

Proceedings of the 2nd International Conference by causAbock for Psychoanalysis: *Invention: A Singular Path*

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Coordinated by Yoany Rendón



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Proceedings of the 2nd International Conference by causAbock on Psychoanalysis:

Invention: A Singular Path

It was three fascinating days at our second international conference, entitled “Invention: A Singular Path”.

This year’s conference had a special character. In addition to the attendance of those who have supported causAbock and its commitment to psychoanalysis over the past years, we also had the official launch of the publishing house Artemisa Verlag, an initiative of causAbock.

On the first day, the group travelled to the city of Zurich as part of the cultural and academic activities.

On 22 and 23 May, we got down to work.

Invention, as the principal signifier of the conference, was given prominence, quoting the words of the psychoanalyst Jacques-Alain Miller, who says that: “the term invention is naturally opposed to that of creation”.

From this perspective, Miller continues, “creation places the emphasis on invention ex nihilo, from nothing”. Similarly, the psychoanalyst states that, “invention is more easily contrasted with discovery. One discovers what is already there; one invents what is not. It is in this sense that invention is related to creation. But the emphasis of the term ‘invention’ in this case is on creation from existing materials”.

From this perspective, and emphasising the distinction between invention and creation, the psychoanalyst Héctor Gallo opened this year’s conference with his lecture entitled “Invention in Psychosis”. He referred to the clinical structure in which invention and creation can each function as a form of substitution. His lecture was a beautiful counterpoint between Gérard de Nerval and James Joyce. From the outset, it was recognised that creation ex nihilo also formed part of the theme of our conference.

For the presentation by Artemisa Verlag, we were honoured to have the participation of the psychoanalyst and scientific director of the publishing house, José María Álvarez, who presented his book *Prinzipien einer Psychotherapie der Psychose*, already published in five languages.

The psychoanalyst Héctor Gallo also presented his book *Suizid, psychische Gesundheit und der Wunsch zu leben. Eine mögliche psychoanalytische Klinik*. Both books were originally

published in Spanish by Xoroi Edicions in Spain. The German editions of both works, published by Artemisa Verlag, are an initiative of La Otra psiquiatría in collaboration with causAbock.

Our thanks go to Xoroi and, in particular, to its editor Henry Odell, for joining us at the presentation of Artemisa Verlag and for paving the way for us as a publisher through the support they have provided.

Our thanks to the attendees and the presenters, who shared their experience of psychoanalysis and how they have managed to cultivate a better relationship with life and the desire within them. They recounted their encounter with psychoanalysis and, in particular, with their analyst, Yoany Rendón. To her, we extend our heartfelt thanks for her support, participation, and for being part of this adventure.

The writings that make up these proceedings are entirely authored by the presenters themselves. The presentation and corresponding written contribution by the psychoanalyst Héctor Gallo were delivered in the form of a keynote lecture. The other authors have given testimony of their analytic experience and of what has gradually been consolidated as their inventions. Not all of the presenters have left written accounts of their presentations.

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Psychosis and Invention: Between James Joyce and Gérard de Nerval. Héctor Gallo.

Introduction

In Freud's invention of the psychoanalytic clinic, Freud declares himself a scientist out of necessity and not by vocation, since he actually considers himself more of an artist, a man of letters, than a scientist, it has been established that while the psychotic writes, the "neurotic subject speaks"¹. While writing bears witness to the unconscious in the open, speech bears witness to the unconscious insofar as it is concealed, that is, repressed. There is a close relationship between neurosis and speech, and between madness, creation, and writing; between madness and politics; between madness and logic; between madness and science; and between madness and religion. What most animates creation are not the moments in which happiness is experienced, but rather states of torment, as demonstrated, for example, by mad and suicidal poets.

There are quite a few writings produced by mad poets during their internment and discoveries made by mad scientists, nowadays replaced by research teams. Here we will essentially concern ourselves with the relationship between writing, creation, and madness, since poets have left us extensive testimonies of the close relationship between the unconscious and the practice of the letter.

The aim of this text is to show, taking as paradigms great poets such as Gérard de Nerval and James Joyce, why there is such a close relationship between madness, genius, creation, and invention. We follow Freud here, who proposes "translating into scientific theories the inspiration offered by modern literature"². Writers and artists have understood the spirit of psychoanalysis much better than those who pride themselves on being scientists in the name of the neurosciences and medicine, disciplines that impose a neurobiological model on the treatment of the sufferings of the soul, as the mad poets who have been diagnosed, medicated, and confined denounce with pain and helplessness, until they are turned into chronic patients and thereby deprived of the title they proudly bear because it dignifies them: men of letters.

There is a close connection between madness, genius, and creation, as demonstrated by the existence of poets, painters, and creators in general who have been considered psychotic. We have, for example, poets such as the Frenchman Gérard de Nerval and the great Irishman James Joyce, Hölderlin, Mallarmé, painters such as VanGogh, pedagogues such

¹ Eric Laurent, *El sujeto psicótico escribe...* en: François Ansermet y otros, *Las psicosis en el texto*, Buenos Aires, Manantial, 19990, p. 102

² Ibid., p. 6

as Rousseau, intellectuals of Althusser's stature, and psychiatrists such as Otto Gross, "[...] the first psychotic to be analyzed in history"³ during his internment at Jung's clinic in Switzerland, to name only a few illustrious beings who have testified to the intimacy between madness and creative genius. "The psychotic subject writes, and he did not wait for psychoanalysis to fascinate with his writings, to collectivize with his certainties, to astonish with his passages to the act"⁴. Among these are suicide and homicide.

Althusser, for example, suffered the rigors of excessive medication and the shocks of electroconvulsive therapy from 1947, when he experienced his first crisis, until the last one in 1980, when he strangled his wife. His writing was fluid and, like the poet, through his writing he desperately sought to become flesh and blood, to give himself existence insofar as he might occupy a place for an Other.

Although writing did not allow Althusser to escape madness, nor the drama of psychiatric internment, until he died of cardiac arrest in a geriatric center in Paris, it did allow him to occupy a prominent place among the intellectuals of his time and to become one of the most important academic figures of the French Communist Party. "Althusser confesses to us that he spent his entire life trying to combat his non-existence through imposture"⁵.

This text is a contribution to what it means to give the mad poet the status of subject, which implies not treating him in terms of deficit, but as a valid interlocutor. This does not mean, however, entering into a dialectical relationship with him, since psychosis is not dialectical, but is defined by certainty. In any case, dialectics is "in no case a key for entering into the functioning of the psychotic subject"⁶.

The key to listening to psychosis and making the wager of producing a subject undertransference lies in being sufficiently trained to enter into a reading that allows one to define the place of *jouissance*, for example, in the delusion, since *jouissance* is that which invades the subject and introduces a presence and an absence in the relationship with the Other. Separation from the symbolic Other, but also invasion by the real Other who enjoys the subject in his delusion to the point of martyrdom.

We shall show why it is possible to be mad and at the same time be a creator, and in what sense the mortification proper to madness also animates the force of imagination staged in theater, dance, sculpture, painting, and poetry. Thus, "[...] beyond its aesthetic value, creation has an equilibrating function for the madman"⁷. Equilibrating means that it

³ Ibid., p. 102

⁴ Ibid., p. 101

⁵ Carlos Rey, *Otras Lecturas, Literatura y clínica*, Colección La Otra internacional, Xoroi ediciones, 2023, P. 49

⁶ Eric Laurent, *El sujeto psicótico escribe... en: François Ansermet y otros, Las psicosis en el texto*, óp., cit, p. 105

⁷ Carlos Rey, *Otras Lecturas, Literatura y clínica*, óp., cit., p. 466

operates as a *phármakon*. Following this orientation, instead of our clinical interventions being oriented toward pretending that creative effort drives one mad, we rather encourage it because it is the most powerful way of processing the inner chaos.

Madness and Poetry

It is said that in Gérard de Nerval there was an intimate relationship between his poetic creation and the melancholy that permanently took hold of his being and left him visibly collapsed beneath the pain of existence. He suffered it as a permanent state of sorrow, and poems such as *El Desdichado*, to which we shall refer later, bear witness to his lack of consolation.

Joyce, for his part, although he fell into sadness with some regularity, did not suffer so much from sorrow as from the words that imposed themselves upon him and dominated him, since he “was above all someone fascinated by sounds and enchanted by the sonorous dimension of words”⁸. Enchanted means fascinated, not by the meaning, but by the sound of each word. Writing for publication gave him joy and comforted him, above all when what he had written came to light, although in his blood there was always a feverish agitation and in his countenance a vague melancholy, the same melancholy that in Gérard de Nerval covered his entire being.

Despite everything, both poets write with enormous vigor, although each one’s letter produces different effects in the reader. Joyce does not cause great emotions in his readers, but this does not mean that he fails to fascinate them; Gérard de Nerval, by contrast, moves them. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, in which a fellow student named Simon Moonan, considered the prefect’s *chupito* used to tie his false sleeves, and he “pretended to get angry”⁹. The poet’s emphasis when writing about Stephen Dedalus’s memory has the particularity of not falling on the meaning of the expression *chup*, but on the sound, since he says that it was ugly.

Once Moonan had “washed his hands in the washbasin of the Wicklow Hotel, and his father pulled the chain afterward to remove the stopper, and the dirty water fell through the hole in the basin. And when all the water had slowly disappeared, the hole in the basin made a noise like this: *chup*. Only louder. And remembering this and the white appearance of the basin, he felt cold and then hot. There were two taps, and when they were opened the water ran: cold and hot”¹⁰.

⁸ José María Álvarez, *Estudios sobre las psicosis*, Nueva reedición reescrita y ampliada, Colección La Otra psiquiatría, Prologo de Fernando Colina, Valladolid, Xoroi, Ediciones, 2020, p. 354

⁹ James Joyce, *Retrato del artista adolescente*, México, editorial Porrúa, 2001, p. 6

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 6

Notice that Joyce's emphasis, contrary to what happens in Gérard de Nerval, does not fall, when poetically describing Stephen's memory, on an image that might be, for example, painful or joyful, but on the sound—chup. In another memory of the youngman, Joyce places the emphasis on the sound of the train—hearing it fall silent and sound again—hearing the little gas song or the sound of the water when it has been sucked away down the washbasin, hearing the laughter, the joyless laugh, the cry of the guttural voice, “the pedantic bass voice of the rector”¹¹ at the school, the murmurs or the faint rhythm of the music and the burst “of a noise like a tiny artillery”¹².

Joyce also emphasizes the sensation of cold and heat produced by the sound of the dirty water running from the tap until it exits through the hole in the washbasin. He also evokes the sensations produced by things—heat, cold, moisture—and thinks of smells and colors: “And it was beautiful too to think of those cream roses and pink roses. Perhaps a wild rose might have those colors, and he remembered the song about the wild rose flowers in the little green field”¹³.

For Nerval, melancholy sadness, and for Joyce, the enchanting torment of the sound of words, was also what gave them life, insofar as it made existence bearable. For Nerval, poetic creation, despite the return from time to time of his sad madness, the misfortune and desolation that did not abandon him until death, gave him the possibility of prolonging life and thus writing, until that night when he left his aunt a note telling her not to wait for him because the night would be long.

The night became immensely long when he was overcome by the certainty that all his lust for life had been definitively ruined. Joyce's soul never reached this point, despite the madness of his daughter Lucia, the transgressive and lustful nature of her father, the financial hardships that forced him to move from one place to another, and life's setbacks.

Joyce was not a cheerful or jovial man, as can be deduced from the way he describes the memories of the young Stephen: “He had known neither the pleasure of companionship, nor the rough manly health, nor filial piety. Nothing stirred in his soul except a cold, cruel and loveless sensuality. His childhood was dead or lost, and with it the soul capable of elementary joys”¹⁴. Pese a estos sentimientos de pérdida y de falta de calor en el alma, a la fría y lúcida indiferencia que reinaba en ésta, no encontramos en el joven Stephen el arribo persistente de ideas suicidas, aunque su alma sí anheló muchas veces como castigo la propia destrucción.

¹¹ Ibid., p. 57

¹² Ibid., p. 56

¹³ Ibid., p. 7

¹⁴ Ibid., p. 73

Despite these feelings of loss and lack of warmth in the soul, the cold and lucid indifference that reigned within it, we do not find in the young Stephen the persistent arrival of suicidal ideas, although his soul did often long for self-destruction as punishment.

One of the most beautiful and intense poems, and the one that best depicts the desolation experienced by Nerval, is entitled *El Desdichado*. Here he unfolds his profound sadness in literary form. He wrote it while he was confined, surely feeling immensely alone, in an asylum imprisoned by the melancholic madness that disturbed him until the end of his life. At the beginning the poet writes: “I am the dark one, the widower, the unconsolated, the prince of Aquitaine of the abolished tower: my only star is dead, and my starry lute bears within itself the black sun of melancholy. [...]”.

Confined and in the midst of madness, Nerval writes this beautiful poem, as if he were illuminated and the finest song of solitude and sadness that kills him emerged from within. Melancholy is not entirely dark; it has a sun, but it is an opaque sun that does not shine, because it is a reflection of the penumbra in which the poet feels submerged. It is when the only star he had left to remain alive effectively dies, the star of his poems, even if they are a song of desolation and mourning, and his favorite music becomes filled with the black sun of melancholy, that he leaves the house and leaves it empty of his presence forever.

Life no longer returns the flower that was so pleasing to his desolate heart, and since there is no more consolation, the night of the grave imposes itself. There comes a moment when the poet no longer feels capable of emerging victorious once again; he no longer continues sighing while composing words that sound celestial. The poet suffocated and nothing could bring him back to life so that he might continue pushing forward.

The poet decided to keep a rope in his pocket and never returned, for he hanged himself from a somber and silent streetlamp in 1855 at the age of 46, one year before Freud was born in 1856 and 27 years before Joyce was born in 1882. He took his own life on a street in Paris before dawn, so that he could not be saved, having planned his suicidal act decisively.

Joyce, for his part, did not commit suicide and did not go mad in such a florid manner, although he never lived as if he were like everyone else. Joyce was a heretic in his way of writing, and as such remained alive twelve years longer than Nerval. Unlike the Frenchman, the Irishman was able to make his creation a song to life, until his natural death in 1941 in Zurich at the age of 58.

