



Summary

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Introduction

Daniel Paul Schreber

"The month of November, 1895, marks an important time in the history of my life and in particular in my own ideas of the possible shaping of my future, I remember the period distinctively; it coincided with a number of beautiful autumn days when there was a heavy morning mist on the Elbe. During that time the signs of a transformation into a woman became so marked on my body, that I could no longer ignore the imminent goal at which the whole of my development was aiming. In the immediately preceding nights my male sexual organ might have actually have been retracted had I not resolutely set my will against it, still following the sens of my manly honour; so near completion was the miracle. Soul-voluptuousness had become so strong that I myself received the impression of a female body, first on my arms and hands, later on my legs, bosom, buttocks and other parts of my body. I will discuss details..."

EDITORS' NOTES

Part I Psychosis

1. Lacan and the Problem of Psychosis

William J. Richardson

January 23, 1982 was a bad night in Boston. Only three days after an Air Florida Boeing 737 had careened into the traffic-jammed Fourteenth Street bridge in Washington, D.C., leaving 78 persons to disappear in the chill water of the Potomac—most of them still strapped to their seats, a World Airways DC 10, Flight 30 from Newark, touched down in the fog on an icy runway at Logan Airport and skidded into Boston Harbor, where the cockpit section tore away from the fuselage, leaving the latter perched on the edge of land like a Fish with its head cut off. When the panic had passed, all injuries appeared minor, and happily no one was killed—or so, at least, it seemed.

But the family of sixty-nine-year-old Walter Metcalf and his forty-year-old son, Leo, refused to accept this claim, alleging that their father and brother must have been on the plane and had not been accounted for. World Airways promptly denied the fact. Audrey Metcalf (the daughter) persisted. The two had been on a Peoples' Express flight from Florida that had aborted in Newark, leaving some of its passengers to take the connecting flight on World Airways 30 to Boston. Eventually, airline officials conceded that Flight 30 had indeed taken on some extra transfer passengers in an emergency rescheduling in Newark, and that some of these names had not been recorded on the printout passenger list. Finally, after three days, in response to the importunity of the Metcalf family, officials confirmed the fact that the two had indeed been on Flight 30, had been sitting in the forward section of the fuselage and must have been washed out to sea when the cockpit section broke off. Sometime later Walter Metcalf's attaché case washed ashore at the southern end of the harbor. Neither body was ever recovered.

The event was tragic and we should not trivialize it by taking it lightly. If I refer to it in approaching the question as to how Jacques Lacan conceives psychosis, it is because this bizarre twist of events suggests a way of gaining a first access to what he understands to be the core of psychotic process, namely, the "foreclosure" (foreclusion, *Verwerfung*) of a signifier. Our task is to try to understand this esoteric language of "foreclosure."

I say the incident gives us a first access. Here the names of two men disappear from the official record of their presence as if from the Book of Life, leaving an absence (a hole) in the symbolic system that records such things. The two names — signifiers of two human subjects — are not simply "repressed" (*refoulé, verdrängt*) from the passenger list, that is, somehow inscribed there, but for some reason disregarded, overlooked or forgotten, as if they had simply been misfiled. The names do not appear on the list at all, they are excluded from it. Those signifiers are rejected, repudiated, forgotten by the system as a whole, that is, 'foreclosed'. And yet, if those names as signifiers are excluded from the symbolic system of the World Airways passenger list, they have not disappeared completely. They remain somewhere, somehow as 'real' and return to plague the airline through the importunities of the family that, initially at least, appear to be groundless, fantastic or imaginary. Such for Lacan is the paradigm for a psychotic episode.

This will appear far-fetched, perhaps, not least because we are using a terminology ("Symbolic," "Imaginary" and "Real") that, though not unfamiliar to philosophers, has a meaning idiosyncratic to Lacan and as such no history at all in psychoanalytic theory prior to him. I shall first try to sketch the fundamental significance that he gives the terms and then examine in more detail how he sees their relevance for an understanding of the structure of psychosis.

The term 'Symbolic' taken as a noun and understood to mean symbolic order or system — Lacan takes from Levi-Strauss, who used it to describe the ultimate pattern of relationships that governs all human intercourse, such as kinship Systems, cultural mores, mythological themes, etc. The word "Symbolic" was congenial to Lacan for it implied a relationship to language: from its earliest origins, a symbol has always been a sign (something present) that represents something other than itself (something absent), and it is the essential nature of

language to render present what is absent (or, at least, to permit an absence) through words, that is, to be symbolic. Such a term was appropriate for Lacan, since his fundamental thesis has always been that the unconscious discovered by Freud is "structured like a language." By this he means that Freud's epoch making discovery consisted in an insight into the way that language works. In trying to articulate that insight in a scientifically respectable way, however, Freud's only model was the paradigm of nineteenth century physics, whereas in our day we have another scientific model - a specifically human one - that of the science of linguistics. Following the example of Levi-Strauss who had taken the...

2. Schreber's Other

Antonio Quinet

In psychosis, the very structure of the unconscious is laid bare and the subject's Other appears unveiled, consistent and absolute. Such was the case Schreber's Other: his God was fashioned out of language and extreme ecstasy (*jouissance*). But before embarking on this subject, let us consider the status of the Other with regard to the Oedipus complex as described by Jacques Lacan.

The Name-of-the-Father in the Locus of the Other

According to Lacan, the inclusion of the signifier "Name-of-the-Father" in the locus of the Other is what assures the subject's entry into the symbolic order and inaugurates the signifying chain in the unconscious. For every subject the Other is a precondition, i.e., it is the store-house of signifiers, and is already there from the beginning, before the advent of the subject as such. But, for the individual to be able to take possession of the signifiers, to use them to give utterance to words of truth, he must necessarily be put to the test of the Oedipus complex.

Lacan sums up Freud's Oedipus in his formula of the paternal metaphor, in which the Desire-of-the-Mother with which the child has identified himself as an object, is substituted for the Name-of-the-Father. What is involved here is the symbolization of the mother's absence/presence as represented by the game of *Fort-Da* described by Freud in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*. The result is the inclusion of the Name-of-the-Father in the Other and the subsequent access to phallic signification, which thus allows the subject to bestow meaning on his signifiers and to his or her place as man or woman in the division of sexes.

Name-of-the-Father • Desire-of-the-Mother - Name of-the-Father

Desire-of-the-Mother Signified to the Subject Phallus

A loss of 'jouissance' is concomitant with the operation of the paternal metaphor. The 'jouissance' in question, that of the Other, whose place is occupied by the mother, is from there on forever lost. The inclusion of the Name-of-the-Father in the Other bars the subject's access to the Other's 'jouissance;' in other words, the subject may no longer be an object of the Other's 'jouissance.' 'Jouissance' is from then onwards correlated with an object signified by the phallus and becomes sexual pleasure properly speaking.

The Imperative of Jouissance

In a purely logical phase, before the operation of the paternal metaphor, that is, in the primal relation, the child is completely subjugated to the maternal Other. He is identified with the object of the mother's desire, the phallus, and because of this is dominated by the law of her caprice. The Other takes him as her object of jouissance. One may see in this Other, with whom the child is initially confronted, the figure of the father in the primal horde described by Freud

in *Totem and Taboo*, the dominant male who possesses all the females, thereby imposing sexual abstinence on all the other male members of the horde. In this myth, the primal father is the sole free man and he loves no-one but himself. A ruthless and violent male, his narcissism is absolute: "a paramount and dangerous personality, toward whom only a passive-masochistic attitude is possible, to whom one's will has to be surrendered "

For Freud, this attitude belongs to the archaic inheritance of the individual and manifests it self in the child's behavior toward his parents, and especially in the image he constructs of his father. If we take into account Freud's distinction between the ego-ideal and the super-ego, the latter is the heir to this primal father. The super-ego is the incarnation of the father's commandments, a father entirely bent on his own pleasure, and identified by the child as the licentious (*jouisseur*) father not subject to castration.

For Lacan, "the super-ego is indeed a kind of law, but it is a law without a dialectic and it may be recognized in the categorical imperative and its pernicious neutrality." Thus, the super-ego legitimizes nothing, but simply imposes rules. Better still, the super-ego inflects its commandments because it is a vocal agency; it is the voice of conscience. The super-ego's senseless law is at the same time the destruction of the law itself, because it deprives the law of its normative meaning.

(...)

3. *Writing and Madness:*

Schreber als Schreiber (Schreber as Writer)

... the only theater of our mind, prototype for ail the rest ...

