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Telepathy

Jacques Derrida

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So, what do you want me to say, I had a premonition of something nasty in it, like a word, or a worm, a piece of worm which would be a piece of word, and which would seek to reconstitute itself, slithering, something tainted which poisons life. And suddenly, precisely there, only there, I started to lose my hair, no, to lose some hair which was not necessarily mine, perhaps yours. I was trying to keep it by making knots which, one after the other, came undone only to re-form themselves further on. I felt, from a distance and confusedly, that I was searching for a word, perhaps a proper name (for example Claude, but I do not know why I choose this example right now, I do not remember his presence in my dream). Rather it was the term which was searching for me, it had the initiative, according to me, and was doing its best to collect itself by every means, for a period of time which I could not measure, all night perhaps, and even more, or else an hour or three minutes, impossible to know, but is it a question here of knowing? The time of this word remains, does it not, especially if it were a proper name, without comparison with everything which might surround it. The word was taking its time, and by dint of following it

you ask me, I ask myself: where is this leading us, towards what *place*? We are absolutely unable to know, forecast [*prévoir*], /foresee, foretell, fortune-tell/.² Impossible anticipation, it is always from there that I have addressed myself to you and you have never accepted it. You would accept it more patiently if something wasn't telling us, behind our backs [*par derrière*] and in order to subject us there, that this place, it, knows us, forecasts our coming, predicts us, us, according to its code [*chiffre*, also 'cipher', 'figure', 'initials']. Suppose that an anachronism which resembles no other unwedges [*décale*] us, it lifts or displaces the blocks [*les cales*], brakes or accelerates as if we were late with respect to that which has already happened to us in the future, /the one which foresees us/ and by which I sense us predicted, anticipated, snapped up,

called, summoned from a single casting, a single coming [*d'une seule venue*]. Called, you hear? you hear this word in several languages? I was trying to explain it to him [or her], to translate it to him the other day, at his first smile I interrupted

and I ask myself, I ask myself how to deform the syntax without touching it, as at a distance. At stake here is what I'd like to call the old-new phrase, as they say over there, you remember, the old-new synagogue. I ask myself, not myself, it is not myself that I ask, it is myself that I ask for when I ask myself, you that I ask. But you cannot answer for the moment, only when I have met up with you again. Incidentally do you know that you saved my life again the other day when with an infinitely forgiving movement you allowed me to tell you where the trouble [*le mal*] is, its return always foreseeable, the catastrophe coming in advance [*prévenante*, also 'thoughtful', 'warning'], called, given, dated. It is readable on a calendar, with its proper name, classified, you hear this word, nomenclatured. It wasn't sufficient to foresee or to predict what would indeed happen one day, /forecasting is not enough/, it would be necessary to think (what does this mean here, do *you* know?) what would happen by the very fact of being predicted or foreseen, a sort of beautiful apocalypse telescoped, kaleidoscoped, triggered off at that very moment by the precipitation of the announcement itself, consisting precisely in this announcement, the prophecy returning to itself from the future of its own to-come [*à-venir*, also 'future', 'writ of summons']. The apocalypse takes place at the moment when I write this, but a present of this type keeps a telepathic or premonitory affinity with itself (it senses itself at a distance and warns itself of itself) which loses me on the way and makes me scared. I have always trembled before what I know in this way, it is also what scares the others and through which I disturb them as well, I send them to sleep sometimes. I suffer from it. Do you think that I am speaking here of the unconscious, guess³

I ask myself—this, I ask you: when it plays, from the start, the absence or rather the indeterminacy of some addressee which it nevertheless apostrophises, a published letter provokes events, /and even the events it foresees and foretells/, what is going on, I ask you. Obviously I am not talking about all the events to which any writing or publication at all gives rise, starting with the most effaced of marks. Think rather of a series of which the addressee would form part, he or she if you wish, you for example, unknown at that time to the one who writes; and from that moment the one who writes is

not yet completely an addressor, nor completely himself. The addressee, he or she, would let her/himself be produced by the letter, from [*depuis*] its programme, and, he or she, the addressor as well. I can no longer see very clearly, I am stalling [*je cale*] a bit. Look, I'm trying [*je m'exerce*]: suppose that I now write a letter without determinable address. It would be encrypted or anonymous, it doesn't much matter, and I publish it, thus using the credit I still have with our publishing system, along with all that supports it. Now suppose that someone replies, addressing her/himself first to the presumed signatory of the letter, who is supposed by convention to merge with the 'real' author, here with 'me' who is supposedly its creator. The publisher forwards the reply. This is a possible route, there would be others and the thing which interests me can happen even if the aforesaid reply does not take the form of a missive in the everyday sense and if its despatch is not entrusted to the postal institution. So I become the signatory of these letters that are said to be fictive. When I was only the author of a book! Transpose that to the side of what they still call the unconscious, transpose in any case, it is transference [*transfert*, also 'transfer'] and telepoetics which, deep down, are weaving away. I encounter the other on this occasion. It is the *first time*, apparently, and even if according to another appearance I have known the other, like you, for years. In this encounter the destiny of a life is knotted, of several lives at the same time, certainly more than two, always more than two. A banal situation, you will say, it happens every day, for example between novelists, journalists, their readers and their audience. But you haven't got the point. I am not putting forward the hypothesis of a letter which would be the external occasion, in some sense, of an encounter between two identifiable subjects—and who would already be determined. No, but of a letter which after the event seems to have been launched towards some unknown addressee at the moment of its writing, an addressee unknown to himself or herself if one can say that, and who is determined, as you very well know how to be, on receipt of the letter; this is then quite another thing than the transfer [*transfert*] of a message. Its content and its end no longer precede it. So then, you identify yourself and you commit your life to the program of the letter, or rather of a postcard, of a letter which is open, divisible, at once transparent and encrypted. The program says nothing, it neither announces nor states anything, not the slightest content, it doesn't even present itself as a program. One cannot even say that it 'looks like' a program [*fait programme*], but, without seeming to, *it works*, it programs [*il fait, il programme*]. So you say: it is I, uniquely I who am able to

