

It is said – meaning written – it was said – meaning heard – it was written – meaning lost – Moses, in the wilderness, would go into the Tent of Meeting — and overhear *the voice speaking itself*. Not *hear the voice speak*, but *the voice speaking itself*, a holy monologue. This self-reflexive grammar said to be used to install mediation – a membrane – between source and receiver.

Lacan asserts truth can only be half-said, *mi-dire*; I don't have – even one – French ear. What I hear here is middle-ear, *mid-ear*; membrane cleaving sound and meaning. The midear.

The smallest lens on the telescope, the eyepiece; the microscope's smallest, that closest to its object; to see deep or see far apparently depends where the smallest part ends. Room after room to the final room; site of the analytic encounter, most small, inward of rooms. Deep or far – regardless: site of an otherwise; an elsewhere.

'I don't know how to say this'
[this] the innermost room
'I don't know how to say this'
[this] the moment the School is charged to mind

as the eyepiece is the smallest lens of the
~~*apparatus*~~ *telescope*
the diminishing size of the room within rooms
the last room
a speaking being's inmost
room within a room
so deep in the law it is half outside it

this is the room the School is charged be a
door on
this the room the School is reason made to be
a School room with no access
a room only its threshold it maintains
the law's origin is outside itself
'School, maintain the threshold to this room'

The smallest lens the aperture that seeks: *wants to know*.
 A School; a learning site. Something [being] taught. Taut.
 A specter is haunting humanity.

The specter of The Original ... which the *Palimpsest* continually defiles, unshits, wounds, parodies and, beginning as its absence, asserts as foundation ... a driverless sidecar.

I know psychoanalysis as – its *mise-en-scene* – two people learning through listening and taught by speaking a language never audible – by either – before. Never and only.

Multitongue language of a *uni*-verse.
Is all père-version universion?

What certain kind of person needs suckle on the book? Needs feed on it, gnaw it with edentate gums, pulp it in repetition. A spiritual act?

“[A] certain *kind* of person”. Not merely one that was born.

This *gnawing*, in no way at all cognate with *gnosis*, doesn’t spiritualize the book, but inflects *the reading and the read* with a quality of ~~nurture that is~~ otherwise than merely that of gathering ‘knowledge’. In its yearly cycling *The Tanakh*, particularly the first five books (Torah) – the *Moby Dick* of its time – is something that gnaws on me – like Freud and Lacan’s seminars and writings. Gnaws on me as I on it. Are we kissing cannibals?

The Torah – a tale – like *Moby Dick* – of the eternal signifier piercing the object – a shade of emptiness – which can never be attained – just ridden dying into deep.

Attain meaning *to kill*.

A psychoanalytic School striving to attain itself.

~~I write in the bath.~~

~~It is curious to me, bath & bed turn on in me the ignition on the monologist’s voice — the voice of *outside in*; in my lived tone of history, my father is the monologist. The syntax of *effraction* is the mansplain, whatever its sex. I notice my mother as she ages newly savoring this role, a torso in a chair speaking stories, her nose more and more like her father’s, whose nose was like his mother’s. Being exfoliated by time the buried bones of our ancestors are exposed. This may be a link to our speedily being lost *noms des pères*, rising gnaw of despair, rise of memoir, rise — of the monologue itself.~~

~~I’m reminded of Spalding Gray, without accident fallen off the back of the ferry he did not steer, deep into the monologue of the dead.~~

I don’t want to join the School?

Many of its analysts speak in a way which moves the turnstile in me – their speech passes through me and I find myself transferred to another line – express or local – along my route. That turning of the wheel in me – the one with the busted axel – I admit that – causes me to feel – or be – already a *vorstellungsrepräsentanz* of the school. And so in me something says – not ever raising its hand, ever – *ever* – something says ‘pick me’ – since you already have. Or it has.

In this is the proximity of Willy Apollon’s teaching to many of its analysts; I find Quebec’s ‘after Lacan’ position crucial, regressive, creative.