Mallarmé

Octave Mannoni

We cannot dispense with Schreber's *Memoirs*' by invoking the fact that it was undoubtedly written by a madman. Indeed, while this would not be the only book to find itself in this situation, what most mars the *Memoirs* is not so much its delusional content (this exists elsewhere in literature) as the element of reason it contains. It was written with a view towards explanation and justification, an intention we might well find questionable. But the author is careful to inform us that he intends to furnish others with all the clarifications necessary to spare them, as far as possible, too much shock or indignation at his behavior. Schreber thus grants his family, friends, and unknown readers something resembling what Rimbaud (quite wisely) refused his mother when, upon the publication of *A Season in Hell*, she demanded clarification. Had he followed Rimbaud's example, would Schreber, madman that he was, have been capable of leaving us an account of the many seasons in the hells of his psychosis, such that he might place himself (if even on the lowest rung) in that quite accommodating domain of literature? Probably not, but the question strikes us as interesting because we do not really know why it seems to call for a negative response.

In any case, what excludes Schreber from the domain of literature is not his subject-matter, fantastic as it may be. Nor can he be said to lack talent. And yet, though he tried, with the greatest sincerity, courage and regard for his readers, to give us an account of his case and of

those unexpected events beyond his comprehension, his efforts resulted in his work being appropriated by the psychiatrists charged to submit reports. Dr. Weber, whom the judges from the *Landesgericht* in Dresden assigned the task of explaining Schreber's insanity, made no secret of the fact that the reading of the *Memoirs* manuscript had greatly facilitated his work. It is therefore not surprising that these *Memoirs* were quick to find a place in psychiatric libraries; and if they ran the risk of figuring only as a clinical document, this is perhaps simply a reflection on the patient/psychiatrist relationship. For, after all (as Freud let it be known), this very text, with but a few modifications, could very well have been a remarkable account written by a doctor.

Thus if it is not entirely proper to speak of Schreber as one speaks of other writers, this is not due to the simple fact that he was insane and deluded. So many great writers—Cervantes, Flaubert, Gogol, Sartre, among others—wrote or tried to write, or dreamed of writing an account of a mad existence, or the *Memoirs of a Madman*, that one wonders why someone like Schreber would not have been credited with having realized some unhopèd-for exploit. Perhaps it is simply that he had no such ambition; that he was in no way a writer, and that this had nothing to do with the fact that he was mad. On the other hand, it may be that madness had something to do with the fact that Schreber turned, even slightly and despite himself, toward literature. In any case, he wrote.

Around the time that Defoe had published *Robinson Crusoe*, a sailor in a London tavern was dictating the account of his own adventures as a castaway. He had spent fifteen years on an island that, although not deserted, was still unexplored — among savage peoples of whom no one in Europe had even the slightest inkling. His name was Robert Drury, and, once published, the account of his adventures had a fair measure of success with a curious public. But this account left a good deal of skeptics among those readers who attributed it to Defoe, and who only regarded it as a work of the imagination. (By way of compensation, many readers had taken the adventures of Robinson Crusoe as true). By the nineteenth century it would be discovered that, by way of his citing tribal names, customs and geographical data, Drury had told the truth — down to the last detail. This truthfulness, of course, would scarcely increase the literary interest of his work. On the contrary. Still, if we could have believed that Defoe was its author, that he had imitated the crude style of an illiterate sailor, invented an island and a people of strange customs, then the book, exactly as it is, might well have occupied a place — albeit a minor one — in the heart of what we call literature. All the same, this thought is a bit disconcerting when scrutinized too closely. I do not want to take a poetic metaphor that would have us compare insanity to an unexplored island too literally, much less an island described to us (uniquely and unverifiably) by a few unfortunate castaways. I simply want to claim that the *Memoirs* of madmen constitute a literary genre, like the account of voyages, and that the reasons for which Schreber's *Denkwürdigkeiten* are not accepted as literature — better reasons than those which exclude Drury's account — would make valuable subjects for analysis. They would allow us to sketch in a part of the ill-defined frontier that delimits literature properly speaking. For it is not possible to maintain, against all likelihood, that on this issue the frontier is the same one as separates reason from madness. (...)

4. *Figures of Delusion*

Jean-François Rabain

"In what part of the body does language originate?" asks Bernard Noël, in a text devoted to Hans Bellmer. Isn't this also the essential question (psychoanalysis with regard to dreams, language and art works?

To oppose the surface of the visible world—body or drawing, dream c painting—to language, which is the very depth of the world, would only have descriptive value, similar to that of Freud 's opposition of the manifest dream content and the latent thoughts in the *Traumgedanke*. The analyst is particularly interested in transformations, in the work upon forms which, from body t speech and from word to image, contain precise conceptual references. Th model of the dream, of the *Traumarbeit*, of the dream work, remain for the analyst the paradigm for these processes of transposition: condensation, displacement and especially the dreams' peculiar aptitude for Figuration. The *Rücksichlauf Darslelbarkeit* is a constraint upon the form which — within the dream's regredient trajectory wherein words are transformed into images an discourse into figures—organizes the skill full disorder of permutations where both the body and art are always present.

"Like dreams, the body can capriciously displace the center of gravity of images" Z answers the painter to the poet who questions him. If for Freud the dream is a rebus, for Hans Bellmer the body is an anagram. "The body comparable to a sentence which demands to be disarticulated so that its true contents can be recomposed through an endless series of anagrams." For Bellmer, in effect, *Leib* (the body) is reversed like a glove and becomes *Beil* (hatchet). Thus the language of the body is a sort of palindrome, sodomizing the verb, abolishing right and left, interior and exterior. The dream too ignore negation and does not admit contraries. Thus works can be broken into pieces, like the doll ("*Poupée*") of Bellmer's "*Variations sur le montage d'une mineure articulée*," and like the oneiric processes where the formal and topographic regression of the dream diverts its scattered members in search of new sonorous articulations. These members are linked to other verbal bodies by assonances, like in poetry, to create new meaningful units.

Bellmer's *Anagrammes*, the *Hexertexte*, Unica Zürn's "sorceress' writings," as well as their pictorial counterparts, the engraved work and the *Vexierbild*, and also the hidden images of anamorphosis, all invite us to infinitely recompose the disorder induced by the play of primary instinctual processes within the intellectual order.

Freud also postulates a language of the body, a vigorous, primitive language rooted in corporeal and sexual significance, thus invoking a "concrete" origin of language. He describes this language in terms of dream symbolism, in the natural monumental, or cultural Figurations of the maternal body, and in his fascination with archaic languages and primal non-contradictory enunciations, as mythical as those of K. Abel and Daniel Paul Schreber.

Lacan wrote that, "Words are captured incorporeal images." Aren't these images in effect the first figures? Besides, doesn't the figural ability, the *Rücksicht*, cross the intermediary stage of rhetoric before the dream's regression and the transformation into images, before the transposition of words into their definitive visual form?

Isn't figural language — the language of the body and gestures — first of all figures of style, tropes, which Nietzsche understood as "the essence of language?" Hence, in the dream of the Wagnerian opera in the *Traumdeutung*, isn't the aristocrat who is seen by the dreamer on top of a tower placed in such a high place only because he is already a very "highly placed" person? Here Freud concurs with Rousseau in the *Essai sur l'origine des langues*:

"As the passions were the first topics about which people spoke, the first expressions were tropes. Figural language was first born, while the proper meaning was the last. At first, people spoke only in poetry, and learned to reason only long afterwards."

Freud insists upon this initial figural work which precedes the definitive visual formation. "The abstract and bland expression of the dream thoughts must leave place for a pictorial expression." Thus the dream work first acts upon words, before translating them into images, even if for Freud the essence of the dream is the transposition of the verbal story into dream thoughts—"thoughts formulated in words"—within a specifically pictorial figuration. The dream is first of all pictographic writing, a *Bilderschrift*, organized like a rebus. In this...

5. *The Other as Muse:* *On the Ontology and Aesthetics of Narcissism*

They will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs.

Francis Bacon

Allen S. Weiss

Is freedom, as Daniel Paul Schreber insists in his *Memoirs of My Nervous Illness*, ultimately "freedom to think about nothing"? Or does the very order of the universe depend upon a "forced play of thought," thoughts which are always imposed from without? It would seem as if this compulsion to think—a libidinal necessity before being a semiological activity—is what binds the individual to communal Systems of signification and exchange. Thought: what breaks the libidinal circuit of autoeroticism. Thinking of nothing: what breaks the hermeneutic circle of culturally imposed meaning. Signification is determined within this dialectic of the thought and unthought, where perhaps madness — the eruption of unthought thoughts, of the unconscious — is the only path to a truly universal rationality. In offering his *Memoirs* to the world, Daniel Paul Schreber presents a religious epiphany, a heretical apocalypse, where the theological drama of his paranoia is symbolically played out on his own body, through the greatest torments and the greatest joys. His paranoia, resulting in those "miracles" whereby his words, deeds and bodily functions were completely controlled by God, is precisely what allows him the most intimate, erotic contact with God. But it also engenders that megalomania which transforms him into a martyr, God's whore, and which allows him the offense of suggesting that "such a relation as that which I have with the divine rays would permit one to believe oneself capable of shilling on the entire world." It is precisely between this narcissistic scatology and this universalizing eschatology—between this body and these words — that we might situate our own predicament, our own humanity.