Joyce did not take his own life despite writing, and making the father of young Stephen sing: “Youth and folly marry us when young, and therefore I cannot stay here any longer.

For what there is no cure for, there is only burial. [...]”¹⁵. This “little song, strange, sad and yet joyful, swept all the mists of the night’s bad humor from Stephen’s brain”¹⁶. What is most extraordinary restores Joyce when he is sad or in a bad mood, for example, breathing the stale, dense air, horse urine, and rotting straw. Stephen thinks that breathing this smell is good. “It will calm my heart. Now my heart is quite calm”¹⁷.

Nerval’s heart never became calm thanks to the poem, as it was possible for Joyce. Nevertheless, putting his impatience into the letter made him return to life, until he could endure no more and armed himself with that rope to tie around his throat, thereby freeing himself definitively from the world constituted by the misery of his own life. He tried to escape this misery from time to time by making use of his madness, but he could not overcome it through writing, as Joyce did despite living from childhood with a stricken heart.

Writing: The Vital Breath of the Literary Creator

For both poets, writing was like a vital breath, something that brought them back to life when there was no way left to breathe. However, while Joyce’s genius for touching words, stretching them, breaking them apart as no one has been capable of doing in the history of English literature, becoming absorbed in contemplating their sounds, making them elastic, multiplying their ways of being used, describing their brilliance, enjoying them, making the sentence a rainbow filled with multiple colors, always resurrected him and brought him back to life, for Gérard de Nerval, by contrast, that same genius did not succeed in saving him from unrestrained madness, nor from the suicide precipitated by the melancholy that collapsed most of his life, thus permanently thwarting the enjoyment of beauty.

Not all brilliant poets, that is, creators of an original literary experience, are saved by creation. One day the dance of letters ceases to be sufficient as support for continuing to live or as a barrier against the pain of existence, so that the drive toward nothingness finds a limit. It is as if Gérard de Nerval had lived in the midst of an eternal mourning, as if the joy of living had abandoned him from childhood, since his mother’s early death abruptly dried up laughter and thereby wounded the soul, leaving sadness entrenched within his being from then on. His mother’s death infected him with sorrow from childhood, until it consumed him. Ceasing to miss someone who is no longer there does not mean forgetting them, but remembering them differently, for example, without pain.

Despite the *jouissance* produced by Gérard de Nerval’s relationship with words when he surrendered himself to poetic creation, which was no less intense than Joyce’s, since in both the intensity of sensation was indescribable, the great Frenchman did not manage, as the

¹⁵ Ibid., p. 67

¹⁶ Ibid., p. 67

¹⁷ Ibid., p. 65

divine Irishman did, to go all the way to the end of life always “upstream until reaching that chaotic spring of sounds that Lacan called *lalangue*, and once there, he let himself be rocked by the murmuring of what was not yet even words”¹⁸. Gérard de Nerval ceased to be rocked by his poetic compositions because something stronger prevailed, as Baudelaire says, “the wind of the wing of madness”¹⁹, a wind he could never cease to feel and which continued pushing him toward a position of refuse.

While words imposed themselves on Joyce, but not in the direction of killing him, since he weakened their effects by creating meaningless expressions, Gérard de Nerval was subjected to a sad madness that on various occasions led him to internment, where his being as a poet was destroyed, just as Althusser’s philosophical being was also shattered when electroshock treatment was administered to him. Practically none of our mad poets escaped the torturous treatment of electroshock while they were lost, confined, and pushed toward taking their own lives.

One day Gérard de Nerval, despite the beauty of his creation, could take no more. The poet’s dream of continuing to create, of continuing to nourish writing with his own *lalangue*, went out. Like other suicidal poets overshadowed by affliction and sadness, foreexample Cesare Pavese and Sylvia Plath, there comes a logical moment when the desire to produce more letters and put words to the sadness of living comes to an end and ceases to function “as a thread with which to sew together his pain of existence”²⁰.

“No more words. An act. I will not write again.”²¹ None of our mad poets had anyone to listen to them during internment, which was equivalent to being submerged in limbo, since not a few were deprived of the exercise of any rights after being diagnosed as mentally ill. Poets, in different ways, have asked themselves, in the midst of their creative madness, about the scientific basis for psychiatrizing the soul, and thereby fiercely attacking the only thing that can save them from chronicity: writing.

It is as if the central objective of psychiatrizing the poet through the medicalization of his life were to kill his creative genius, using the justification that chemical means will cure his soul, when in reality what they do is kill the only know-how that could keep him afloat. For them it is not a problem to be mad, but it is a problem that medical discourse should name them mentally ill, because this authorizes the same treatment to be applied to them as to any chronic patient.

¹⁸ José María Álvarez, *Estudios sobre las psicosis*, ap., cit., p. 358

¹⁹ Citado Por Carlos Rey, en: *Otras Lecturas, Literatura y clínica*, Colección La Otra internacional, Xoroi ediciones, 2023, P. 42

²⁰ Yael Noris Ferri, La escritura de Silvia Plath, andamio frente a la melancolía, en: *Locura y creación*, Claudio Godoy y Emilio Vaschetto (Coord.), Xoroi, ediciones, 2023, p. 144

²¹ Carlos Rey, en: *Otras Lecturas, Literatura y clínica*, óp., cit, p. 42

Medical knowledge does not seem able or willing to understand that there are beings for whom disabling them with medication and other ways of treating the real with the real rather than through the symbolic of the word is equivalent to killing their only religion, which is writing. These forms of treatment have not prevented the suicide of many of our great poets and rather seem to have encouraged it, assuredly happened with Sylvia Plath, the American poet who took her own life at the age of 30, shortly after publishing her collection of poems with which she won “the first posthumous Pulitzer Prize, becoming the first woman to receive it”²².

Rather than madness preventing literary creation, the lives of mad poets demonstrate the opposite: it feeds its consolidation until the soul ceases to burn and there is no way to rekindle its flame, because confinement and crises ultimately reduce the desire to live to its smallest expression. Moreover, it is common for family history to be surrounded by death and tragedy, as happened, for example, with the New Zealand poet Janet Frame, who wrote, among other novels, *Faces in the Water*, “in parallel with the rehabilitation treatment she received in London, after having spent nine years in the limbo of a psychiatric hospital”²³.

Her elder sister drowned while swimming, her other sister named Isabel died in the same way, her brother was epileptic, and before her there had been a stillborn brother. The epileptic brother was overprotected by the mother, but at the same time was subjected to aggression by the father, who beat him so that he would learn to avoid the attacks. The mother was not as protective of Janet as she was of her brother, since she authorized a lobotomy to be performed on her.

Her poetic creation saved her from this crime of science, “for days before the date fixed for the lobotomy, her psychiatrist saw fit to suspend the operation after reading in the newspaper that his patient had been awarded a literary prize for her book of stories *The Lagoon*”²⁴. She escaped being turned into a normal woman, that is, like the others, through surgery, although she did not escape electric shocks, now called electroconvulsive therapy, of which she received more than 200 applications.

Sylvia Plath’s writing, published as a testimony of life, did not save her from electroshock treatment or suicide under a pain of existence of which, nevertheless, there had been no sign during childhood or adolescence. For Gérard de Nerval, writing saved him temporarily, but he did not recover from his affliction. Joyce, by contrast, was saved by writing and publication, since he was never interned, as his daughter Lucia was. For Joyce, unlike Sylvia Plath and Gérard de Nerval, writing and its publication were his salvation because he aspired to immortalize himself through them. Plath was a reader of Joyce, as

²² Yael Noris Ferri, *La escritura de Sylvia Plath*, óp., cit., p. 151

²³ Carlos Rey, en: *Otras Lecturas, Literatura y clínica*, óp., cit, 337

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 344

testified by the following passage from a letter sent to her mother: “The important thing is to give aesthetic form to my chaotic experience, which represents my form of religion, as it was for James Joyce, and is as necessary for me... as confession and absolution are for a practicing Catholic”²⁵.

Now, one day writing no longer served Gérard de Nerval as a know-how with his wrenching madness, whereas Joyce was capable of making use of the letter until the end, “to introduce a certain limit into that sometimes stormy reverberation, those infinite and threatening echoes of *lalangue*”²⁶. Until the fateful moment came for Nerval, we can say that, just as Joyce did, he too constructed his own singular language, the one that immortalized him by bringing him to the altar of the most gracious creators in the field of letters, despite the fact that he did not write as much as Joyce.

Sadly, our dear Nerval, as already mentioned, appeared hanged on a freezing January morning in 1855 in an alleyway in old Paris, the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne, after enduring a terrible winter following his last discharge from the mental sanatorium. Gérard de Nerval was the literary pseudonym of Gérard Labrunie, the son of a doctor in Napoleon’s armies fighting on the Rhine; he lost his mother at barely two years of age, and this absence would pass like a thorn not only through his life but also through his work.

His literary work was not very extensive, like his life, and reflected the anxieties of the human soul, including the madness that always watched him with a fixed gaze. The poet departed leaving the trace of his letter, which did not have to be extensive to mark what remains poetic and delicate in the world²⁷. Sylvia Plath left much younger than Gérard de Nerval. “Her suicide attempts were three, as one of her poems says, and finally, at thirty, the third one worked”²⁸. The failed attempts constitute a call to the Other, but she was not heard; instead, she was electrocuted so that she would stop doing it.

In Nerval’s suicide, contrary to what usually happens in other suicides among ordinary people, there remains in the survivors none of that “corrosive uncertainty about the motives”²⁹ that led him to hang himself. In the case of Nerval and Sylvia Plath, madness and their evident suffering were there as an explanation for the surroundings to reassure themselves. It was anticipated that one day Nerval would end his own life in order to free himself from the suffering of the soul, which for some can become more oppressive and

²⁵ Plath, S.; *Cartas a mi madre*, óp., cit, citado por Yael Noris Ferri, en: Claudio Godoy y Emilio Vaschetto, óp., cit, p. 153

²⁶ José María Álvarez, *Estudios sobre las psicosis*, óp., cit., p. 359

²⁷ Héctor Gallo y Rubén López, *¿Por qué se suicida un poeta?*, Libro Inédito en proceso de escritura.

²⁸ Yael Noris Ferri, *La escritura de Silvia Plath*, en: óp., cit, p. 151

²⁹ Véase, Diana Cohen, *Por mano propia*, Estudio sobre las prácticas suicidas, Buenos Aires, Fondo de cultura económica, 2010, p. 301

unbearable than bodily pain. Nerval's suicide surely came as little surprise to anyone, since his death had been preceded by a prolonged psychic agony.

Nerval's sad madness, despite his great creative effort, gradually weakened him, to such an extent that, unlike Joyce, whose *Sinthome* with an H, constructed through the letter, always propelled him toward creation, it turned him into something like a terminally ill patient on the side of the soul. Surely almost no one felt responsible for his death, since the poet's friends seem to have understood that suicide is an option when the pain of existence becomes unbearable. Who could accuse themselves of not having done what was necessary to prevent Nerval's suicide?

Perhaps his aunt, since the person most affected by the suicide of a son is usually the mother, but she could never be there because fate took her away, leaving him orphaned from the moment he entered life or, as he puts it, from the moment he came into it. Those of us who most regret that Nerval departed while still young are lovers of literature, because he left us without knowing all the beautiful things he might have produced in the years to come. Here the lost object, the object missed by readers who love letters, is the writing that remained suspended with his disappearance³⁰.

While Nerval was possessed by his melancholic madness, Joyce was possessed by words, someone subjected to their permanent whispering, but without this possession, which filled him with echoes, leading him to suicide. Nerval is consumed by a grave nostalgia; a painful emptiness runs through him, as if nothing interesting could find a place before his gaze. For his part, Joyce's principal torment has less to do with his mother than with his father. "Of all Joyce's emotions, as they appear in his work, the most intense were undoubtedly those centered on his father. [...]. From most points of view, Mr. Joyce was a very unsatisfactory father: selfish, irresponsible, a heavy drinker, a glorifier of his own past"³¹.

A passage from *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* attests to this when his father, as if he were the opposite of what he was throughout his life, gives the young Stephen the following advice: "—the day you begin to live for yourself, which I suppose will happen any day now, whatever you take up, be careful to associate with real gentlemen. When I was a young fellow, I tell you I enjoyed myself to the full. But I associated with very decent fellows"³². As a glorifier of his own past, the young Stephen remembered him, for he believed himself to have been "the finest lad in Cork, by Christ, he was! The women used to turn around in the street to look at him"³³.

³⁰ Héctor Gallo y Rubén López, *¿Por qué se suicida un poeta?*, óp., cit.

³¹ Gross, J.: Joyce, Londres, Fontana/Collins, 1971, pp. 18 – 19, Citado por José maría Álvarez en: *Estudios Sobre las Psicosis*, óp., cit., p. 359

³² James Joyce, *Retrato del artista adolescente*, óp., cit, p. 69

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 70

Whereas for Gérard de Nerval the mother becomes the radically lost object, and the father and aunt who cared for him and with whom he lived could not do enough to protect him from his melancholy, for Joyce his possible madness appears associated by Lacan with the Father. In one case the center of negative emotions is the mother; in the other, the father: “He heard the sob sinking sonorously in his father’s throat and a nervous impulse made him open his eyes”³⁴. Most of Stephen’s memories related to his father, Joyce’s alter ego, lead him to feel weak, impotent, and unmoved, and throw him beyond the limits of the real.

“As is known, Lacan’s entire argument concerning Joyce’s possible madness and the function writing played in him began from the hypothesis of the paternal lack that affected him. From this Lacan derives the imperative need to make a name for oneself, even a name that would survive him”³⁵.

Mother absent through real death on Gérard de Nerval’s side; Father lacking at the symbolic level on Joyce’s side. The former wanted to appropriate a know-how through writing in order to alleviate his sadness, but failed to a certain extent because he went mad from time to time. The latter, for his part, succeeded in making a name for himself through his writing. Thus, for one and the other, writing did not have the same effect. In this regard Lacan, cited by José María Álvarez, says: “I centered the thing around the proper name and I thought—do what you want with this thought—that by wanting to make a name for himself Joyce compensated for the paternal lack”³⁶. His daughter Lucia could not do the same, for she plunged, as Nerval did, fully into madness.