receive this letter, not that it has been reserved for me, on the contrary, but I receive as a present the chance to which this card delivers itself. It falls to me [*Elle m' échoit*]. And I choose that it should choose me by chance, I wish to cross its path, I want to be there, I can and I want—its path or its transfer. In short you say 'It was me', with a gentle and terrible decision, quite differently: no comparison here with identifying with the hero of a novel. You say 'me' the unique addressee and everything starts between us. Starting out from nothing, from no history, the postcard saying not a single word which holds [*qui tienne*]. Saying, or after the event predicting 'me', you don't have any illusion about the divisibility of the destination, you don't even inspect it, you let it float (committing yourself to it even for eternity—I weigh my words—and you ask yourself if I am describing or if I am committing what is taking place at this very moment), you are there to receive the division, you gather it together without reducing it, without harming it, you let it live and everything starts between us, from you, and what you there give by receiving. Others would conclude: a letter thus *finds* its addressee, him or her.⁴ No, one cannot say of the addressee that s/he exists before the letter [*avant la lettre*]. Besides, if one believed it, if one considered that you identify yourself with the addressee as if with a fictional character, the question would remain: how is it possible? how can one identify with an addressee who would represent a character so absent from the book, totally mute, indescribable?⁵ For you remain indescribable, unnamable, and this is not a novel, or a short story, or a play, or an epic, all literary representation is excluded from this. Of course you protest, and I hear you, and I accept that you're right [*je te donne raison*, lit. 'I give you reason']: you say that you begin by identifying with me, and, in me, with the hollowed-out figure [*la figure en creux dessinée*] of this absent [female] addressee with whom I myself dawdle along [*je me muse*]. Certainly, and you are right, as always, but it is no longer to you that I say this, or with you that I wish to play at this, *you* know it's you, so put yourself in the place of another reader [*lectrice*], it doesn't matter who, who may even be a man, a female reader [*lectrice*] of the masculine gender. Anyway what happens here, you well know, my angel, is so much more complicated. What I am able to extract from it in order to speak about it could not in principle measure up to it, not only because of the weakness of my discourse, its poverty, chosen or not: in truth it could only ever add a further complication, a leaf [*feuille*], a further layering [*feuilleté*] to the structure of what is happening and across which I hold you against me, kissing you continuously,

tongue deep in the mouth, near a station, and your hair in my two hands. But I am thinking of a single person, of the one and only, the madwoman who would be able to say after the letter 'it is I', it was already I, that will have been I, and in the night of this wagered certainty commits her life to it without return, takes all possible risks, keeps upping the stakes without trembling, without a safety net, like the trapeze artist that I have always been. All that can be done gently, must even entrust itself to gentleness, without show and as if in silence. We must not even speak of it together, and everything would be in ashes up to this letter here.

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You know my question: why do the theoreticians of the performative or of pragmatics take so little interest, to my knowledge, in the effects of the written object, the letter in particular? What are they scared of? If there is something performative in a letter, how is it that it can produce all kinds of events, foreseeable and unforeseeable, and even including its addressee? All that, of course, according to a properly performative causality, if there is such a thing, and which is pure, not dependent on any other consequentiality extrinsic to the act of writing. I admit I'm not very sure what I mean by that; the unforeseeable should not be able to form part of a performative structure *stricto sensu*, and yet...; it would still be necessary to divide, to proliferate the instances: not everything is addressee in an addressee, one part only, which compromises with the rest [*compose avec le reste*]. Yourself for example, you love me, this love is greater than yourself and above all greater than myself, and yet it is only a very small part that one thus names with this word, love, my love. That doesn't stop you from leaving me, day after day, and indulging in these little calculations, etc.

I give up [*je cale*].

I will have to make enquiries and clear this thing up: start from the fact that, for example, the */big bang/* would, let us say at the origin of the universe, have produced a noise which one can consider as still not having reached *us*. It is still to come and we will be given the chance to tap it, to receive it according to (anyway I will explain to you, the main thing is that from this moment on you draw out all its consequences, for example from what I said to you so many years ago—and then you wept

I heard the news, but I already knew, by telephone. This wasn't the end of the transfer and it will continue until the end of time, in any case until the end of the Cause

what did she want to give me or take away from me in this way, to turn away from him or in view of him, I don't know and I don't much care [*je m'en fous un peu*], what followed confirmed me in this feeling

in short, it was not a sign of a break but the last written sign, a little before and a little after the break (this is the time [*temps*, also 'tense'] of all our correspondence): in short a postcard that he sent to Fliess on 10 October 1902. The *Ansichtskarte* [picture postcard] represented the *Tempio di Nettuno* at Paestum: 'Einen herzlichen Gruss vom Höhepunkt der Reise, dein Sigm. [A warm greeting from the high spot of the trip, Yours Sigm.]' The history of this transferential correspondence is unbelievable: I'm not talking about its content, about which there has been plenty of gossip, but of the scenario—a postal, economic, even financial [*bancaire*], military as well, strategic scenario—to which it has given rise and you know that I never separate these things, especially not the post and the bank, and there is always the training [*la didactique*] at the centre. Fliess's wife, the 'malicious woman', sells Freud's letters, and he had destroyed her husband's. The purchaser S. sells them to Marie Bonaparte (yes, she of 'The Purloined Letter' and 'The Purveyor of Truth'):⁶ 100 pounds in 1937, so in English money, although the transaction took place in Paris. As you will see, our entire account [*histoire*] of Freud also writes itself in English, it happens crossing the Channel [*elle se passe à passer la Manche*], and the Channel knows how to keep quiet. During her training, this time in Vienna, Bonaparte speaks of the matter to the master who is furious and who tells her a Jewish story [*une histoire juive*], a story about digging up and throwing away a dead bird a week after the burial (he has other bird stories, you know) and tries to palm her off with 50 quid! in order to get back his rights on his letters, without explicitly saying so. A little training, then, in exchange for some pieces of my old transference which has made me talk so much. The other—I've told you she wasn't such a fool—refuses. What goes on in her head I don't know, but talk about having a hold that won't let go (it is, says poor old Jones, out of 'scientific interest' that she 'had the courage to stand up [*tenir tête*] [ah! you see why I often prefer the {French} translation] to the master'). Then it's the Rothschild bank in Vienna, the withdrawal of the letters in the presence of the Gestapo (only a princess of

Greece and Denmark was capable of that), their deposit at the Danish legation in Paris (all in all /thanks to/ von Choltitz who wasn't just a general like any other!), their crossing the mine-sown Channel, 'in waterproof and buoyant material', as Jones goes on to say, as a precaution [*en prévision*] against a shipwreck. And all that, don't forget, *against* the desire of the master; all this violence ends up with Anna, for whom the letters are copied and who selects from them for publication! And now we can pick up the scent of lots of things and give lectures [*faire des cours*] on their stories about noses. And the other—one will never know what he wrote—there are others and it is always like that.