In the year 213 B.C. the Emperor of China, Shih Huang Ti, ordered "the burning of the books:" the destruction of all books dealing with history. This attempt to destroy the past was balanced by an equally grandiose attempt to protect the present: Shih Huang Ti was also the Emperor who completed the construction of the Great Wall. He called himself The First Emperor, ordained that history begin with him, and claimed that he was God. This megalomaniac attempt to control space and time and others, to create one's self and one's world, was effected to the least detail: Shih Huang Ti claimed that during his reign all things would bear their proper names. His passion was universalized as cosmos and logos, in the extreme world-

historical manifestation of narcissism This is the ultimate limit of resentment, what Nietzsche has shown to be wrath and contempt against the irreversibility of time.

Jorge Luis Borges surmises that the Emperor Shih Huang Ti might have undertaken these two immense tasks, the burning of the books and the completion of the Great Wall, as a reaction against the immensity and uselessness of the past, and against the futility of worshipping the past. Perhaps, according to Borges, the Emperor thought: "Men love the past and neither I nor my executioners can do anything against that love, but some day there will be a man who feels as I do and he will efface my memory and be my shadow and my mirror and not know it." This supposition is a simulacrum of the manner in which our Shih Huang Ti was the shadow of that legendary First Emperor whose name he took, who presumably invented writing and the compass, and whose name undoubtedly perished many times in the vast conflagration of the burning of the books. Borges was indeed: among the earliest known Chinese statues are twelve bronze colossi which were erected by Shih Huang Ti—these statues were subsequently melted down by a Han ruler in order to make small coins. And yet, just as in the First Emperor's lifetime the attempt to obliterate the past by the burning of the books was counterbalanced by the attempt to preserve the present with the completion of the Great Wall, so too at a later date was the attempt to destroy the memory of the works of Shih Huang Ti by melting down the statues to make filthy lucre counterbalanced by the continuation of another act in his memory: we are told that for centuries people befouled his grave. Yet, even in the light of the immensity and perhaps greatness of his works, we should not reproach those who befouled his grave, since we should note what Freud wrote, in a letter to Karl Abraham, about excrement: "After all, these are productions just as well as thoughts and desires." We should not forget that the immediateness of expression, while dissimulated by the objectivity of the world-historical, is also its source.

In the beginning was the word.

—*The Divine Logos*

(...)

6. The Institution of Rot

During the night [...] one single night, the lower God (Ariman) appeared [...] his voice resounded in a mighty bass as if directly in front of my bedroom Windows [...] What was spoken did not sound friendly by any means: everything seemed calculated to instill fright and terror in me and the word "rotten person" (*Luder*) was frequently heard — an expression quite common in the basic language (*Grundsprache*) to denote a human being destined to be destroyed by God and to feel God's power and wrath. Yet everything that was spoken was genuine, not phrases learnt by rote [...] For this reason any impression was not one of alarm and fear, but largely one of admiration for the magnificent and the sublime: the effect on my nerves was therefore beneficial, despite the insults contained in the words [...]

— Daniel Paul Schreber, *Memoirs of My Nervous Illness*

Don't write on the shitters, shit on writing.

— Graffiti in the bathroom of a Paris movie theater, 1977

Interspace: Psychoanalysis and Mysticism

Î speak neither as an analyst nor as a mystic. I am accredited by neither of these two experiences, which have constituted, one after the other, inaccessible authorizations of discourse. To begin, I have only Saint-John Perse's Friday to invoke as my muse: the savage, transported to the kitchens of London, whose parlors his master Robinson Crusoe frequents, plays the soup spoiler and flirt. Mysticism, especially, can only be dealt with from a distance, as a savage in the kitchen. Its discourse is produced on another scene, it is no more possible to conceptualize it than it is to dispense with it. Like Schreber's "basic language," it is "somewhat antiquated," "but nevertheless powerful " It is like the phantom that returns to the stage.

The remoteness of this "basic" thing that returns in the form of mysticism, a hallucination of absences, is a mark of age, or a first death (the separation between its time and ours), and of a modesty to be retained (our distance from the place where this thing was written). The remoteness is also internal to me: I am divided by uncertainty when speaking of *that* [ça], of this relation between signifiers and an unknown. of this discourse, foreign yet near at hand, that is perhaps haunted by a maternal indeterminacy. This binds me even though I cannot believe to be in it, or what is worse, cannot pretend to have it. But after all, this is not unlike what psychoanalysis, along its borders and on its thresholds, tells to those who are determined not to be a part of it (of its institution), not to speak from that place, precisely because of what comes from it. There is thus, from the outset, a cleavage between the fact of being invested (captured?) in it, and the fact of not being there (neither in nor of that place).

It seems to me that Schreber's revelation, which is close to mysticism in so many respects, offers an approach to outlining the articulation between these two experiences, as well as their relation to the institution. In the course of that "unique night" in 1894, there rang forth a "mighty bass voice," not "friendly by any means," yet "beneficial" and "refreshing," and it said to the President: *Luder*, in other words, "harpy," "filth," "slut," or rather, since there is a certain familiarity to the insult, "rotten person." I propose to meditate upon this word, and that, according to Madame Guyon, means swallowing it. It appears in the interspace of mysticism and psychoanalysis, and demands attention even though it has nothing to justify it other than what it produces here and there: a "formula" that is heard, a "small fragment of truth" — a *splinter* of what?

A few global analogies can provide a framework, an admittedly fragile one, for Schreber's enactment of this word that is the archive of the subject (its corrupt document) and the saying of the subject's non-identity. I will mention only three points of convergence between psychoanalysis and mysticism. First, the distinction between a statement and a speech-act, a corpus and an act by the subject: that this distinction is central in Lacan does not alter the fact that it was precisely the mystic discourse of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that first established it."

Second, Lacanian theory entertains relations of "separation" and "debt" with the mystics (Meister Eckhart, Hadewijch of Anvers, St. Teresa, Angelus Silesius, etc.); or, what amounts to the same thing, it rejects their goods, corpses of truths, and recognizes itself in the lack from which they received their name: something should be written about the return of these Christian phantoms at strategic points in analytic discourse, a movement that is homologous to

the relation of "contestation" (*absprechen*) and "belonging" (*angehören*) that links the Freudian text to the Jewish tradition; something should be written about it—a zebrine patterning and labor of absences — to bide the time until what is written can be said in re-presentations of those strangers, who share responsibility for making Lacanian theory possible.'

Finally, in the mysticism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there is a desire analogous to that which Philippe Lévy discerned in Freud: a will to be done with, a death drive. With the mystics, a wish for loss is directed both toward the religious language in which the trace of their walk is imprinted and the course of their itinerary itself. Their voyages simultaneously create and...

Part II Sexual Identity

7. *Paranoiac Fantasies: Sexual Difference, Homosexuality, Law of the Father*

Micheline Enriquez

Our purpose in this work is to formulate some hypotheses and reflections about feminine paranoïa and to attempt to encompass what could possibly constitute certain specific features and activities at work in the feminine aspect of the "illness."

A long detour by way of masculine paranoïa will be necessary for us, even if we will only highlight certain aspects.

We will focus exclusively on the study of *paranoiac fantasies*, most notably those which form the Schreberian trilogy, namely:

- the fantasy of unmanning;
- the fantasy of redemption and the salvation of the world;
- the fantasy of supernatural procreation.

At first then we will take up the analysis of this fantasmatic constellation, starting with the case of Schreber and masculine paranoia.

Secondly, we will devote ourselves more precisely to the study of the "case" of Valeria Solanas, a young American writer, author of a text as exceptional for its psychopathological elements as for its sociological and literary ones: the *Scum Manifesto* or Manifesto of the Society for Cutting Up Men.

The author, a member of the American Underground, has never pretended to write a "memoir of my mental illness," but rather a particularly violent pamphlet against American male-dominated society. The *Scum Manifesto* contains some of the most characteristic Schreberian themes, particularly the fantasies of unmanning, of saving the world and of unnatural procreation, but they are approached from a feminine angle. We will consider this typically fantasmatic

paranoiac constellation which constitutes Schreber's delusional system and the theme of Valerie Solanas' text, a constellation whose effect manifests itself in the certainty *that a possible change in sex authorizes a possible change in the order of the universe and the order of life*:

1) in the relation it maintains with the original fantasies, in particular with the fantasy of the primal scene.

2) in the relation it sustains with homosexuality, when it tries to specify the nature of this homosexuality, since if it remains true that the genesis of paranoia is dependent on a fantasy of homosexual desire (as in the letter of Freudian theory), the nature of this desire remains complex. To simply say that the love-hate couplet is by the same token implied here, says little about this "same-other," in this case.

Freud demonstrated an interest in paranoia from the beginning of his work, and tried several times to establish its genesis, referring in his First works to real events, memories, precise sexual scenes; and referring later on to fantasmatic constructions which he called at the time a "defense function." In a letter to Fliess, he even spoke of defensive fabrications, that is, of some ensemble of staging and imaginary scenarios of a secondary order, whose essential function was to allow for the recovery of experiences or memories which could be traumatic after the fact and stir up the appearance of pathological manifestations.

