uniquely, not that it has been reserved for present the chance to which choose that it should choose me to be there, I can and I want—it was me, with a gentle and terrible comparison here with identifying a unique addressee and everything nothing, from no history, the post. Saying, or after the event, about the divisibility of the destiny float (committing yourself to it, you ask yourself if I am describing place at this very moment), you put together without reducing it, everything begins between us, froming. Others would conclude: a letter that would represent a character unspoken, you remain unexcluded from this. Of course you’re right: you say that you’re me, with the hollowed-out figure whom I idle along, musing myself, but it is no longer to you that I say this, you know it’s you, so put you reader, it doesn’t matter who, with the masculine gender. Anyway
see that it nevertheless apostro­
phile; and even the events it foresees
are not its own. Obviously, I am not talking
about an event that gives rise, or publication at all gives rise,
but I am thinking rather of a series of which
I am part, and from that moment the
letter is not just the letter of the addressor, nor completely himself.
It is the letter of a figure that is part of the addressor as well. I can no
longer precede it. So then, you identify yourself and you commit your life
to the program of the letter, or rather of a postcard, of a letter that is open,
divisible, at once transparent and encrypted. The program says nothing, it
neither announces nor states anything, not the slightest content, it doesn't
even present itself as a program. One cannot even say that it "makes like" a
program, in the sense of appearance, but, without seeming to, it makes, it
programs. So you say: it is I, uniquely I, who am able to receive this letter,
not that it has been reserved for me, on the contrary, but I receive as a
present the chance to which this card delivers itself. It falls to me. And I
choose that it should choose me by chance, I wish to cross its path, I want
to be there, I can and I want—its path or its transfer. In short you say "It
was me," with a gentle and terrible decision, altogether otherwise: no com­
parison here with identifying with the hero of a novel. You say "me" the
unique addressee and everything begins between us. Starting out from
nothing, from no history, the postcard saying not a single word that holds
up. Saying, or after the event predicting "me," you don't have any illusion
about the divisibility of the destination, you don't even inspect it, you let it
float (committing yourself to it even for eternity—I weigh my words—and
you ask yourself if I am describing or if I am committing what is taking
place at this very moment), you are there to receive the division, you gather1
it together without reducing it, without harming it, you let it live and ev­
everything begins between us, from you, and what you there give by receiv­
ing. Others would conclude: a letter thus finds its addressee, him or her.
No, one cannot say of the addressee that s/he exists before the letter [avant
la lettre]. Besides, if one believed it, if one considered that you
identify yourself with the addressee as if with a fictional character, the question
would remain: how is it possible? how can one
identify with an addressee
who would represent a character so absent from the book, totally mute,
unspeakable? For you remain unspeakable, unnamable, and this is not a
novel, or a short story, or a play, or an epic, all literary representation is
excluded from this. Of course you protest, and I hear you, and I accept
that you're right: you say that you begin by identifying with me, and, in
me, with the hollowed-out figure of this absent [feminine] addressee with
whom I idle along, musing myself. Certainly, and you are right, as always,
but it is no longer to you that I say this, or with you that I wish to play at
this, you know it's you, so put yourself in the place of another feminine
reader, it doesn't matter who, who may even be a man, a feminine reader
of the masculine gender. Anyway what happens here, you well know, my
Telepathy

angel, is so much more complicated. What I am able to extract from it in order to speak about it could not in principle measure up to it, not only because of the weakness of my discourse, its poverty, chosen or not: in truth it could only ever add a further complication, another leaf, a further layering to the structure of what is happening and across which I hold you against me, kissing you continuously, tongue deep in the mouth, near a station, and your hair in my two hands. But I am thinking of a single person, of the one and only, the madwoman who would be able to say after the letter “it is I,” it was already I, it will have been I, and in the night of this wagered certainty commits her life to it without return, takes all possible risks, keeps upping the stakes without trembling, without a safety net, like the trapeze artist that I have always been. All this can be done gently, must even entrust itself to gentleness, without show and as if in silence. We must not even speak of it together, and everything would be in ashes up to this letter here.

July 9, 1979

You know my question: why do the theoreticians of the performative or of pragmatics take so little interest, to my knowledge, in the effects of the written object, the letter in particular? What are they scared of? If there is something performative in a letter, how is it that it can produce all kinds of events, foreseeable and unforeseeable, and even including its addressee? All that, of course, according to a properly performative causality, if there is such a thing, and it is pure, not dependent on any other consequentiality intrinsic to the act of writing. I admit I’m not very sure what I mean by that; the unforeseeable should not be able to form part of a performative structure *stricto sensu*, and yet . . . ; it would still be necessary to divide, to proliferate the instances: not everything is addressee in an addressee, one part only, which compromises with the rest. Yourself, for example, you love me, this love is greater than yourself and above all greater than myself, and yet it is only a very small part that one thus names with this word, love, my love. That doesn’t stop you from leaving me, day after day, and indulging in these little calculations, and so on.

I’m stalled [*je cale*].

I will have to make inquiries and clear this thing up: start from the fact that, for example, the *big bang* would, let us say at the origin of the universe, have produced a noise that one can consider as come and we will be given the (anyway I will explain to you, so you draw out all its consequences, you so many years ago—and the) by telephone. This wasn’t the end of time, in any case until take away from me in this way, I don’t know and I don’t much confirmed me in this feeling in short, it was not a little before *and* a little after “tense” of all our correspondences on October 10, 1902. The Nettuno at Paestum: “Einen her dein Sigm.” The history of this able: I’m not talking about its character of gossip, but of the scenario—to as well, strategic scenario—to with I never separate these things, or there is always some training [das] the “malicious woman,” sells the destroyed her husband’s. The pur (yes, she of “The Purloined Letter” written in 1937, so in English mon Paris. As you will see, our enter Channel knows how to keep Vienna, Bonaparte speaks of the who tells her a Jewish joke, a st a dead bird a week after the but and tries to palm her off with letters, without explicitly saying some pieces of my old transference other—I’ve told you she wasn’t head, I don’t know, but talk ab
that I am able to extract from it in principle measure up to it, not only its poverty, chosen or not: in replication, another leaf, a further thing and across which I hold you tongue deep in the mouth, near a tooth but I am thinking of a single person who would be able to say after have been I, and in the night of it without return, takes all possession tremb ling, without a safety net, seen. All this can be done gently, without show and as if in silence. We everything would be in ashes up to

Interpretations of the performative or knowledge, in the effects of the are they scared? If there is that it can produce all kinds and even including its addressee? any performative causality, if there is nothing on any other consequentiality that I'm not very sure what I mean to be able to form part of a performance; it would still be necessary to everything is ad dressed in an admission to the rest. Yourself, for example yourself and above all greater part that one thus names with you from leaving me, day after days, and so on.

I'm stalled [je cale].

I will have to make inquiries for that fact that, for example, the /big
the universe, have produced a noise that one can consider as still not having reached us. It is still to come and we will be given the chance to tap it, to receive it according to (anyway I will explain to you, the main thing is that from this moment on you draw out all its consequences, for example, from what I said to you so many years ago—and then you wept

I heard the news, but I already knew, by telephone. This was't the end of the transfer and it will continue until the end of time, in any case until the end of the Cause

what did she want to give me or take away from me in this way, to turn away from me or in view of him, I don't know and I don't much care [je m'en fou un peu], what followed confirmed me in this feeling

in short, it was not a sign of a break but the last written sign, a little before and a little after the break (this is the time [temps, also “tense"] of all our correspondence): in short a postcard that he sent to Fliess on October 10, 1902. The Ansichtskarte represented the Tempio di Nettuno at Paestum: "Einen herzlichen Gruss vom Hohepunkt der Reise, dein Sigm." The history of this transferential correspondence is unbelievable: I'm not talking about its content, about which there has been plenty of gossip, but of the scenario—a postal, economic, even banking, military as well, strategic scenario—to which it has given rise and you know that I never separate these things, especially not the post and the bank, and there is always some training [de la didactique] in the middle. Fliess's wife, the “malicious woman,” sells the letters from Freud, who, for his part, had destroyed her husband's. The purchaser, S., sells them to Marie Bonaparte (yes, she of “The Purloined Letter” and “The Purveyor of Truth”): for £100 in 1937, so in English money, although the transaction took place in Paris. As you will see, our entire story of Freud also writes itself in English, it happens crossing the Channel [elle se passe à passer la Manche], and the Channel knows how to keep quiet. During her training, this time in Vienna, Bonaparte speaks of the matter to the master, who is furious and who tells her a Jewish joke, a story about digging up and throwing away a dead bird a week after the burial (he has other bird stories, you know) and tries to palm her off with £50!! in order to get back his rights to his letters, without explicitly saying so. A little training, then, in exchange for some pieces of my old transference that has made me talk so much. The other—I've told you she wasn't such a fool—refuses. What goes on in her head, I don't know, but talk about having a hold that won't let go (it is,
Telepathy

says poor old Jones, out of “scientific interest” that she “had the courage to go head to head [tenir tête] [ah! you see why I often prefer the translation] with the master”). Then it’s the Rothschild bank in Vienna, the withdrawal of the letters in the presence of the Gestapo (only a princess of Greece and Denmark was capable of that), their deposit at the Danish legation in Paris (all in all thanks to von Choltitz, who wasn’t just any old general!), their crossing the mine-sown Channel, “in waterproof and buoyant material,” as Jones goes on to say, as a precaution [en prévision] against a shipwreck. And all that, don’t forget, against the desires of the master; all this violence ends up with Anna, who has copies made of the letters and selects from them for publication! And now we can pick up the scent of lots of things and give seminars on their stories about noses. And the other—one’ll never know what he wrote—there are others and it is always like that.

there is only tele-analysis, they will have to draw all the conclusions as we do, get their concept of the “analytic situation” to swallow a new metrics of time (of the multiplicity of systems, etc.) as well as another reading of the transcendental imagination (from the Kantbuch and beyond . . . up to the present [jusqu’à présent] as people venture to say in French). You and me, our tele-analysis has lasted for such a long time, years and years. “la séance continue,” eh, and yet we never see each other outside the sessions (and the fact that we employ the very long session doesn’t change things in the slightest, we punctuate quite differently). So, never outside sessions, that’s our deontology, we’re very strict. If they did the same, all of them, as they ought, would grass grow again in the salons? We would have to come back to masks that is if at least

the last postcard was sent to Fliess, it seems, at the end of a journey, which should have taken Freud (him too!) to Sicily. He seems to have given up on the idea, but it is from Amalfi that he goes to Paesum. Remember that he is traveling with his brother, Alexander, and that between two postcards he sees his double (“not Horch,” he says, “another” double). He recognizes in this an omen of death: “Does this signify Vedere Napoli e poi morire?” he asks. He always associated the double, death, and premonition. I’m not making anything up with regard to the two postcards, before and after the encounter with the double. The first, August 26, 1902, to Minna, his sister-in-law. He sends it from Rosenheim. The other, after Venice, and Jones writes: “The following day, at half past two in the morning, they have to change trains at Boulogne, in order to get the next one and send another postcard.”