A very industrial-stamp [of] reification of Lacanian thinking – thinking which Nathan Adler’s *Palimpsest* so movingly rehearsed – I note now via social-media and non-clinical theorists – my Instagram feed blowing up with Lacan ‘pages’ – a groupy Lacanish proliferation expressing desire for wisdom – that can be eaten in bytes – wisdom, vital to culture and capital but anathema to analysis and in the US indistinguishable from adcopy. Of the five discourses, not that of the *a*. So – I note my own impulse, in accord with William Burroughs’: *pack your ermines, Mary, we are getting out of here right now – I’ve seen this happening before* – which is my question for a School: dissolve, or re-solve? cloak in mass silence, as opposed to the mass-gravity of the web, and?

And – be otherwise.

Be – one by one.

One by one. Marcello Estrada's words have stuck with me ever since he said them in Annie Rogers' /Stephanie Swales' seminar last year. Words that stick. Ahab maybe didn't kill, but he did pierce. I sense M. Estrada was speaking words written with the handle end of the spear in him.

Words which affirmed my experience of – .

Of? Of the site of analysis as being antithetical and exterior – as I would affirm of art as well – to the building or advocacy – or worse, conversion therapy – of a politics. This does not sever its *effects* from the sphere of the social – one by one – but it is a site more interior – extimate – than a politics – or law – may – or may be allowed – to reach.

It is the site politics' and law's effects are overheard, speaking themselves. The site they themselves are installed to bar entry.

An untimely position, unapologetic; perhaps one open to sentence of privilege and theocentricity. Yes, it does affirm a privilege: speech and listening.

And yes: something sacred.

Whether or not the un•non•re•presentable – unsignable – the cæsura extruding the *parlêtre* – will eventually have its *feminine* position overwritten, or written over, the foundation, function and effect of *the impossible* will endure. If not, there just won't be nothing to say. A hyphen, merely a splinter, can be removed by a specialist, but he's only retrieving what he'd left behind.

This, what led me here, since first reading Lacan: words which described my human experience – 'a verbal body' conceived in desire's wound; words which in turn effected my being human.

Not my *understanding* of human being – my experience.

A knowledge of the resistance to knowledge. The passion not only for ignoring – for I-gnawing – but for saying what can be not-said. Not [only] being dumb&found in the face of the unsayable, but craving its radiant *want* – wanting its radiant craving – to be engraven by craving – and make something of it.

Art.

And something else.

Yes, should the Lacan School be dissolved? Should you, School, be wedded to your source which throbs – adoring – at the threshold of desire, below its lintel reading *One By One*, that impossible, speaking itself, its Other?

The School its own *petit a*.

I'm being invited in – so I suspect the answer is –

What do I want?

*the moment of psychoanalysis –
the politics of,
or as
the unconscious
is learning another's language.
like – now.*

my naïve

(in the rear-view tain as this will become)
wish – desire – dream – demand – interpretation –
is to have
psychoanalytic experience – theory, thinking,
description – be next to that of
art.
If nothing else, this is what places Lacan or
Apollon in the lineage of
Freud.

I am an artist. I would rather kill
him – him, I said – rather than have
some idea of ‘being an analyst’ kill
it. It, I said.
This {?} has been the mountain
rise at which they meet – a cross-
road mountain. {?} die
never.

a friend of mine told me of her surprise,
when beginning work as a PA at a neighborhood
clinic in NYC, at how true it was –
what she’d heard – about how people’s
assholes are the most referred {?}.

‘We all need to talk shit’ was my
[as usual] too easy reply.

Because I’ve never sat in the analyst’s
chair, itself a palimpsest,
I refrain from theorizing.
[I lie.]
I do have my theories,
and clearly the authors of the
two palimpsests had already been
installed in that chair – but I refrain,
as the experience seems to me to
be – everything. And not-all.

I do have an experience I will
share – from a seat that
could, just in this case, be
imagined as a sidecar, attached
to the analyst’s seat.