there is only tele-analysis, they will have to draw all the conclusions like us, get their concept of the 'analytic situation' to swallow a new metrics of time (of the multiplicity of systems, etc.) as well as another reading of the transcendental imagination (from the *Kantbuch* and beyond... up to the present [*jusqu'à présent*] as we venture to say in French). You and me, our tele-analysis has lasted for such a long time, years and years, 'the session continues',⁷ eh, and yet we never see each other outside the sessions (and the fact that we employ the very long session doesn't change things in the slightest, we punctuate quite differently). So, never outside sessions, that's our deontology, we're very strict. If they did the same, all of them, as they ought, would grass grow again in the salons? We would have to come back to masks that is if at least

the last postcard was sent to Fliess, it seems, at the end of a journey which should have taken Freud (him too!) to Sicily. He seems to have given up on the idea, but it is from Amalfi that he goes to Paestum. Remember that he is travelling with his brother, Alexander, and that between two postcards he sees his double ('not Horch,' he says, 'another' double).⁸ He recognizes in this an omen [*signe précurseur*] of death: 'Does this signify *Vedere Napoli et poi morire?*' he asks. He always associated the double, death and premonition. I'm not making anything up with regard to the two postcards, before and after the encounter with the double. The first, 26 August 1902, to Minna, his sister-in-law. He sends it to Rosenheim. The other, after Venice, and Jones writes: 'The following day, at half past two in the morning, they have to change trains at Boulogne, in order to get the Munich express. Freud finds the time to send another postcard.'

Meanwhile, for the reasons I have told you, I am leafing through the *Saga* rather absent-mindedly, without seeing very clearly whether I'll get

anything out of it on the side of—of what? Let us say the England of Freud in the second half of the last century. The *Forsythe Saga* begins in England in 1886, and its second part, which Galsworthy entitles *A Modern Comedy*, comes to an end in 1926. Coincidence? 1926, that's when Freud shifted, with regard to telepathy; he comes round to it and that terrifies friend Jones, who in a circular letter declares on this point (Freud's so-called 'conversion' to telepathy), that his, Jones's, 'predictions have unfortunately been verified'! He had predicted (!) that this would encourage occultism. Freud's circular letter in reply, 18 February 1926: 'Our friend Jones seems to me to be too unhappy about the sensation that my conversion to telepathy has made in English periodicals. He will recollect how near to such a conversion I came in the communication I had the occasion to make during our Harz travels. Considerations of external policy since that time held me back long enough, but finally one must show one's colours and need bother about the scandal this time as little as on earlier, perhaps still more important occasions.'⁹

At the start of the 'modern comedy' there's a magnificent /Forsythe family tree/ spread out over five pages. But I reread the Forsyth-Forsythe-von Vorsicht-foresight-Freund-Freud business [*histoire*] in the *New Introductory Lectures*, I read it and reread it in three languages but without results, I mean without picking up, behind the obvious, any scent I can follow.

There is, between us, what do you want me to say, a case of /fortune-telling book/ stronger [*plus fort*] than me. Often I ask myself: how are /fortune-telling books/, for example the Oxford one,¹⁰ just like fortune-tellings, clairvoyants, mediums, able to form part of what they declare, predict or say they foresee even though, participating in the thing, they also provoke [provocquent, 'produce'] it, let themselves at least be provoked to the provocation of it? There is a meeting here of all the *for, fore, fort*'s, in several languages, and *forte* in Latin and *fortuna, fors*, and *vor*, and *forsitan, fr, fs*, etc.

Then I dozed off and looked for the words of the other dream, the one which I'd started to tell you. In a half-sleep I had a vague presentiment that it was something to do with a proper name (at any rate, there are only ever proper names there), of a common name in which proper names are entangled, a common name which was itself becoming a proper name. Untangle a little the hairs of my dream and what they are saying as they fall, in silence. I have just linked it to that photograph by Erich Salomon which I talked to you

about yesterday, *The Class of Professor W. Khal* (almost 'bald' [*kahl*] in German).¹¹

already a long time I drowned myself. Remember. Why, in my reveries of suicide, is it always drowning which imposes itself, and most often in a lake [*lac*], sometimes a pond but usually a lake? Nothing is stranger to me than a lake: too far from the landscapes of my childhood. Maybe it's literary instead? I think it's more the force of the word [*lac*]. Something in it overturns or precipitates (*cla, alc*), plunging down head first. You will say that in these words, in their letters I want to disappear, not necessarily in order to die there but to live there concealed, perhaps in order to dissimulate what I know. So *glas*, you see, would have to be tracked down thereabouts (*cla, cl, clos, lacs, le lacs, le piège, le lacet, le lais, là, da, fort, hum* [*cla, cl, closed, lakes, snare, trap, gin, the silt, there, yes, strong, hum. . .*]). Had I spoken to you about 'Claude'? You will remind me, I must tell you who this name is for me. You will note that it is androgynous, like '*poste*' [*post*]. I missed it in *Glas* but it has never been far away, it has not missed me. The catastrophe is of this name.

Suppose I publish this letter, withdrawing from it, for incineration, everything which, here and there, would allow one to identify its destination. Of course, if the determined destination—determination—belongs to the play of the performative, this might conceal a childish simulacrum: under the apparent indeterminacy, having taken account of a thousand coded features, the figure of some addressee takes shape quite distinctly, together with the greatest probability that the response thus induced (asked for) come from one particular direction and not another. The place of the response would have been fixed by my grids—the grids of culture, of language, of society, of fantasy, whatever you like. Not just any old stranger receives just any old 'message', even by chance, and above all doesn't reply to it. And not to reply is not to receive. If, from you for example, I receive a reply to this letter, it is because, consciously or not, as you wish, I'll have asked for this rather than that, and therefore from such and such a person [*de tel ou telle*]. As this seems at first, in the absence of the 'real' addressee, to happen between myself and myself, within myself [*à part moi*, lit. 'except for myself'], a part of myself which will have announced the other to itself [*qui se sera fait part de l'autre*],¹² I will clearly have to have asked myself. . . . What is it that I ask myself, and who? You for example but how, my love, could you be only an example? You know it, yourself, tell me the truth, o you the seer [*la voyante*], you the soothsayer