Meanwhile, for the reason the Saga rather absentmindedly, get anything out of it on the side Freud in the second half of the century, Freud in England in 1886, and its second part, the so-called “conversion” to telepathy, fortunately been verified!” He had occultism. Freud’s circular letter to Jones seems to me to be too unhaunted to telepathy has made in En near to such a conversion I came to make during our Harz trip, since that time held me back for one’s colours and need bother about it earlier, perhaps still more important.

there’s a magnificent Forsyte family. I reread the Forsyth-Forsyte-von New Introductory Lectures, I read without results, I mean without proof I can follow. There is, between us, what do you mean by stronger [plus fort] than strong tune-telling books, for example, the clairvoyants, mediums, able to say they foresee even though, part it, let themselves at least be proven a meeting here of all the for, the Latin and fortuna, fort, and fort, a proper name (at any rate, there a
she had the courage to see why I often prefer the trans-
Rothschild bank in Vienna, the seat of the Gestapo (only a princess
that), their deposit at the Danish
in Choltitz, who wasn't just any
Channel, “in waterproof and
my, as a precaution [en prévision]
forget, against the desires of the
THA, who has copies made of the
And now we can pick up
ars on their stories about noses.
figh there are others and it
have to draw all the conclusions
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ystems, etc.) as well as another
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o Minna, his sister-in-law. He
Venice, and Jones writes: “The
thing, they have to change trains
at Boulogne, in order to get the Munich express. Freud finds the time to
send another postcard.”
Meanwhile, for the reasons I have told you, I am leafing through
the Saga rather absentmindedly, without seeing very clearly whether I’ll
get anything out of it on the side of—of what? Let us say the England of
Freud in the second half of the last century. The Forsyte Saga begins in
England in 1886, and its second part, which Galsworthy entitles A Mod-
ern Comedy, comes to an end in 1926. Coincidence? 1926, that’s when
 Freud shifted, with regard to telepathy; he comes round to it and that ter-
rifies friend Jones, who in a circular letter declares on this point (Freud’s
so-called “conversion” to telepathy) that his, Jones’s, “predictions have un-
fortunately been verified”! He had predicted (!) that this would encourage
occultism. Freud’s circular letter in reply, February 18, 1926: “Our friend
Jones seems to me to be too unhappy about the sensation that my conver-
sion to telepathy has made in English periodicals. He will recollect how
near to such a conversion I came in the communication I had the occa-
sion to make during our Harz travels. Considerations of external policy
since that time held me back long enough, but finally one must show
one’s colours and need bother about the scandal this time as little as on
earlier, perhaps still more important occasions.”
At the start of the “modern comedy”
there’s a magnificent /Forsyte family tree/ spread out over five pages. But I
reread the Forsyth-Forsyte-von Vorsicht-foresight-Freund-Freud story in the
New Introductory Lectures, I read it and reread it in three languages but
without results, I mean without picking up, behind the obvious, any scent
I can follow.
There is, between us, what do you want me to say, a case of /fortune-tell-
ing book/ stronger [plus fort] than me. Often I ask myself: how are /for-
tune-telling books/, for example, the Oxford one, just like fortune-tellings,
sirvoys, mediums, able to form part of what they declare, predict, or
say they foresee even though, participating in the thing, they also provoke
it, let themselves at least be provoked to the provocation of it? There is
a meeting here of all the for, fore, for’s, in several languages, and forte in
Latin and fortuna, fors, and vor, and foritan, fr, fs, and so on.

Then I dozed off and looked for
the words of the other dream, the one that I’d started to tell you. In a
half-sleep I had a vague presentiment that it was something to do with a
proper name (at any rate, there are only ever proper names there), with a
common name in which proper names were entangled, a common name that was itself becoming a proper name. Untangle a little the hairs of my dream and what they are saying as they fall, in silence. I have just linked it to that photograph by Erich Salomon that I talked to you about yesterday, *The Class of Professor W. Khal* (almost “bald” in German).

for a long time already I have drowned myself. Remember. Why, in my reveries of suicide, is it always drowning that imposes itself, and most often in a lake, sometimes a pond but usually a lake? Nothing is stranger to me than a lake: too far from the landscapes of my childhood. Maybe it’s literary instead? I think it’s more the force of the word, *lac*. Something in it overturns or precipitates (*cla, ale*), plunging down head first. You will say that in these words, in their letters, I want to disappear, not necessarily in order to die there but to live there concealed, perhaps in order to dissimulate what I know. So *glas*, you see, would have to be tracked down thereabouts (*cla, cl, clos, lacs, le lacs, le piège, le lacet, le lais, là, da, fort, hum . . . [cla, cl, closed, lakes, snare, trap, lace, the silt, there, here, yes, strong, hmm . . . ]). Had I spoken to you about “Claude”? You will remind me, I must tell you who this name is for me. You will note that it is androgynous, like *poste*. I missed it in *Glas*, but it has never been far away, *it* has not missed me. The catastrophe is of this name.

Suppose I publish this letter, withdrawing from it, for incineration, everything that, here and there, would allow one to identify its destination. Of course, if the determined destination—determination—belongs to the play of the performative, this might conceal a childish simulacrum: beneath the apparent indeterminacy, if one takes account of a thousand coded features, the figure of some addressee takes shape quite distinctly, together with the greatest probability that the response thus induced (asked for) comes from one particular direction and not another. The place of the response would have been fixed by my grids—the grids of culture, language, society, fantasy, whatever you like. Not just any old stranger receives just any old “message,” even by chance, and above all doesn’t reply to it. And not to reply is not to receive. If, from you for example, I receive a reply to this letter, it is because, consciously or not, as you wish, I’ll have asked for this rather than that, and therefore from this man or that woman. As this seems at first, in the absence of the “real” addressee, to happen between myself and myself, within myself [à part moi, also “except for myself”], a part of myself that will have announced the other to itself [qui se sera fait part de l’autre]; also “that will clearly have to have asked my who? You, for example, but how, You know it, yourself, tell me thayer. What do you want me to do, you, now I am ready, tell me.

It remains unthink, unique, beyond all calculation of is unforeseeable. Notice that this listen to it carefully, it comes just “to have a callus [caul] in one’s heart their very first letters (ah those there was good reason, on both good for having a callus in his in after recalling: “I told you, I believe I loved,” without telephone, this “You have come with your finger has come back to boiling point. But the tempest is made for the turb them give off nothing but to be able to say that.” The next o’clock, I have just received your night.—Only just up, I am writing going to say.” Doesn’t that remi correspondence communicates message of the non-message (the that “OK?—OK” doesn’t carry of view of the apparent content of edge that I am not expecting info for all that the exchange of “OK” to make one believe that that fell the way, I have come across a clai *fortune-telling book* have reach know, and it is true, you know it, to live from now on?

“Something shoots [tire]! So
were entangled, a common name. Untangle a little the hairs of my fall, in silence. I have just linked that I talked to you about yester-
bald” in German).
for a long time already I have ny reveries of suicide, is it always often in a lake, sometimes a pond me than a lake: too far from the literary instead? I think it’s more it overturns or precipitates (cla, cl, closed, lakes, snare, trap, mm . . . ). Had I spoken to you must tell you who this name is for like poste. I missed it in Glas, but used me. The catastrophe is of this Suppose I for incineration, everything that, satify its destination. Of course, if tion—belongs to the play of theish simulacrum: beneath the ap-
point of a thousand coded features, be quite distinctly, together with the thus induced (asked for) comes another. The place of the response grids of culture, language, soci-
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for all doesn’t reply to it. And not for example, I receive a reply to this as you wish, I’ll have asked for this man or that woman. As this *adressee, to happen between *moi, also “except for myself”), ed the other to itself (qui se sera

fait part de l’autre; also “that will have made itself a part of the other”), I will clearly have to have asked myself . . . What is it that I ask myself, and who? You, for example, but how, my love, could you be only an example? You know it, yourself, tell me the truth, O you the seer, you the sooth-
sayer. What do you want me to say, I am ready to hear everything from you, now I am ready, tell me

It remains unthinkable, this unique encounter with the unique, beyond all calculation of probability, as much programmed as it is unforeseeable. Notice that this word “calculation” is interesting in itself, listen to it carefully, it comes just where the calculation fails perhaps . . . “to have a callus [cal] in one’s heart,” Flaubert writes. It is to Louise, from their very first letters (ah those two!), he is afraid that she is afraid, and there was good reason, on both sides: “Oh! don’t be afraid: he is no less good for having a callus in his heart. . . .” Read all. And the next day, after recalling: “I told you, I believe, that it was your voice especially that I loved,” without telephone, this time he writes “lake [lac] of my heart”: “You have come with your fingertips to stir up all that. The old sediment has come back to boiling point, the lake of my heart has thrilled to it . . . But the tempest is made for the Ocean!—Ponds [étangs], when you disturb them give off nothing but unwholesome smells.—I must love you to be able to say that.” The next day, among other things: “It is now ten o’clock, I have just received your letter and sent mine, the one I wrote last night.—Only just up, I am writing to you without knowing what I am going to say.” Doesn’t that remind you of anything? It is there that the correspondence communicates with “the book about nothing.” And the message of the non-message (there’s always some) consists in that. To say that “OK?—OK” doesn’t carry any message is only true from the point of view of the apparent content of the utterances, and one must acknowledge that I am not expecting information in response to my question. But for all that the exchange of “OK’s” remains eloquent and significant.

From cal to lac is enough to make one believe that that fellow also had his limp [sa claudication]. By the way, I have come across a claudius in Glas, next to glaudius (p. 60).

How would this fortune-telling book! have reached me, reached you whom I do not yet know, and it is true, you know it, you with whom I am nevertheless going to live from now on?

“Something shoots [tire]! Something hits the target! Is it me who hits
the target or the target that shoots me?" That's my question, I address it to you, my angel; I have extracted [tirée] this formula from a Zen text on the chivalrous art of archery [tir à l'arc]. And when one asks the rabbi of Kotzk why Shavuot is called the time when the Torah was given to us and not the time when we received it, he gives the following reply: the gift took place one day, the day we commemorate; but it can be received at all times. The gift was given equally to everyone, but not all have received it. This is a Hassidic story from Buber. This is not the Torah, oh no, but between my letters and the Torah, the difference requires both in order to be thought.