For Nerval, the mother became the object of nostalgia because she had been chosen by death while still a young woman, almost an adolescent. She did not choose to leave, and for this reason she remained an idealized object in the memory of her unfortunate son. An illness removed her from life, and her only son was abandoned. Hence the desire remained in Nerval to recover the Edenic bond in which the mother was the fortress of an ego with diffuse boundaries ³⁷.

Nerval’s mother constitutes his idealized past; she remains as a living memory in the present because he never managed to construct a history alongside her. Surely Nerval could never understand his mother’s death, much less accept it. Life without her, without his first object of love, became a permanent nightmare, and he had only poetry to endure it until the fatal day.

³⁴ Ibid., p. 70

³⁵ José María Álvarez, *Estudios sobre las psicosis*, ap., cit., p. 359

³⁶ Lacan, J.: *El Seminario de Jacques Lacan. Libro 23: El Sinthome*, Barcelona, Paidós, 2006, p. 92. En: José María Álvarez. *Estudios sobre las psicosis*, óp., cit, pp. 359 - 360

³⁷ Héctor Gallo y Rubén López. ¿por qué se suicida un poeta?, Inédito.

His anger, hatred, and irritability were surely a subjective response to the injustice of an implacable destiny. Not even being able to preserve memories of the lost object leaves an unfathomable void, impossible to cover. Surely Nerval became stuck in an eternal mourning for the memory of his mother, and could never adjust his life to the fact of living with that irreparable loss.

Being Seized by Misfortune and Liberation through Writing

With regard to mourning in relation to what happens, to what comes to an end and to which one must say goodbye in order to continue alone, we have the following poem by Nerval, which evokes love and nostalgia:

AN ALLEY IN LUXEMBOURG

She has passed, the girl
Alive and light as a bird [...].

Her heart alone in the world
Perhaps would answer mine [...].

But my youth is over...
Farewell to those sweet rays,
Perfume, girl, harmony...
Happiness passed, and fled!³⁸

The poet imagines life with that young woman whom he sees and who passes by like happiness. Happiness arrived and immediately departed, fled; it was no longer there, as ephemeral as that young woman whose perfume and harmony did not remain. Her orphanhood was eternal and her heart as alone in the world as that of the young woman, alive and light as a bird.

An Alley in Luxembourg is a vivid sonorous reflection of his being abandoned by the solitude it reveals. That idealized young woman, whose heart was as alone as his, might respond to him and form a couple with the solitude that consumes him. Watching her pass while she disappears into space gives a moment of happiness to his melancholic heart. She flies as far away as his spirit, and he keeps her within himself, wanting to reach her.

But despite his youth, the poet already feels old and, meanwhile, she, full of youth, migrates like a bird flying into infinity. The poet has already said farewell to the perfume of

³⁸ Pedro Gandía, «Gerard Nerval o el buscador de infinito». En: Gerard de Nerval, *Las Quimeras y otros poemas*, Madrid, Visor Libros, 2018, p. 129.

womanhood, to those sweet rays that once transported him. Harmony and past happiness have fled from him, and now only poetry remains to make something beautiful out of his misfortune. It is common for the poet to feel old from a very young age, for the brighter he is, the more he anticipates his best productions, those that make him feel alive. Once he has done the best of his creation, the world seems to darken.

Fortunately for Western literature, Joyce does not seem ever to have had the feeling that, having already produced the masterpiece, he had nothing more to do on earth, and therefore he never allowed his existence to become definitively dark. “Joyce would represent the prototype of those who achieve, through the work, a relative vital equilibrium”³⁹. This is what Nerval could not fully achieve. It is as if writing had not attained for him the status of a *Sinhome* with an H and, for this reason, did not offer him the same yields as it did Joyce or, in other words, as if he had not managed to make sufficient use of his writing to survive, as Joyce did, who did achieve a know-how with the real of madness.

The reasons why Nerval did not manage to acquire a know-how with language with an efficacy comparable to Joyce’s will have to be investigated. Perhaps it has to do with the fact that the sonority of language, at least for Joyce, never became obsolete, and he therefore never ceased to enjoy his own words. By contrast, the aesthetic jouissance of his own words may have become exhausted for Nerval, and in this way he was left at the mercy of the most absolute orphanhood?

Returning to Nerval’s poem, we see that it conveys a maritime melancholy, tracing the poet’s sadness over the lost object. The first object of love is the mother, the object that compensates in the child for the impossibility of feeling definitively satisfied and reconciled with the world. But in Nerval misfortune appears rapidly because this object disappears without his having enjoyed it. There the consolation available to a desired child was lost, a consolation that serves to drive away the sadness of the heart and the madness of suicidal melancholy.

Once the most cherished object is lost, the poet through writing is exposed to lovelessness and thereby to madness and suicide. His time with his mother was none, so it is not accidental that there is in him a reflection on the flight of time: *But my you this over..., and this produces in the poet a resignation before loss: Happiness passed, and fled!*⁴⁰ What remains then? Confusion remains, an insufficiency of vitality and, perhaps, an active inclination toward the real that grips, deteriorates, and ruins, an inclination that is not equivalent to resignation but to restoration of the spirit, his way of combating that melancholic negativity that never ceased insisting until it devastated the desire to live.

³⁹ José María Álvarez, *Estudios sobre las psicosis*, ap., cit, p. 359

⁴⁰ Héctor Gallo y Rubén López, *Inédito*, óp., cit

Sinthome and Scabel

Joyce, contrary to Nerval, “achieved through his art, in a privileged manner”⁴¹, a way of keeping the imaginary, the symbolic, and the real knotted together, registers that in Seminar XXIII are thought of independently of one another. That by means of which a subject achieves this kind of feat, consisting in keeping the three registers together, Lacan calls *sinthome* with an H. In the case of psychosis, a creation, for example an artistic one, must not automatically be considered to have the status of *Sinthome* with an H simply because it is regarded by critics as being of high aesthetic value because of its originality or beauty. What is fundamental is that it become, for the subject, the invention of a singular know-how with the incurable, an invention that is expected to be achieved by an analysand as a guarantee of the end of an analysis, and whose condition is that it be something unprecedented that does not enter into the register of the identifications that define identity, a question that must be subjected to verification in the subject himself during his analysis, but which must also be corroborated in life itself.

The condition for what has been created or invented to attain the status of *Sinthome* with an H is that it acquire the value of an *escabeau* for the subject. Something invented may have a sublimatory effect for its creator, insofar as it allows him to pacify himself with respect to that which overwhelms him in existence, but this is not enough for it to acquire the value of *Sinthome*. According to this consideration, every creation with the value of *Sinthome* with an H has a sublimatory effect on the subject, but not every creation, simply because it permits a sublimation of the drive, will have the status of *Sinthome* with an H for the subject. Thus the *Sinthome* with an H is not defined by its sublimatory value, but by its value as *escabeau*, a value that seems to vanish when what has been considered a melancholic suicide imposes itself on poets such as Nerval.

What, then, does the *Sinthome* with an H consist of, and why could it be considered the paradigm of what would have the value of an authentic singular invention for the subject?

In Miller’s view, the *Sinthome* is an invention of Lacan for defining the following: an art that, for example in Joyce, fulfills the function of protecting him from the triggering of psychosis. Another connotation of the concept of *Sinthome* with an H is that it is what Lacan invented to define the artist’s position of mockery with respect to the beautiful. Joyce is not, strictly speaking, a sublimator, but rather an *escabeau*-izer of artistic production. However, by not writing so that the reader may be transported by pleasure through his poetic creation, he mocks the beautiful and nevertheless does not cease to have aesthetic meaning in his written production.

⁴¹ Lacan Jacques, *El sinthome*, *El seminario*, Libro 23, Buenos Aires, Paidós, 2006, p. 38.

What does Lacan mean by the term *escabeau* attributed to the relationship Joyce establishes with art? In Miller's view, the *escabeau* is "a sardonic version, I might say, of aesthetics. The *escabeau* is that with which Joyce counts in order to make what will serve to survive him, that is, to go beyond the decomposition of his body"⁴².

Not every artistic production has a sublimatory value for a subject. What constitutes the singularity of Joyce's artistic production? What makes it exquisitely different from that of other artists?

Joyce, unlike neurotic artists, did not need to make use of the signifier Name-of-the-Father to invent the art that would allow him to maintain himself on a certain straight line without deviating. And beyond this ordering through art, Joyce aspires to make a name for himself that will transcend the decomposition of his body when he disappears from the face of the earth.

Joyce demonstrates through his art that the Name-of-the-Father was unnecessary for his creation, since he invented a know-how that allowed him to suffice unto himself in his relationship with things in the world and to make a choice consisting in treating the English language in a radically different manner from all other mortals, whether writers or not.

Joyce's art, that is, his *Sinthome*, although it is a supplementation, is not a supplementation of just anything. Miller says that it is a supplementation of the father and of the phallus. Of the father because in Joyce "he was radically lacking"⁴³, he did not guarantee the conjunction between the symbolic and the real, because for this to happen the name or names available to a subject must not lack referents, as occurs in Joyce. This is why his heresy, that is, the choice to carry out a destruction of language in his writing, occurs through its dissipation in *lalangue*, a dissipation that diverts him from any orthodoxy in writing, from every destiny presupposing a path designed in advance.

Poets such as Gérard de Nerval and others who, like Cesare Pavese, Alejandra Pizarnik, Stig Dagerman, and others who also committed suicide and were likewise a kind of heretics with respect to any established form of making poetry and to the traditions of their time, did not achieve, however, as Joyce did, that kind of destruction of language, to the point of inventing their own language.

As for the idea that Joyce's art, too, serves as a substitute for the phallus, this has to do with the fact that, as Lacan says, Joyce's penis was a bit limp; it would become erect but remain soft, which is why his literary art, which is, incidentally, immensely powerful, 'makes up for the phallic weakness of the aforementioned James Joyce'⁴⁴. Art made Joyce an

⁴² Jacques-Alain Miller, *Piezas sueltas*, Buenos Aires Paidós, 2013, p. 47.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, 72

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 73.

immensely powerful being, even if he was phallically deficient in relation to a woman. He did not know how to make such consistent use of the phallus as he did with the art that made him The Artist with a capital A.

While in Seminar III Lacan says that the Name-of-the-Father in triggered psychosis is foreclosed and therefore there is no adequate response from the subject when confronted with a real, in Seminar XXIII, apropos of Joyce's untriggered psychosis thanks to his art, he will say that the father is lacking. In Joyce the Name-of-the-Father is not merely lacking, in the sense that it lacks symbolic consistency, but, worse still, it is foreclosed from the symbolic. Yet no triggering occurs, thanks to Joyce supplementing the father with writing.

As for the father who names, that is, the father of reality who gives his surname to his son, nominates him, takes responsibility for him and embodies the function, he does not fulfill his mission because he is weakened, and Joyce repairs him by making use of the letter through which he magnifies himself. "The publication of his work allows him to establish a social bond, to be recognized and not remain in the autism proper to his writing"⁴⁵. In writing each person is absolutely alone, but when we publish and are invited to present the book, people appear who say that they are reading us or have read us, a matter that articulates us with others and gives us existence thanks to that solitary work. By being named through the usefulness of what we do, the object put into circulation provides us with recognition, and thus the writer's solitude is justified by the joy it radiates. Without solitude, without silence, without withdrawal from the world filled with noise, there is no serenity, no sensation of real power, for a life without navigating the depths of the soul prevents one from enjoying the horizon when it smiles.

Joyce and Lucia

Where Joyce did fall short with respect to his function was as a father, since Lucia, who was a dancer and to whom he attributed a certain clairvoyance, developed a psychosis despite his efforts on her behalf. Joyce the letter and Lucia the dancer, poet, and clairvoyant, as her father considered her. But while the father made a work out of the letter, the latter did not manage, through her writing of the body insofar as she was a dancer, to remain stabilized by making use of dance, for at this level she did not achieve what she wanted, and there was also the symbolic insufficiency of the father's nomination. She was captivated by the father's gaze, from which she extracted her delusion of observation, and he was bound to his daughter through clairvoyance. The madness of both, "although different, maintained a connection"⁴⁶.

⁴⁵ Manuel Zlotnik, El caso Joyce, en: Silvia Elena Tendlarz, La Psicosis, lo clásico y lo nuevo, óp., cit, p. 171.

⁴⁶ José María Alvares, en: Estudios sobre la psicosis, óp., cit, 372

She constructed a delusion of observation in which Joyce surely participated, since the relationship between them was very strong. There was “a type of communication beyond words and beyond the articulation of the voice”. This profound union makes Joyce’s conviction that she was clairvoyant unsurprising. “The writer saw in his daughter a natural wonder, a fantastic being, with her own private language”⁴⁷. For Joyce his daughter was a misunderstood innovator, and not a schizophrenic as Jung claimed. “In any case, Jung was convinced of the madness of both, a different madness and of unequal depth”⁴⁸.

“Lucia Joyce’s life was not at all easy. Always moving from one place to another, continually changing school, home, and hotel, moving from one language to another, entering and leaving various asylums. Perhaps the most constant thing in that wandering life was the love of her father”⁴⁹, her madness, and the presence of a gaze from which there is no escape⁵⁰. From a very young age Joyce named her in a poem he wrote for her, “My sad girl.” He too had depressive episodes. For José María, Joyce and Lucia were mad in different ways, he discreetly and she spectacularly, but it was a connected madness. While Joyce’s father continued speaking to him after death, Lucia’s father continued looking at her from the cemetery grave⁵¹.

By not saying “my happy girl” in his poem, but rather “my sad girl,” Joyce in a certain way reserves for Lucia in the letter a place with little vitality, however loving and close their bond may have been. Moreover, since Lucia and her brother were born outside legal marriage to Nora, they were considered illegitimate at that time, a matter that became apparent when their parents decided to marry.

José María Álvarez’s opinion on this matter is the following: with this confession of illegitimacy, the subjective condition was introduced that motivated the fertile moment for the triggering “of Lucia Joyce’s schizophrenic madness”⁵². To this was added, he says, the realization that she would not become a professional dancer and the abandonment by Samuel Beckett, with whom she was in love. Joyce made a name for himself through his writing, while Lucia, who was Joyce’s light through her clairvoyance, was unable to sustain herself through dance and writing or, in any case, was unable to make a name for herself outside her father’s nomination, which pushed her more toward delusion than creation. Even if she was not as brilliant as Joyce, she might have achieved her solution through the art that fascinated her, but various contingencies prevented her from attaining an equilibrium as consistent as that of her father, who did manage to maintain his madness

⁴⁷ José María Álvarez, en: Estudios sobre la psicosis, óp., cit, 368

⁴⁸ Ibid., p. 374

⁴⁹ Ibid., p. 361

⁵⁰ Ibid., p. 361

⁵¹ Ibid., p. 378

⁵² Ibid., p. 364

discreetly. Lucia failed where her father succeeded in achieving a solution to his madness through the letter.