Freud perceived very quickly the complex involvement between what he called the sexual scene (at the time it was essentially a question of the scene of seduction) and the existence of fantasies focused on the same theme, whose appearance is only possible from bits and pieces to be traced and dated within the subject's own personal experience.

In effect, with regard to what he called at that time the psycho-neuroses of defense (i.e., hysteria, the obsessive neuroses and paranoia), Freud tried to make diagnostic distinctions in terms of the date of the sexual scene, that is, the periods in which the decisive incident took place; the distinction is still valid currently.

From the very beginning, too, he stressed a relation between paranoia and the myths relating to childbirth and what was later to become the 'family romance,' which would in the end reveal itself to be a typical variation of the fantasmatic scenario that Freud then thought specific to paranoia.

What was merely an intuition and an incomplete reflection at the moment of the birth of psychoanalysis was to be elaborated progressively and resulted in 1911 in the study of President Schreber, and in 1915 in "A Case of Paranoia Running Counter to the Psycho-Analytic Theory of the Disease." The latter is a very interesting case because in a sense it is more exemplary than that of Schreber, in whose case the richness, complexity and intricacy of the themes are somewhat obscured.

8. The Din of the Celestial Birds or Why I Crave to Become a Woman

Alphonso Lingis

Now you understand why I craved to become a woman. Use your imagination, please, for a moment, gentlemen, and put a man's voice in that sound-field; you will see immediately what I mean. Male eyes over which the tears no longer flow, male voice that therefore guffaws, chuckles,

with a dry throat, but cannot trill, titter, giggle, laugh like a woman. Virile male throat that can arrest, restrain, bawl allegiance to the State, but cannot warble, whimper like doves, coo like a woman. Negating voice of the virile spirit that can order, but cannot command the bird-calls. Everywhere in the skies miraculous feathered gusts called me to the voices of women.

Trebling over the base of male voices advancing upon me from past and future generations, not conveying beneficently intelligible information-bits, but in their raw physical reality as blows hurled against me. For I do not hear in them the law-ordered divine or cosmic or civic logos, but the strident cacophony of a creaking and collapsing cosmic edifice. Virile voices muttering, legislating, ordering me about, virile blows hammering against the bones of my skull, for nine years my nerves compressed under the bone-crushing agony.

They have not stopped. Just yesterday, this woman's voice in El Salvador:

"What you have heard is true I was in his house. His wife carried a tray of coffee and sugar. His daughter filed her nails, his son went out for the night. There were daily papers, pet dogs, a pistol on the cushion beside him. The moon swung bare on its black cord over the house. On the television was a cop show. It was in English. Broken bottles were embedded in the walls around the house to scoop the kneecaps from a man's legs or cut his hands to lace. On the windows there were gratings like those in liquor stores. We had dinner, rack of lamb, good wine, a gold bell was on the table for calling the maid. The maid brought green mangoes, salt, a type of bread. I was asked how I enjoyed the country. There was a brief commercial in Spanish. His wife took everything away. There was some talk then of how difficult it had become to govern. The parrot said hello on the terrace. The colonel told it to shut up, and pushed himself from the table. My friend said to me with his eyes: say nothing. The colonel returned with a sack used to bring groceries home. He spilled many human ears on the table. They were like dried peach halves. There is no other way to say this. He took one of them in his hands, shook it in our faces, dropped it into a water glass. It came alive there. I am tired of fooling around he said. As for the rights of anyone, tell your people they can go fuck themselves. He swept the ears to the floor with his arm and held the last of his wine in the air. Something for your poetry, no? he said. Some of the ears on the floor caught this scrap of his voice. Some of the ears on the floor were pressed to the ground."

That voice was my own. And do you not think that those amputated and shriveled ears which no tears bathe, are my own?

I had my virile honor, erected in contempt of death. This monumental death, this prodigious absence was my identity. For I had an identity, was an identity. An identity wholly addressed to the appeal of the other, wholly a demand put on the other—I was this vertiginous sign: Herr Senatspräsident Schreber. Out of this identity I identified the vibratory and phosphorescent filaments of time. By that I do not mean that I compacted the dissipating ripples of reality into molten primary substances with the alchemy of my imagination; I mean I detached my nerves, with ail the centripetal force of the compact mass of my identity, from the silken filaments of the real, and held fast to, and was held to, the signs, the univocal and in transient symbols, my own identity disseminated over them. I do not mean I created their identity, or my own. I rather identified myself with the empty place of death, which was designated to me by the death of my father. The code for this individual indivisible absence I made myself, these terms "I," "Herr," "Senat," "Präsident," already existed; the presidency established long ago with bullets, the avenues to the Senate paved with concrete, the mastery of the misters, a bonded and insured capital accumulated by the capitalization of the circulation of women, the words preserved by taxidermists on the shelves of libraries. My place at the presidency of the senate was prepared by the unification of the Prussian, Napoleonic and Saxon Codes by the Triple Alliance made with Bismarck's guns. One sun in the cosmic spaces about me ascended each

morning to efface the pale light of the planets and the raging stars which my sleeping eyes had not seen. One God was the sign, ideality and value, that immemorally grounded the black hole of my identity.

Do you understand the operation of causality between signs and nerves? Am not I—this sign "I"—itself nerves? Is not the sign "God" himself nerves? Sir...

9. Vertiginous Sexuality: Schreber' Commerce with God

Jean-François Lyotard

Intensities and Names

The use of the proper name exemplifies the way in which the *tensor* both dissimulates and is dissimulated within the semantic Field. This concerned Frege and Russell, and it remains problematic for the logician because it point' in principle to a specific reference, and does not appear to be exchangeable will" other terms in the logico-linguistic structure. The proper name has no intra-systematic equivalent, since, in pointing toward exteriority, like the deictic, it has no connotation of its own, it is interminable. Logicians (having scant choice of means) solve this problem with a concept: the existential predicate. Hegel was already quite aware of this: the *Meinen*, as well as the obstacle that is posed by the supposition of existence (i.e., by flesh and blood, as Husserl would say in turn) could be opposed to the systematic ordering of signs. Thus, when asked: what about Flechsig? We might answer: there is at least one existing individual who could be called Flechsig—Schreber's doctor — and who would be referentially maintained as an anchor point. But the name of this same individual tends to *dissolve* when it is seized upon by Schreber's madness. It produces a multitude of incompatible propositions about the same compatible "subject." Flechsig will be predicated simultaneously as cop, God, a lover seduced by Schreber's feminine charms, someone who prevents the president from shitting and a member of a noble family which has known the Schrebers for a long time In what sense is that mad? Only in what it states.

This is the same madness as Proust's, the latter scarcely more prudent for having interposed a narrative subject between himself and his text — naming it Marcel—much the same madness having to do with the proper name Albertine.

It is the same as Octave 's madness about the proper name "Roberte;" whorish legislator, virtuous libertine, undecidable-body-offered-refused, she is the very embodiment of dissimulation in two distinct senses. On the one hand, the Huguenot and the tart can operate as signs within the equally intelligible networks of respectability and sensuality. On the other hand, each of these assignations hide something: not the other as such, i.e., insofar as it belongs on the side of the regulated network. Rather, what occurs is that each assignation dissimulates the sign in its function as tensor, not just as sensible sign. The tensor-sign consists in the fact that Roberte's name covers a region where two "orders" (at least two, there must be others) are not two, but are indistinguishable; where the name *Roberte* is like a disjunctive bar turning quickly around some point— around, for example, the look, the vulval slit, the gloved hand, an intonation— and which changes place with the segment that forms the bar. If "Roberte" is a tensor, it is not because she is both a harlot and a capable woman, but because she *exceeds, goes beyond the one and the other* of the respective assignations. This takes place in the vertigo of an intensity where, if the skirt slips up over the inner thigh, if the fat thumb is raised before the

seducer's mouth, if the nape of the neck turns under his teeth, it is most certainly through authentic prudery and sincere sensuality. But over and above any reasonable explanations it is through an *instinctual* formation (*figure*) that the impulses are arranged and dispensed, impulses which do not belong to Roberte, or to anyone. Roberte is not someone's name (an existential predicate), even as a double. Rather, it is the name of the unnamable, the name of the Yes and No, of neither Yes nor No, of the first and second. If the proper name is a good example of the tensor-sign, this is not because its singular designation is problematic when one thinks conceptually, but because it covers a region of libidinal space given over to the open-endedness of energy impulses, a region ablaze.