[*la devine*]. What do you want me to say, I am ready to hear everything from you, now I am ready, tell me

It remains unthinkable, this unique encounter with the unique, beyond all calculation of probability, as much programmed as it is unforeseeable. Notice that this word 'calculation' [*calcul*] is interesting in itself, listen to it carefully, it comes just where the calculation fails perhaps... 'to have callus [*du cal*] in one's heart,' writes Flaubert. It is to Louise, from their very first letters (ah those two!), he is afraid that she is afraid, and there was good reason, on both sides: 'Oh! don't be afraid: he is no less good for having callus in his heart...'. Read all. And the next day, after recalling: 'I told you, I believe, that it was your voice especially that I loved', without telephone, this time he writes 'lake [*lac*] of my heart': 'You have come with your fingertips to stir up all that [*cela*]. The old sediment has come back to boiling point, the lake of my heart has thrilled to it. But the tempest is made for the Ocean!—Ponds [*étangs*], when you disturb them give off nothing but unwholesome smells.—I must love you to be able to say that.' The next day, /among other things/: 'it is now ten o'clock, I have just received your letter and sent mine, the one I wrote last night.—Only just up, I am writing to you without knowing what I am going to say.' Doesn't that remind you of anything? It is there that the correspondence communicates with 'the book about nothing' [*le livre sur rien*]. And the message of the non-message (there's always some) consists in that. To say that 'OK?—OK' [*Ça va?—Ça va*] doesn't carry any message is only true from the point of view of the apparent content of the utterances, and one must acknowledge that I am not expecting information in response to my question. But that doesn't stop the exchange of 'ça-va's remaining eloquent and significant.

From *cal* to *lac* is enough to make one believe that that fellow also had a limp [*sa claudication*]. By the way, I have come across a *claudius* in *Glas*, next to *glavdius* (p.60).

How would this [*fortune-telling book*] have reached me, reached you whom I do not yet know, and it is true, you know it, you with whom I am nevertheless going to live from now on?

'Something shoots [*tire*]! Something hits the target! Is it me who hits the target or the target which shoots me?', that's my question, I address it to you, my angel; I have extracted [*tirée*] this formula from a *Zen* text on the chivalrous art of archery [*tir à l'arc*]. And when one asks the rabbi of Kotzk why the time when

the Torah was *given* to us is called Shavuot and not the time when we received it, he gives the following reply: the gift took place one day, the day we commemorate; but it can be received at all times. The gift was given equally to everyone, but not all have received it. This is an Hassidic story from Buber. This is not the Torah, oh no, but between my letters and the Torah, the difference requires both in order to be thought.

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when you asked me the other day: what changes in your life? Well you have noticed it a hundred times recently, it is the opposite of what I was anticipating [*prévoyais*], as one might have expected [*s'y attendre*]: a surface more and more open to all the phenomena formerly rejected (in the name of a certain discourse of science), the phenomena of 'magic', of 'clairvoyance', of 'fate', of communications at a distance, of the things said to be occult. Remember [*Rappelle-toi*]

and we, we would not have moved a step forward in this treatment of the dispatch [*envoi*] (adestination, destinerrance, clandestination) if among all these tele-things we did not get in touch with Telepathy in person. Or rather if we didn't allow ourselves to be touched by her. Yes, touch, I sometimes think that thought

before 'seeing' or 'hearing', touch, put your paws on it, or that seeing and hearing come back to touch at a distance—a very old thought, but it takes some archaic to get to the archaic. So, touch with both ends at once, touch in the area where science and so-called technical objectivity are now taking hold of it instead of resisting it as they used to (look at the successful experiments the Russians and Americans are doing with their astronauts), touch in the area of our immediate apprehensions, our pathies, our receptions, our apprehensions because we are letting ourselves be approached without taking or comprehending anything and because we are afraid ('don't be afraid', 'don't worry about a thing', it's us all right, OK), for example: our last 'hallucinations', the telephone call with crossed lines, all the predictions, so true, so false, of the Polish musician woman.... The truth, what I always have difficulty getting used to: that non-telepathy is possible. Always difficult to imagine that one can think something to oneself [*à part soi*], deep down inside, without being surprised by the other, without the other being immediately informed, as

easily as if it had a giant screen in it, at the time of the talkies, with remote control [*télécommande*] for changing channels and fiddling with the colours, the speech dubbed with large letters in order to avoid any misunderstanding. For foreigners and deaf-mutes. This puerile belief on my part, of a part in me [*d'une part en moi*], can only refer to this ground—OK, the unconscious, if you like—from which there arose objectivist certainty, this (provisional) system of science, the discourse linked to a state of science which has made us keep telepathy at bay [*qui nous a fait tenir en respect la télépathie*]. Difficult to imagine a theory of what they still call the unconscious without a theory of telepathy. They can be neither confused nor dissociated. Until recently I imagined, through ignorance and forgetfulness, that 'telepathic' anxiety was contained in small pockets of Freud—in short, what he says about it in two or three articles regarded as minor.¹³ This is not untrue but I am now better able to perceive, after investigation, how numerous these pockets are. And there's a lot going on in them, a great deal, down the legs. (Wait, here I interrupt a moment on the subject of his 'legacy' and of everything I'd told you about the step [*pas*], the way [*voie*], viability, our viaticum, the car and *Weglichkeit*, etc., in order to copy this for you, I came upon it yesterday evening: '...we have being and movement, because we are travellers. And it is thanks to the way, that the traveller receives the being and the name of traveller. Consequently, when a traveller turns into or sets out along an infinite way and one asks him where he is, he replies that he is on the way; and if one asks him where he has come from, he replies that he has come from the way; and if one asks him where he is going, he replies that he is going from the way to the way. [...]. But be careful about this [oh yes, because one could easily be careless, the temptation is great, and it is mine, it consists in not being careful, taking care of nothing, being careful of nothing [*prendre garde, garde de rien, garde à rien*], especially not the truth which is the guarding itself, as its name suggests]: this way which is at the same time life, is also truth.' Guess [*devine*], you the soothsayer [*devine*], who wrote that, which is neither the *tô* (path and discourse) nor Martin's *Weg*,¹⁴ guess what I have missed out. It is called *Where is the King of the Jews?* Despite the tautological viability of the thing, there are addresses, apostrophes, questions and answers and they put themselves on their guard!). So the pockets are numerous, and swollen, not only in the corpus but also in the 'Movement', in the life of the 'Cause': there was no end to the debate on telepathy and the transmission of thought, rather one should say 'thought transference' [*transfert*