Jung met Joyce and Lucia, but the former did not want to see him as an analyst, and although in 1934 he brought Lucia to him to be heard because of the failures of institutionalized treatments, she deteriorated again after an initial improvement. Lucia did not manage through analysis with Jung, as also happened in other cases of psychosis, including that of the German psychiatrist Otto Gross, who was a hero in relation to cultural questions in Berlin, to construct an invention that might help strengthen a stabilization. Perhaps Jung made a clinical error, since he did not calculate what separating Lucia from her father might entail. Jung, says his colleague José María Álvarez, “insisted on separating her from her father and treating her in a Swiss sanatorium. About that therapeutic experience, Lucia later wrote: ‘to think that that fat Swiss materialist tried to control my soul’”⁵³.

In attempting to separate two inseparables, Jung immediately introduced the impossibility of causing a transference in Lucia founded on the fact that he would be the support of her soul, rather than a filthy fat man controlling it. Jung was placed by Lucia, in the transference in psychosis, on the side of mortification for being a controller of the soul. Instead of an analyst being, in the transference, a controller of something as sacred for an artist as the soul, the analyst should rather be a support, a place of lodging for the artist’s wounded soul.

Between Supplementation, Repair, and Escabeauization

A supplementation of the Name-of-the-Father is not the same thing as a repair of the Father. In supplementation, it is a matter of an orthosis through which a subject approximately substitutes for the symbolic function of the Name-of-the-Father, artificially producing a semblance that allows him to act as if he were properly installed in discourse, as if he were authentically united with the symbolic Other that serves as his reference. In repair, by contrast, it is a matter of the invention of a support that keeps the subject compensated, a support whose function is to establish a bond and which, for Joyce, acquires the value of an *escabeau*.

The concept of *escabeau* does not properly refer to a manic aggrandizement of the ego or of the narcissistic image, but rather to an elevation of the ego in the sense of being able to remain upright at the subjective and social level. It is something like the conquest of a device that symbolically protects against the feeling of falling or collapse, as happened to Lucia Joyce, who, unlike her father, who every time he fell into a crisis had sufficient resources to moderate it, was indeed overwhelmed by madness and thereby had her artistic

⁵³ Ellmann, R.: James Joyce, óp., cit, p. 758. citado por José María Álvarez, óp., cit., p. 374

life ruined. Writing with the pen was enough for Joyce to mend the tear himself caused by the absence of the Name-of-the-Father; Lucia, by contrast, did not find the writing of the body sufficient. Both, each with their own way of writing, always maintained a dialogue, a connection, but the function of writing, that is, of invention, was not the same in each.

Joyce does not properly forge a discourse woven out of semblants, with an intention of signification; rather, he forges a letter out of that which affects him in his body. This substitution by means of the letter does not fail because, in the use Joyce makes of it, it acquires the value of a nomination; that is, he manages to “make of the letter a use that [...]”⁵⁴ is not one of semblant, a use that is not signifying, but rather reduces the latter “to the letter that bears it.”⁵⁵

It is for this reason that we say with Lacan that Joyce’s art becomes so powerful for him that it allows him to name his being, even though he finds himself abstracted from the Other; even though he does not write in order to mean something; even though he does not write in order to be read, in order to signify, as is the case when, through writing, one seeks to elaborate a discourse that is of the semblant, that serves as a semblant and allows one to be recognized—not precisely as a deviant, but as someone who is walking in the right direction.

The escabellization of life by means of the letter consists in making existence into something protected from degradation, by constituting it as a stage traversed hand in hand with writing. Neither Gérard de Nerval, nor Lucía, nor the other mad and suicidal poets and intellectuals whom we have mentioned, manage to maintain a permanent escabellization of their existence. Something prevented them, despite their brilliance, from remaining lucid and inwardly alive. Nerval and Samuel Beckett, for example, were dead inside; hence it was very difficult for them to fall in love with life and with other people.

Joyce’s art, likewise, does not have the value of a delusional metaphor, because it is not a construction that allows for a temporary or definitive stabilization; rather, it is a letter from which he does not differentiate himself. For Joyce, the letter has the value of the *Sinthome*—with an H—insofar as it is a signifier that refers to nothing other than itself and fulfills the function of a fourth term that knots the other three. If the signifier calls for another signifier, and from this relation one expects a subject to emerge, placed in the place of truth, the letter makes no such call. For this reason, it is considered disarticulated, emptied of meaning: it is a signifier alone, or, in other words, a pure signifier from which a resonance is extracted.

Whereas the symptom as a formation of the unconscious subsists insofar as it is hooked onto language, and this is why something can be modified through interpretation, which acts upon meaning, the *Sinthome*—with an H—on the contrary, subsists precisely insofar as it does not

⁵⁴ Jacques-Alain Miller, *Piezas sueltas*, Buenos Aires, óp., cit, p. 86.

⁵⁵ *Ibid.* P. 86

hook onto anything belonging to the order of meaning. Here what is fundamental is not meaning, but resonance or consonance; that is, the attainment of an accord at the level of being.

This accord entails the exclusion of nonconformity, vindication, rivalry, and complaint—not because a state of beatitude is achieved, an elevation to some level of perfection and harmony with the whole, but because one has found an accord with life and with that Real—for example, the non-relation between the sexes, which is outside meaning, outside the law, and which nevertheless makes a knot, so as not to feel lost and enter into disorientation, as happened to Lucía, to our poet Nerval, and to so many others who have gone mad and ended their own lives.

By Way of Conclusion

Lucía danced “dressed as a fish,” but she was likewise unable to make of life a space in which she felt sufficiently at ease to go on dancing, as her father was able to do despite adversity—an adversity with which, unlike Gérard de Nerval, he knew how to deal until the end of his life, even when he was practically blind and applied himself to the writing of that “night called Finnegans Wake.” Neither Lucía nor Nerval achieved what Joyce did: sustaining themselves with a certain dignity in life, since their setbacks and prolonged hospitalizations exhausted the existential strength necessary not to collapse.

The hell of the three was the world composed of others. Yet while Lucía and Nerval failed to emerge successfully from their devastation, Joyce did, carrying his letter to its ultimate consequences. Regardless of the storms he encountered, Joyce kept the flame of creation alive and never allowed it to go out. The greater the risk of madness he found himself in, the more disposed he was to invention—a capacity that Gérard de Nerval, Lucía, and other poets did not achieve. Mad poets write, and mad painters paint, while institutionalized, but their works lack the depth of space. From within psychiatric institutions, despite medication and electroshock treatments, beautiful poems and critical texts have been written.

Joyce writes without a frame insofar as the bond to meaning is concerned, as do other psychotic poets and, likewise, painters. What they all lack is the frame provided by neurotic fantasy, a matter that points toward an infinite space, implying or presupposing an absence of limit with regard to jouissance and reality. “It is through the effect of the frame that something has been framed, that something has been lost, that space is founded; this is the Euclidean space that can be represented in perspective in the picture.”⁵⁶

When a subject is admitted to a psychiatric hospital, in a certain sense they encounter a frame that helps with stabilization, for it is not the same to wander through a space delimited by the

⁵⁶ Antón Casáis y otros, *Arte e ingenio*, en: *Locura y creación*, Claudio Godoy y Emilio Vaschetto, (coord...) Xoroi Ediciones, Colección La Otra internacional, Pensodromo, 2023, p. 85

institution as to do so in the street, for example, when there is a desencadenamiento and an errancy takes place not only in discourse but also in the infinite space of the gaze, owing to the absence of the extraction of object a, which is responsible for providing a frame. An example of this is what happened to Lucía one night: “[...] in a kind of suicidal act, she opened the gas tap. Then she disappeared in Dublin, where she became lost in the streets for six days, sleeping in doorways, or who knows where. When they found her, she herself asked to be taken to a clinic. Upon her return to the Continent, visits to doctors and hospital admissions became increasingly frequent.”⁵⁷

What is expected of the artistic invention that certain subjects may produce is that it fulfill the function of framing and delimiting jouissance, in such a way that a certain relief may be achieved and, with it, a stabilization that will hopefully last as long as possible. The invention carried out by Lucía through the body made into dance did not succeed in protecting her from various extravagances in public, which made her appear as an unrestrained madwoman, whose illness was severe. Hence her hospitalizations became constant and prolonged: “first in French clinics, later in Swiss sanatoria, and finally at St. Andrew Hospital, in Northampton, England, where she was to remain for forty-seven years, until her death on December 12, 1982.”⁵⁸

Lucía did not succeed in giving her life a frame through dance, and the same happened to Gérard de Nerval with poetry. They did not manage to invent another way of stabilizing themselves and thus escape from desencadenated psychosis, as Joyce did. In psychosis there is no extraction of object a, as there is in neurosis, but rather foreclosure, and with it disorientation with respect to reality, difficulty in representing how one is concerned with the objects of that reality, and a push toward a delocalized jouissance that tends to be carried toward infinity.

Although both Joyce and Gérard de Nerval are poets who create a poetry that allows them to assume a new way of relating to the world at the symbolic level, their respective trajectories, as they have been described, are not similar. Both place greater emphasis on the sonority of words than on the production of meaning, but whereas Joyce achieves an anchoring through his writing, Nerval does not. In this way, he becomes absorbed by the unbearable Real of life, to the point that his profound sense of aesthetics was not sufficient to overcome the drama of his mother’s death while he was still a child and to prevent him from hanging himself.

⁵⁷ José María Alvares, *Estudios sobre la psicosis*, óp., cit, p. 366

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 366-367

Héctor Gallo

Text presented in Tübingen, Germany, in May 2026.

Near Zurich, where Joyce dies.

“What would life be if we never tried something new?” Journey Back Home. Mercedes Sierra.

JOURNEY BACK HOME

This journey began as a calling from my soul, or from something beyond my consciousness, but something that exists nonetheless.

It was not a tourist trip. It was an inward journey, disguised as an itinerary through Greece. I knew it from the beginning, even though I did not know exactly what awaited me. I knew it would be a challenge, a magical and confronting moment—and that is exactly what it became.

What I am going to share with you is not a tour of monuments. It is the journey of a soul that, place by place, came face to face with what it carried within: what it carried, what it avoided, what it longed for, what hurt, and finally, what it was ready to give birth to.

ATHENS

The Acropolis. In front of this beautiful monument stands the Temple of Athena, and there are the Caryatids of the Erechtheion, carrying a weight on their heads for more than 3,000 years. “The weight of the world.”

I went to the Acropolis Museum specifically to see them up close—the originals, not the replicas currently standing at the temple. They are absolutely feminine: their expressions, their clothing, their long hair, their bodies. Each one has one leg slightly forward, as if at any moment they might take a step.

For me, that was important. It says everything.

Yes, we carry the weight, but it does not stop us.

They stand in the Temple of Athena, the goddess of victory, the warrior of the most important battle—the one that is not fought outside, but within.

Their strength does not come from the ego, but from Love. They remain there to remind us that this same strength lives within each one of us.

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI

In Delphi, I met Apollo for the first time. I had never really heard about this Greek god. But I did not encounter him as a historical fact, but as a presence.

I did not know that he was the god of the arts, harmony, and prophecy.

That with his lyre, he brought harmony to the world.

That his image and presence represented light emerging from chaos.

For me, he became a symbol of something I recognized from within: the search for depth.

The invisible inner light that reveals what is invisible.

Yoany told us that, in ancient times, pilgrims arriving at the Oracle of Delphi would climb

in silence and enter the theater. There, they would witness the dramas and comedies of the human world. Then they would descend along the same path toward the oracle. There, in a specific niche where an image of Apollo stood, the pilgrims would bow before him and offer their deepest desire, their greatest anguish, or both. The journey itself was part of the ritual.

I made that journey thinking about my deepest desire—or, as I call it, my deepest purpose—the one that has everything to do with my art.

And there, in that place that had witnessed centuries, I bowed and offered it.

Rituals, at least for me, are not superstition. They are TECHNOLOGY OF THE SOUL.

They help us bring into consciousness what lives hidden in the unconscious.

CAPE SOUNION — THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON

Cape Sounion is a cliff overlooking the sea, and there stands the Temple of Poseidon. The god of movement, of emotional depth, of that which cannot be completely controlled.

It was the exact place for that moment in my journey.

Something was moving me toward a depth greater than myself. Toward something beyond my control—and I was allowing it.

There, in that same place, is also the story of King Aegeus. A father who waited on that very cliff for a signal from his son Theseus, who had gone to kill the Minotaur. Theseus had promised his father that upon his return, he would place either black or white sails on his ship, depending on whether he had died or survived the battle.

Through Theseus's oversight, he failed to change the sails to white. His father assumed he was dead and threw himself from the cliff into the sea.

That is why the sea is called the Aegean Sea.

His death happened because of a mistaken narrative. Because of an assumption. Because of a story that was not true.

How many times do we do the same?

We make decisions, we take leaps, based on narratives we tell ourselves, on things we assume, that are not necessarily true.

And then, in that same place, the sunset—one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

What ends so beautifully does not die. It makes space for a new dawn.

MYCENAE — SEEING IN ORDER TO TRANSCEND

That day I was on an excursion to visit three very special cities.

Mycenae is an ancient city with a particular density—stones that carry weight, and stories that carry even more.

It is the land of the Atreids, one of the most tragic families in Greek mythology. Generation after generation, repeating the same cycle of pain, betrayal, and blood. As if destiny were inevitable.

But it was not.

It was an unhealed wound being passed down because no one stopped to look at it.
What is not worked through within us does not disappear. It is inherited.
It repeats itself in our children, in our grandchildren, in the patterns we recognize but do not understand.
The story of Mycenae is not distant mythology. It is a mirror.
The only way to break the cycle is to dare to look at what hurts, what has been avoided, what has been passed silently from one generation to the next.
SEE IN ORDER TO TRANSCEND.