The above would apply to Schreber as well. In taking account of the *Memoirs of My Nervous Illness*, we see just how much vertigo is fixed, so to speak, on the name of Flechsig. It is necessary, Schreber thinks, that I become a woman so that God can impregnate me, and, by my giving birth to a new race of men, accomplish humanity's salvation through me. This sex change is miraculous: but for Schreber ail bodily modifications are miraculous and must be imputed to an uncommon power, in any case, to the remarkable decision of a power (in this regard Schreber's religion is entirely Roman, akin to that penetration of divine instances in the simplest, most commonplace events; it would be the secularization of the sacred or the sacralization of the secular.) Thus the mystery of defecation: it gives substance to dissimulation, which spreads to Flechsig (through God). If we can describe these perpetual ambivalences of the instinctual objectives, then the important thing nonetheless remains the indiscernability of contradictory terms, e.g., giver and retainer of shit, Flechsig protector and...

10. On President Schreber's Transsexual Delusion

Janine Chasseguet-Smirgel

I would like to begin by responding to a question concerning paranoia posed by Robert Knight' and cited by Stoller~ in his article, "Facts and Hypotheses: An Examination of the Freudian Concept of Bisexuality." To quote Robert Knight:

"Many analysts have long been aware that Freud's theory leaves something to be desired in the way of completeness. It begins with the fully developed homosexual wish, the first step of the formula, "I love him," and proceeds with the various ways in which this repressed wish is denied and projected. It does not explain why the paranoiac developed such an intense homosexual wish phantasy, nor why he must deny it so desperately. Other men also develop strong homosexual wishes which are repressed in other, non-psychotic ways or are acted out in overt homosexuality, perhaps even with a minimum of psychotic conflict. Why does the developing paranoiac react so frantically to the dimly perceived homosexual drive in himself? Is the homosexual wish so much more intense in him than it is in other men who successfully repress it without forsaking reality testing, or is it that the need to deny the homosexuality is so much greater? And if the latter is true, why is this need to deny so terrifically strong? Why is the thought of homosexual contact with another man so completely intolerable?)"

Rather than take up Stoller's explanation right away, which in the meantime seems to have the ample approval of Christian David, I would like to turn first to Schreber's *Memoirs*. There we find that in 1893, on the fringe of Schreber's second psychotic episode (the one that became the principal object of Freud's interpretation, a brilliant interpretation if ever there was one, even

if it is still open to criticism on certain points), in a state halfway between waking and sleeping, he has the idea that it would be "lovely" (in German: *recht schön*) "to be a woman succumbing to intercourse." To my knowledge, none of the commentators on the *Memoirs* or on Freud's interpretation of them have turned their attention to the singularity of this expression. He does not say that this would be amusing, pleasant, or voluptuous, but instead uses an epithet with a clear narcissistic connotation, putting his wish in the category of aesthetics. It is on the question of narcissism that I wish to concentrate here—a question central to Freudian theory of paranoia in general, and to Schreber's delusion in particular. But Freud, clouded by the "biological bedrock" of the "repudiation of femininity" common to both sexes, does not pursue it to its final consequences. He vigorously states that transformation into a woman, constituting Schreber's primary delusion, was experienced at first as a "persecution and a serious injury" and also that the "voices" heard by the patient never treated this transformation as anything but a "sexual disgrace." "He . . . looked upon his transformation into a woman as a disgrace with which he was threatened from a hostile source. But . . . (in November 1895) . . . he began to reconcile himself to the transformation and bring it into harmony with the higher purposes of God," writes Freud, citing Schreber's famous statement: "Since then, and with full consciousness of what I did, I have inscribed upon my banner the cultivation of femaleness."

Thus, after the persecutory phase of the illness, dominated by shame and insult inflicted by Schreber's narcissism, and after the attempts to transform him into a woman, to unman him "for purposes contrary to the Order of the World," as he puts it (which must be understood as "contrary to his ego"), there follows a religious phase in which the man Flechsig, the object of desire, is replaced by God, and Schreber, elected by Him and transformed into a woman, gives birth to a new race of men. He says himself, and Freud cited him, "I shall show later on that emasculation for quite another purpose—a purpose consonant with the order of things (read: in consonance with the Ego, ego-syntonic)—is within the bounds of possibility, and, indeed, that it may quite probably afford a solution to the conflict." We know that this statement represents an essential part of Freud's theory, served to him, so to speak, on a silver platter by Schreber himself. Still, Freud had to understand it, and according to him, this reconciliation with the fantasy of feminine desire amounts to a "kind of healing," by reason of the compensation that the ego gets from the delusion of grandeur. Certainly, the central position thus assigned to narcissism softens to some degree the criticism directed at Freud with regard to the overly "evolved" level of the conflict. Let us note, in passing, that though Freud based the paranoid delusion on sadomasochism he did not, in his study of the Schreber case, speak of fixation at the anal-sadistic stage in paranoia. On the contrary, Abraham, in his classification, did designate the anal destructive phase (expulsive phase) as this morbid entity's...

11. Schreber, Ladies and Gentlemen

Luiz Eduardo Prado de Oliveira

The problem of the relations between homosexuality and paranoia seems extremely complex. In an earlier work (1), I tried to clarify the circumstances under which Freud (with Ferenczi's emphatic support) insisted that paranoia corresponds to the repression of homosexuality (2). It would be prudent, nonetheless, to stress that, among all the founders of psychoanalysis, Freud and Ferenczi are the only ones who attach value to this relationship between paranoia and

homosexuality. None of the other early psychoanalysts approached the question in quite the same way — a way which has not been without consequence for subsequent elaboration of such a theory.

In dealing with paranoia, Abraham, Stärcke and Ophuijsen preferred to speak of anal eroticism. More recently, Macalpine, Hunter and Lacan question why the presence of homosexuality in paranoia necessarily entails a feminine transformation, as, for example, in the case of Schreber. After all, the question is not entirely clear-cut. There are many psychotic homosexuals or paranoiacs who are perfectly well-adjusted people — "normal," so to speak — who have never felt the slightest urge to be transformed into a woman. Conversely, there are numerous cases of individuals who do experience the desire to be transformed into a woman without being psychotic, and without, for all that, being worse off than anyone else.

However it is put, the problem of the relation between homosexuality and paranoia, of their connections, persists. Freud had stated emphatically that homosexuality was present in all forms of neurosis, and maintained this sort of articulation when it came to paranoia. He even evolved four purportedly logical formulas for our consideration. Following Abraham and Lagache's remarks on the subject, and using these formulas, I have tried to introduce others as well. In any case, we could easily produce other examples of homosexuality and paranoia which would be equally suggestive (3). On the basis of Freud's formulas, for example, it is quite possible to introduce a kind of homosexual erotomania or even — to court a psychoanalytic heresy — a feeling of heterosexual persecution. Lagache, in some astute clinical observations, has spoken of homosexual infidelity, without, however, drawing out the theoretical consequences that seemed to ensue (4). My purpose here, then, is to attempt to study some clinical cases which will shed light on the subject, and try to draw from them conclusions pertinent to our pursuit, namely, the question of the presence of homosexuality in paranoia and its modalities.

Ladies

In 1915, Freud was stung. Not by a fly or wasp, but by a woman, a young woman who, even if wasp-waisted, did not literally sting him. She stung him to the extent that her case seemed to contradict standard psychoanalytic theory. Let us try, then, to establish if this theory must accommodate itself to Freud's patients or if it is the other way around. Freud had been stung, and he felt challenged to bring the young woman's case into line with psychoanalytic theory. He would try anything to accomplish this, even, as Macalpine and Hunter have said, to become a veritable acrobat. But he did not have to go quite so far. It would have sufficed to have been aware of the potential forms of homosexuality within the feeling of persecution.

How, then, does this young woman's case unfold? A woman of thirty, with uncommon grace and beauty — and a "wasp-waist" — visits a young man in a room which used to be called a *garçonnière*, and they engage in sexual intimacies. The young woman, still inexperienced, tends to jump at the slightest sound. Thus, upon hearing a slight noise, she begins to question the young man. He is, somehow or other, able to convince her that it is nothing. The young woman then composes herself and leaves the room. She runs into two men on the staircase outside. They whisper something. One of them is carrying a package, a small box, perhaps a camera, the woman says. And it is at this point that the delirium is tripped, as one might trip the shutter of a camera. From this point on, the young woman will feel threatened by her lover; she will be jealous of him at work, suspecting all sorts of things, convinced that he is using the photos to blackmail her. She will wind up going to a lawyer, who sends her to Freud. All this will in turn trigger Freud's interpretive apparatus. The cliché is obvious: the young woman felt drawn to her supervisor at work — who was so much like her mother. Besides, and even before the affair with the young man, the young woman expected that he had an affair with this older woman. In

short, all this amounts to no more than a typical scene, entirely plausible in turn-of the-century Vienna.

We see, though, that the woman was delusional. Just imagine the conditions necessary to take a photo indoors, curtains drawn, without a flash. The camera aperture would have to admit such an enormous flash of light that the young woman, blinded by the flash, might have lost her virginity (along with that of the unexposed film). But this consideration did not at all impress her, nor did it calm her, nor even stifle her feelings of persecution. It will only be later, after having composed herself and left the room, that the delusion erupts. Why? Because she meets two men on a staircase. She meets these two men and — I stress — the whole delirious mechanism is set in motion. These two men trigger it with such intensity that the young woman remains quite blinded by it.