July 10, 1979

when you asked me the other day: what is changing in your life? Well you have noticed it a hundred times recently, it is the opposite of what I foresaw, as one might have expected: a surface more and more open to all the phenomena formerly rejected (in the name of a certain discourse of science), to the phenomena of "magic," of "clairvoyance," of "fate," of communications at a distance, to the things said to be occult. Remember and we, we would not have moved a step forward in this treatment of the dispatch [envoi] (adestination, destinerance, clandestination) if among all these telethings we did not get in touch with Telepathy in person. Or rather if we didn't allow ourselves to be touched by her. Yes, touch, I sometimes think that thought before "seeing" or "hearing," touch, put your paws on it, or that seeing and hearing come back to touch at a distance—a very old thought, but it takes some archaic to get to the archaic. So, to touch both ends at once, touch in the area where science and so-called technical objectivity are now taking hold of it instead of resisting it as they used to (look at the successful experiments the Russians and Americans are doing with their astronauts), touch in the area of our immediate apprehensions, our pathies, our receptions, our apprehensions because we are letting ourselves be approached without taking or comprehending anything and because we are afraid ("don't be afraid," "don't worry about a thing"; it's us all right, huh), for example: our last "hallucinations," the telephone call with crossed lines, all the predictions, so true, so false, of the Polish musician woman.

... The truth, what I always have difficulty getting used to: that nonte-
Telepathy

That's my question, I address it to this formula from a Zen text on 1. And when one asks the rabbi of the Torah was given to us and he answers: the gift can be received at everyone, but not all have received it. This is not the Torah, oh no, but a certain discourse of science, of "clairvoyance," of "fate," of something said to be occult. Remember and we, we would treat of the dispatch [envoi] if among all these telepathy in person. Or rather if we were. Yes, touch, I sometimes think at your paws on it, or that seeing instance— a very old thought, but it is still fresh. So, to touch both ends at once, technical objectivity are now called and they used to (look at the successspeeds, our pathies, we are letting ourselves be appiuding anything and because we are out a thing; it's all right, huh). the telephone call with crossed feet, of the Polish musician woman. Difficulty getting used to: that nonte-
in the “Movement,” in the life of the “Cause”: there was no end to the
debate on telepathy and the transmission of thought, rather one should
say “thought transference” [transfert de pensée] (Gedankenübertragung).
Freud himself wished to distinguish (laboriously) between the two, firmly
believing in this “thought transference” and for a long time dancing the
hesitation-waltz around the “telepathy” that would signal a warning as
regards an “external” (???) event. An interminable debate between him
and himself, him and the others, the six other beringed ones. There was
the Jones clan, stubbornly “rationalist,” Jones making himself even more
narrow-minded than he already was because of the situation and ideo-
logical tradition of his country where the “obscurantist” danger was stron-
ger; and then the clan of Ferenzi, who rushes into it even faster than the
old man—to say nothing of Jung, obviously. He had two wings, of course,
two clans and two wings. If you have the time, this vacation, reread the
“Occultism” chapter at the end of the Jones, it’s full of things, but make
allowance for this other Ernest [fais la part de cet autre Ernest]: too heavily
implicated to be serious, he trembles. You see, one cannot skirt around
England, in our story. From the fortune-telling book in Sp right up to the
Forsyte Saga and Herr von Vorsicht, passing through the Joneses and the
Erneits (the little one, who must be nearly 70 years old, continues to play
with the bobbin in London, where he is a psychoanalyst under the name
of Freud—Ernest W. Freud, not William, Wolfgang, but Freud and not
Halberstadt, the name of the father or of the son-in-law, poor sons-in-
law). Of course, there were all the risks of obscurantism, and the risk is far
from over, but one can imagine that between their thought of the “uncon-
scious” and the scientific experimentation of others who verify psychic
transference from a distance, a meeting point is not excluded, however
distant it may be. Besides, Freud says it, among other places, right at the
start of “Psychoanalysis and Telepathy,” the progress of the sciences (dis-
covery of radium, theories of relativity) can have this double effect: to
render thinkable what earlier science pushed back into the darkness of
occultism, but simultaneously to release new obscurantist possibilities.
Some draw authority from sciences that they do not understand to anaes-
thetize into credulity, to extract hypnotic effects from knowledge.

What you will never know,
what I have hidden from you and will hide from you, barring collapse
and madness, until my death, you already know it, instantly and almost
before me. I know that you know it. You do not want to know it because
you know it; and you know how
to know it. For my part, all that
you and get turned on [donc je]
in the very depths of yourself il
self, as you, a burning joniussen
the catastrophe of avowal. It wo
the consciousness I have of it, I
the bottom, which I do not see,
every time I write this word, es
live information. Must go via t
bottom of the volcano, commu
without its for all that reaching a
dox, which you alone will under
telepathy that a postcard can al
mate naïveté would be to allow
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counter, everything I said abo
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the network. This goes for any
or medium.

Between July 10 and 12 (pr
meeting on Saturday and to sm
band. But it seems to me impos
myself to take advantage of the
together. It would have seemed t
letter you [vous] told me about?
correspond. How to proceed in
about it?
have drawn up a little plan. Just
strange in her uncle’s house, M
wrote this letter, on June 15, 18
on to a certain number of enve
I will fill up these miserable sh
“Cause”: there was no end to the on of thought, rather one should (Gedankenübertagung) between the two, firmly and for a long time dancing the "that would signal a warning as terminable debate between him and other beringed ones. There was Jones making himself even more of the situation and idee-"obscurantist" danger was strongly rushes into it even faster than the usually. He had two wings, of course, the time, this vacation, reread the it's full of things, but make You see, one cannot skirt around -telling book/ in Sp right up to the passing through the Joneses and the fifty 70 years old, continues to play a psychoanalyst under the name, Wolfgang, but Freud and not of the son-in-law, poor sons-in of obscurantism, and the risk is far between their thought of the "uncon- tion of others who verify psychic ing point is not excluded, however among other places, right at the the progress of the sciences (dis-) can have this double effect: to pushed back into the darkness of the new obscurantist possibilities. they do not understand to anaes- effects from knowledge.

What you will never know, hide from you, barring collapse body know it, instantly and almost do not want to know it because you know it; and you know how not to want to know it, how to want not to know it. For my part, all that you conceal, and because of which I hate you and get turned on [dort je jouis], I know it, I ask you to look after it in the very depths of yourself like the reserves of a volcano, I ask of myself, as of you, a burning jouissance that would halt at the eruption and at the catastrophe of avowal. It would be simply too much. But I see, that's the consciousness I have of it, I see the contours of the abyss; and from the bottom, which I do not see, of my “unconscious” (I feel like laughing every time I write this word, especially with a possessive mark), I receive live information. Must go via the stars [Faut passer par les astres] for the bottom of the volcano, communication by satellite, and disaster [désastre], without its for all that reaching its destination. For here is my latest paradox, which you alone will understand clearly: it is because there would be telepathy that a postcard can always not arrive at its destination. The ultimate naïveté would be to allow oneself to think that Telepathy guarantees a destination that "posts and telecommunications" fail to assure. On the contrary, everything I said about the postcarded structure of the mark (interference, parasiting, divisibility, iterability, /and so on/) is found in the network. This goes for any tele-system—whatever its content, form, or medium.

Between July 10 and 12 (probably) /My sweet darling girl/ to organize with Eli our meeting on Saturday and to smuggle this audacious missive as contra-band. But it seems to me impossible to defer sending my letter and yet I couldn't bring myself to take advantage of the few moments when Eli left us alone together. It would have seemed to me to be a violation of hospitality am I going to receive the letter you [vous] told me about? You are leaving and it is essential that we correspond. How to proceed in such a way that no one knows anything about it? I have drawn up a little plan. Just in case a man's handwriting would look strange in her uncle's house, Martha [there, you know which smuggler wrote this letter, on June 15, 1882] might perhaps trace her own address on to a certain number of envelopes with her gentle hand, after which I will fill up these miserable shells with some miserable contents. I can-
not do without Martha's replies ... End of quotation. Two days later she offers him a ring that has come from her father's finger. Her mother had given it to her but it was too big for her (she hadn't lost it, as I did my father's, on a day that was so odd). Freud wore it but had a copy made of it while telling her that the copy had to be the original. F. the wise. And here is the first archive of his telepathic sensibility, a ring-story of the type so frequent in the *Psychoanalysis and Telepathy* material (the woman who removes her wedding-ring and goes to see a certain Wahrsager who, according to Freud, did not fail to notice *die Spur des Ringes am Finger*):

"I have to ask you some serious, tragic questions. Tell me, in all honesty, whether last Thursday at eleven o'clock you loved me less or I had annoyed you more than usual, or else perhaps even whether you were "unfaithful" to me, to use the poet's word [Eichendorff, "The Little Broken Ring"]. But why this formal entreaty and in bad taste? Because we have a good opportunity here to put an end to a certain superstition. At the moment of which I have just spoken, my ring cracked, at the point where the pearl is set. I must admit, my heart did not tremble at it._No p_resentiment whispers to me that our engagement is going to be broken off and no dark suspicion makes me think that you were at that exact moment in the process of driving my image out of your heart. An impressionable young man would have felt all that, but I, I had only one idea: to have the ring repaired and I was also thinking that accidents of that sort are seldom avoidable...."

So little avoidable that twice he breaks this ring and twice in the course of a tonsil operation, at the moment when the surgeon was plunging his scalpel into the fiancé's throat. The second time, the pearl could not be found. In his letter to Martha, you have the entire program, the entire contradiction to come already gathered together in the "but I..." He too hears voices, that of Martha when he is in Paris (the end of the *psychopatba*) and "each time I got the reply that nothing had happened." Just try to find out if that reassures him or disappoints him.

As is customary for me to do, I have collected all the fetishes, the notes, the bits of paper: the tickets for the Ringtheater in Vienna (the night of the great fire), then each visiting card with a motto in Latin, Spanish, English, German, as I love to do, the cards marking the place of the loved one [*l'amée*] at table, then the oak leaves on the walk at the Kahlenberg, so well named.

Between July 10 and 12 (pro"

in diverting the address from *l'adresse*, "Ah! my sweet angel, h

"J'ai de Vadresse]! I leave you to discover *

*Spleen de Paris* ("Le galant tireur"

July 12, 1979

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tute a chain, my own, the one I

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end of quotation. Two days later from her father’s finger. Her mother for her (she hadn’t lost it, as I did but had a copy made of it while original. F. the wise. And here is ability, a ring-story of the type so utility material (the woman who requests a certain Wahrsager who, according to des Rings am Finger.