EPIDAUROS — THE CITY OF HEALING

Epidaurus, the second city we visited that day, was a city of healing.
The sick came there seeking a cure, but healing did not come only through medicine. It also came through theater.
Here stands the largest theater in Greece, and that is no coincidence.
The miseries, dramas, and comedies of human life were performed there so that the audience could see themselves reflected in them, recognize themselves in another person's pain, and through that recognition begin their healing.
It is not enough to have a wound. We must be able to see it, to see it represented, to name it, to hold it in our gaze without running away.
It is not enough to look at pain. We have to truly see it, accept it, and from that acceptance, choose to keep going.
Not because the pain has disappeared, but despite the fact that it is still there.
Free will is not the absence of suffering. It is what we choose to do with it.

NAFPLIO — THE BEAUTY OF ADDITION

Nafplio, the third and final city we visited that day, is a city that has been invaded many times.
Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Venetians, Ottomans—each one arrived, left its mark, and departed.
And yet, or perhaps precisely because of that, it is one of the most beautiful cities in Greece.
No layer erased the one before it.
They accumulated.
The whole is what it is precisely because it contains all those marks, all those fractures, all those fragments.
We are like that.
We are the sum of everything that has inhabited us, invaded us, transformed us.
Every deconstruction we experience leaves us different, and that difference, far from diminishing us, makes us more singular, more ourselves, more our own, more aligned with the truth of our soul.

There are things that are never erased.
And that is okay.
Not everything needs to be erased.
Some marks are part of the beauty of the whole.
We are not who we are despite what we have lived through.
We are not defined by your story, nor by mine.
We are defined by the choices we make because of it.

NAFPAKTOS

LEPANTO — THE WOUND THAT BECOMES A WORK OF ART

Lepanto was not part of my planned itinerary.
I arrived there because something beyond my control led me there.
Like Poseidon, moving the sea without asking permission.
There, one of the bloodiest naval battles in history took place. Among the soldiers who fought there was Miguel de Cervantes. He survived, but his left hand was severely damaged. That is why he became known as “The One-Handed Man of Lepanto.”
What stopped me was this:
Cervantes fought that battle, lost the use of his hand, and later wrote *Don Quixote*.
The wound did not silence him.
It did not destroy him.
It transformed him.
I, too, was fighting one of the greatest battles of my life during this journey.
The battle that takes place within.
And Lepanto reminded me that our greatest battles always leave their mark.
That some things will never be the same again.
But from that mark, if we have the courage to keep going, the greatest work of our lives may be born.
Our wounds do not define us.
Our choice of what we do with them does.

OLYMPIA

I visited Olympia mostly because of my youngest son.
His life, his passion, his purpose—all of it has to do with football.
And I felt that I needed to honor that deeper purpose he carries by setting foot in the sacred place where the Olympic spirit was born.
And as if the gods themselves had orchestrated it—as they seemed to have orchestrated everything on this journey!—while I was walking through that ancient complex, he called me.
We talked for a while, and I was able to share part of the site with him through my phone,

sharing that moment with him from such an extraordinary place.
Olympic athletes train for four years, every day, to compete for a few weeks.
And simply making it to the competition is already a victory.
Not because the outcome does not matter, but because the journey required to get there
holds a value that no medal can contain.
Olympia reminded me that life is like that too.
One step at a time.
One daily goal.
Battles are won and lost, but the purpose must remain intact.
Not the outcome.
The purpose.
There, at my hotel, my room had a name, not a number:
APOLLO.
Once again, Apollo was with me.
And as Yoany told me:
“My room inhabits me.”
There is no rush.
The path is meant to be walked—and enjoyed.

THE DRIVE FROM OLYMPIA TO ELEUSIS — THE ASSISTED PATH

I left Olympia without breakfast because the hotel had none. I had a sandwich from the day
before and the certainty that I would find something along the way.
What I did not know was that my Google Maps, in perfect conspiracy with the gods of
Olympus, had decided that I did not need highways.
They needed me to be alone.
Immense mountains.
Pure rock.
Not a soul.
Not a single car.
I was scared.
It would be a lie to say I wasn't.
But then I remembered something this journey had been reminding me of:
I am never alone.
My path has always been assisted—by beings, by energies, by something I cannot fully
name but that I recognize nonetheless.
I trusted.
And I enjoyed the journey.
An hour and a half later, I found a little shop.
The woman spoke only Greek.

We understood each other through gestures.
When I went to pay for a little pastry roll I had been craving, she wrapped it in a napkin,
lowered her head in what felt like a bow, and gestured with her hand that it was for me.
A gift from a stranger in the middle of nowhere.
That is when I understood something:
If the universe sends me a Greek woman who gives me bread on a lonely mountain, then it
will also send what I need along my path as an artist.
Even when the “no's” come, I will keep going.
I descended into a valley of such intense green that it seemed unreal, surrounded by
enormous rocks.
I thought: They must be the Titans protecting this place—or I am going crazy, because I
haven't smoked anything!
I climbed again.
Another mountain.
At the summit, a rock split exactly in half.
Then a forest of incredibly tall, majestic pine trees.
I thought: These must be antennas reaching toward the gods.
And then I repeated my wish to Apollo several times, just in case he had not heard me
clearly in Delphi.
It was a solitary journey, but a beautiful and revealing one.
Merce, trust.
The work is being done.
The path is being walked.
The blessings will come.

ELEUSIS
THE MYSTERIES
ENCOUNTERING THE OTHER WOMAN WITHIN ME

Thousands of years ago, the Mysteries of Eleusis were celebrated there—the most sacred
and secret rituals of the ancient world.
No one knows exactly what happened inside.
What we do know is that people entered one way and came out another.
Everyone spoke of having lost their fear of death.
The ritual took place in the Telesterion, an enclosed, dark space, over several days.
At the end, the hierophant, or priest, would begin revealing objects through the light, one
by one, until something awakened within the people.
It was not explained.
It was experienced.
I wanted to be there.
To feel it.

To feel myself.
To write, to meditate, or simply to be.
The Telesterion became my place for all of that.
And I understood that this entire journey had been my own personal Eleusinian Mystery.
A journey alone, inward, with myself.
Willing to see myself, listen to myself, feel myself—whatever the feeling might be—in
order to awaken to something different.
The myth that inhabits Eleusis is the story of Demeter and Persephone.
A mother who loses her daughter when Hades abducts her and takes her to the underworld.
The earth becomes barren while Demeter searches for her.
Until an agreement is reached between Zeus and Hades, allowing Persephone to live part of
the year in the light and the other part in darkness.
And thus the seasons are born.
For me, the myth is not about mother and daughter.
It is about the two women who inhabit me.
The one who shines in spring and summer.
The one who becomes sad in autumn and winter.
The luminous one and the dark one.
Both are real.
Both are mine.
This place was, deep down, the meeting between them—not so that one would defeat the
other, but so that they could be reconciled.
It was a magical afternoon.

SANTORINI
THE CITY OF LIGHT AND ART
THE ENCOUNTER WITH PURPOSE

Santorini welcomed me generously.
A beautiful day.
A complimentary bottle of wine at the hotel.
A better car than the one I had rented.
And a better room.
Glory!
And all of it in such an extraordinary place.
I first visited the Red Beach, formed by the volcanic eruption that destroyed the island
thousands of years ago and buried the city of Akrotiri beneath ash.
That same catastrophe that destroyed everything also preserved everything.
The ash that killed also protected.
It preserved the art, the colors, the life that had existed there, so that three thousand years
later, people like me could see it.

The next day I visited the museum and then the city of Akrotiri.
I have no words for what happened to me there.
My chest was beating faster.
My eyes did not know where to look.
Ruins so remarkably preserved: three-story buildings, windows, bathrooms, aqueducts and sewage systems—all from more than 3,000 years ago.
A great civilization.
I was walking while listening to the audio guide when it said something that went straight through me:
“This city is the city of light and art.”
The words gave me chills.
My skin tingled.
I don't know what moved inside me.
I don't know how to explain it.
I only know that something very deep, something from within, released tears of emotion and pain at the same time.
Because sometimes what belongs to us most deeply breaks us when we finally find it.

JOURNEY FROM SANTORINI TO PAROS
APOLLO'S ARROW
THE WOUND THAT ILLUMINATES

When I entered the ferry ticket office for Paros, I felt a deep and sharp pain in my chest—immediate, without warning.
I bought some water, took two Dolex tablets, and sat down.
The pain did not subside.
It was so intense that I thought: I'm going to have a heart attack.
I positioned myself near an American couple, thinking that if something happened, at least I wouldn't fall alone. I could grab onto one of them.
I put my finger over my husband's number on my phone and thought: if I feel myself fainting, I'll call him, and hopefully I'll have enough time to tell him something.
I began to breathe, like during childbirth.
Breathing does not eliminate the pain, but it helps you move through it.
Forty minutes with my eyes closed, breathing, holding myself together.
I already knew it wasn't a heart attack.
It was something deeper.
I wrote to Yoany to tell him what was happening.
He asked me to describe the pain.
I told him:
“It is an incredibly strong stabbing pain, as if an arrow had pierced my chest from back to front.”

He replied:

“An experience very close to death, with the blessing of a divine arrow. Apollo, with his bow, struck you and set your inspiration in motion.”

Apollo's arrows are golden.

They pierce the darkness so that clarity can emerge.

Apollo was not only considered the god of the Sun. He was also the inner light that reveals the invisible.

The day before, I had read this:

“The wound is the place where the Light enters you.”

And:

“If suffering truly taught lessons, the world would be populated only by wise people. Pain has nothing to teach those who cannot find the courage or strength to listen to it.”

— Sigmund Freud

Everything suddenly made sense.

It was not enough to know that there was a wound.

I had to feel it so deeply that there was nowhere left to escape.

Accept it clearly.

And consciously transcend it.

Apollo is doing his work.

PAROS

THE LIGHT THAT ALWAYS IS

I chose Paros for practical reasons.

It was smaller, less touristy, and had an airport from which I could return to Athens more quickly.

The hotel was secluded, facing the sea.

Once again, my room had a name instead of a number.

THEA.

I didn't know her, so I researched Thea to find out who was inhabiting me this time.

Theia was a Titaness. A giant, the daughter of Uranus (the sky) and Gaia (the earth).

She existed before the Olympian gods.

She joined her brother Hyperion, and together they had three children:

Helios — the Sun

Selene — the Moon

Eos — the Dawn

That is why Theia was seen as the mother of all celestial light.

She was not a warrior goddess.

She represented something subtler:

Spiritual clarity.

Beauty.

The light that emanates from within.

During the Titanomachy, the war between the Titans and the Olympians, she remained a silent and luminous figure, more connected to cosmic balance than to conflict.

An eternal force that always illuminates.

I thought:

“After Apollo's arrow in Santorini, after everything that had moved within me, everything that had broken and revealed itself during this journey, arriving to rest in a room called Thea was clearly not a coincidence.”

The journey had taken me from burden to movement, from pain to the open wound, from the wound to light.

And Thea reminded me that the most powerful light is not the one that fights.

It is the one that simply is.

DELOS

THE BIRTH

GIVING BIRTH FROM THE DEEPEST PLACE WITHIN

Delos is the island where Apollo and his twin sister Artemis were born.

It is sacred to the Greeks. No one lives there out of respect.

It is a land of birth.

The story says that Leto, the mother of Apollo and Artemis, was rejected by every island when she was searching for a place to give birth.

Hera, Zeus's wife, jealous and furious, had forbidden any land from receiving her.

They all obeyed, except Delos.

That small, floating island, without fixed roots in the world, welcomed her with compassion.

And there, two of the greatest gods of Olympus were born.

Apollo and Artemis were born from a violation, from an unwanted pregnancy, from a persecuted and rejected mother.

They were born from the deepest ancestral pain.

And yet—or perhaps precisely because of that—they transcended it.

Apollo became the god of light, art, prophecy, and balance.

Artemis became the goddess of the hunt, protector of nature and animals, a symbol of freedom and feminine strength.

Not despite their origins, but from them.

I climbed a mountain because I imagined the view from the top must be extraordinary.

Only later did I learn that it was called Mount Cynthus.

A nearly violent wind welcomed me at the summit.

And in that wind, I remembered the breath of life.

The breath I put into my work.

The breath I am putting into my desire, into my greater purpose.

And the name of the mountain spoke to me:
Cynthus.
Like being with child.
I became emotional because I knew I was about to begin “giving birth” to work that
emerge from the deepest and most pristine part of my Being.
Works that I hope will be capable of touching the deepest and most pristine part of other
beings.
The journey had begun as a calling from the soul.
And it was ending as a birth.

THE MARBLE MINES OF PAROS
THE LIGHT THAT COMES FROM WITHIN

My final place in Greece was not in any tourist guide.
The marble mines of Paros are in the center of the island, up a mountain.
The owners of the hotel—those people who appear along the way when the path is assisted
and we allow it—took me there, waited for me, and before we said goodbye, they gave me
a small bag.
A gift.
Inside was a small carved bottle containing Greek wine and a traditional dessert they had
made themselves.
A wordless gesture that said everything.
I climbed the mountain.
And there they were:
Enormous pieces of white marble, fine and almost translucent.
Parian marble has a unique quality.
Light does not bounce off its surface.
It enters.
It gently filters inward.
And then it seems to emanate from within the stone itself.
As if the stone were alive.
That is why ancient artists chose it for their most sacred works, such as the Venus de Milo,
Athena, and others.
Because they achieved in stone what art is always searching for:
For the light to come from within.
Because I believe in rituals, I touched the stone that called to me.
I stayed there in silence for a moment and asked the stone, Apollo, and the entire journey to
allow my hands to transmit light onto a canvas, onto paper.
That is what I have always sought as an artist.
For the light in my work to illuminate lives and spaces throughout the world.

CLOSING

The journey back home is not geographical.

It is an inner journey.

This was not a trip to Greece.

It was the journey back to myself.

“Sometimes the human being forgets their nature, while the soul struggles to remember it, despite the pain, through the pain, from the pain—and above all, through love.”

And what I learned—what Greece revealed to me—is that the truest light doesnot come from outside.

It is not given by awards, recognition, or the “yeses” we wait for.

The light comes from within.

It was already there.

I only needed the journey to remember it.