As a yoga teacher
I’ve experienced a body –

*a body of knowledge –
 mother, father,
 lover, friend –
 empty out, become the
 stranger –.
 stripped of speech and
 thus its purchase on my desire –
 seen now – in its struggle simply to be;
 exposed in its suffering
 solitary passage;
 visible lived
 . And suddenly – mother, father, lover, friend –
 I could no longer hate them.
 Suddenly – they were not – that.
The unconscious as ethical
 means this to me.
 A version.*

*a saying in yoga –
 ‘the first ten years are ‘pre yoga’.’
 I don’t doubt some of you
 analysts might agree,
 clinically.
 The path of yoga is
 theorized as limbs,
 moving from external to in – and, though sequenced,
 understood as synchronic.
 They proceed: social/ethical, physical,
 respiratory, withdrawing of
 attention, concentration, and – then –
 the definition of ‘yoga’: the split causing unity.
 cleavage.
 awakening.
 It’s also called ‘kaivalya’,
 aloneness, all-one-ness, all-with-ness, or
 isolation.
 When I read Lacan’s ‘destitution of the
 subject’ I think of this ‘kaivalya’.*

*There’s no need for these to
 compete – I tell myself as they
 argue inside – and outside – me.*

*they are non-identical – and
 the products of utterly different
 desires. objects. causes.
 Freud’s hysteric initiates*

*were master/ed contortionists – speaking
the knot of being sexual, or the
sexual [knot of] being.
In yoga, when two body parts touch
which have never touched
before – an epiphenomenal gift of
posture-practice – it is a moment
akin to the unconscious overheard speaking itself – sudden,
surprising, seductive, deeply meaningful,
and – never repeated. It happens once, and then – .*

*Pandemically, the yoga room has been lost to the
virtual room – unquestionably.
Not so the analyst's.
The absence of speech – you cannot
breathe yogically and speak –
is yoga's hallmark, and maybe its object cause:
to be sealed outside the aperture of extimacy.
But the associative voice – its sounds and its silences –
which are not absences – is
transmissible. I suspect checking in
visually every month would be
good, but on the – well, – the
voice, as oft repeated,
is the material support of the
signifier.*

*I composed this to tell you I
did not send it – to you.*

I've taught yoga for near a quarter century. A speechless practice of self-autopsy; of inhaling that smallest lens and through it sensing, with aroused dispassion, its passage inside one's infinitely distant, nearly infinite body.

Nathan Adler: ... “an alternative mirroring and a transparent tain in which fictions and illusions are overcome.”

And I through you become not me.

*– You know the sign –
– The sign?
– The scene, I said the scene –
– You said 'sign' but –
– You know the sign, the SCENE, fuck, when all the, the montage when
all the signs, all the things that came before suddenly invert and mean
exactly their opposite? What seemed to mean love now means death?
One piece after the next, of what we just saw, suddenly understood as*

*exactly not what it was ... But now – plain as day – rewriting
everything, but – of course, understanding, too late now to escape –
– Yes, I know what you mean – the flashback, like in Angel Heart –
– Yes, like that –
– Yes I get it –
– Understanding equals posthumous –
– Yes –
– Yes –*

*she peels off her mask
revealing the exact same face*

– This is that scene

*the netsuke, the scarf, the letters
the screen sex*

– So I'm already dead?

You don't know fucking shit
That's your undying charm
All my reading, shit
Charm, curse, spell, invocation

I've learned one by one. One by one. It was only that, always; one by one. One by one
the marks were made; one by one absence's garment sewn; one at a time, one at a time,
each replacement, each, each, each by each, step to step, step by step, making the other
time. Only to you, you alone, have I ever been able to write; the gift, whosever hand or
box or phone it was presented to, only to you has it been. You, one at a time, one at a
time, you, you, you.

And now – to whom I still choose – to write.

I recognize you, another like me; another like me who only speaks to their you.

My tongue, given to you.

My body, given to you.

My money, given to you.

My treasure, evaporating even as I say its name: *you*.

This is how I know

This is how I know

This is how I know

I only write to you, the audience cannot exist

It subsists as the crowd in our way, it persists as the massed human tumor between our
bodies

The audience cannot exist, it persists in not existing, it persists in defacing the letter I sent,
to you, the one letter defaced in transit through the audience, gear teeth creating the
machinenoise drowning out the voice I am sending back to you,

There's no audience, only a defile of ones all in a line

A shooting gallery,

That kind, yes, that kind and –
sideshow air rifle ducks pins balloons bozos bullseyes

What is the book but Braille for the deaf?