": I have to ask you some honesty, whether last Thursday at 5 o’clock, annoyed you more than usual, be "unfaithful" to me, to use the broken Ring”). But why this formal have a good opportunity here to moment of which I have just where the pearl is set. I must admit, sentiment whispers to me that our and no dark suspicion makes me sentiment that the process of driving my able young man would have felt the ring repaired and I was also seldom avoidable. . . . So little and twice in the course of a tonsil surgery was plunging his scalpel into pearl could not be found. In his grammar, the entire contradiction to but I . . . " He too hears voices, end of the psychopatho.) and "each happened." Just try to find out if for me to do, I have collected all the tickets for the Ringtheater in a each visiting card with a motto I love to do, the cards marking the when the oak leaves on the walk at

Between July 10 and 12 (probably)

in diverting the address from the words [l’adresse à détourner des mots l’adresse]. “Ah! my sweet angel, how grateful I am to you for my skill [mon adresse]!” I leave you to discover the context all for yourself, it is in Le Spleen de Paris ("Le galant tireur") and in Fusées (XVII).

July 12, 1979

for his lectures on telepathy—what I’d like to call fake lectures because he confides in them so much, poor man—were for us as imaginary or fictive as Professor W. Khal’s class. Not only did he have all this difficulty reaching a decision [se prononcer], but he never made any pronouncement [il n’a jamais rien prononcé] on this subject. Nor wrote anything. He wrote with a view to speaking, preparing himself to speak, and he never spoke. The lectures which he composed on this subject were never delivered but remained as writings. Is this insignificant? I don’t think so and would be tempted to link it up in some way with this fact: the material that he uses in this domain, especially in “Dreams and Telepathy,” is almost always written, literal, or even solely epistolary (letters, postcards, telegrams, visiting cards). The fake lecture of 1921, “Psycho-Analysis and Telepathy,” supposedly written for a meeting of the International Association, which did not take place, he never gave it, and it seems that Jones, with Eitingon, dissuaded him from presenting it at the following congress. This text was only published after his death and his manuscript included a postscript relating the case of Dr. Forsyth and the Forsyte Saga, forgotten in the first version out of “resistance” (I quote). The fake lecture of 1922, “Dreams and Telepathy,” was never given, as it was supposed to be, to the Society of Vienna, only published in Imago. The third fake lecture, “Dreams and Occultism” (30th lecture, the second of the New Introductory Lectures), was of course never given, and Freud explains himself on this in the foreword to the New Introductory Lectures. It is in this last text that you will find the Vorsicht Saga with which I would like to reconstitute a chain, my own, the one I’d told you on the telephone the day that you put your hand on the phone in order to call me at the same moment that my own call started to ring through

he says that he has changed his views on thought
Telepathy

transference. The science called (by others) "mechanistic" will be able one day to give an account of it. The connection between two psychic acts, the immediate warning which one individual can seem to give another, the signal or psychic transfer can be a physical phenomenon. This is the end of "Dreams and Occultism." He has just said that he is incapable of trying to please (come off it, you've got to be joking, like me)

) the telepathic process would be physical in itself, except at its two extremes; one extreme is reconverted (sich wieder umsetz) into the psychical same at the other extreme. Therefore, the "analog" with other "transpositions," other "conversions" (Umsetzungen), would be indisputable: for example, the analogy with "speaking and listening on the telephone." Between rhetoric and the psycho-physical relation, within each one and from one to the other, there is only translation (Übersetzung), metaphor (Übertragung), "transfers," "transpositions," analogical conversions, and above all transfers of transfers: über, meta, tele. These words transcribe the same formal order. The same chain and since our discourse on this passage [passage] is taking place [se passe] in Latin, add trans to your list as well. Today we give greater importance to the electric or magnetic medium [sappor] in order to think this process, this process of thought. And the telematic tekhné is not a paradigm or materialized example of another thing, it is that (compare our mystic writing pad, it is an analogous problematic, it all communicates by telephone). But once again, a terrifying telephone (and he, the old man, is frightened, me too); with the telepathic transfer, one could not be sure of being able to cut (no need now to say hold on!, don't cut, it is connected day and night, can't you just picture us?) or to isolate the lines. All love would be capitalized and dispatched by a central computer like the Plato terminal produced by Control Data: one day I spoke to you about the Honeywell-Bull software called Socrates, well, I've just discovered Plato. (I'm not making anything up, it's in America, Plato.) So he is frightened, and rightly so, of what would happen if one could make oneself both master and possessor (habhaft) of this physical equivalent of the psychic act, in other words (but this is what is happening, and psychoanalysis is not simply out of the loop, especially not in its indestructible [inrevable] hypnotic tradition), if one had at one's disposal a tekhné telepathiké.

but my love, this is to lose one's head, no more no less. And don't tell me that you do not understand or that you do not remember, I'd made it known to you right from the first day, then repeat the dream of the head capitalizing plus a teachware (didacticiel), as a dialecticware). But then one ends and start mourning him (that we have loved each other and you came since I killed him with there's no end to it, and I forgive . . .) "In such cases as these, one relieves, ce n'est que le premier pas au "Psy. and Tele." And he concludes itself out]."

No, for us, every step.

Having had the cheek to say the occult experiences, he adds: but (welch folgeschwerer Schritt aufgehoben). Start. In this way, a life totally lived without knowing whether it is to live without knowing whether it is connected and start mourning him (that we have loved each other and you came since I killed him with there's no end to it, and I forgive . . .)"In such cases as these, one relieves, ce n'est que le premier pas au "Psy. and Tele." And he concludes itself out]."

Imagine that I am walking sixty years old (roughly until to sleep, allowing them to think with) (vous saurez pas), and I tell you in it. You see the doves in my head, I do it, mystery. So everything it disorganizes itself according to a life totally telepathy would await us, given the whole surface of its body, in the web of histories and times of
from the first day, then repeated it at each expiration date. Plato is still
the dream of the head capitalizing and guaranteeing exchanges (a software
plus a teachware [didacticiel], as one now says, the only thing missing is
a dialecticware). But then one would have to kiss Plato himself goodbye
and start mourning him (that is what we have been doing all the time
we have loved each other and you told me about this terrifying patricide,
you came since I killed him within myself, in order to finish him off, and
there's no end to it, and I forgive you, but he within me finds it difficult
. . . ) "In such cases as these, only the first step is costly |Dans des cas pa­
riels, ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte," he says in French at the end of
"Psy. and Tele." And he concludes: "Das Weitere findet sich [The rest sorts
itself out]." No, for us, every step is costly. Reread this final paragraph.
Having had the cheek to say that his life has been very poor in terms of
occult experiences, he adds: but what a step beyond it would be if . . .
(welch folgenschwerer Schritt über . . .). So he envisages the consequences
and adds the story of the guardian of the Saint-Denis basilica. Saint De­
nis had walked with his head under his arm after his beheading. He had
walked a fair distance (ein ganzes Stück). And you know what he had
done with his head, to put it under his arm? He had lifted it up
aufgehoben]. Tell me, you will lift me up, eh, you will walk with my head
under your arm? I would like that. No. "In such cases as these," concludes
the Kustos, "only the first step is costly." In the Gesammelte Werke, the text
that follows, the title of which you read immediately after the "first step,"
is Das Medusenhaupt.

Imagine that I am walking like him, to his rhythm: between fifty and
sixty years old (roughly until 1920), I remain undecided. I send them to
sleep, allowing them to think what they want: telepathy, you won't know
[vous saurez pas], and I tell you that I don't know myself whether I believe
in it. You see the doves in my hands and coming out of my hat, how do
I do it, mystery. So everything in my life (sorry, in our life) organizes or
disorganizes itself according to this indecision. One lets Plato or his ghost
live without knowing whether it is him or his ghost. Then comes the last
stage, the one that is still before us but that I see seeing us coming and
that, softwarily [logiciellement], will have anticipated us right from the
start. In this way, a life totally transformed, converted, paralyzed by tele­
pathy would await us, given over to its networks and its schemes across
the whole surface of its body, in all its angles, tangled up [embobinée] in
the web of histories and times without the least resistance on our part. On
the contrary, we would take on a zealous participation, the most provocative experimental initiatives. People would no longer have us round, they would avoid us as if we were addicts, we would frighten everybody (so fort, so dat). For the moment I scare myself: there is one within me who has begun and who plays at frightening me. You will remain with me, won’t you, you will still tell me the truth.

July 13, 1979

I am only interested in the saga, first on the mother’s side (Safah, the name of the “lip” and of my mother, as I told you in October) at least as far back as the great-grandfather who today has more than 600 descendants. Then hypnosis and I often told you last year: “it is as if I were writing under hypnosis” or “were making one read under hypnosis.” Although I don’t believe in wakefulness [la veille], I must prepare for the great awakening, just in order to change sides, in short, like turning over in a bed and so my first period, that of indecision. In the fake lecture entitled “Dreams and Telepathy,” my rhetoric is priceless, really incredible. Incredible, that’s the word, for I play on credibility or rather acredibility as I did a short while before in Beyond... I do everything I can so that this audience (that I’ve set things up so as not to have, finally, to allow myself to be spirited away by poor old Jones with his political scientism advice) cannot either believe or not believe, in any case come to [arrêtent] its judgment. That will make them work and transfer during this period, because belief and judgment halt [arrêtent] work; and then, a secondary benefit, they will doze off and remain suspended on my lip [lèvre]. Mustn’t know (and there I am strong because in this domain it is no longer a question of “knowledge.” Everything, in our concept of knowledge, is constructed so that telepathy be impossible, unthinkable, unknown. If there is any, our relation to Telepathy must not be of the family of “knowledge” or “non-knowledge” but of another kind). I will therefore do everything so that you cannot believe or not believe that I myself believe do not believe: but the point is that you will never know if I am doing it intentionally. The question of the intentional [l’expres] will lose all meaning for you

will be astounding to you: in its ruse and naïveté (that’s me all right, isn’t it?), both equally probable and improbable, distinct and confused, as with an old ape. In the first place I pretend to disappoint fictive listeners an interest in the occult today, and here you are, all excited about it for a “mind reader.” Mistake! holding your breath. You are wrong; [vous] and speak to you [je te parle] seeing that I’ve prepared a lecture: one doesn’t send in one’s lifetime and the friends of the Cause, I’m saying that I’ve prepared a lecture of a telepathy.” This opening could myself, whether or not I believe, anxious to keep it secret, in particular within myself that does not mean that I do not know what I am doing. My opening is an intentional [l’expres] of having secretly “taken sides” in the occult sense. I am sorry that I have nothing about it.