I SELL COFFEE TO DELIVER POEMS. Esteban Pelaez Arroyave

Introduction

This article presents the invention, or inventions, that emerged from my analysis and from various workshops related to what I understand as applied psychoanalysis. The period covered by these works and their results extends from the end of 2021 to the present, 2026.

First, I will present the beginning of my analysis and how certain fundamental questions emerged that gave rise to the invention. I will then present several psychoanalytic concepts drawn from a lecture given by the psychoanalyst Yoany Rendón. Finally, I will knot these two initial parts together with the development of the invention(s) themselves.

Beginnings of the Analysis

My analysis began in the city of Medellín, Colombia, at the end of 2021. In my encounter with psychoanalysis, I identified various paths that I began to approach and understand from the standpoint of my own subjectivity or truth.

The path I have chosen to present in this article originated in 2022 with a project I initiated for the company I was working for. At that company, my father was my boss. We called the project **“Feeling for Real”**. Its aim was to increase the vital force of the company's employees. We used a methodology of applied psychoanalysis through which we were able to intervene with all the organization's workers and leave behind material forms that still remain there today: paintings with reflective phrases, training groups, reading spaces at the different sites, and a library.

Although I will not discuss the project's specific results within the organization, I can at least say that it had a very important effect on me.

Through all the work we were doing, a question began to emerge in me—a desire to know *something* I had thought was impossible:

Can I have my own brand? Can I have my own company? Can I have my own desire?

The Father as Operator of Desire

I will now transcribe the notes I have from a lecture given by Dr. Yoany Rendón, with the purpose of accompanying the ideas that emerge in this account of my process.

The lecture was delivered virtually on July 30, 2024, and was entitled “**The Father as Operator of Desire.**”

Initially, it was stated that three paths would be explored:

- the Name-of-the-Father;
- what the father names;
- the unbreakable law.

I present them below.

First Path: The Name-of-the-Father

The father is not a figure. He is a person who embodies a function.

For someone to embody the function of the father, it is necessary to substitute the mother's caprice and to deprive the mother. When a father succeeds in depriving the mother, a differentiation between **jouissance and desire** can take place.

Repetition is cut off, and anxiety is created within the family.

If the father deprives the mother, he will be hated by her, but the child will grow up more peacefully. It becomes more difficult for him to return to the darkness, to the maternal womb.

The father must help the child not to return to the darkness. If he does return, he may become trapped there and fail to “hack” the anxiety of the Other.

The mother has to understand that the child is not hers, but belongs to the world.

Second Path: What the Father Names

A father **nominates** when he gives us our name.

The father nominates in order to give the Other a place.

Ideally, he nominates in such a way that he is enunciating that he himself is in progress.

The father who nominates is a father who gives a place.

He knows your birthday. He knows your sadness. He apologizes.

He is continually nominating you:

“There is my son. Let me introduce you to my son.”

The father who names is a **symbolic father**.

He does not need to be there all day.

Because he has nominated me, he does not have to be physically present.

He is a father who exists from generation to generation—from one generation to the next, across three generations.

When one nominates, one enters the law.

The one who enters into guilt becomes an **ethical subject**.

Third Path: The Unbreakable Law

Freud: The one who occupies the place of the father is the one who creates a narcissistic wound between mother and child.

Lacan: Copulation is one thing; procreation is another.

To copulate: the **real father**—anyone.

To procreate: the one who nominates, the one who renounces things for the sake of the Other.

If someone deserves the place of the father, it is because he has procreated.

Miller: A true father ensures that his children—and his own desire—do not remain anonymous.

They are subjects who pass through life without doing anything with their existence.

To be someone in our lives, even someone who may become something greater than they were.

Someone who constructs their own history.

Someone who does something for their children and for others, even for the stranger.

The Invention(s)

I now return to myself.

I embarked on the path of constructing my own desire and of no longer believing that doing so necessarily meant interfering with the desire of the Other.

I began with the choice of the Greek god Poseidon as my **semblant**, followed by the creation of the AMARLA brand, the coffee business, and finally the stores.

In 2022, I took part in a branding workshop in which I encountered a very important **signifier** for my inventions: the Greek god Poseidon.

Starting from the trident, a **signifying chain** was created through which I was able to find a meaning for the construction of these inventions.

By October of that same year, I accompanied the figure of the Greek god with the **signifier AMARLA**, which not only became a commercial name but also a **subjective solution**—a path through which the Name-of-the-Father began to operate in me.

At the beginning of 2023, the union of these two signifiers could finally be materialized, and I was able to construct what AMARLA symbolically is today: the brand.

The activities I then began to develop included the commercialization of coffee, the co-founding of a coffee roastery where the raw material is processed and transformed into a finished product, and finally, in the current year, the opening of “**the store**,” where the brand's proposition has been further deployed.

But alongside the development of all these inventions, something else was also taking shape.

My relationships with the most important people in my life were gradually becoming ordered in a different way:

my children, my wife, my father, my mother, my siblings.

All of these relationships began to acquire a meaning that allowed me to continue along the path of desire.

I understood this through a metaphor that emerged in my analysis, one that refers to a chessboard:

“It is not about changing the pieces; it is about arranging them differently.”

Conclusions

Throughout this journey, analysis facilitates the construction of an invention of one's own and sustains perseverance in the face of the difficulty and solitude that deciding and making such wagers can sometimes entail.

The invention thus acquires a singular value: it becomes a way of producing meaning in one's life.

This process opens a path in which desire and invention are not final goals, but complementary dimensions that sustain the movement of life.

This wager takes concrete form in practices such as **selling coffee accompanied by poems**, seeking to humanize bonds through the word and to foster a more compassionate relationship with the world.

In this sense, psychoanalysis presents itself as an **ethical wager on life**.

FROM THE GOLDEN COFFIN TO A LIVING COMPANY. Testimony of an Analysis. Liliana Ortiz

Being Dead Without Knowing It

I say that I was dead for 48 years and had not realized it.

I was born on May 4, 1977, and from the very beginning breathing felt difficult, forced, as if the body were there but life never quite managed to enter.

I walked through life like a sleepwalker, simply trying to get by, to leave a trace, to be remembered, recognized, loved... and, yes, also hated.

I put my body at the service of abandonment, lovelessness, the absence of an embrace, and the absence of the word that sustains.

The pain in my body has been proof that something in me was not alive.

Without knowing it, I buried myself in the same golden coffin in which my mother arrived, as if the most beautiful place we could have together was a shared death.

I say that I died on the very day I was supposedly born: that May 4, at 9:50 a.m., when I cried more from anguish than from the desire to breathe.

Freud speaks of the **death drive** as an unconscious force that pushes toward self-destruction, the repetition of pain, and the return to an inert state, almost as if the aim of all life were to return to nothingness.

Translated into my own history, this was “going around dying” on the inside, even though from the outside I appeared to be functioning.

Silent Suicide and the Desire to Live

While reading *Suicide, Mental Health and the Desire to Live*, by Héctor Gallo, I encountered something that struck me directly: the idea that suicide is not merely the act of taking one's own life, but is also situated in the relationship each person has with suffering, with anguish, with the desire—or lack of desire—to go on.

I understood that one can spend years carrying out a kind of “**silent suicide**”: becoming ill, exhausting oneself, making destructive choices, repeating scenes in which one already knows there will be pain.

In my case, it was not jumping from a bridge.

It was aborting desires: projects, relationships, even a child.

Every time something good appeared on the horizon, I found a way to ruin it.

Every failed act of life was a way of circling around death, without saying it in those terms, but acting it out.

The Encounter with Psychoanalysis

I cannot say that my encounter with psychoanalysis happened on the day of my first session.

That day, I simply went to an appointment.

For me, the encounter began when I could no longer hide from myself, when my stories stopped being mere anecdotes and became questions that hurt.

In psychoanalysis, one speaks of being an **analysand**.

It is not simply about being a “patient.” It means taking up the position of the one who speaks and allows themselves to be surprised by what they say, by the knowledge that emerges in slips of the tongue, dreams, and details that appear trivial.

It means accepting that the unconscious knows more about us than we believe we know about ourselves.

That movement was crucial for me.

That is where I stopped reinforcing the idea that “**everyone had been bad to me**” and began asking myself what I was doing there, repeating the same thing.

Seasons, Signifiers, and Seeing Oneself in the Mirror

I call the stages of my analysis “seasons.”

During the first season, I spent almost a year talking about everything bad that had happened to me: the mother who left, the uncles who used my body, the mute man who strangled me, the tyrannical grandmother, the stepfather who told me:

“You and I are nothing. I could marry you.”

I was the prize child.

The transactional child.

Without realizing it, I constructed a network of **signifiers** that defined me:

“abuse,” “abandonment,” “payment,” “debt,” “guilt.”

These words organized the way I saw myself in the mirror.

When I looked at myself, I did not see a body of my own.

I saw the body that belonged to others—the body that served another's **jouissance**, the body through which another could enjoy, another could collect.

In analysis, I gradually heard that this image was not “the truth,” but a way of sustaining my story:

a broken mirror assembled from fragments of scenes.

Becoming Informed of My Own Truth

At first, I spoke, but I did not listen.

I repeated my script:

“They did this to me. They left me. They used me.”

At a certain point, the analytic work began to **make me aware of something else**: that this truth was also a **fantasy**, a construction.

It is not that what happened did not happen.

It is that I always read what happened from the same position.

In psychoanalysis, to “make someone aware” is not to impose a truth upon another person.

It is to accompany them so that, in their speaking, something may be revealed when they are in a position to bear it.

I was gradually brought to recognize that I had lived without a body, that I had put it at the service of my own **jouissance** and that of others, and that my soul hurt because I myself had left myself out.

It was not a diagnosis.

It was the gradual apprehension, through my own words, of how I had constructed this story in order to justify remaining within **displeasure**.

The Night, the Abuse, and the Body Without an Owner

There is a founding scene in my memory:

the night of darkness.

I was four or five years old.

I woke up in an enormous, unfamiliar, dark place.

I cried.

I screamed.

No one came.

That feeling of having been left alone in the darkness still visits me in my decisions, in my solitude, in those inner nights when I do not know where I am.

In that solitude, my body became available to others.

The uncle who used my small body for his pleasures.

The mute man who followed me, stalked me, watched me from above the bathroom, and one day almost killed me by strangling me.

The uncle who occupied a paternal position and abused me, who knew my virginity and then pursued me for years.

The grandmother who taught me that an embrace was not a way of loving, and that lying and stealing were “normal.”

All of this established my body as an object, as a thing.

Not as a place for me.

I repeated the same scene with different characters:

someone takes my body,

I have no one to appeal to,

there is no word to sustain me.

This became a way of being in the world.

The Mother, the Coffin, and Flight as a Solution

My mother always lived on the edge.

She almost died when I was born.

She poisoned herself.

She drank until she destroyed herself.

She worked with drug traffickers.

She crossed the border through the gap.

Her way of living was a way of flirting with death.

She returned to Colombia in 1985 in a golden coffin—beautiful, luxurious, extravagant.

That is how I saw her arrive, no longer as beautiful as she had been when she left.

When I encountered psychoanalysis, I was able to read something there:

my mother had made her own wager, a wager on death.

I, in turn, unknowingly chose to climb into that coffin in order to remain with her.

After her death, I began having seizures.

I sold the only property she had left in her name.

I paid my grandmother what she charged me for “raising” me.

And I went farther and farther away.

I fled from the hunting uncle, from the family that demanded things from me, from the stepfather who had told me he could marry me.

That was when my great specialty began:

fleeing from myself.

Flight became a kind of automatic solution.

Before something could materialize, I fled.

Before something could become stable, I sabotaged it.

That mechanism accompanied me for years—in love, in work, in my projects.

The Child Who Was Not Born, Displeasure, and Jouissance

In the midst of all this, I became pregnant by a man who repeated the same pattern:

drunk, out of control, drugged, very much like my stepfather.

The pregnancy was a moment in which **jouissance was completed:**

“There it is. The story is fulfilled.”

We decided to have an abortion.

With that abortion, I did not merely interrupt a pregnancy.

I began aborting almost everything that approached me in the form of desire:

partners,

projects,

possibilities.

I became ill.

I worked without rest.

I made sure not to be with anyone who represented commitment.

I became **“the mistress”**—a position that hurts, but one I knew.

Displeasure was my safe zone.

I preferred the familiar pain to a love I did not know how to inhabit.

Coordinates for Locating Myself

Along the path of my analysis, I began hearing words that named me:

obsessional, hysterical.

At first, they sounded like labels.

Later, I began to recognize them as coordinates—as ways of locating the position from which I place myself in relation to the Other, to desire, and to the body.

The one who wants to keep everything under control, who anticipates, who constructs entire scenarios before anything happens so as not to be hunted.

The one who lives dissatisfied, who always finds something missing, who stages scenes in order to interrogate her own desire and the desire of the Other while simultaneously maintaining a distance.

It is not that I simply “am” these things.

But these modes of **jouissance**, these ways of becoming entangled, do appear.

Psychoanalysis did not come to erase any of this.

It helped me recognize my modes of jouissance, take responsibility for them, and sometimes choose not to go all the way down the hole.

For me, healing means that the **symptom** hurts less, that it no longer drags me along in the same way, that I can use it differently.

Between Desire and My Invention of Being Alive

Over time, analysis has shown me something simple and extremely difficult:

not everything in life has to hurt in order to have value.

Suffering is not a medal.

I have begun to see sparks of desire that are no longer confused with sacrifice.

Moments when, instead of ruining something that was going well, I stayed a little longer.

I tried a different move.

My invention of “**being alive**” involves changing my signifiers.

There is a phrase my mother used to say:

“Don’t come home with that belly full of little bones.”

It marked my relationship with motherhood.

Today, I can hear it differently.

Not as a destiny carved in stone, but as words that caused devastation, yes, yet that I can now approach differently, circling them through other signifiers.

I have understood that I am not the exception, that there are many lives traversed by difficult things.

This does not minimize what happened to me, but it takes me out of the position of being the sole victim.

Today I can say that I no longer need hatred, fear, or rage in order to exist.

And although remnants of displeasure remain, there is also a different wager.

Empresa Viva: A Company That Has a Pulse

For years, my life was work.

My early form of invention was learning to take care of myself from a very young age.

I made decisions on my own.

I focused on studying and working.