de pensée] (*Gedankenübertragung*). Freud himself wished to distinguish (laboriously) between the two, firmly believing in this 'thought transference' and for a long time pussyfooting [*pratiquant longtemps la valse-hésitation*, lit., 'for a long time practising the hesitation-waltz'] around 'telepathy' which would signify a warning [*avertissement*] as regards an 'external' (???) [*sic*] event. An interminable debate between him and himself, him and the others, the other six in the band [*bagués*: 'beringed']. There was the Jones clan, stubbornly 'rationalist', Jones making himself even more narrow-minded than he already was because of the situation and ideological tradition of his country where the 'obscurantist' danger was stronger; and then the clan of Ferenczi who rushes into it even faster than the old man—to say nothing of Jung, obviously. He had two wings, of course, two clans and two wings. If you have the time, this vacation, reread the 'Occultism' chapter at the end of the Jones, it's full of things, but make allowance for this other Ernest [*fais la part de cet autre Ernest*]: too heavily implicated to be serious, he trembles. You see, one cannot skirt around England, in our story. From the *fortune-telling book* in *Sp* right up to the *Forsythe Saga* and Herr von Vorsicht, passing through the Jones's and the Ernests (the little one, who must be nearly 70 years old, continues to play with the bobbin in London where he is a psychoanalyst under the name of Freud—Ernst W. Freud, not William, Wolfgang, but Freud and not Halberstadt, the name of the father or of the son-in-law, poor sons-in-law). Of course, there were all the risks of obscurantism, and the risk is far from having disappeared, but one can imagine that between their thought of the 'unconscious' and the scientific experimentation of others who verify psychic transference from a distance, a meeting-point is not excluded, however distant it may be. Besides, Freud says it, among other places, right at the start of 'Psychoanalysis and Telepathy', the progress of the sciences (discovery of radium, theories of relativity) can have this double effect: to render thinkable what earlier science pushed back into the darkness of occultism, but simultaneously to release new obscurantist possibilities. Some draw authority from sciences which they do not understand as an excuse for anaesthetizing into credulity, for drawing hypnotic effects from knowledge.

What you will never know, what I have hidden from you and will hide from you, barring collapse and madness, until my death, you already know it, instantly and almost before me. I know that you know it. You do not want to know it because you know it; and you know how not to want to know it, how to want

not to know it. For my part, all that you conceal, and because of which I hate you and get turned on [*dont je jouis*], I know it, I ask you to look after it in the very depths of yourself like the reserves of a volcano, I ask of myself, as of you, a burning *jouissance* which would halt at the eruption and at the catastrophe of avowal. It would be simply too much. But I see, that's the consciousness I have of it, I see the contours of the abyss; and from the bottom, which I do not see, of my 'unconscious' (I feel like laughing every time I write this word, especially with a possessive mark) I receive live information. Must go via the stars [*Faut passer par les astres*] for the bottom of the volcano, communication by satellite, and disaster [*désastre*], without its for all that reaching its destination. For here is my final paradox, which you alone will understand clearly: it is because there would be telepathy that a postcard can not arrive at its destination. The ultimate naïvety would be to allow oneself to think that Telepathy guarantees a destination which 'posts and telecommunications' fail to provide. On the contrary, everything I said about the postcard-structure [*la structure cartepostalée*] of the mark (interference, parasiting, divisibility, iterability, /and so on/) is found in the network. This goes for any tele-system—whatever its content, form or medium.

Between 10 and 12 July (probably)

/My sweet darling girl/

to organize with Eli our meeting on Saturday and to smuggle through this audacious missive as contraband. But it seems to me impossible to postpone the sending [*différer l'envoi*] of my letter

and yet I couldn't bring myself to take advantage of the few moments when Eli left us alone together. It would have seemed to me to be a violation of hospitality

am I going to receive the letter you [*vous*] told me about? You are going away—and it is essential that we correspond. How to proceed in such a way that no one knows anything about it?

I have drawn up a little plan. Just in case a man's handwriting [*une écriture masculine*] would look strange in her uncle's house, Martha [there, you know what smuggler wrote this letter, on 15 June 1882] might perhaps trace her own address on to a certain number of envelopes

with her gentle hand, after which I will fill up these miserable shells with some miserable contents. I cannot do without Martha's replies... End of quotation. Two days later she offers him a ring which has come from her father's finger. Her mother had given it to her but it was too big for her (she hadn't lost it, like I did with my father's, on a day that was so odd

). Freud wore it but had a copy made of it! while telling her that the copy was to be the original. F. the wise. And here is the first archive of his telepathic sensibility, a ring-story of the type so frequent in the *Psychoanalysis and Telepathy* material (the woman who removes her wedding-ring and goes to see a certain *Wahrsager* [fortune-teller] who, according to Freud, did not fail to notice *die Spur des Ringes am Finger* [the mark left by the ring on the finger].

): 'I have to ask you some serious, tragic questions. Tell me, in all honesty, whether last Thursday at eleven o'clock you loved me less or I had annoyed you more than usual, or else perhaps even whether you were "unfaithful" to me, to use the poet's word [Eichendorff, *The Little Broken Ring*]. But why this formal entreaty and in bad taste? Because we have a good opportunity here to put an end to a certain superstition. At the moment of which I have just spoken, my ring cracked, at the point where the pearl is set. I must admit, my heart did not tremble at it. No presentiment whispers to me that our engagement is going to be broken off and no dark suspicion makes me think that you were at that exact moment in the process of driving my image out of your heart. An impressionable young man would have felt all that, but I, I had only one idea: to have the ring repaired and I was also thinking that accidents of that sort are seldom avoidable...'. So little avoidable that twice he breaks this ring and twice in the course of a tonsil operation, at the moment when the surgeon was plunging his scalpel into the fiancé's throat. The second time, the pearl could not be found. In his letter to Martha, you have the entire program, the entire contradiction to come already gathered together in the 'but I...'. He too hears voices, that of Martha when he is in Paris (the end of the *Psychopathol*) and 'each time I got the reply that nothing had happened'.¹⁵ Just try to find out if that reassures him or disappoints him.