I want to keep it secret in itself, whether I believe it or not,” do not know anything about it. I take sides in the occult sense. I am sorry that I have nothing about it, saying that I would like to be neutral,” in the sense of scientific à parti, “without party,” “without not to take sides [Partei nehmen] have concluded as in Beyond... I have made no opinion, you understand, in the sense of scientific à parti, “without party,” “without not to take sides [Partei nehmen] have concluded as in Beyond... I have made no opinion, you understand, in the sense of scientific à parti, “without party,” “without...
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Telepathy, the most provocative of subjects, no longer have us round, they frighten everybody (so there is one within me who frightens everybody). You will remain with me, mother's side (Safah, the name you in October) at least as far as my first lecture entitled “Dreams and Telepathy” is as if I were writing under hypnosis." Although I must prepare for the great awak­

ning so that I never give (like a letter that one doesn't send in one's lifetime, that I allow to be intercepted by Jones and the friends of the Cause, I may as well say by my lieutenants). Well, you are wrong, for once, you will discover nothing from me as regards the "enigma of telepathy." In particular, I will preserve this at all costs, you will not be able to know "whether or not I believe in the existence of a telepathy." This opening could still allow one to think that I know, myself, whether or not I believe, and that, for one reason or another, I am anxious to keep it secret, in particular to produce such and such a trans­ferential effect (not necessarily on you [toi] or on you [vous], but on this public within myself that does not let go of me). And again, at the end of the fake lecture, when I take up the word “occult” once more, I pretend (more or less, as my father used to say) to do as little, that I do not myself know, I know nothing about it. I apologize: if I have given the impression of having secretly "taken sides [pris parti]" with the reality of telepathy in the occult sense. I am sorry that it is so difficult to avoid giving such an impression. Tell me, whom do you think I'm talking to? What do I take them for? If I don't want to give the impression, I have only to do what is necessary, don't you think? For example, not to play with German. In saying that I would like to be entirely unparteiisch, I do not say "impar­tial," in the sense of scientific objectivity, but rather without bias [sans parti, "without party," "without option"). That's how I want to appear: not to take sides [Partei nehmen] and to remain "without bias." And I will have concluded as in Beyond . . ., without concluding, by recalling all the reasons I have for remaining without bias. It really is the first step that costs. There you are, asleep, propped up [calée] in your armchair. I have no opinion, you understand, "no judgment." This is my last word. At my age, "I do not know anything on this subject." From the first sentence to the last, from the moment that I said, “you will know nothing about it, whether I believe it or not,” up to the moment of concluding, “anyway I do not know anything about it myself,” you would think that therefore nothing is happening, that there's no progress here. But you don't think
that I might be dissimulating at the start? And again at the end when I say that I do not know anything about it? Through diplomacy and concern for “foreign policy”? You don’t have to take my word for it. It’s like you when I ask you in the evening: tell me, the truth, my little comma [dis-moi, la verité, ma petite virgule]. Do you believe that one can talk about lying in philosophy, or in literature, or better, in the sciences? Imagine the scene: Hegel is lying when he says in the greater Logic... or Joyce, in some passage from F. W., or Cantor? but yes [mais si], but yes, and the more one can play at that, the more it interests me. Basically, that’s it, discourses in which lying is impossible have never interested me. The great liars are imperturbable, they never mention it. Nietzsche, for example, who unmask them all, he can’t have been much of a liar, he can’t really have known how, poor chap...

So, not one step further, apparently, in the course of 25 closely written pages. The delimitation of the problem, the strict guard rail (but then what am I frightened of? who is making me frightened?), is the relation between telepathy and dreaming, and “our theory of the dream.” Above all, don’t speak of anything else, it’s that, our theory of the dream, that must be protected at any price. And in order to save a dream, only one, a single dream-generator in any case, to save it against any other theory. What a strategy, don’t you admire it? I neutralize all the risks in advance. Even if the existence of telepathy (about which I know nothing and about which you will know nothing, especially not whether I believe in it and whether I want to know anything about it) were attested one day with all its requirements, even if it were assured, sichergestellt, there would be no need to change anything in my theory of the dream and my dream would be safe. I am not saying whether I believe in it or not but I leave the field open to every eventuality (just about), I appropriate it in advance as it were. My theory of the dream, ours (the first, the second, it matters little) would be able to adapt to it and even still control it. And the two scenes of “Dreams and Telepathy” are too obvious to be pointed out, one more time. First scene: even while forbidding myself [me défendant], that is the word, to know anything or conclude anything, I speak only of myself, say I. Totally autobiographical, if not auto-analytical, text, and that devotes itself to constant speculation. Second scene: my fake lecture allowing itself, if you like, to be led from start to finish and to be driven by a trace, Spur, of a facial wound that I have had since my childhood and that, don’t you think, opens the text, holds it open, mouth agape, the analytical material come from elsewhere.

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What will I have told them! that I am sorry not to be able to put Traumdeutung, that I have never believe they’ll believe me? There have a premonition (with the e-guess, you know everything in advance in the moment of demonstration, their ultimately non-telepathic in the most interesting thing and the confidence). When I say “But I had be at least one [une] who’ll why should I believe him? She’s there and start everything afresh. More beginning, that I’d kept from certain definite event, ein bestimmter, distance, at such-and-such a place, indeterminacy allows enough perhaps, slightly more complicated question, sleep are never valid in themselves calmly, I know it. It is necessary to see “double,” our brothers [or brothers-in-law], to closed, with the telepathy-calls (a year, paying for it to be unlisted from great-greats [arrière-arrière], uncles, aunts, my grandfather, and so weiter). Calmly, what do necessary to agree to wake up,

then I leave the door undertaken not to go beyond. I but already in order to speak about verspürt, sensed, experienced these Anzeigen, Vorhersagen, A
Telepathy is it? And again at the end when I say you believe that one can talk about better, in the sciences? Imagine in the greater Logic... or Joyce, or? but yes [mais si], but yes, and bore it interests me. Basically, that's have never interested me. The never mention it. Nietzsche, for example, have been much of a liar, he can't

Further, apparently, in the course of the problem, the strict guard (who is making me frightened?), dreaming, and "our theory of the thing else, it's that, our theory of the price. And in order to save a dream, any case, to save it against any other hire it! I neutralize all the risks inathy (about which I know nothing, especially not whether I believe something about it) were attested one day, sichergestellt, there would theory of the dream and my dream if I believe in it or not but I leave about), I appropriate it in advanceours (the first, the second, it matters and even still control it. And the are too obvious to be pointed out, forbidding myself [me défendant], onclude anything, I speak only of if not auto-analytical, text, and ion. Second scene: my fake lecture then start to finish and to be driven have had since my childhood and ses it open, mouth agape, the ana-

lytic material come from elsewhere, in my dossier on telepathy, remains epistolary through and through.

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What will I have told them! that my material is lightweight, that this time I am sorry not to be able to put a personal dream on display as in my Traumdeutung, that I have never had a single telepathic dream. Do you believe they'll believe me? There will surely be at least one [une] who'll have a premonition (with the exception of you, of course, soothsayer, guess, you know everything in advance) that it is less simple and that, at the moment of demonstration, the dreams that I recount to bring out their ultimately nontelepathic nature, my dreams, then, could well be the most interesting thing and the main subject, the real secret [la vraie confidence]. When I say "But I have never had a telepathic dream," there will be at least one [une] who'll ask: what does he know about it? and why should I believe him? She's the one I'd like to wake up with one day and start everything afresh. Moreover, I have clearly recognized, from the beginning, that I'd kept from certain dreams the impression that a certain definite event, ein bestimmtes Ereignis, was playing itself out in the distance, at such-and-such a place, at the same moment or later. And this indeterminacy allows enough play for them to start asking themselves slightly more complicated questions; those that I suggest to them in their sleep are never valid in themselves.

calmly, I know it, calmly, another time, one more time. It is necessary to see "double," over toward the dead brothers (beautiful brothers [or brothers-in-law]), toward homosexuals more or less foreclosed, with the telepathy-calls (so much for changing the number every year, paying for it to be /unlisted/) the majority of which come to me from great-greats [arrière-arrière] and grand-grands, and so on (fathers, uncles, aunts, my grandfather, able on occasions to be my great-uncle und so weiter). Calmly, what do you want me to say, it will indeed be necessary to agree to wake up

then I leave the domain of the dream that I had nevertheless undertaken not to go beyond. I leave it behind for a little bit, certainly, but already in order to speak about myself: even wide-awake I have often verspürt, sensed, experienced the presentiment of distant events. But these Anzeigen, Vorhersagen, Ahnungen, these premonitory signs and
discourses are not themselves, wie wir uns ausdrücken, eingetroffen. In French, one would say that they are not themselves, as we put it, realized [réalisé]. /Or in English that they have not come true/, which would be something else again, literally, because I hold that something can turn out [s’avérer], can be verified without being realized. Now the fact that I emphasize, wie wir uns ausdrücken colon: nicht eingetroffen clearly shows that something bothers me about this expression that I nevertheless do not highlight in any other way. I would hesitate, for my part, to translate it by “realized.” Eintreffen does mean, in the broad sense, “to be realized,” but I would prefer to translate it by “to happen” [arriver], “to be accomplished,” and so on, without referring to reality, especially (but not only) to that reality that we so easily assimilate to external-reality. You see what I’m getting at here. An annunciation can be accomplished, something can happen without for all that being realized. An event can take place that is not real. My customary distinction between internal and external reality is perhaps not sufficient here. It signals toward some event that no idea of “reality” helps us think. But then, you will say, if what is announced in the annunciation clearly bears the index “external reality,” what is one to do with it? Well, treat it as an index, it can signify, telephone, telesignal another event that arrives before the other, without the other, according to another time, another space, and so on. This is the abc of my psychoanalysis. Reality, when I talk about it, it is as if to send them to sleep, you will understand nothing of my rhetoric otherwise. I have never been able to give up hypnosis, I have merely transferred one inductive method onto another: one could say that I have become a writer and in writing, rhetoric, the staging and composition of texts, I have reinvested all my hypnagogic powers and desires. What do you want me to say, to sleep with me, that is all that interests them, the rest is secondary. So the telepathic annunciation /has come true even if/ it is not itself eingetroffen in external reality, that is the hypothesis that I offer to be read at the very moment I foreclose it on the surface of my text.