I constructed a strong professional identity in occupational health and safety.

There I found a place from which to respond to the world:

“the one who solves,”

“the one who sustains,”

“the one who achieves,”

“the one who made it.”

But my body began to send the bill:

insomnia,

exhaustion,

anxiety,

profound sadness.

From the outside, people saw me as successful.

Inside, I was in pieces.

The unconscious continued inscribing itself.

It did not rest.

I sought help through alternative therapies, spiritual practices, shamans, astrology.

Something moved, yes, but the core remained intact.

Until one day everything completely broke apart:

I was left without a company,

without stable work,

without a clear professional identity,

without a partner with whom to share my life.

Psychoanalysis arrived at that point—not to return me to the Liliana I had been before, but so that I could listen to what I wanted to do with all of this now.

I began to see that I could return to my professional field from another place—not only from demand and sacrifice, but from a little more life.

I had already been working on “**Empresa Viva**,” but through psychoanalysis I have been able to understand that it is not merely a company.

It is a name.

A **signifier** that knots together my history, my knowledge, and a new way of being in the world.

It is my way of saying:

I do not want life to be only about enduring. I want something to knot me together.

Today I work with the idea that companies contain bodies and histories.

Behind an absenteeism indicator, there is someone who can no longer go on.

Behind an accident, there may be a body placed at the service of something that has not yet been possible to name.

Psychoanalysis taught me that there is always something one can do for the Other, while respecting singularity—mine and that of others.

That is what I try to do through Empresa Viva:

not to save anyone,

but to offer conditions in which each person may be able to live their own working life a little better.

Occupational health and safety, understood from this position, is no longer merely about complying with a regulation.

It becomes a way of **giving the Other a place**.

If I had to close with one sentence today, I would say:

I was dead without knowing it. I invented a thousand ways to remain in displeasure. But now I am making a wager on being alive.

And this is where I sustain myself with a word that my analyst, Yoanny Rendón, reminds me of:

Lili(ama).

Because if I was born crying more from anguish than from the desire to breathe, today I choose to breathe with what I have:

a proper name,

a body that I am finally beginning to recognize as mine,

and a company that has a pulse.

Liliana Ortiz

FROM THE MONSTER TO LIFE: PSYCHOANALYSIS, KNOWLEDGE, AND TEACHING AS A SINGULAR INVENTION. Sebastián Franco

Abstract

This paper proposes a reflection on my relationship with psychoanalysis, based on a subjective experience marked for a long time by a fierce way of naming and experiencing myself as a monster—not as a fantastic figure, but as the way in which I named the strangeness I felt toward myself, my body, my desire, and my way of inhabiting the world.

Under this nomination were condensed shame, alienation, suffering, and the persistent feeling of not fitting into the social and subjective ideals that organize life.

In this context, my encounter with psychoanalysis opened a space in which my suffering could begin to be questioned, and where the analytic experience has gradually allowed me to displace that mortifying identification with the monster—not in order to erase it completely, but to understand its logic, its function, and its place in my history.

Thus, the possibility of an **invention** emerged: moving from a devastating nomination toward a more livable relationship with existence.

Along this journey, knowledge and teaching have occupied a decisive place. On the one hand, knowledge ceased to be merely a refuge or a demand and also became a means of elaboration and of establishing a bond. Teaching, on the other hand, emerged as a singular mode of transmission, desire, and wager on life.

This paper seeks to show how, in my case, psychoanalysis made possible not the disappearance of malaise, but the construction of a different way of living myself, teaching, and desiring.

Introduction

When I began writing this paper, I thought that speaking about psychoanalysis from personal experience involved a significant risk: turning pain into confession or reducing it to biography.

However, for me, within my own process, it also entails a deeply human and ethical possibility: transforming my subjective experience into reflection, into words, and into understanding.

Thus, I do not intend to speak from the position of the clinician or the specialist in psychoanalytic theory, because I am neither. I speak instead from the experience of someone who found in analysis a space in which to confront difficult questions about love, lack, compulsion, identity, and the way of inhabiting life.

For a long time, I believed that suffering could be avoided through performance, professional recognition, immediate pleasure, or permanent distraction.

But psychoanalysis confronted me with many uncomfortable truths, and with one in particular:

Many times, that which I was fleeing from ended up silently organizing my existence.

Lack and the Origin of a Search

I came to psychoanalysis at a moment when I felt I was losing love—or perhaps, more profoundly, at a moment when I felt that I had never truly managed to experience myself as loved, and where I had named myself a monster.

As I progressed in analysis, I understood that much of my life had begun to organize itself around a **lack** that was difficult to name: a constant feeling of emptiness, of not fully belonging, of not being enough, and of needing to be continually chosen by others.

My family history was marked by absence and fragmentation.

My parents were very young and never lived together as a couple, so during my childhood, as I remember it, I moved between different homes: my paternal grandparents, my maternal grandparents, and later primarily living with my mother, since my father was never a stable presence in my life.

Years later, I also discovered that I had a sister, and subsequently observed how my father had indeed managed to construct a home and a family in which he effectively occupied the place of the father.

Analysis then led me to a profoundly uncomfortable question:

How much of my life had been organized around the need to feel chosen?

Sigmund Freud, in *On Narcissism: An Introduction* (1914), pointed to the way much human suffering is related to primary narcissistic wounds—that is, to early experiences of recognition, love, and the constitution of the ego.

Thus, the subject does not merely need to exist biologically; the subject needs to be symbolically invested by the desire of the Other.

Looking back at my own history, I thought that many of my behaviors seemed to function as desperate attempts to fill that originary absence.

Compulsion as a Way of Inhabiting the Void

For many years, my life was organized around compulsive dynamics: drug use, sexual hyperavailability, the constant search for validation, and the need to avoid any profound encounter with myself.

The moments of greatest anxiety appeared especially when there was nothing to do, when silence or stillness emerged.

Then compulsive sex, substance use, and the constant search for intensity often functioned as attempts to anesthetize that heaviness.

During my process, I heard the phrase:

“Man's desire is the desire of the Other.” — Jacques Lacan

That idea resonated enormously with me because I began to ask myself—and to try to understand—how much of my life had been organized around being desired, approved of, or externally validated.

Because I felt that I was not simply seeking pleasure.

I was seeking confirmation of my existence.

However, the problem with compulsion is that it never definitively fills what it attempts to cover.

On the contrary, it often intensifies the very void it seeks to avoid.

Freud described this phenomenon in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920) through the concept of the **repetition compulsion**: the subject repeats painful scenes, relationships, and behaviors even when they produce suffering.

In my own experience, I often repeated dynamics that damaged my health, my self-esteem, and my relationships, even while rationally knowing their consequences.

And perhaps one of the most painful discoveries was realizing that many of the strategies I used to feel alive were also destroying my life.

Apparent Success and Invisible Suffering

While my personal life was going through periods of fragmentation and self-destruction, another part of me continued to function.

Amid all that chaos, there was something that never completely disappeared:

teaching.

Over time, I have come to think that teaching, accompanying students, and feeling responsible for human and academic processes have, in many ways, been a way of sustaining myself in life when other parts of me were deeply fragmented.

Because even during moments when I felt lost, empty, or self-destructive, there was still a part of me capable of preparing a class, answering a message, listening to a student, or genuinely committing myself to the growth of others.

And that continues to move me.

Because it means that even amid suffering, there was something in me that was still defending life, knowledge, and the human bond.

I often think that teaching saved me because it constantly forced me to move beyond myself without losing contact with something profoundly human.

In the classroom, I found recognition, yes, but I also found meaning.

I found people who trusted me, students who saw value in my words even when I myself could not see that value in my personal life.

Perhaps for that reason, teaching became something more than a job.

It became a symbolic place where a healthy part of me continued to exist.

Donald Winnicott spoke about the importance of finding spaces in which one can feel real and creative.

I believe that, for me, teaching was often exactly that:

a space where, even while broken, I could still produce meaning, care, and presence for others.

However, analysis helped me understand something fundamental:

external recognition does not necessarily resolve internal suffering.

Although I was often able to adapt successfully to external demands, internally I remained disconnected from myself.

I often felt precisely that:

a subject who functioned outwardly while being profoundly broken inwardly.

The Child Who Did Not Know How to Be an Adult

One of the most difficult discoveries in analysis was recognizing that a large part of my emotional life was still organized from profoundly infantile positions.

I knew how to work.

I knew how to think.

I knew how to teach.

But I did not know how to take care of myself.

I did not know how to inhabit myself with love.

I did not know how to be alone without destroying myself.

I did not know how to build emotional stability.

Analysis therefore confronted me with something painful:

I was often still waiting for love, validation, and care from infantile positions that could never be fully satisfied.

And understanding the wound did not mean justifying all my behaviors.

This has been important for me to recognize within the process, because analysis does not consist in remaining eternally trapped within one's personal history.

It means assuming **subjective responsibility** for what we do with our history.

Psychoanalysis as a Space in Which to Stop Running Away

For me, psychoanalysis is not a magical cure.

It did not eliminate my contradictions.

It did not make my life perfect.

But it has given me something profoundly valuable, something I continue to construct every day:

a space in which to stop constantly escaping from myself.

Perhaps this has been one of the most important transformations:

slowly beginning to ask myself what **I** want for my life beyond the desire of others.

Analysis forced me to confront difficult questions:

Who am I when I stop running after validation?

What remains when the compulsion disappears?

How can I construct a life that is less organized around the void?

And again, in *Civilization and Its Discontents* (1930), Freud pointed out that human suffering never disappears completely because it is structurally part of existence.

Nevertheless, analysis can transform the subject's relationship to that suffering.

And I believe my suffering will never disappear completely.

It is part of my existence, as it is part of everyone's.

I did not find absolute happiness.

But I did find greater awareness, more honesty, less self-deception, and, little by little, less violence toward myself.

Today I understand that psychoanalysis, at least in my experience, has not been a path of salvation or perfection.

It has instead been a space in which to think myself, name my fractures, understand my repetitions, and attempt to construct a life that is less organized around compulsion and flight.

Perhaps that is why I remain in analysis—and also why I understand when I escape from it.

Not because I expect to become someone who is completely resolved, but because I still want to learn something I truly did not know for many years:

how to remain with myself without needing to destroy myself in order to feel something.

The Father I Never Knew. A Paper on the Book Father. Carlos Jaramillo

Before beginning, I would like to thank Doctors Yoany and Andrés for inviting me to share this paper with you on the book *FATHER*.

The title of this paper is: **The Father I Never Knew. (From the Void of Orphanhood to the Father's Embrace).**

In this paper, I will not speak about the fatherhood of God solely as a theologian or pastor, but also as a man deeply marked by the absence of a father.

Speaking about God's fatherhood has never been, for me, merely a doctrinal matter. It has been something deeply personal.

I was born in 1960. Two years later, my father died in a plane crash. He was a pilot, and his body remained forever in the Darién Gap.

His absence marked my entire existence. I grew up surrounded by the love of my mother and my two younger sisters, and although some uncles tried, in one way or another, to make up for that absence, a silent void always remained within me: the absence of a father.

Over time, I understood that orphanhood is not always physical. Sometimes it is emotional, spiritual, and affective.

One can grow up feeling loved and, at the same time, experience the absence of a masculine reference who embraces, affirms, protects, and blesses.

Perhaps that is why I eventually studied aviation, attempting somehow to approach the world of my father. Later, I studied theology and served as a pastor for twenty-five years. And although I preached about God, there was a truth that took a very long time to descend from my mind into my heart: God did not want to relate to me as a judge, but as a Father.

My religious formation was deeply fundamentalist. I learned a great deal from the Bible, but I also grew up with distorted images of God: a watchful, punitive, angry, corrective, moralistic God who constantly evaluated my behavior. Fear was stronger than trust, and guilt stronger than rest.

On one occasion, while studying the Gospel of John, I discovered something revolutionary: Jesus did not come merely to speak about a sovereign, glorious, all-powerful God; he came to show us what his Father is like.

The Gospel of John is permeated by the word “Father.” Of all the times Jesus refers to God as Father in the New Testament, an enormous concentration occurs precisely in John. This allows us to understand that the relationship between Jesus and the Father constitutes the very heart of the Gospel.

Jesus came to explain the Father. To reveal him. To translate him into our humanity. And he also came to dismantle our religious distortions about God.

Many of us have known a god constructed out of fear, guilt, and shame. But in John, Jesus presents a Father who is close, compassionate, loving, and profoundly committed to human life.

Jesus lived from a relationship of intimacy and trust. He did not act from religious anxiety, dogma, or liturgy, but from the security of the Father’s love.

And this is profoundly healing for those of us who grew up trying to earn God’s love.

The problem with many religious systems is that they turn God into a moral supervisor before they allow him to be a loving Father. But Jesus never presented the Father as a heavenly tyrant. He showed him washing feet, drawing near to sinners, restoring wounded women, feeding multitudes, and weeping in the face of human suffering.

This truth confronts all our false images of God. Because if we want to know what God is like, we must look at Jesus.

Jesus never humiliated the weak, never rejected the broken, and never used fear, guilt, or shame to control people.

For years, I observed believers living a spirituality of orphanhood. They knew doctrines, but not rest. They knew verses, but not intimacy. They feared divine punishment, but did not experience the tenderness of the Father.

Spiritual orphanhood produces insecure believers, dependent on religious approval and trapped in moral performance. But Jesus came precisely to heal this condition.

Jesus presents himself as the good shepherd, not as a taskmaster or a spiritual executioner. He says that his sheep hear his voice and follow him because they know him. There is relationship there, closeness, and trust.

There are words of Jesus that have always moved me deeply: **“I will not leave you orphaned.”**

I often think that this phrase has not only a doctrinal meaning, but also an existential one. Jesus knows what the experience of abandonment produces. And that is why he promises the presence of the Holy Spirit as companionship, consolation, and abiding presence.

The Christian faith is not simply about obeying commandments; it is about entering into the relationship that Jesus has with the Father. For our Father, what matters most is not doing, but being.

Jesus desires for his disciples to participate in the same love that exists between him and the Father. Jesus said: **“That the love with which you have loved me may be in them.”**

Jesus does not speak primarily about religion, creeds, or doctrinal confessions. He speaks about love. He does not present moral perfection as a condition for being accepted. He speaks of a relationship grounded in grace, closeness, and communion.