As is customary for me to do, I have collected all the fetishes, the notes, the bits of paper: the tickets for the Ringtheater in Vienna (the night of the great fire), then each visiting card with a motto in Latin, Spanish, English, Ger-

man, as I love to do, the cards marking the place of the loved one [*l'aimée*] at table, then the oak leaves on the walk at the Kahlenberg, so well named.

Between 10 and 12 July (probably)

skill in diverting the address from the words [*l'adresse à détourner des mots l'adresse*]. 'Ah! my sweet angel, how grateful I am to you for my skill [*mon adresse*]!' I leave you to discover the context all for yourself, it is in *The Spleen of Paris* ('Le galant tireur') and in *Fusées* (XVII).

12 July 1979

for his lectures on telepathy—what I'd like to call fake lectures because he confides in them so much, poor man—were for us as imaginary or fictive as Professor W. Khal's class. Not only did he have all this difficulty reaching a decision [*se prononcer*, 'reaching a verdict'] on telepathy, but he never made any pronouncement [*il n'a jamais rien prononcé*] on this subject. Nor wrote anything. He wrote with a view to speaking, preparing himself to speak, and he never spoke. The lectures which he composed on this subject were never delivered but remained as writings. Is this insignificant? I don't think so and would be tempted to link it up in some way with this fact: the material which he uses in this domain, especially in 'Dreams and Telepathy', is almost always written, literal, or even solely epistolary (letters, postcards, telegrams, visiting cards). The fake lecture of 1921, 'Psycho-Analysis and Telepathy', supposedly written for a meeting of the International Association, which did not take place, he never gave it, and it seems that Jones, with Eitingon, dissuaded him from presenting it at the following congress. This text was only published after his death and his manuscript included a post-script relating the case of Dr Forsyth and the Forsyte Saga, forgotten in the first version out of 'resistance' (I quote). The fake lecture of 1922, 'Dreams and Telepathy', was never given, as it was supposed to be, to the Society of Vienna, only published in *Imago*. The third fake lecture, 'Dreams and Occultism' (30th lecture, the second of the *New Introductory Lectures*), was of course never given and Freud explains himself on this in the foreword to the *New Introductory Lectures*. It is in this last text that you will find the *Vorsicht Saga* with which I would like to rec-

onstitute a chain, my own, the one I'd told you on the telephone the day that you put your hand on the phone in order to call me at the same moment that my own call started to ring through

he says that he has changed his views on thought transference. The science considered (by others) 'mechanistic' will be able one day to give an account of it. The connection between two psychic acts, the immediate warning which one individual can seem to give another, the signal or psychic transfer can be a physical phenomenon. This is the end of 'Dreams and Occultism'. He has just said that he is incapable of trying to please (come off it, you've got to be joking), like me

) the telepathic process would be physical in itself, except at its two extremes; one extreme is reconverted (*sich wieder umsetz*) into the same psychic [*le même psychique*] at the other extreme. From that moment on the 'analogy' with other 'transpositions', other 'conversions' (*Umsetzungen*), would be indisputable: for example the analogy with 'speaking and listening on the telephone'. Between rhetoric and the psycho-physical relation, within each one and from one to the other, there is only translation (*übersetzung*), metaphor (*übertragung*), 'transfers', 'transpositions', analogical conversions, and above all transfers of transfers: *über, meta, tele*: these words transcribe the same formal order, the same chain and as our discourse on this passage [*passage*] is taking place [*se passe*] in Latin, add *trans* to your list as well. Today we give greater importance to the electric or magnetic medium [*support*] in order to think this process, this process of thought. And the telematic *tekhne* is not a paradigm or materialised example of another thing, *it is that* (compare our mystic writing-pad, it is an analogous problematic, it all communicates by telephone [*tout cela se téléphone*]). But once again, a terrifying telephone (and he, the old man, is frightened, me too); with the telepathic transfer, one could not be sure of being able to cut (no need now to say */hold on/, don't cut*, it is connected day and night, can't you just picture us?) or to isolate the lines. All love would be accumulated [*capitalisé*] and dispatched by a central computer like the Plato terminal produced by Control Data: one day I spoke to you about the C.I.I. Honeywell-Bull software called Socrates, well I've just discovered Plato. (I'm not making anything up, it's in America, Plato.) So he is frightened, and rightly so, of what would happen if one could make oneself master and possessor (*habhaft*) of this physical equivalent of the psychic act, in other words (but this is what is happening, and psychoanalysis is not simply uninvolved [*hors du coup*],

especially not in its indestructible [*incroyable*] hypnotic tradition) if one had at one's disposal a *tekhne telepathike*

but my love, this is to lose one's head, no more no less. And don't tell me that you do not understand or that you do not remember, I'd made it known to you right from the first day, then repeated it at each expiry date [*échéance*]. Plato is still the dream of the head [*tête*] accumulating [*capitalisant*] and guaranteeing exchanges (a software plus a teachware [*didacticiel*], as one now says, the only thing missing is a dialecticware). But then one would have to kiss Plato himself goodbye [*il faudrait faire son deuil de Plato lui-même*, 'do one's mourning for Plato himself'] (that is what we have been doing all the time we have loved each other and you told me about this terrifying parricide, you came since I killed him within myself, in order to finish him off, and there's no end to it, and I forgive you, but he within me finds it difficult...). 'In such cases as these, it's only the first step which counts' [*Dans des cas pareils, ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*'], he says in French at the end of 'Psy and Tele'. And he concludes: '*Das Weitere findet sich*' ['The rest sorts itself out']. No, for us, it counts at every step. Reread this final paragraph. Having had the cheek to say that his life has been very poor in terms of occult experiences, he adds: but what a step beyond it would be if... (*welch folgenschwerer Schritt über...*). So he envisages the outcome and adds the story of the guardian of the Saint-Denis basilica. Saint-Denis had walked with his head under his arm after his beheading. He had walked for quite a long time (*ein ganzes Stück*). And you know what he had done with his head, to put it under his arm? He had lifted it up [*relevée*] (*aufgehoben*). Tell me, you will lift me up, eh, you will walk with my head under your arm? I would like that. No. 'In such cases as these,' concludes the *Kustos*, 'only the first step counts.' In the *Gesammelte Werke*, the text that follows, the title of which you read immediately after the 'first step', is *Das Medusenhaupt*.