Hypnosis, you’re the one who has made me understand it, hypnosis is you. Slowly I wake up from you, I get the circulation going in my limbs, I try to remember everything you made me do and say under hypnosis and I will not manage, I will be on the verge of managing only when I see death coming. And you will still be there to wake me. While I wait, I deviate, I use the power that you lend me—over the others
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There are words that are closed, eingetroffen. In not themselves, as we put it, realized have not come true, which would be I hold that something can turn out realized. Now the fact that I emotion: nicht eingetroffen clearly shows this expression that I nevertheless do not hesitate, for my part, to translate in the broad sense, "to be realized," "to happen" [arriver], "to be accompanying reality, especially (but not only) relative to external-reality. You see what can be accomplished, something can be realized. An event can take place that is between internal and external reality toward some event that no idea will you say, if what is announced in the "external reality," what is one to it can signify, telephone, telesignal other, without the other, according to on. This is the abc of my psycho- it is as if to send them to sleep, rhetoric otherwise. I have never been transferred one inductive method to become a writer and in writing, to on of texts, I have reinvested all my that do you want me to say, to sleep, the rest is secondary. So the telephonic even if it is not itself eingetroffen in that I offer to be read at the very of my text.

Hypnosis, you're the one who has made me wake up from you, I get the remember everything you made me not manage, I will be on the verge tuming. And you will still be there to the power that you lend me—over

"foreclosed" is a superb word, but only where it is valid just for me, my lip, my idiom. It is a proper name on this hesitation between sleep and wakefulness. More precisely between the dream proper, the nocturnal one, and the presentiments of waking life, look under a microscope at the linking of my very first sentences. In three propositions I am saying: (1) I have never had a telepathic dream, except for those dreams that inform of a determinate event playing itself out at a distance and that leave it to the dreamer to decide if it is taking place now or later. To leave to decide, that's the great lever, I try to place the fictive listener, if you should: the reader in the situation of the dreamer where it's up to him to decide—if he's sleeping: (2) that in the waking state I have also had presentiments that, not coming to be "realized" in "external reality," had to be considered as just subjective anticipations. And then here (3) I start a new paragraph and say "for example" in order to recount a story of which one doesn't know whether it illustrates the last proposition (premonitions in waking life) or the last but one (telepathic dreams). The content seems to leave no doubt, it is a question of nocturnal dreams, but the rhetoric of linking trembles a little, listening to me you think you are dreaming.

It is so long since I wrote that to you, I no longer know my two apparently telepathic dreams, which seem not to have been "realized," are two dreams of death. I offer them as hors-d'oeuvres, supposedly to demonstrate negatively that I have never had a telepathic dream and to insist on the poverty of my material. Further on I add that in 27 years of analytic practice (you hear, this is certainly our number today) I have never been in a position to witness or take part in, miterleben, a dream that is truly, precisely, "correctly" telepathic, and I leave them to ruminate on the "richtige." That said, the hors-d'oeuvre, my two dreams of death, you have quickly understood, bears the essential points of my false lecture. The material that follows and that reaches me by correspondence, it's sufficient to be vaguely alert or sophisticated to understand it: it is there only in order to read my two dreams of death or, if you prefer, so-that-not, in order not to read them, in order, on the one hand, to divert attention from them, while on the other paying attention to them alone. From the moment I started talking about hypnosis and telepathy (at the same time), a long time ago now, I always drew attention to the procedures of diverting attention, just
like "mediums" do. In this way they provoke experiences of thought divination or betrayal of thought (Gedanken erraten, Gedanken verraten). Here, my two dreams of death, one reads them without being aware of it, and above all through the rest of the material that has come by correspondence, apparently unconnected with my own dreams.

The material of the others, which comes to me by post, would it seem only to decipher my two dreams of death, along with their whole system, deciphering at a distance, under hypnosis and by correspondence. It is as if I were speaking a language of diplomacy and cultivating double vision in my patient reader. Always out of concern for "foreign policy," but where does foreign policy begin? where are the borders? Naturally, I let it be clearly understood that I am capable of interpreting my two dreams; and in order to reassure those who are concerned (for me) to preserve the theory of the dream as fulfillment of desire (they make me laugh, these backward types), I declare with a wink that it is not particularly difficult to discover the unconscious motives of my two dreams of death (my son and my sister-in-law). But it won’t have escaped you that I say nothing of the second dream, though I sketch a reading of the first one (Totssagen of my son in ski costume), cross-reference [renvoi] with a fall of this same son while skiing (Skifahrerkostum, Skiunfall), cross-reference this cross-reference with one of my falls when as a child I was trying, having climbed up a ladder, to reach or bring down something nice, probably, from the top of a chest [coffe]: a fortïda of me when I was scarcely two years old. Some jam, perhaps? Of this fall and the injury that ensued, I still preserve the trace, Spur. I tell them then that to this day I can still show it, this trace. I tell it to them in a tone that they have trouble identifying (worried about proof? compulsive display [exhibition]? confirmation that I need because I am not very sure?). All of these things, if it is really a question of the dream of July 8, 1915. Three days later I was sent a postcard by my elder son, it alluded to a wound that had already scarred over. I asked for details but I never got a reply. Naturally, I didn’t breathe a word of this in my fake lecture. This mark [trace] under my beard sets things going [donne l’envoi], gives the title and the tone: the lecture deals only with ghosts and scars [cicatrices]. At the end of the staging of the last case (this lady correspondent who tells me she is haunted by her dream “as by a ghost,” a dream that has nothing telepathic about it and that I bring to the fore for the only (and bad) reason that the dreamer writes to me telling me she has had, moreover(!), that she b...), I recall that spontaneous usually leave “scars.” They become word “Narbe” [scar] comes twice had already used the word “scar” translation may have put some words Narbe, “scar.” Spur, trace what they mean, eh, especially Bart, or beard. Nietzsche already One can stroke and part the whole of my lecture. Of the something. It announced to me if my elder brother, at the age of are telling me “am Donnerstag the funeral, apparently the missing about it, but isn’t this the won’t be necessary to say it twirling about dying at the age of would have been unpleasant. In the introductory part of the come to refute the telepathic to have troubled the reader. I again officiates: two correspond me [c’est nous, ça], who really only fact that we have often met (of way. We have confided our tele each other “personally”? it’s very when I say that I don’t have the respondents’ intention to mislead see you laugh, you could already ready not to believe a word I say. I am a double, for first case. Fido, Fido, remember in Das Unheimliche, it’s absolute me: having dreamt that his sec
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I have had, moreover(!), that she believes she has had telepathic experiences . . .), I recall that spontaneous cures, one might as well say auto-analyses, usually leave "scars." They become painful again from time to time. The word "Narbe" [scar] comes twice from my pen, I know that the English had already used the word "scar" to translate Spur much earlier on. This translation may have put some people on the trail [piste]. I like these words Narbe, "scar," Spur, trace, and cicatrice in French as well. They say what they mean, eh, especially when it is found under the bristles of some Bart, or beard. Nietzsche already spoke about a scar under Plato's beard. One can stroke and part the bristles so as to pretend to show, that is the whole of my lecture. Of the second dream then, I have preferred to say nothing. It announced to me the death of my sister-in-law, the widow of my elder brother, at the age of 87, in England. My two nieces, in black, are telling me "am Donnerstag haben wir sie begraben." This Thursday of the funeral, apparently the most contingent detail of the story, I say nothing about it, but isn't this the password? I know one woman to whom it won't be necessary to say it twice. I recognize that there is nothing amazing about dying at the age of 87 but the coincidence with the dream would have been unpleasant. Once again it is a letter that reassured me. In the introductory part of the lecture, already, a letter and a postcard come to refute the telepathic appearance of my two dreams—that ought to have troubled the reader. Then in the two cases described the post again officiates: two correspondents who are not "personally" known to me [c'est nous, ça], who really only know each other by correspondence. Do we know each other "personally"? it's very problematic. /What does that mean? I and when I say that I don't have the slightest reason for suspecting my correspondents' intention to mislead [intention mystificatrice], in the lecture, I see you laugh, you could already see me coming because you believe in me, you are always ready to not believe a word I say I am a double, for you, not Horch, another

Take the dream of the twins, the first case. Fido, Fido, remember, I speak of telepathy apropos the double, in Das Unheimliche, it's absolutely essential. Here's someone who writes to me: having dreamt that his second wife had twins, and was giving them
her breast and some jam (follow the jam through all these stories), he receives from his son-in-law, oh, yes, a telegram informing him that his daughter (first marriage) had just had twins. I recount all this in great detail (and another time, nearly in the same way in the New Introductory Lectures while dropping the story that my correspondent had added. It had no connection with any dream and to be consistent with the subject, I should have dropped it from "Dreams and Telepathy" as well. I preserved this supplement because of a postcard and a child's death: the moment the postman brings him a postcard, my correspondent realizes that it is to inform him of the death of his young brother, aged 9 and living alone with his parents. Sudden and unexpected death all the same, but his three other brothers, whom he hasn't seen together for 30 years, apart from at his parents' funerals, told him that they had had an exactly similar experience (similar up to a point that is not clear to him, he admits). In my new fake lectures, I insist as always on reestablishing the legitimate order: only psychoanalysis can teach something about telepathic phenomena and not vice versa. Of course, for that it must integrate telepathy without obscurantism and some transformation may ensue for psychoanalysis. But it is not opportune to present things in this way for the moment. I continue doggedly to distinguish between telepathy and "thought transference," to explain why I have always had greater difficulty in accepting the first than the second, of which so little is said in the ancient accounts of miracles (I am now less sure about it); in any case that can mean two things: either that one considered this "transference" as going without saying, the easiest operation in the world; or else, precisely because of the (scarcely advanced) state of the relationship to scientific-technical objectivity, a certain schema of transmission was not thinkable, imaginable, interesting. In this way you would explain to yourself the constant association, at least in terms of the figures, comparisons, analogies, and so on, between a certain structure of telecommunications, of the postal technology (telegrams, letters and postcards, telephone) and the material that is today situated at my disposal when I hear talk about telepathy. I have scarcely even selected for you our story of twins, I'm coming back to it.