Just because I learned *tain* from Nathan Adler doesn't mean I've been schooled.

Or maybe.

But what is the book but Braille for the deaf?

For the voice of the voice before it had a face?

Bedtime sings its borderland song, the book the mezuzah, finger-kissed on sleep's
threshold, gnawn, gnawn, gnawn, read me a story *the brucha* the blessing says inside, *read*
me says the book, thing passed through to the royaloral road of dreams, the face before
the face gazing at the mirror of the dark, dark tain clear before silver is mined and *the price*
of the good put on the mask of light.

The Four Styles of Appeal for Parole:

A Treatment

The dream is the escape from the consequences of its truth.

The dream produces fiction, fiction produces interpretation, interpretation produces
doctrine, doctrine produces – the need for sleep.

The palimpsest is the sphinx of the fourlegged riddle.

Child, mother, father, Φ .

Shh. The kid's asleep.

The need for a sleep produces the School; the School reproduces the necessity of the
dream, to rectify the weight of knowledge's ~~apparatus~~ writing on the bones, causing pain.
Pain assuaged by dreaming its consequences otherwise.

when Freud tells about his patients' dreams effecting his own

I sense I hear the I hear a

goodness I want to say

*but that's for another room, perhaps. I hear in mid-
construction not a tower of Babel nor a tunnel of*

well yes

a Tunnel of Love, this way and that, we dropped

Φ

down straight in the middle, and there is only middle with a

light shining from the elsewhere of both its ends

a tunnel of love, a tunnel of {?}

I hear that, and I hear a place I want to be.

I hear the place of manque-a-être.

*In the beginning is where it starts and in the beginning is always in the
middle.*

*In the middle of the night or the middle of the road or the middle of the
day or the middle of dinner or breakfast or lunch or fucking or driving
or walking or speaking or shitting – always in the middle of a {?}*

the beginning

the origin

the original

*Because we wake up after the operation
We'll never really know what happened
A very accurate suspicion – the procedure itself is effecting our
understanding of what might be true.
What happened? Who had their hands inside? what did they put in me
in me in me?*

*In the beginning is the cry of the human animal, the song of its mating
and the moaning of its mourning, the sorrow of its memory of its end.*

I'm dropped straight down into the middle – you – the middle of the tunnel with the far light at each end – the tunnel of love – the place we all want to be. Mankatray. At least in the beginning. Waking up from the operation in the middle of a sentence – or is it waking from a sentence in the middle of the operation? – not able to know what really what happened, with the very accurate suspicion the procedure itself is affecting our understanding of what might be true. What happened? Who had their hands in? I – what did they put in? I who?

There's nothing untrue about alien abduction.

In the beginning is the human-animal cry, song of its mating and the moaning of its mourning, the sorrow of the memory of its end. Its origin in the aftermath of a procedure. "A book. A grave with pages."

So, you're asking me to dissolve the School?

School, you're asking me to desolve you?

I can do that; I will; I want to it's what I always want – to extend the dissolution of the School into what an anti-psychological thinker, beloved of mine, calls *a future never future enough*; to give the desolution of the School all the time it needs, all, to describe its dissolve; the slow dissolve, image upon image, let's say three, dissolving and not knowing which is at its end, which just beginning to show, which even is which.

Lets say four lets say it's the slow desolve that's the desire of the original; lets say the original desire is the slow dissolve, the endlessly ending, the original having found itself finished, having begun.

Receivability, I've heard, is always the risk – the certainty – of death.

And so I've learned to go square into the roundness of the ear.

Midear; transfer-site of sound cleaving outer to inner.

Air to water.

Voice to speech.

Midear: that the School remains the last best protection of that final room within a room; so deep in the law it is half outside; where the one by one remains uncounted; and the voice, in passage – whether transmitted via satellite or lung or *written* – can bore and stun itself in its overheard savageries and loves, its agony hearing its failure in desire alive in fatal joy.