

Malaise, castration, otherness/ and Pascal's wager

In view of the short time available, I'll get straight to the point .

The wager concerns the existence or non-existence of God.

Transposed as similar to the existence of the "I", the stake, as the possible "in-I" of enunciation. Who is speaking? Who is being spoken to?

In this sense, every cure is also a wager, an act, which involves the subject having had to choose, to determine.

From his personal experience, crossed by a mystical crisis, night of fire (November 23/24, 1654), where he experienced the mystery of faith as a revealed truth, Pascal did not renounce his scientific trajectory but he drew from it the necessity of distinguishing faith from knowledge, a knowledge as "a knowledge in the Real", indemonstrable as such.

I refer to the resonance of the most famous quote, "the heart has its reasons that reason knows nothing of." There is inexplicable, unexplained love, of a radical otherness, even with regard to the one who is its cause. In this sense, I refer to the transference and to the analyst carrying the semblance of the object, little a, and to the aphorism, "in you, more than you, I love the object a...", cause of my desire, I love you, I mutilate you." This raises the question of the transferable object, of a love beyond the object.

The efficiency of the cause as a lost cause, making object a the lost object, lost for never having existed. Pascal, though a rigorous mathematician, observes a distinction between the object of faith (revealed truth) and rational knowledge. What is revealed is not known knowledge.

The gamble in the cure lies at the point of knowledge's failure. It implies the compulsion to repeat, the act. Believing implies obeying religious commandments, but this is nothing compared to the promise of gaining "an infinity of infinitely happy lives."

By contrasting the truth of reason with that of the heart, by rewriting "reson" as resonance, Pascal distinguishes between the field of truth and that of knowledge while posing the question of guarantee. This resonates with the constitutive paradox of a link within the institutional field for the transmission of psychoanalysis and the difference between an address and a school. To the God of reason promoted by Descartes, he contrasts the God of Isaac, Abraham, and Jacob, the God of the Old Testament, the God of believers. Pascal's reference is that of a god who authorizes life at the price of a surrender of enjoyment. The wager lies at a point where knowledge fails. By emphasizing the renunciation of enjoyment and its recovery, this allows us to uncover the function of the object of surplus enjoyment.

The bet in the wager is equivalent to the object a as the operator of the inconsistency of the Other on the one hand and on the other hand, that which responds to this inconsistency. This is what stands in place of the limit of language. A way of plugging the hole of language, an effort to support the existence of the Other. What does not enter into the calculation is the act.

What escapes is the very point where the subject is situated as the subject of enunciation. In enunciation, the subject engages his jouissance, and this is irre and this is irreducible to the signifier. It is from his very erasure that the subject reappears: Rimbaud's verses: "Your head turns, your head turns away, a new love, Arriving from everywhere that will go

nowhere." The poem "A une raison" makes this heard. Whatever the discourse, the a-structure, the object as a-object leads the dance.

I'll leave the floor to my colleagues who will present their works in this regard, testifying in their practice to the necessity of not knowing as a condition for the very fact that the

"analytic act" can take place, a symbolic castration that puts an end to any eroticization of thought, that is, castration.

Castration takes its place as lack, the failure to be there, the flaw, that which eludes, precisely as not entering into the calculation, as constituting the point of necessity where the subject becomes the subject of enunciation with a constant gap between the ONE and the a. In the Real, space and time are not separable, nor are subject/object.

## cartels constituant de l'analyse freudienne /ccaf/ Fabienne Bert

If Marcel Proust shows us in "Un amour de Swan" that the malaise in culture is based on what Pascal called "amour propre", what role can psychoanalysis still play in the city?

Marcel Proust deploys the triptych "Love, Hatred and Ignorance", which circulates among the characters in this novel, and from which the hero suffers to the point of feeling suffocated, unbreathable. Swan may be hated by his peers, but he'll give up simple happiness in his relationship with a seamstress for a chimera in which he imagines he'll find the grail in a cocotte. In spite of himself, the man creates his own hell, a kind of timeless ad nauseum "Negro Island" (in reference to Agatha Christie's book "The Ten"). The pursuit of the phallus condemns both men and women to ignorance and hatred. Psychoanalysis would be a possible path for everyone to take, to free ourselves from an imaginary that hinders "loving and working", and to breathe existentially. How, then, are we to understand the current hatred of psychoanalysis?