Yes, I have inserted the postcard about the young dead brother, although it has nothing to do with any dream and it's getting off the subject. After which, I collect everything together on a central "Sie sollte lieber meine (zweite) Frau sein." And admire my audacity, I say that (it is rather she whom I would have liked as a metic or apocryphal style as Plato that it was written, all in all, and ought to write one day on this generation of sons-in-law [gendres].)

preparation ("I would have preferred the unconscious thought of the my correspondent. And I prefer on the love of a daughter for her him, I am convinced that during him a great deal, and moreover for whom my correspondent had letters. The bonds between a da natural," one should not feel expresses itself in a tender interested final conclusions, etc.). You read daughter and I have no daught recalled that the psychoanalytic suppresses and preserves (aufhe event (Ereignis), giving the there should one day be some what I still hold back in the in the new thought of this Ereignis, from their shared possible objections in principle to telepathy thousand naïvetés with regardception, and so on, but above all event, of the event as essentially grandad's philosophy, and by a of a psychoanalytic neopositivism also free themselves from the m by which I pretend to maintain delay the arrival of the ghosts longer possible to drag it out. I low on your own the details of the service of a hypnopoetics. I this were my second wife, and
In all these stories, he received a telegram informing him that his twin had died. I recount all this in great detail in the same way in the New Introductory Treatise on telepathy and telepathy as well. I preface it with some innocent reflections on the love of a daughter for her father (I know that his daughter clings to him, I am convinced that during the pains of giving birth, she thought of him a great deal, and moreover I think that he is jealous of his son-in-law, for whom my correspondent has some derogatory remarks in one of his letters. The bonds between a daughter and her father are "customary and natural," one should not feel ashamed of them. In everyday life, it expresses itself in a tender interest, the dream alone pushes this love to its final conclusions, etc.). You remember, one day I told you: you are my daughter and I have no daughter. Previously, I am going back still, I had recalled that the psychoanalytic interpretation of dreams lifts up the difference between the dream and the event (Ereignis), giving the same content to both. In other words, if there should one day be someone of either sex to follow me, to follow what I still hold back in the inhibition of the too soon, it will be to think: from the new thought of this Aufhebung and this new concept of the Ereignis, from their shared possibility, one sees the disappearance of all the objections in principle to telepathy. The system of objections rested on a thousand naïvetés with regard to the subject, the ego, consciousness, perception, and so on, but above all on a determination of the "reality" of the event, of the event as essentially "real"; now that belongs to a history of grandad's philosophy, and by appearing to reduce telepathy to the name of a psychoanalytic neopositivism, I open up its field. For they must also free themselves from the massively Oedipal training ware by which I pretend to maintain law and order in my class. I wanted to delay the arrival of the ghosts en masse. With you it was no longer possible to drag it out. Their martyrdom is very close to its end.

I leave you to follow on your own the details of my slalom. This is some high rhetoric—in the service of a hypnopoetics. I always talk of it in the first person (ah, if this were my second wife, and if my first wife were still alive, it wouldn't
be enough for her to have just one grandchild, she'd have to have at least twins; this is what I call, you know, Fido, the first one second [la première seconde]—double the stakes the grandfather wins). After which I play the three-card trick with the dream and telepathy, and this is the slalom: (1) if it is a dream with a slight difference between the oneiric content and the "external" event, the dream is interpreted according to the classical ways of psychoanalysis; then it is only a dream, telepathy has nothing to do with it, any more than with the problem of anxiety, for example: this is my conclusion; (2) the content of the dream corresponds exactly with that of the "real" event; so, admire. I put the question: who says it is a dream and that, as often happens, you are not confusing two separate terms: sleeping state and dream? Wouldn't it be better to speak then, not of dream, but rather of telepathic experience in the sleeping state? I do not exclude that possibility but it remains outside the subject here. Well played, wouldn't you say? The subject is the reine telepathische Traum. And in its purity, the concept of telepathic dream appeals to the perception of something external with regard to which psychic life would behave in a "receptive and passive" manner.

July 14, 1979

I prepare absentmindedly for the journey to Oxford. It is as if, crossing the Channel from the opposite direction, I were going to meet Socrates and Plato in person; they are waiting for me over there, at the bend, just after the anniversary. The voices that Socrates heard, the voice rather, what was it, Telepathie or Gedankenübertragung? And me when he inspires me, diverts me in the hollow of my ear, and you?

The other, when he says "receptive and passive" without raising any further questions, one regrets that he hasn't read a certain Kantbuch that was being written just at the time that he himself was changing his views on the possibility of telepathy, between "Dreams and Telepathy" and the New Introductory fake Lectures. I was not born but things were programming themselves.

As for what is "outside the subject" (and telepathy, that's what it is, the outside-the-subject, he knows the score), the second case in "D. and T." is not, any more than is the first, a case of a telepathic dream. It is not presented as such by his correspondent. She has only had, on the other hand, numerous telepathic experiences. Writes she, says he. Freud then deals unpleasantly, "like a ghost," to visit his subject, isn't it? So, before I do not have any new hypothesis what you can on your side, I myself without grammar: the ghost, the sight or double vision (Doppelschein) and clear hearing (hellssehen, hellhören) announcing the death of the brother correspondent claimed to have his first wife, the agrammaticality of moment of saying that the passerby the same image, through the same all the time, be it a question of truth" in telepathic experiences, couldn't possibly be made of jam, act place where F. recalls that the again the scars, the admission that complete neglect of the question neither proved nor refuted, the testimony of the daughter-sister, mother completely out of play; in no case (the young dead brother, the altogether superfluous nature) finally, the eldest daughter dream death of her mother (once again with no two ways about it. than ever, I punctuate badly, but out and tell yourself whatever you play, or the day after, when I have not forget the reversal at the end Ps. should be able to help in un were his real concern, that Ps. with phenomena that are indubitably make a couple: a telepathic moments (understand: the time of is also the time naïvely believed nonsensical," in accordance with a
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Vanderbilt, she'd have to have at least do, the first one second (la première father wins). After which I play the telepathy, and this is the slalom: (r) if between the oneiric content and the dreamed according to the classical ways dream, telepathy has nothing to do with telepathy, and this is the slalom: (r) if telepathy has nothing to do with the material, for example: this is the slalom: (r) if the dream corresponds exactly with the question: who says it is a dream? Are not confusing two separate experiences in the sleeping state? I do not have any new hypothesis for the moment. Pick out and link up what you can on your side, I myself am scanning to begin with as follows, without grammar: the ghost, the inflammation of the eyes and double vision (Doppelschienen) and scars (Narben), clear-sightedness and clear hearing (hellesehen, hellhören), the postcard, again, this time announcing the death of the brother who had called his mother and that the correspondent claimed to have heard as well, then (again!) the husband's first wife, the agrammaticity of symbolic language as he recalls it at the moment of saying that the passive and the active can be represented in the same image, through the same "kernel" [noyau] (this word comes back all the time, be it a question of the kernel of the dream, the "kernel of truth" in telepathic experiences, and the core [noyau] of the earth that couldn't possibly be made of jam, at the beginning of the N.I.L.), the exact place where F. recalls that the psychoanalyst also has his "prejudices," and you? again the scars, the admission that in this second case there has been a complete neglect of the question of telepathy (!), the point that can be neither proved nor refuted, the decision to deal only with the (epistolary) testimony of the daughter-sister, leaving the telepathic experience of the mother completely out of play; then the strange return to the previous case (the young dead brother, the older brothers equally convinced of the altogether superfluous nature of the youngest, of his birth, I mean; finally, the eldest daughter dreaming of becoming the second wife on the death of her mother (once again)—and the brazenly Oedipal interpretation with no two ways about it. . . . Lastly, I am perhaps more mistaken than ever, I punctuate badly, but anyway place a grid [calque] over it, pick out and tell yourself whatever story you like in the gaps, tomorrow we play, or the day after, when I have done the same thing for our saga. Do not forget the reversal at the end. He is not content with repeating that Ps. should be able to help in understanding telepathy, he adds, as if this were his real concern, that Ps. would help to isolate more effectively those phenomena that are indubitably telepathic! Ps. and Telepathy would then make a couple: a telepathic message may not coincide with the event in time (understand: the time of consciousness, or even of the ego, which is also the time naïvely believed to be "objective" and, as he says, "astronomical," in accordance with an old science), that does not disqualify
in its telepathic power \(v_{ertu}\). It will have needed the time it takes to reach consciousness. With the aid of psychic temporality, of its discrepant \(décidée\) heterogeneity, its time differences \(découpages\) if you prefer, depending on the instances one takes, one can safely envisage the probability of telepathy. The conversion to telepathy will not have waited until 1926. “No more problem,” he says, if the telepathic phenomenon is an operation of the unconscious. The laws of the unconscious apply to it and everything goes without saying. Which doesn’t prevent him from concluding as he had begun: I know nothing, I don’t have any opinion, behave as if I hadn’t told you anything. Bye now, OK

if you wish to understand this apparent oscillation, it is necessary to add this: even at the moment when, some years later, around 1926, he declares his “conversion to telepathy,” he does not seek to integrate it in a definite \(décidée\) or univocal way into psychoanalytic theory. He continues to make it a private affair, along with all the fog in which such a notion can be wrapped. “The theme of telepathy,” he will say in a letter to Jones, “is in essence foreign to psychoanalysis,” or the “conversion to telepathy is my private affair like my Jewishness, my passion for smoking and many other things. . . .” Who would be satisfied with such a declaration coming from him? Not that it is false or worthless, and I have suggested it often enough, it was certainly necessary to read his propositions (including the theoretical ones) about telepathy in relation to his “private affair,” and so on, but how does one accept this dissociation pure and simple on the part of someone who has struggled with the theorization of telepathy? And then, if it is foreign to psychoanalysis, like a foreign body precisely, as though “off the subject,” must psychoanalysis remain silent about the structure and the incorporation of the foreign body? At the end of “Dreams and Occultism” \((New Introductory Lectures)\), he indeed speaks of a foreign-body \((Fremdkörper)\) story, and it is true that he deals with a phenomenon of thought transmission in the face of which he acknowledges the failure of the analyst. The case is all the more interesting in that it is about the mother’s childhood memory (a gold coin) that bursts in on the following generation (her son, aged 10, brings her a gold coin for her to put aside on the same day she had talked about it in analysis). Freud, who hears the thing from Dorothy Burlingham (the one to whom, I heard from M., he had wanted to offer two rings, but Anna had dissuaded him)\(^8\), admits to failure in the face of the foreign body: “But the analysis reveals nothing, the act itself being
will have needed the time it takes to psychic temporality, of its discrepant differences [décélages horaires] if you take, one can safely envisage the moment to telepathy will not have waited if the telepathic phenomenon is the laws of the unconscious apply to

Which doesn't prevent him from nothing, I don't have any opinion, Bye now, OK

if you wish to understand this and this: even at the moment when, fears his "conversion to telepathy," definite [décidée] or unequivocal ways to make it a private affair, along can be wrapped. "The theme of these, "is in essence foreign to telepathy my private affair like my and many other things. . . . " Who are the composition coming from him? Not that it passed it often enough, it was certainly including the theoretical ones) about fair," and so on, but how does one on the part of someone who has pathy? And then, if it is foreign to precisely, as though "off the subject," the structure and the incorpora-

of "Dreams and Occultism" (New of a foreign-body (Fremdkörper) phenomenon of thought transmissions the failure of the analyst. The it is about the mother's childhood the following generation (her son, who hears the thing from Dorothy) (he from M., he had wanted to offer him), admits to failure in the face of reveals nothing, the act itself being

that day introduced like a foreign body into the little boy's life." And when, a few weeks later, the kid begs for the coin in order to show it to his psychoanalyst, "the analysis is incapable of unearthing any access to this desire," once again. Failure, then, in the face of the foreign body—which takes the form here of a gold coin: Goldstück; value itself, the authentic sign of allegedly authentic value. Freud has such an awareness (or such a desire) of having himself thus arrived at the limit of psychoanalysis (inside or outside?) that he begins a new paragraph and in this way concludes the lecture (these are the last words and one doesn't know whether they mean that the return to Freudian psychoanalysis has just begun or remains to come): "Und damit wären wir zur Psychanalyse zurückgekommen von der wir ausgegangen sind": "And this brings us back to psychoanalysis, which was what we have started out from." Started out from? Gotten away from.