A question arises here as to the relation between this encounter (which will give rise to a deferred elaboration) and the event that was properly the occasion for the entire episode, one scarcely mentioned by the young woman — namely, a barely detectable sound behind the curtain of the room she had just left. I will return to this question after examining two other examples of feminine paranoia drawn upon by Freud, for whom cases of feminine paranoia are more frequent than masculine paranoia.

Twenty years prior to being stung, Freud made some other clinical observations. In collaboration with Josef Breuer, he subjected an intelligent woman of thirty-two to psychoanalytic therapy. Her case was comparable to chronic paranoia. Six months after the birth of her first child, the first signs of the disorder appeared. She became introverted and distrustful. Relations with her husband and family became repugnant to her. She also complained of the lack of regard and the rudeness shown her by her neighbors. She was quite certain that someone had something against her, that everyone was trying to harm her. Shortly after, the woman became aware that someone was watching her, reading her thoughts. One afternoon, she was struck by the idea that, at night, someone was watching her undress. One day, when she was alone with her maid, she sensed in her genital region that the maid had had an indecent thought. This sensation became increasingly frequent and she also began to imagine naked women with exposed genital regions and pubic hair. Occasionally, the woman imagined male genitals; she also heard voices discussing her movements and addressing her reproachfully. Under analysis, Freud claimed that the patient acted just like an hysteric (this remark will bear upon our next example). In the first therapy session, the analysis unveiled the fact that the onset of visual hallucinations referred back to an earlier attempt at treatment, conducted at a hydrotherapy clinic, where the woman saw other women nude and was able to mingle freely among them. When analyzed, the hallucinations appeared to stem from the reproduction of real images, which were repeated because they were of some interest to the woman.

We can see that Freud had at his disposal an entire range of elements to emphasize the presence — actually, a massive presence — of homosexuality in paranoia, but did not. Instead, he pushed the analysis further, up to the point of reducing the woman's current problems to her infantile play with her brother. What appears to indicate that such an analysis was well-founded is that, during its course, the woman no longer saw female organs with pubic hair, that is, adult female organs, but, rather, hairless female organs, children's genitals. Freud's analysis goes as follows: brother and sister played at "mommy and daddy." Having read a certain book prompted the woman to recognize her present sexual difficulties with her husband. The woman no longer wanted to play at "mommy and daddy." Incest, and what will later be called "the primal scene," are the two axes of Freud's analysis of the case. There is no question of homosexuality at this juncture, even if it seems flagrantly obvious.

But here's something surprising: If the onset of the disorder is owed in part to the absence of the brother so dear to the woman, it is due even more to what provoked that absence. The woman's husband and brother had argued. Two men then were once again, at the origin of a feminine paranoid crisis, though it would not be justified to insist upon their exclusive role here. While, in the preceding case, it was the two men who gave rise to the elaboration, after the fact, of what had until then been a heterosexual relationship, in the present case the argument between the two men is the occasion pointed out by the woman, on the basis of an event after the fact. In truth, it seems as though this argument only assumed importance several days later after a visit by one of the woman's sister-in-laws, who, in discussing her own difficulties with her brother, made the following remark: "In every family lots of little things happen that we gladly cover up. But when something like that happens to me, I take it lightly." And, she further insisted: "when something like that happens to me, I treat it with disdain." A few moments later, the woman convinced herself that the remarks were addressed directly to her; that she was being accused of taking things lightly, and that she should have made light of her past and present history with her brother, even to the point of joking about it. In effect, she believed that she was being accused of frivolousness, as was the case with Schreber as well. What do these paranoiacs have against frivolity? And what must have happened to this woman (aside from her sexual relations with her husband and infantile play with her brother) that these simple words affected her so? Not much, I expect. Let us note only that in this case the deferred effect follows a scene between two women, a scene which in turn refers one of them back to a scene between two men.

We now have two scenes, each with its couple of men: one on a staircase, the other in the middle-class home. Here is another scene which takes place in a shop. Freud presents it as a case of hysteria, but this should not bother us. We have already seen him treat the case of the one woman (characterized as chronic paranoia) as if it exhibited symptoms of hysteria. And in examining the following case we will find numerous symptoms of paranoia, even of phobia.

Emma cannot enter a shop by herself. She absolutely must be accompanied, even if only by a young child (Freud does not specify the child's sex). She traces this fear back to age twelve, when she went shopping and saw two salesmen burst out in mocking laughter. They teased her and joked about the way she was dressed. Freud's analysis of the case allows us to trace this fear back to a still earlier memory. At the age of eight Emma went to a store to buy some candy. While there, the grocer slid his hand through her dress and onto her genitals. She immediately fled the store, but returned once again. Unable to confront the grocer, she admitted defeat and left the store never to return again. Granted, this is practically a fairy-tale. But, all considered, we once again find two men here, laughing behind a counter, who are utilized in a deferred elaboration of an event that occurred several years earlier.

This observation dates from 1895. We have additional reasons to stress the presence of paranoiac elements in this case, which is presented as one of hysteria. The mocking laughs are obviously there, but, also, when Freud evaluates the subsequent effect of the events on Emma's psychic functioning, on their deferred elaboration, he evokes the period when they occurred — puberty. Now, a year later in letter No. 52 to Fliess, Freud attributed the constitution of the paranoid syndrome to this displacement of events in time.

Two men, then, cast their somber light on two so-called women paranoiacs, who, according to classical psychoanalytic theory, have repressed their homosexuality. Is this sufficient to draw some theoretical conclusion? Perhaps, but only on the condition that we refuse to generalize these conclusions and that it be possible for us to verify them in cases of masculine paranoia. This theoretical conclusion would take its place among other examples of paranoia Freud has discussed elsewhere (5), with what is subject to the following formula: *No, there is no*

homosexuality in me. It's in them, the homosexuals. And, by projection: They upset me, a heterosexual, with their homosexuality, to the point of madness. These pairs of men, on a staircase, at home, in a store, they remind me that there is homosexuality, and I don't want to know anything about it. They persecute me with their homosexuality.

And even, perhaps, to generalize what certain psychoanalysts might themselves say about homosexuality: *There is no homosexuality in or between psychoanalysts. It's in them, in the paranoiacs.* Didn't Freud himself feel disconcerted by the similarities between his own theory and Schreber's ?

The formula for this particular example would be: *Homosexuality can present itself in an inverted form in paranoia.* For example: *this isn't me, a man who desires another man. These are really women who desire one another.* And, by projecting the object-shadow within the Ego, by narcissistic identification: *It's me, a woman, who desires her, a woman.* Simple homosexuality cannot explain the need to be transformed into a woman, as Macalpine, Hunter, and Lacan have stressed. It is necessary that, following the projection of homosexuality, a narcissistic identification take place.

Other cases of paranoia might very well invalidate this mode of psychic functioning. In *Draft H* or in his *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, Freud introduces some cases even more difficult to clarify from this particular angle, though the possibility of doing so is not ruled out, it nonetheless remain that the fantasies subjacent to these three cases of feminine paranoia can apparently be reconstituted from a fantasy reported by Schreber: ". . . it really must be rather pleasant to be a woman succumbing to intercourse" (6). It is enough for us to consider that the event which triggers the deferred elaboration retains a relation of analogy to the event itself (*événement coup*). Meeting the two men on the staircase would have awakened in the young woman her fantasy in the garçonnière: "It would have been rather pleasant to have been a boy with the young man in this room." As for the second woman, she might have said to herself, while listening to her sister-in-law: "It really would have been rather pleasant to be a man with my husband. He would see who he was dealing with when he argued with my brother; as for her — my sister-in-law — I would show her what games with brothers are ail about." Emma might have said: "It really must be rather pleasant to be a boy with the grocer." Without taking any risks she could have helped herself to lots of candy. They could even have laugh together like the two clerks in the shop did.

Gentlemen

It is extremely curious that the great majority of writers who are interested in Schreber place a disproportionate stress on the relations between the father and the son. Perhaps Niederland's discoveries, their scandalous character, and the rather striking relationship between the father's books and the son 's *Memoirs* contributed to the situation (7). Most work on the Schreber case appears to proceed as if the fundamental question posed by Katan simply had not been understood What question does he ask ? He says that all the data on Schreber and his father may be true; that perhaps everything happened just the way Niederland reconstructed it; perhaps Schreber's childhood was exactly the way Niederland an many of his followers imagined it to be. But why do these memories reappear in the form of psychosis, of hallucinations, and not simply as childhood memories (8) ? After ail, if ail the suffering children in the world — and here it is not question of the degree of suffering — went mad, the psychiatrie hospitals would be hard-pressed to cope. The question of Schreber's father's own methods is quite evidently an historical one, of great interest to a certain kind of psychoanalysis (badly in need of psychiatry's dignity), but it is not, I think, a legitimate psychoanalytic issue, it is even more curious to see the question treated as a psychoanalytic issue by those very people who venture an appeal to the "Name of the Father," when, in the

theory in which this idea appears, the whole question is largely a function of the mother's utterance. Since in the present context, this question might lead us astray, I propose we defer it and follow out our examination of feminine paranoia, I would also propose that we limit ourselves to what concerns female figures in the Schreber case.

