

PSYCHOANALYSTS IN TIMES OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE... WHAT FOR?

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And for what poets in times of scarcity?
But they are, you say, like the sacred priests of the god of wine,
who went from country to country on Holy Night.

The Argument of this Colloquium mentions, in its title, the "malaise in our time" and, in its development, the "current malaise". The malaise is always current; We start from that agreement. What we may have different views on is defining what the malaise is in our time.

The current malaise has evolved, the argument goes. See. In 1894 de la Cárcova, a notable Argentine painter, innovated by presenting *Sin pan y sin trabajo*, a canvas in which the prevailing poverty in the country is denounced, depicted by a couple whose table is empty and showing behind a window the workers' protest, which at that time were led by anarchism. In 1960 Carlos Alonso painted a series of paintings in evocation and homage to de la Cárcova, one of them entitled *Sin pan y con trabajo*. Social conditions had changed, the new economic policies had led to the fact that having a job did not guarantee bread on the table. The artist interprets the malaise of the time by changing just one word. He did a poetic task.

And in our time? How to define the malaise of our time? And what is the shortage? The plot tells us about an evolution, and our starting point to begin to situate the penury nests in the times of Hölderlin, which is why our title evokes it.

When living in the night of the flight of the gods, the poet prefers to sleep, since he does not know what to sing. What could the poet's poet, Hölderlin, sing if there are no more rays of the gods to capture? The memory of an occurrence appears: when the people are disoriented, the philosopher does not know what

to think. So Hölderlin, in his elegy Bread and Wine, before the retreat of the gods, asks himself: and for what poets in times of scarcity?

The phrase traveled the meridian of the times thanks to the pen of Heidegger who, however, made Hölderlin say exactly the opposite of what the poet had denounced. He cannot be accused of this, since, when we quote, we try to make the quotation say something different from what has already been stated. But, we know: a serious politics of quotation requires a serious ethical position, that of presenting at least the two versions: the quotation as such, contextualized, and the reading by which I force it to say the opposite. It is even more necessary when the quotation is removed from context, when it is fragmented. Heidegger does not honor this policy, but even if the poet wrote something else and, although the same thing is not the same, Heidegger affirms that Hölderlin says the same thing that he thinks. Of course, the dead cannot defend themselves, we know that. You cannot claim how the quote was misrepresented. That is not done by the dead, but by the living. That is what Lacan did with the distortions of Freud's texts. It often happens, when we read, that we are compelled to resort to the original in order to understand a quotation. For that, of course, you have to read. How do you read today? Is it read, today?

Heidegger says that the poet must sing following the footprint left by the gods. Hölderlin laments that there are no longer traces of the Old Gods. Hölderlin says that not all things can be done by the celestials, that man must turn towards his earth, and that he is never more serene than when the God has been absent – the death of Christ. Heidegger reads that, since the celestials cannot do everything, man must prepare the dwelling for the return of the gods – the Greeks. There is no neutrality in reading, we run into that all the time. Our practice warns us of this. It is one of the names of castration, of the real of language.

Heidegger, however, is luminous in pointing out that in times of scarcity the world has become so poor that it cannot even feel the god's lack as a fault. Lacan would delight in reading in Heidegger that the lack is missing. But that is not what the philosopher said. He said that the absence of the gods plunges men into an abyss, the abyss being that which has no foundation, and therein lies the penury: not having soil on which to found. Scarcity numbs the sensibility: that is why the

lack is not felt as a lack. Scarcity sucks sensitivity, invites us to sleep, silences the poet.

The scarcity of our time results from the absence of reading. That is our proposal. The abysmal absence of reading connotes the scarcity of our time.

There are few who read, today.

A patient, in interviews, confesses to having passed a written exam that was not written by his pen or keyboard, but by the work of artificial intelligence. But that confession did not lead him to wonder what was happening to his own intelligence, to face a ghost of impotence, or imposture. Instead, the confession prompted him to abandon his studies, to take courses on artificial intelligence. The effect of a rejection of reading, and, why not, of a numb sensitivity. Isn't the sensibility of our time also dormant?

We need poets. We need readers.

Artificial intelligence is located, as we understand it, in the same place as scarcity, due to the lack of reading. Hence our title. If hardship was for the poet a sign of the retirement of the gods, what retirement would this new era marked by artificial intelligence be a sign of? A sign of the withdrawal of natural intelligence, if such a thing exists? And if so, as far as our practice is concerned, what would we be concerned with?

Does the analyst have to be intelligent? I say the analyst. I am not saying analysts or an analyst, but the analyst, understood as the one who occupies the place of variable in a function. But, among us, what does intelligence mean?

The intelligence of the analyst lies only in his act, which is that of reading, reading in listening. Our reading is an interstitial reading, we read in the interstices, we read between the lines, we read between, we read between. That is the most precise interpretation of *inter legere*, to read between. That is our reading dimension. That between navigates between the unconscious and the preconscious, between intention and extension, between affirmation and negation, between one text and another. And through this way of reading, as a result, what Lacan called language is configured, a language that is neither the one of origin nor the one of arrival, neither that of the analysand nor that of the

analyst, it is a unique newspeak for each transference, for each analysis. It is a language between.

Language is a term in our vocabulary, but it is not part of any dictionary. It could not be a dictionary term because it does not admit definition or translation. It is one of the new untranslatables of culture.

Artificial intelligence, at least so far, collects data as signs. It dismisses misunderstandings, treats them as noise, as interference to understanding. Will the time come when artificial intelligence produces true poetry? Poetry, not puns or beautiful words harmoniously assembled. We don't think so. Artificial intelligence works with languages, it does not practice language, it does not have a body.

We analysts are not taking risks, for now: our task is not in danger since our profession, which reinvents itself on a case-by-case basis, does not operate by accumulating data or by decision algorithms. In the sense we understand it, artificial intelligence does not read. At most, it processes and compares readings made. He reads lines of consensus, he does not read between the lines. It can locate what has not yet been said, but it does not make it a foundational fault, but looks for the missing data to fill it in.

Can we therefore rest assured? No! Because the brutal fall in the shareholder value of the practice of reading has a brutal impact on the time in which we live and on the analysands who came into the world under the empire of this new scarcity.

Analysts have a responsibility in relation to this abyss. It is up to us to transmit a way of reading, it is up to us to found reading effects. To teach reading, Lacan said, to teach the subject the unconscious to read. But not to read in any way, but to read poetically. What is meant by this, perhaps to speak in verse, to turn analytic intervention into poetizing?

No. Poetry itself is what reads. Poetry is already a reading and a thought to be deciphered. What the poet delivers in a poem is not only a writing, it is a way of intervening in language. The poem is already an interpretation. It is a

question of reading the unconscious word, which is also an intervention in language, as one reads poetry.

Perhaps we should, as the poem suggests, do as those priests of the god of wine, the poets, do: carry the lost trail of reading, from land to land, through the brutal night of our era.