For, finally, if the theme of telepathy is foreign to psychoanalysis, if it is a private affair ("I am Jewish," "I like smoking," "I believe in telepathy") why take public positions on this subject, and after devoting several studies to it? Can one take this reserve seriously? Now, take account of this fact as well: he doesn't say to Jones, "It is a private affair," he advises him to make that response in case he should have difficulty in publicly assuming Freud's positions. I quote the whole letter, because of the allusion to Ferenczi and to his daughter (Anna), it seems to me important (note in passing that he abandons the idea, on the subject of the said foreign body, of making peace with England): "I am extremely sorry that my utterance about telepathy should have plunged you into fresh difficulties. But it is really hard not to offend English susceptibilities. . . . I have no prospect of pacifying public opinion in England, but I should like to explain at least to you my apparent inconsistency in the matter of telepathy. You remember how I had already at the time of our Harz travels expressed a favourable prejudice towards telepathy. But there seemed no need to do so publicly, my own conviction was not very strong, and the diplomatic consideration of guarding psycho-analysis from any approach to occultism easily gained the upper hand. Now the revision of The Interpretation of Dreams for the Collected Edition was a spur to reconsider the problem of telepathy. Moreover, my own experiments through tests made with Ferenczi and my daughter won such a convincing force for me that the diplomatic considerations on the other side had to give way. I was once more faced with a case where on a reduced scale I had to repeat the great
experiment of my life: namely, to proclaim a conviction without taking into account any echo from the outer world. So then it was unavoidable. When anyone adduces my fall into sin, just answer him calmly that conversion to telepathy is my private affair like my Jewishness, my passion for smoking and many other things, and that the theme of telepathy is in essence alien to psycho-analysis” (March 7, 1926).\footnote{1926} Even if one takes into account what he says about “diplomacy” and the diplomatic advice that he again gives to Jones, this letter is contradictory from start to finish. Enough to make one lose one’s head, I was saying to you the other day, and he himself once declared that this subject “perplexed him to the point of making him lose his head.” It is indeed a question of continuing to walk with one’s head under one’s arm (“Only the first step is costly” etc.) or, what amounts to the same thing, of admitting a foreign body into one’s head, into the ego of psychoanalysis. Me, psychoanalysis, I have a foreign body in my head (you remember As for Ferenczi and his daughter, and the “experiments” he apparently carried out with them, there’d be so much to say. I have said enough about his daughters, even though . . . , but for Ferenczi, the trail to follow is essential. One of the most startling moments consists again (from 1909 onward) of a story of letters (letters between the two of them on the subject of the letters that a clairvoyant, Frau Seidler, appeared to be able to read blindfold. Ferenczi’s brother mediates between them and the medium; he introduces them to her and passes on the letters, see Jones, III, 411–12). As regards Jones, who no doubt wasn’t as “hard”-headed about this as he said, why, in your opinion, does he in 1926 compare the dangers of telepathy for psychoanalysis to “wolves” who “would not be far from the sheepfold”?\footnote{1926}

July 15, 1979

a terrifying consolation. Sometimes I also approach Telepathy as if it were an assurance finally

instead of muddling everything up, or complicating the parasitism, as I told you and as I believe, I hope for complete presence \(\text{[la toute-prérence]}\) from it, fusional immediacy, a parousia to keep you, at a distance, in order to keep myself within you, I play pantheism against separation, so you are no longer leaving, you can no longer even confront me with your “determination,” nor I
proclaim a conviction without taking world. So then it was unavoidable. in, just answer him calmly that con-

fair like my Jewishness, my passion, and that the theme of telepathy is (March 7, 1926). Even if one takes diplomacy and the diplomatic advice is contradictory from start to fin-

der is saying to you the other that this subject "perplexed him to end," I was starting to get steadied [calè], I am going to tip over, I am tipped over already. You can no longer do anything, I believe, I believe

keep a little time, we'll reread things together

here already, as toothing stone, my first punctuation for the Forsyte Saga ("Dreams and Occultism" in the New Introductory Lectures), I don't rule out that it misses [passe à côté] or carries everything off, according to a bad time lag [décalage]. It is your punctuation that interests me, you will tell me the truth. So I start from the "kernels" (core of the earth, kernel of truth, jam, der Erdkern aus Marmelade besteht, pointless to tell you that he doesn't believe in it, not as much as I do), then mediums and imposture, the kernel again, "around which imposture (Trug) has, with the force of imagination (Phantasiewirkung), spread out a veil that would be difficult to pass through," the "everything happens as if she had been informed [prévien] by telephone (als ob ... telephonisch)," "one could speak of a psychical counterpart to wireless telegraphy (gewissermassen ein psychisches Gegenstück zur drahtlosen Telegraphie)," "I don't have any conviction in this respect." "It was in 1922 that I made my first communication on this subject," then the "telegram" again and our "twins," then "in the unconscious this 'like' is abolished," dead, the woman of 27 (!) who takes her ring off at "Monsieur le Professeur's" (in parentheses, on the subject of 7, 27 and of our q, did you know he chose the 17th as the date of his engagement after choosing the number 17 in a lottery that was supposed to tell the nature of your character—and it was "constancy")!, a Parisian /fortune-teller/, the "greatest preponderance of probability in favour of an effective thought-transference," the little card (Kärchen) at the graphologist's, and so on. Finally, there's the arrival of David Forsyth, and Freud puts into play all the names that are linked with it, Forsyte, foresight, Vorsicht, Vorauussicht, precaution, or prediction [prévision], and so on, but never makes a point of drawing our attention to (so it seemed to me, I will have to reread) the supplementary fold of the too obvious, namely, that the proper name itself speaks foresight [la prévue]. Forsyth, who had an appointment, leaves eine Karte for Sigi then in session with
Telepathy

M.P., who that very day tells him how a certain virgin nicknamed him, M.P., Herr von Vorsicht because of his prudent or discreet [pudique] reserve. Sigi seems to know a lot about the real motives of this reserve, he shows him the card and tells us without any transition about the Saga, that of the Forsytes, which M.P., alias von Vorsicht, had anyway led him to discover starting with The Man of Property! Naturally, you are taking account of the fact that Jones, who knew Forsyth, suspected Freud of having "unconsciously touched up the story," reproached him for small errors in this instance, "the slightest," which he has "related" to us, you follow all the twists and turns of proper names, in passing through Freud and von Freund, you collect and file, classify all the visits, visiting cards, letters, photographs, and telephone communications in the story, then you focus on two centers in this long ellipsis. First of all, the theme of interrupted analysis. There is interrupted analysis in there, and I would like to say, while stretching out the ellipsis: telepathy is the interruption of the psychoanalysis of psychoanalysis. Everything turns, in the Vorsicht case, around M.P.'s fear of seeing his analysis broken off, as Freud had given him to understand. The arrival of Dr. Forsyth, the visitor à la carte, would have been the omen. Unless it has to do with another interruption of analysis, marked by another card, from another Dr. F. One has to sniff around in that area. Next, another focal point, the mother/child couple, the case related by the friend of Anna (herself in analysis—with whom was it, now?) and the gold coin (Goldstück) leading from the "foreign body," and so on.

and naturally I'm following all that along an invisible fold line: without reducing it, you fold it over onto autobiography, you are looking for the foreign body on the side of the doctor

and in the Gradiva piece, in front of a woman who resembled a dead patient, he had said, "So after all it's true that the dead can come back to life." He thinks he is a pretty good medium himself and in 1925, at the period in which he dares to declare (his "conversion," he wrote to Jones: "Ferenczi came here one Sunday recently. We all three [with Anna] carried out some experiments concerning the transmission of thoughts. They were astonishingly successful, especially those where I was playing the role of the medium and analysing my associations. The affair is becoming urgent to us" (March 15, 1925). With whom were they speaking, that Sunday? Who was M.P.?13 Plato the master thinker [maître-penseur], the postmaster [maître des postes], but still, soothsayer [devine], at that date . . .

So psychoanalysis (or a solution, it is still the solution or a solution, it is still the solution) resembles an adventure of most simultaneous rejecting the foreign it and vomiting it up without being or the other. Translate all that in eternal—of the psychoanalytic state (c'est comme devine), the mas-
a certain virgin nicknamed him, prudent or discreet [pudique] reflecting the real motives of this reserve, he about any transition about the Saga, v. Vorsicht, had anyway led him of Property! Naturally, you are taking you knew Forsyth, suspected Freud of the story," reproached him for small which he has “related” to us, you names, in passing through Freud, classify all the visits, visiting cards, communications in the story, then ellipsis. First of all, the theme of split analysis in there, and I would ellipsis: telepathy is the interruption is. Everything turns, in the Vorsicht's analysis broken off, as Freud had Dr. Forsyth, the visitor à la carte, has to do with another interruption from another Dr. F. One has to sniff, locational point, the mother/child couple, (herself in analysis— with whom oldstück) leading from the “foreign
all that along an invisible fold line: onto autobio-thanatography, you are side of the doctor and in the Gradiva piece, in front patient, he had said, “So after all it’s life.” He thinks he is a pretty good period in which he dares to declare Ferenczi’s experiments concerning were astonishingly successful, especial the medium and analysing my urgent to us” (March 15, 1925). With ay? Who was M.R.? Plato the master [maître des postes], but still,

soothsayer [devine], at that date...

So psychoanalysis (and you’re still following the fold line) resembles an adventure of modern rationality set on swallowing and simultaneously rejecting the foreign body named Telepathy, assimilating it and vomiting it up without being able to make up its mind to do one or the other. Translate all that in terms of the politics—internal and external—of the psychoanalytic state (c’est moi). The “conversion” is not a resolution or a solution, it is still the speaking scar of the foreign body

half a century already, commemorates the big Turn, it's going to go very quickly now. I am going to reread everything trying out the keys one after the other, but I am afraid of not finding (or of finding) all alone, of no longer having the time. Will you will give me your hand?

no more time to lose, ὁ γὰρ κατρός ἕγγυς. Telepathy comes upon us, tempus enim prope est.

—Translated by Nicholas Royle