

Fragment 2

The grip

Anxiety grips you - a small, light hand on the forearm; violent, ending in blood. You can try to make it more and more civilised, but it's always there, lurking; it pops up when you least expect it and smashes everything to smithereens. Isn't this why psychoanalysts, after Freud, set out to find a more fundamental anxiety than that of castration, which presupposes an already very elaborate scenario? Encouraged by Rank and his birth trauma, which forced Freud to start again from scratch, they invented *aphanisis*, fragmentation, collapse, dismantling, uprooting, a whole series of terror scenarios supposed to be more primitive, commensurate with a limitless anxiety.

Thus, the so-called castration anxiety should be easy enough to deal with: mum and dad, poo-poo, wee-wee, me and me and me. But the other, the one that rumbles and threatens, can it really be silenced with nonsense that's already fairly hackneyed? To the traumatised people (PTSD - TSPT in French) of whom Freud and his students made more of an issue than we did, you should explain then the law of the father and tell us the result... At this point, we have to decide: with Lacan, do we endorse this distinction between anxieties and our dismay in front of the manifestations of a primitive one that we don't really know how to handle? Wouldn't we then be led to reserve special categories for its manifestations: false self, borderline state, etc.? Yet doesn't the anxiety that seems the most primitive always appear in a given signifying context? Isn't this "real anxiety" the way in which the reality of castration really manifests itself for a subject, in a way that he was unwilling and unable to imagine because he was so horrified by it.

It is not necessary to touch on this, except for a psychoanalyst if he wants to welcome a demand for truth that has exhausted its semblants and is not prepared to recycle them at any price. There is an anxiety that has no name and that Lacan called by a letter, the first letter: a. The one of the impossibility of making oneself heard other than through pain and discomfort. So we might as well run the risk - for there is a risk here too - of trying to fool the horror with the more or less graceful veil of fantasy, until it slips away once more. If fantasies are indeed shared, the way in which they fail is contingent, specific to each individual. In this case, it's worth going to see what's going on and perhaps taking a step to the side to get away from the symptom and calm it down. How do we make the traces of the moment, when everything slips away, speak for themselves? How do we interpret castration?

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