Imagine that I am walking like him, to his rhythm: between fifty and sixty years old (roughly until 1920) I remain undecided. I send them to sleep, allowing them to think what they want: telepathy, you won't know [*vous saurez pas*], and I tell you that I don't know myself whether I believe in it. You see the doves in my hands and coming out of my hat, how do I do it, mystery. So everything in my life (sorry, in our life) organizes or disorganizes itself according to this indecision. One lets Plato or his ghost live without knowing whether it is him or his ghost. Then comes the last stage, the one which is

still before us but which I see seeing us coming [*je vois nous voir venir*] and which, softwarily [*logiciellement*], will have anticipated us [*prévenus*] right from the start. In this way a life totally transformed, converted, paralysed by telepathy would await us, given over to its networks and its schemes across the whole surface of its body, in all its angles, tangled up [*embobinée*] in the web of histories and times without the least resistance on our part. On the contrary we would take on a zealous participation, the most provocative experimental initiatives. People would no longer have us round, they would avoid us as if we were addicts, we would frighten everybody (so *fort*, so *da!*). For the moment I scare *myself*, there is one within me who has begun and who plays at frightening me. You will remain with me, won't you, you will still tell me the truth.

13 July 1979

I am only interested in the *saga*, first on the mother's side (Safah, the name of the 'lip' and of my mother,¹⁶ as I told you in October) at least as far back as the great-grandfather who today has more than 600 descendants. Then hypnosis and I often told you last year: 'it is as if I were writing under hypnosis' or 'were making one read under hypnosis'. Although I don't believe in wakefulness [*la veille*], I must prepare for the great awakening, just in order to change sides, in short, like turning over in a bed

and so my first period, that of indecision. In the fake lecture entitled 'Dreams and Telepathy', my rhetoric is priceless [*impayable*], really incredible. Incredible, that's the word, for I play on credibility or rather acrobaticity as I did a short while before in *Beyond*... I do everything I can so that this audience (that I've set things up so as not to have, finally, to allow myself to be spirited away by poor old Jones with his political scientism advice) cannot either believe or not believe, in any case come to [*arrêter*] its judgment. That will make them work and transfer during this period, because belief and judgment halt [*arrêter*] work; and then, a secondary benefit, they will doze off and remain suspended on my lip [*lèvre*]. Mustn't know (and there I am strong because in this domain it is no longer a question of 'knowledge' [*savoir*]). Everything, in our concept of knowledge, is constructed so that telepathy be impossible, unthinkable, unknown.

If there is any, our relation [*rapport*] to Telepathy must not be of the family of 'knowledge' or 'non-knowledge' but of another type). I will therefore do everything so that you cannot believe or not believe that I myself believe or do not believe: but the point is that you will never know if I am doing it intentionally. The question of the *intentional* [*l'exprès*] will lose all meaning for you

will be astounding to you: in its ruse and naivety (that's me all right, isn't it?), both equally probable and improbable, distinct and confused, as with an old monkey. In the first place I pretend to disappoint fictive listeners and aleatory readers: ah! there is a lot of interest in the occult today, and because I've put Telepathy on the bill, here you are, all excited about it. You have always taken me, like Fliess, for a 'mind reader'. Contempt [*Mépris*]. You are waiting holding your breath. You are waiting on the telephone, I imagine you [*vous*] and speak to you [*je te parle*] on the telephone, or the teleprinter seeing that I've prepared a lecture which I will never give [*prononcer*] (like a letter which one doesn't send in one's lifetime, which I allow to be intercepted by Jones and the friends of the Cause, I may as well say by my lieutenants). Well, you are wrong, for once, you will discover nothing from me as regards the 'enigma of telepathy'. In particular, I will preserve this at all costs, you will not be able to know 'whether or not I believe in the existence of a telepathy.' This opening could still allow one to think that I know, myself, whether or not I believe, and that, for one reason or another, I am anxious to keep it secret, in particular to produce such and such a transference effect (not necessarily on you [*toi*] or on you [*vous*], but on this public within myself which does not let go of me). And again, at the end of the fake lecture, when I take up the word 'occult' once more, I pretend (more or less, as my father used to say) to admit that I do not myself know. I know nothing about it. I apologize: if I have given the impression of having secretly 'taken sides' [*pris parti*] with the reality of telepathy in the occult sense. I am sorry that it is so difficult to avoid giving such an impression. Tell me, who do you think I'm talking to? What do I take them for? If I don't want to give the impression, I have only to do what is necessary, don't you think? For example not to play with German. In saying that I would like to be entirely '*unparteilich*', I do not say 'impartial/' in the sense of scientific objectivity, but rather without bias [*sans parti*, 'without party', 'without option']. That's how I want to appear: not to take sides [*Partei nehmen*] and to remain 'without bias'. And I will have concluded as in *Beyond...*, without concluding, by recalling all the

reasons I have for remaining without bias. It really is the first step which counts. There you are, asleep, propped up [*calée*] in your armchair. I have no opinion, you understand, 'no judgment'. This is my last word. At my age, 'I do not know anything on this subject'. From the first sentence to the last, from the moment that I said, 'you will know nothing about it, whether I believe it or not', up to the moment of concluding, 'anyway I do not know anything about it myself', you would think that therefore nothing is happening, that there's no progress here. But you don't think that I might be dissimulating at the start? And again at the end when I say that I do not know anything about it? Through diplomacy and concern for 'foreign policy'? You don't have to take my word for it. It's like you when I ask you in the evening: tell me, the truth, my little comma [*dis-moi, la vérité, ma petite virgule*]. Do you believe that one can talk about lying in philosophy, or in literature, or better, in the sciences? Imagine the scene: Hegel is lying when he says in the greater *Logic*... or Joyce, in some passage from *F.W.*, or Cantor? but yes [*mais si*], but yes, and the more one can play at that, the more it interests me. Basically, that's it, discourses in which lying is impossible have never interested me. The great liars are imperturbable, they never mention it. Nietzsche, for example, who unmasks them all, he can't have been much of a liar, he can't really have known how, poor chap...