Freud's exercise around the word sun, in German, seems to us today somewhat untenable (this word itself, sun, is feminine in German). In the course of analyzing Schreber's *Memoirs*, Freud maintained that psychoanalysis need not concern itself too much with word gender. Now, while this is certainly true with regard to primary process, in the case of secondary process, e.g., as with writing, this claim is less admissible. We should recall that Schreber was not himself certain of the sun's nature. Might it simply be an organ of God ? Or, rather, would it be the very equivalent of God ? By the requirements of his own thesis, Freud was obliged to reduce the whole complex to the masculine: he wanted God the father. Now the problem is not just that Schreber's God is often rigged out with female attributes — for example, the famous cry "God is a whore!" Nor even that a masculine God is rigged up with a female organ (a father with a vagina ? one might ask). But, even more crucially, and to stick to this sort of grammatical analysis, the article which designates the plural in German is the very one which designates the feminine, *die*. Instead of writing, as in French, *les*, to designate both God and Sun, Schreber had to write God and Sun in the feminine, *la*. Even more incredibly, he had to use *die* for male genitals — which, at a stroke, and independently of their masculine character, could only be designated by an article which suggested the feminine. Strange language: Schreber would have had to create a basic language, one suited to calling a dog (*un chien*) a dog or a bitch (*une chienne*) a bitch.

However, this kind of grammatical acrobatics, just like genealogical acrobatics, has no real place in psychoanalysis. On the other hand, the phantasms which circulate within the family, and especially those preferentially retained by a particular family member, seem far more important. Some recent discoveries in Schreber's writings — particularly those of Han Israëls — as to the respective position of each of his family members may serve to help in the above regard (9). Not only did Pauline Schreber (Daniel Paul's mother) come from a family of higher social status than her husband, Dr. Moritz Schreber, but the same situation prevailed with her parents as well. Pauline Haase's (her maiden name) mother was from a far more distinguished and wealthy family than her husband, Moritz Schreber's father-in-law. Israëls notes the profound effect of this difference in status: "Thus in all the stories told by Pauline about wealth and distinction, of the life led by her parents, we can perhaps detect a silent reproach against her husband, who had not even attained the rank of professor" (10). This silence can turn into quite an uproar: for example, we learn, as Israëls tells us, that Mendelssohn frequented Pauline's parents' home; that she married just one year after he did, and that, in old age, she wrote letters complaining that his compositions were not played often enough. Or, again, that the only place in Leipzig from which you could see Goethe's student quarters was from Pauline's original home. There are many more examples. In psychoanalytic terms, we could say that the "ego-ideal" left by this woman to her children referred principally to her mother and herself, always leaving the man in either an idealized or devalorized position. Poor Dr. Moritz had a lot of trouble rivaling Goethe and Mendelssohn, as later Schreber could not rival Flehsig's portrait placed on the couple's night table. What could "bedroom gymnastics" do against that kind of music (11) ? So little, that a feminine ego-ideal became dominant. Pauline's presence was so weighty, and with it, that of her mother, of her family, and her efforts to idealize her husband, that practically none of her children were able to leave home for any extended period of time. Even when their chosen professions required that they move to another town, the streets they chose always reflected some aspect of the maternal residence. Hence Leipzigerstrasse in Chemnitz and

Moritzstrasse in Dresden (12). And when Schreber left the asylum in 1902, he went to live with his mother for almost two years.

These remarks would be of little interest if we did not find their echo in Schreber himself. They resound in some poems that Schreber dedicated to his mother, and which were recently discovered by Israëls. Regarding his mother's choice of a place to live:

"It was not chance that you took residence there: Usually only professors were renters. The Princes' House! How proud the name Laden with memories that echo in your soul!" (13)

Regarding what Schreber understood of his mother's childhood:

*"School was disdained; it was considered elegant
To retain a tutor instead.*

He praised, scolded when necessary,

He taught you, and long with you, your siblings.

Your head was burdened almost more than proper

With everything that belongs to education,

With world and natural history, foreign languages;

It is still noticeable now in your old age." (14)

Regarding what Schreber understood of his parents' marriage:

"Thus now and then a suitor also appeared

Ready to attach himself to you for life;

One rapturous one swore solemnly that

Only united with you could he find happiness.

Rejection was then distressing for the poor man,"

...

"For you it was not agreeable either;

Yet it doesn't do to take up the yoke of marriage

With an unloved person solely out of pity.

So on it went until the right one came;

When he, a young doctor, spoke of love,

When he took courage to propose,

There was, of course, no more lengthy pondering." (15)

In the first part, we can recognize what Israëls indicates: Schreber's father, being neither a prince nor a professor, does not deserve his mother. In the second, the mother appears as an ideal, entitled to ail the material cultural riches. In the third, we sense a certain slippage. Many men courted his mother, but when it came time to choose, she was no longer able to think twice. Was it because of her age, some deception or other due to Mendelssohn, or an entirely different, more banal, reason? We just do not know. We only know that, among all the statements in Schreber's *Memoirs*, the only one whose construction closely parallels one of the statements crucial to the onset of his madness — "... it really must be rather pleasant to be a woman succumbing to intercourse" — is one in which he speaks about birds: "...how nice it would be if

man could also fly like the birds." Towards the end of her life, when his mother gave two swans as a gift to her grandson, Schreber again wrote a poem to commemorate the event:

"And I don't think of transforming myself,

Much preferring to wander always as a swan." (16)

Provided we admit an equation between birds and little girls, or one between birds and women, Schreber is always left with a remembrance of the latter. But a remembrance of what ?

Fairbairn was the first to stress that the absence of female personalities from Schreber's delusions proved their omnipresence (17). This thesis corresponds to Abraham's, for whom the paranoiac must become the love object introjected by himself, and also for Klein, for whom, if things happen this way, it is because the paranoiac is unable to separate love from hate. The mother's sadistic desire for knowledge would result in short-circuiting the possibilities of establishing symbolic relations. What would have been denied within by hate, reappears on the surface in the form of love. The formula would be simple: *I am or I must become he or she towards whom my hate is lovingly carried.*

Schreber felt that he had to remain a memory, had to always remember. For his wife, as I have suggested elsewhere, on to whom everything was transferred, and to whom his book was dedicated, he had to become a woman. For it was she — with an entirely excusable curiosity — who insisted on seeing him dressed up in woman's clothing. She also insisted on exchanging female gossip with him.

But maybe I am wrong. Schreber was much more insistent on being a woman in his mother's presence. In fact, he tried to become his own mother, who had never accepted the woman he had chosen, from a social position inferior to his own, just as his mother had done with his father. Better to become a woman than to die, as Schreber would have said, in opposition to his brother Gustav (18).

To be a woman for another woman. The inversion of masculine homosexuality is comparable to the inversion of feminine homosexuality. Homosexuality is never found precisely where we expect to find it. In the banality of its everyday expressions, it is only found in its inverted forms. Men love women, women love men. Each believes that homosexuality is located in somebody else. But still, if bisexuality is the ground for human sexuality, homosexuality has to be worked through in the very core of heterosexual relations.

Notes

1. See Prado de Oliveira, "Trois études sur Schreber et la citation" in *Psychanalyse a l'Université*, v. 4, No. 14, Paris: Editions Replique, 1981).

2. It should be noted that, in this work, I never pretended these circumstances could in any way justify the clinical practices or methodology or either Freud or Ferenczi.

3. See Prado de Oliveira, "La libération des hommes," in *Cahiers Confrontation*, No. VI, Paris: Aubier-Montagne, 1981.

4. See Daniel Lagache, "Contribution a l'étude des idées d'infidélité homosexuelle dans la jalousie" et "Erotomanie et jalousie," in *Œuvres*, Paris: Payot, 1977.

5. Prado de Oliveira, "Trois études", op. cit.

6. Daniel Paul Schreber, *Memoirs of My Nervous Illness*, London: W. M. Dawson & Sons Ltd., 1955.

7. Here I refer specifically to a series of articles dating from 1951 through 1963 by William Niederland. The most important of these articles was probably "Schreber: Father and Son," *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, 28, 151-169.
8. See M. Katan, "Childhood Memories as Contents of Schizophrenic Hallucinations and Delusions," *Psychoanalytic Study of the Child*, Vol. 30, 1975: pp. 357-374.
9. Hans Israëls, *Schreber: vader und zohn*, dissertation, University of Amsterdam, 1980.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 44, n. 6.
11. "Bedroom Gymnastics" is a reference to the title of one of Moritz Schreber's most popular monographs. (trans. note).
12. Israëls, *op. cit.*, p. 180, n. 92.
13. *Psychosis and Sexual Identity: Toward a Post-Analytic View of the Schreber Case*, Albany: State University of New York Press, 1988), p. 240.
14. *Ibid.* , p. 238.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 241-242.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 222
17. See W. R. D. Fairbairn, "Considerations Arising Out of the Schreber Case," *British Journal of Medical Psychology*, Vol. 19, #2, 1956, pp. 113-127.
18. This is a reference to Gustav's suicide, which occurred in 1877. (trans. note).