Throughout his work, Freud evokes regressions and fixations as ways of avoiding this issue. If man, as Pascal puts it, "is nothing but disguise, lies and hypocrisy, both in himself and towards others. He doesn't want to be told the truth. He avoids telling it to others. And all these dispositions, so far removed from justice and reason, have a natural root in his heart." Pascal, *Pensées*, no. 978 Lafuma, no. 100 Brunschvicg. psychoanalysis is to be understood as a Pascalian wager, in which we are allowed to hope from a lack of knowledge, to desire a path, to set off on an adventure, whereas consumer society, in the work of Sysiphe, would reduce the human being to the condition of a quick-fix consumer. It's also, if we take the philosopher's word for it, entering a game where you're bound to win, and where the player has "nothing to lose". In the course of an analysis, for example, it's not uncommon to notice an analysand abandoning an addiction to a pharmakon he'd never mentioned before. However, while in neurosis it's a question of letting go, in psychosis, on the contrary, an object can appear, a sign of dependence, which introduces an elsewhere to the incestual magma in which a subject is caught (a psychotic analysand thus develops a passion for an energy drink).

"We must endure to desire", as Lacan put it, and this is the path of all analytic work, which invites us to let go of the infantile and take a step aside with regard to the symptom. This presupposes an unknown, as Pascal suggests.

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Pascal's wager, a clinical illustration ( Lesbats-Aimedieu M.,14.04.2025)

"Pascal's Wager" questions the existence of God, taken up by J.Lacan on the question of the existence of the I of the analysand's enunciation. \*B.P. "every gambler risks with certainty to win with uncertainty". Will be illustrated by the individual account of a man attesting that he gives credence to a possible unconscious writing.

This Algerian man, close to retirement, comes in for a major depression linked to his suffering at work (accompanied by physical pain). His superiors are once again asking him to carry out "low-level tasks", as he did at the start of his career, disregarding his seniority. For him, these events lead to a subjective destitution that makes his bearings waver.

This man, from a modest background, is a great reader, cultured, speaks with a certain finesse and captures my attention. As he speaks, he is able to free himself from his role as elder, and no longer perceive his weaknesses as **a shame**.

"In prayer, I chase away my malaise, ...I've always found excuses for people...religion prevents me from hurting people, these ideas that go through my head; ...these ideas of hatred (of his hierarchy), it's not possible, ...like getting even with them...**Islam has never said to go out and kill people**. Attacks have nothing to do with my religion: attacks are what eat away at other people's brains"

At the end of this brief treatment, a strong transference moment accelerated his improvement, and he found himself "in a settling of scores with villagers (words probably heard as a child) **hushed up** in the family, **the unthinkable, closed in**, an emergence of **the Real**.

As in Le trauma colonial by \*\*K. L. "The men of the village (of the family) will go in search of **the scattered remains of the corpse** (of a relative), ...**of head-cutting**, ... to give them back a semblance of unity." . \*\*K.L. "p63 the particular quality of a crime which postulates that everything is licit, which is undertaken against the human and destitutes him of his quality of man...This impossible to repress resurfaces tirelessly, subjectivities continuing to struggle in the blanks of memory and words..."

This recollection enables this man to access a transmission of ancestral culture, articulated in master signifiers (RURALITY, the SURNAME of an ancestor/travel and, finally, he reunites with his paternal uncle, the only elder, one of the village's wise men).

J.L."**The Wager is situated at the exact point where the Real and the Symbolic fail**".

(1st to 4th session of Jacques Lacan's seminar "D'un Autre à l'autre")

\*235/241 "Pensées de la nécessité du pari", by Blaise Pascal

\*\*Colonial trauma by Karima Lazali