One of the great problems of modern Christianity is that many know God as a system, but not as Father.

That is why I wrote the book *FATHER!: Jesus’ Relationship with His Father in the Gospel of John*.

I wrote it not only as a theologian, but also as an orphan. As someone who spent years searching for affirmation, approval, and meaning. As someone who slowly—very slowly—discovered that God did not simply want to replace the absence of my earthly father, but to heal the wounds that absence had left in my life.

God’s fatherhood does not magically eliminate human pain, but it transforms our identity. It frees us from living out of fear. It allows us to rest. It teaches us that we are not defective religious projects, but beloved children.

And I believe that this is one of the deepest needs of our time.

We live surrounded by successful but emotionally orphaned people.

People filled with religious information, but empty of spiritual affection.

People who pray in fear because they are afraid they are not enough.

The Gospel of John invites us to return to the center: to the Father revealed in Jesus.

Not to a god obsessed with condemnation, but to a Father committed to restoration.

Not to a distant cosmic judge, but to a close and loving presence.

Perhaps the great tragedy of many believers is that they know Christianity without ever having experienced the embrace and kiss of the Father.

And perhaps the great mission of the Church today is not to produce more religious people, but sons and daughters who live from the security of God's love.

Because, in the end, the central message of the Gospel of John could be summarized like this:

Jesus came to bring the orphans home to the Father's house.

POEM

A Farewell Left Unfinished

Do you still live on the hill of the Cross?

Sometimes I wanted to visit you,
but they told me that getting there was too dangerous.

Sixty-three years have passed,
and I don't think I have the strength anymore
to climb La Cruz.

Your voice fell silent from one moment to the next.
I never heard you again.
I understood nothing.

I missed you for a few months
until your absence became a habit
and your silence, overwhelming.

I learned to live that way.

Who covered your body?
Who said a farewell prayer?
Who lit a candle?
Who told you: rest in peace?
Did they bring you flowers?

The dew of the jungle bathed your body every morning,
and at night, while you slept,
the trees covered you.

You remained there
as part of what you loved most,
the wild jungle of the Darién.

On that triumphant Sunday,
you closed your eyes forever,
while the aluminum of the DC-3
twisted among the rocks.

We will meet again
in the company of the One
who died on the hill of the Skull,
also nailed to a cross.

From the Desire of the Other to One's Own Desire: A Path Toward Life. María Camila Rendón

Choosing my own desire has undoubtedly been my most certain and decisive wager on life. The decision to leave behind the desire of the Other has allowed me not only to see life, but to create a path that leads me toward it and enables me to live it fully, truly being myself, freed from anxieties and expectations, without burdens and, above all, without pain—physical or emotional.

Today I walk a path that has involved renunciations and has brought with it anxiety and uncertainty, but it has also left gains, achievements, and countless lessons in its wake. Through all of this, I am discovering and finding what I have always felt was missing: my own desire.

The journey began with wanting to know what that missing thing was, what prevented me from feeling fulfilled and happy even though I had “everything”: a “perfect” life—in the eyes of the world—with a functional family, a university degree that seemed to confer status upon me, a stable job almost for life, a secure inheritance because I had chosen my profession, and, to top it all off, people around me teaching me how I “should” live an opportunity that few people have.

So, if everything was so perfect and in its proper place, what could possibly go wrong? Why the feeling of emptiness? Why so much bodily suffering? Why so much anxiety?

And the answer was simple: I was not living for myself or according to my own desire. It was not my life. It was not my desire. It was the desire of the Other—or rather, of the others. But I did not know that yet, and I was nowhere near even imagining it.

Understanding this, but above all making it conscious, took time—months that, to this day, have become years—and it cost me dearly. And I am not talking about an economic cost, but an emotional one.

Because yes, deciding to change the family history and break the famous “generational chains” comes at a price, and a very high one: renunciations, changes, boundaries, and decisions that, in addition to making me uncomfortable, made others uncomfortable as well. They turned me into a target for criticism and brought about noticeable changes in people’s attitudes toward me.

But regardless of the tears I shed and the difficult moments I went through, little by little I began to find the light along the way—**MY WAY**.

I gradually discovered what truly made me happy and what did not, what gave me that feeling that something was no longer missing and what intensified the emptiness. But above all, I began discovering what I wanted for myself and what my true desire was.

And today I can say it with complete clarity: **my desire was to be able to leave and live MY LIFE.**

Without a doubt, the light that illuminated—and continues to illuminate—my path has a name of its own, and that name is **psychoanalysis**. A light that, as I say without hesitation, **SAVED MY LIFE.**

Thanks to analysis, I can say with absolute certainty that I have been able to raise my level of awareness, and this has allowed me to know myself so deeply that I can bring my thinking, feeling, and acting into greater coherence. In turn, this has facilitated the healing of my body and soul and enabled me to face each of life's trials with courage, understanding that everything has a purpose and that everything aligns by following desire.

And so it was that, a little over a year ago, wanting to discover and live my desire—the desire I was already beginning to notice and feel—I embarked on a journey that, although filled with fears, doubts, and many unanswered questions, was also charged with hope, dreams, and desires of my own.

Today I can say, with complete certainty, that the decision to leave everything behind and start over far from home, partially relinquishing the profession I love and creating physical distance from my family and friends—without knowing when I would be able to see them in person again, or even whether they would still be alive—has been not only the most important decision I have ever made, but also the most meaningful one.

Day by day, this decision enriches me more than any professional degree, more than many years of work, and more than any inheritance, because it has allowed me to know and recognize myself as a person and as a woman.

Today, María Camila the migrant feels proud of who she is and of the person she has become—even though she still finds it difficult to acknowledge her own achievements. She also recognizes the enormous work of that woman who, with courage and strength, decided to change the course of her life.

Today, this Camila embraces the Camila of the past and thanks her for betting on her happiness, her life, her desire...

Perseus Ghost Hunter. From Jouissance to Desire: An Invention of Life Through Psychoanalysis. Julián José Loaiza

I chose to call this paper **Perseus Ghost Hunter** because for many years I felt that my life was organized around ghosts.

Ghosts of early losses.

Ghosts of emptiness.

Ghosts of loneliness.

Ghosts of overwork.

Ghosts of jouissance.

And I believe psychoanalysis allowed me to understand something fundamental:

ghosts do not disappear completely... but we can stop living under their domination.

The myth of Perseus therefore appears not merely as a symbolic reference, but as a way of reading my own history.

THE FIRST GHOST

I lost my father and my brother at an early age.

And when a loss appears so early in life, something in the subject remains trying to answer the question of how to continue existing after it.

Interestingly, years later I ended up working precisely in **El Hueco**.

And for me, this was never merely a commercial district. It was also a **signifier**.

As if my life were constantly insisting on showing me this relationship between emptiness and survival.

Jtex was born within this logic.

Importing textiles from China and selling them was much more than an economic activity.

It was movement.

It was a way of sustaining myself.

It was producing so as not to fall.

It was a way of fighting against something internal that I could not yet fully name.

But even before the company came the story of my parents.

For a long time, my life was more organized around the figure of my mother, her strength, and her capacity to sustain us.

But over the years I understood something very important:

I, too, had been deeply desired by my father.

And that completely transformed the way I began to read my own history.

Because many times, when a loss occurs too early, one grows up feeling the absence more strongly than the love that once existed.

Little by little, I was able to construct another version:

not that of a father who was lost or erased,

but that of a man who loved me deeply and who desired a better life for me.

My father then became a great source of inspiration and a drive toward self-overcoming.

Even without being physically present, his mark remained within me as a silent impulse toward life.

And alongside this was my mother, who transformed difficulty into movement.

I believe both of them inscribed something deeply within me:

the idea that living is also a way of honoring the love that came before us.

For me, traveling was never simply about visiting cities.

I believe that for years I traveled in search of an answer.

Each city seemed to confront me with something different:

power, beauty, death, love, desire, loneliness.

And little by little I understood something:

one can travel the entire world and still be searching for an inner home.

CASA PERSEO — THE INVENTION

Casa Perseo emerged at a very important moment in my life.

And over time I understood that it was never simply a hotel.

It was a **subjective invention**.

Because, to a certain extent, my life had been organized around jouissance:

producing,
working,
sustaining myself,
surviving,
constantly moving.

But Casa Perseo introduces something different:

to accommodate the Other.

To make space.
To receive.
To host.

And here a very important displacement appears:

a movement from jouissance toward desire.

The myth of Perseus began to resonate deeply with me.

Because Perseus does not defeat Medusa by looking directly at her.

He confronts her through her reflection.

And I believe this has an enormous connection with psychoanalysis.

There are truths that cannot be looked at directly without petrifying us.

They need to be approached indirectly.

—Heard.
—Symbolized.

For a long time, I lived from a more solitary, defensive, more primary position.

And perhaps Casa Perseo represents precisely that moment when something of Medusa's head begins to fall.

When it is no longer only about surviving...

but about constructing life.

FAMILY AS A NEW INVENTION

And then something unexpected appears:

the possibility of creating a family.

Not merely as a social structure, but as a **subjective invention.**

Our relationship was a complete coincidence.

Or perhaps not.

Because we ultimately became united precisely around Casa Perseo.

Luisa is an architect and interior designer, and I have always found it deeply symbolic that while she designs physical spaces, my life ultimately became oriented toward designing my own interior.

She works with forms, light, space, and structure.

And together we began to construct something similar in life.

My children completely transformed my relationship with time.

One stops living merely to sustain oneself.

One begins to ask:

What do I transmit?

What do I repeat?

Which wounds am I able to stop?

And what new forms of love can I construct?

Psychoanalysis did not give me closed answers.

But it did allow me something fundamental:

to stop constantly running away from myself.

To be able to listen to my story differently.

To understand that even pain can be transformed into invention.

And above all, to understand the importance of the Other.

Because no subject is constituted entirely alone.

PERSEUS GHOST HUNTER

Today I understand that **Perseus Ghost Hunter** is not about eliminating ghosts.

It is about learning to live differently with them.

It is about moving from a life organized solely around survival...

toward a life in which desire also has a place.

For a long time I tried to get out of the hole.

But perhaps the true transformation occurred when I stopped thinking only about getting out,

and began constructing a place where others could also find a place to stay.

A family.

A home.

An invention of life.

Perhaps the true heroic act is not defeating monsters.

Perhaps it is **transforming pain into a possibility of LOVE.**

The Turn Out of Darkness. Katherin Vanessa Cardona

Making the decision to put each feeling into words, to write down each situation, based on the process—at times with a certain degree of awareness, and at other moments simply living according to the responsibilities that life brings.

Recognizing that for years I had lived according to social and economic standards led me to live according to the expectations of the Other, sustaining and pleasing affective structures even when they caused me pain... It was precisely at this point that the idea of psychoanalysis emerged, following a chance encounter in the elevator of my building... Thank you, Nidia. Thank you for saving me that Sunday.

The **WRINKLED HEART** appeared as a symptom, which the body associated with illness. Of course, at that time I did not yet have the language for it. In the midst of insomnia, weight loss without any apparent cause, and difficulty eating, the body found its own way of shouting. It was a repressed language and contained emotions... **THE BODY HAD TO SPEAK, BECAUSE THE MIND WAS SILENT, FULL OF MIXTURES AND NUANCES.**

The prolongation of the maternal figure was present and sealed by an infinity, while at that moment my mind was breaking apart because the paternal figure had become distorted, affecting every relationship.

Walking this path alongside Yoa, my psychoanalyst, has allowed me to discover the diversity of women who inhabit me; to recognize abandonment, the repetition of unsatisfying relationships, and what authentic love really is; to separate the identity of woman from that of mother; and to listen more carefully to my individual desire.

In this process, there was a death, filled with appearances, luxuries, and unreal moments. Today I give thanks to psychoanalysis because the woman who is telling her own story has managed to live and to sustain herself in her purpose—and when she loses her way: **S.O.S. YOAAAA!**

Although initially I felt empty and disconnected, trapped in a life of falsehoods built around “HAVING IT ALL,” today I am writing on my way to Paris, in a moment of introspection in which I can only give thanks—and more than thanks—for all those knots I felt in my throat and that broken heart that arrived at your consulting room...

Becoming something of what I am today taught me to prioritize myself without guilt, to listen to my emotions, to build a life coherent with my deepest needs, and, truly, to create connections in which life can flow...

Psychoanalysis allowed me to understand and enjoy my maternal bond from a place of freedom, allowing for an authentic motherhood without affective mutilations...

I am grateful for the opportunity you have given me to speak about the importance of analysis, through which one learns to have a life in which its nuances and colors become clearer and more conscious, and in which authenticity brings calm and meaning...

In summary, **Between Moons and Maracas** is a summary of a life, because they were my support, my self-reconstruction, arising from my authentic desire to understand truths and roots that, at the time, were so difficult to comprehend... **THANK YOU, PSYCHOANALYSIS...**

In it, I found the possibility of freedom, awareness, and growth.

The original text is currently 50 pages long and has been condensed into two, because living after psychoanalysis changed the life of **BETWEEN MOONS AND MARACAS**.

Professional Life and Desire

As for my professional life, naturally it could not be disconnected from my emotional and affective life. On the contrary, the two influence each other mutually. At first glance, my professional life seemed to be sustained by the demand to be the socially correct woman. Through my profession, I found validation as an expression of myself. Having legal knowledge became a way of covering my internal monologue and finding protection within it.

Psychoanalysis showed me that this was a defensive formation. Of course, approval and stability were important.

Discovering death and the transformation of situations inherent to decision-making led me toward the development of autonomy and confidence in my abilities.

The reconstruction of my professional identity granted me independence, leadership, and judgment. Having my profession as a model for life has allowed me greater organization and functionality, an expanded vision, and an integration of professional and emotional life.

Understanding the need to have psychoanalysis only a phone call away has generated in me a sense of financial and professional freedom grounded in desire, while also giving me a greater capacity for narrative and communication—capacities that are necessary for navigating professional life.

In this professional evolution, there was never a promotion. **THERE IS A BETTER RELATIONSHIP WITH MYSELF, IN WHICH LIFE IS BROADER AND FREER...**

This Is for the Women in the Audience — KT

Women, because the secrets of women and feminine strength are generally never seen, but they are felt... It is a kind of double emotional refuge...

THANK YOU. THANK YOU. THANK YOU.