12. *The Pathogenesis of Creation or the Liberation of Women*

Octave Mannoni

Dear Distinguished Professor: [Freud]

I take the liberty of writing to you upon the advice of my new friend, Dr. Gross,' who says you know him and who admires you greatly. He has sent me an issue of your *Jahrbuch* which he just received containing an article of yours which interested me very much as you will see shortly. I discussed with him at length the content of this article and surprised him very much with my knowledge of the material—ail the more as I did not tell him from where I learned of it. He is convinced that what I would tell you about it would be of great interest to you. He may be deluding himself, but ail this will become dear if you will read further.

I live incognito in Munich, more precisely in Schwabing. My name is Joachim Fuchs and when I write "my name," it is not a figure of speech, I decided on the name myself — in other words, it is a false name. In fact, I escaped like a prisoner from a University clinic in Leipzig where I was under treatment. Upon reading your article, it seems that you do not know Professor Flechsig — in any case, I could not get a recommendation from him considering the way I departed, on a particularly dark night, a feat that you would appreciate if you knew his clinic. I had asked the Professor to cure me of a very painful sciatica and he spared no pains: hydrotherapy, mecanotherapy, electrotherapy, chemotherapy, heliotherapy — my sciatica had become his personal enemy — and I could ascertain that if a sciatica prevents the patient from sleeping, it can prevent the neurologist from doing so also. I admired his zeal and devotion, I even started

to feel sorry for him. He told me, however, that upon trying everything in vain he could only recommend the cauterization of the sciatic nerve, a procedure that he had never done before but which he longed to try. When he insisted that we take advantage of this opportunity, something happened that no other Medical doctor—except you Dear Distinguished Professor — would believe: my leg stopped hurting immediately. Astonished, I assured him that I was cured and that my torments and his had come to an end, but he refused to admit it. I insisted, nonetheless, on being discharged at once and thinking that I pleased him, congratulated him for the brilliant success of this "morel treatment." Well, would you believe it, Dear Distinguished Professor !, instead of sharing my joy, he fell into a cold fury as if I had been gravely disrespectful to him. Since I tried to flee, he called his attendants and I found myself in what I believe was a small cell, though I cannot describe it because there was no light. I escaped via the roofs and gutters in the middle of the night, and if he could have seen the perilous acrobatics that I had to perform in total darkness, he would have had proof that I was actually completely cured. I reached Munich by freight train, since I did not have enough money on me to both buy a ticket and set up in Schwabing. The free, joyous and even slightly crazy life one leads there, with so many eccentric men and, especially, women, talented or totally unproductive artists, has only contributed to reinforce my cure. Otto assures me that this admirably confirms your concept of illness. As a matter of fact, he enjoyed my story of the escape, all the more as he himself escaped one night from another University clinic in Zurich, but he only had to scale one wall. He was being treated there for dementia praecox. You know him, he is as mentally sound as you and I, or at least as much as I, although you might think that this isn't saying much . . . He explained to me, however, since he is quite witty, that one cannot be a good judge of sanity in Schwabing: here, those who are not mad pretend that they are and there is nothing more comfortable for one and ail.

I have important things to tell you and I do not want you to get discouraged and stop reading. You must have already noticed that I have a certain difficulty in posing a question directly and simply. I have to make every effort since there is always so much to say and being clairvoyant I always see so well the usefulness and the uselessness, the importance and the insignificance of each detail. Being artistic, too damn lucid, I am so cramped by it that I produce very little and even, so to speak, nothing at ail. And if I have so much trouble writing a simple letter like this — which I promised Otto — it is because I see with almost painful precision all I should put into it and ail I should omit.

Perhaps you think that Joachim Fuchs is my *nom de plume*? Yes, of course it is. Whatever I publish or exhibit will appear under that name. But now, I only use it to hide myself. You may tell me that it is unlikely that Professor Flechsig would be looking for me, but you would be mistaken. Certainly, he will not do it directly. Still, it is upon the advice of an uncle of mine that I went to consult him, since in my family the Professor is considered a genius, the God of neurology. Everyone admires him even if they have only seen him in a photograph. Yet he is not handsome, with an eye deformed from constantly peering into a micro...

Part III The New Schreber Texts

Introduction to the New Schreber Texts

Han Israels

The most important chapter of Schreber's *Memoirs of My Nervous Illness*, dealing with "miraculous events" in his own family, was never printed with the original text because it was considered "unfit for publication," and has subsequently been lost. (See Fig. 5) In 1976, when writing a paper on Schreber, I decided to visit Leipzig in an attempt to recover this lost chapter. I did not, of course, find it, but I did come upon something else of great importance. What I found were descendants of the Schreber family, living in and around Leipzig, who gave me completely unknown texts by Schreber — texts which are printed here for the first time in English. What follows is a brief account of this significant discovery.

As is commonly known, Schreber's father wrote a number of books on medicine, orthopedics, gymnastics, and education. "Victory Gardens" in Germany were and still are called Schreber gardens in his memory. Occasionally articles are written about these gardens, which explain why they are called Schreber gardens and just who Dr. Schreber was. In one of these articles, written in 1960 and published in East Germany, the author expressed in a footnote his gratitude to a descendant of Dr. Schreber who gave him access to the family papers. When I was in Leipzig in 1976, I visited the author of that article, I asked him if this descendant was still alive, and, if so, whether he had her address. He was unable to answer these questions, as nearly twenty years had passed since he last spoke to her, and even then she had been quite elderly. He was, however, able to tell me that she had been a teacher at the Leipzig conservatory. Upon visiting the conservatory, I learned that the woman had died nearly ten years ago, but that they still had her last address. I visited the apartment, and the people who were currently occupying it gave me the name of someone who had something to do with the woman's estate when she died. This in turn led me to a woman who proved to be Dr. Schreber's great-great granddaughter, and who was able to direct me to older living members of the family. These people provided me with a number of Schreber's writings (some poems for family occasions, and a speech for a Christening) which formed part of the basis for my doctoral thesis.

Not all of the new Schreber texts, however, came from these East German descendants of Moritz Schreber. One text was published in a journal about Schreber gardens in 1907. The poem dated 1907 comes from a psychiatrist's estate, who originally acquired it from Schreber's adopted daughter. And I came upon Schreber's last writings while checking through his psychiatrie file at the mental hospital at Leipzig-Dosen.

The basic historical context of these writings cannot, of course, be presented here, since that would require an extensive biographical account of Schreber's childhood and family life in general, I will, however, try to supplement the texts themselves by adding a few edifying notes — mostly ones containing details regarding names and dates. The information for these notes is derived largely from three extremely accurate family trees drawn up by G. Friedrich, a grandson of Schreber's sister Anna. The three genealogies consist of: (1) The Schreber family itself. (2) The Haase and Wenck families (Schreber's mother was bom Haase, and her mother, Wenck). (3) The Jung family (Schreber's sister Anna married Carl Jung).

A. Poem for the Silver Wedding Anniversary of His Sister Anna (1889)

The first text is a poem that Schreber wrote in 1889 to commemorate the silver wedding anniversary of his sister Anna. This is not the earliest of Schreber's writings, for we have a ruling written by him in 1864 about the different kinds of membership of a student society, which is quoted in a text about that society. (This is also discussed in my thesis). There were also several letters about him, written in 1864 and 1865, and found in a personnel file which the Saxony ministry of justice opened on Schreber, and which were discovered by Devreese.

Schreber writes in his *Memoirs*: "I was by no means what one would call a poet, although I have occasionally attempted a few verses on family occasions." The present poem, to the best of my knowledge, is the only one written prior to the *Memoirs*, that is, before 1903. The title of the poem refers to the date on which his eldest sister Anna and her husband, Carl Jung, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary (see Fig. 6).

The New Texts

- A. [Poem for the Silver Wedding Anniversary of His Sister Anna] (1889)
- B. [Poem About Swans Which His Mother Gave as a Gift to His Nephew Fritz Jung] (undated)
- C. [Christening Speech for a Granddaughter of His Sister Anna] (1904)
- D. [Poem for His Mother 's Ninetieth Birthday] (1905)
- E. [Poem for the Fiftieth Birthday of His Wife] (1907)
- F. [Declaration About Schreber Societies] (1907)
- G. [Texts Written in the Leipzig-Dosen Mental Hospital (1907-1910)]

ILLUSTRATIONS

BIBLIOGRAPHY

INDEX