So, not a step further [*pas un pas de plus*], apparently, in the course of 25 closely-written pages. The delimitation of the problem, the strict railing [*garde-fou rigoureux*] (but then what am I frightened of? who is making me frightened?)—the relation between telepathy and dreaming, and 'our theory of the dream'. Above all don't speak of anything else, it's that, our theory of the dream, which must be protected at any price. And in order to save a dream, one only, a single dream-generator in any case, to save it against any other theory. What a strategy, don't you admire it? I neutralize all the risks in advance. Even if the existence of telepathy (about which I know nothing and about which you will know nothing, especially not whether I believe in it and whether I want to know anything about it), were attested with all its requirements, even if it were assured, *sichergestellt*, there would be no need to change anything in my theory of the dream and my dream would be safe. I am not saying whether I believe in it or not but I leave the field open to every eventuality (just about), I appropriate it in advance as it were. My theory of the dream, ours (the first, the second, it matters little) would be able to adapt to it and even still control it. And the two scenes of 'Dreams

and Telepathy' are too obvious to be pointed out, one more time. *First scene:* even while denying [*me défendant*], that is the word, that I know anything or that I am concluding anything, I speak only of myself, say I. Totally autobiographical, if not auto-analytical, text, and which devotes itself to constant speculation. *Second scene:* my fake lecture allowing itself, if you like, to be led from start to finish and to be driven by a trace, *Spur*, of a facial wound which I have from my childhood and which, don't you think, opens the text, holds it open, open-mouthed, the analytic material come from elsewhere, in my dossier on telepathy, remains *epistolary* through and through.

13 July 1979

What will I have told them! that my material is lightweight, that this time I am sorry not to be able to put a personal dream on display as in my *Traumdeutung*, that I have never had a single telepathic dream. You think they'll believe me? There will surely be at least one [*une*] who'll have a premonition (with the exception of you, of course, soothsayer [*devine*], you know everything in advance) that it is less simple and that, at the moment of demonstration, the dreams which I recount to bring out their ultimately non-telepathic nature, my dreams, then, could well be the most interesting thing and the main subject, the real secret [*la vraie confidence*]. When I say 'But I have never had a telepathic dream', there will be at least one [*une*] who'll ask: what does he know about it? and why should I believe him? She's the one I'd like to wake up with one day and start everything afresh. Moreover I have clearly recognized, from the beginning, that I'd kept from certain dreams the impression that a certain definite event, *ein bestimmtes Ereignis*, was playing itself out in the distance, at such-and-such a place, at the same moment or later. And this indeterminacy allows enough play for them to start asking themselves slightly more complicated questions; those which I suggest to them in their sleep are never valid in themselves

calmly, I know it, calmly, another time, one more time. It is necessary to see 'double', over towards the dead brothers (beautiful brothers [*beaux frères*, cf. *beau-frère*, 'brother-in-law']), towards homosexualities more or less foreclosed, with the telepathy-calls (so much for changing the number every year, pay for it to be /unlisted/) the majority of which come to me from great-greats [*arrière-arrière*] and grand-grands, etc. (fathers, uncles, aunts, my grandfather

able on occasions to be my great-uncle *und so weiter*). Calmly, what do you want me to say, you've got to agree to wake up

then I leave the domain of the dream which I had nevertheless undertaken not to go beyond. I go out of it for a little bit, certainly, but already to speak about myself: even wide-awake I have often *verspürt*, sensed, experienced the presentiment of distant events. But these *Anzeigen*, *Vorhersagen*, *Ahnungen*, these premonitory signs and discourses are not themselves, *wie wir uns ausdrücken*, *eingetroffen*. In French one would say that they are not themselves, as we put it, realized [*réalisés*]. /Or in english that they have not come true/, which would be something else again, literally, because I hold [*tiens*] that something can *turn out* [*s'avérer*], can be verified without *being realized* [*se vérifier sans se réaliser*]. Now the fact that I emphasize, *wie wir uns ausdrücken* colon: *nicht eingetroffen* clearly shows that something bothers me about this expression which I nevertheless do not highlight [*relever*] in any other way. I would hesitate, for my part, to translate it by 'realized' [*réalisés*]. *Eintreffen* does mean, in the broad sense, 'to be realized' [*se réaliser*] but I would prefer to translate it by 'to happen' ['*arriver*'], 'to be accomplished' ['*s'accomplir*'], etc., without referring to reality, especially (but not only) to that reality which we so easily assimilate to external-reality. You see what I'm getting at here. An annunciation can be accomplished, something can happen without for all that being realized. An event can take place which is not real. My customary distinction between internal and external reality is perhaps not sufficient here. It signals towards some event [*de l'événement*] that no idea of 'reality' helps us think. But then, you will say, if what is announced [*l'annoncé*] in the annunciation clearly bears the index 'external reality', what is one to do with it? Well, treat it as an index, it can signify, telephone, telesignal another event which arrives before the other, without the other, according to another time, another space, etc. This is the *abc* of my psychoanalysis. Reality, when I talk about it, it is as if to send them to sleep, you will understand nothing of my rhetoric otherwise. I have never been able to give up hypnosis, I have merely transferred one inductive method onto another: one could say that I have become a writer and in writing, rhetoric, the production [*mise en scène*] and composition of texts, I have reinvested all my hypnagogic powers and desires. What do you want me to say, to sleep with me, that is all that interests them, the rest is secondary. So the telepathic annunciation /has come true even if/ it is not itself *eingetroffen* in external reality, that is the hypothesis which I offer to

be read at the very moment I foreclose it on the surface of my text.

Hypnosis, it is you who has made me understand it, hypnosis is you, slowly I wake up from you, I bring the circulation back to my limbs, I try to remember everything you made me do and say under hypnosis and I will not manage, I will be on the verge of managing only when I see death coming. And you will still be there to wake me. While I wait, I deviate, I use the power that you lend me—over the others

—‘forclosed’ is a superb word, but only where it is valid just for me, my lip [*lèvre*], my idiom. It is a proper name

on this hesitation between sleep and wakefulness. More precisely between the dream proper, the nocturnal one, and the presentiments of waking life, look under a microscope at the linking of my very first sentences. In three propositions I am saying 1) that I have never had a telepathic dream, except for those dreams which inform of a determinate event playing itself out at a distance and which leave it to the dreamer to decide if it is taking place now or later. To leave to decide, that’s the great lever, I try to place the fictive listener, in short the reader in the situation of the dreamer where it’s up to him to decide—whether he is asleep. 2) That in the waking state I have also had presentiments which, not coming to be ‘realized’ in ‘external reality’, had to be considered as just subjective anticipations. Now then 3) I start a new paragraph and say ‘for example’ in order to recount a story of which one doesn’t know whether it illustrates the last proposition (premonitions in waking life) or the last but one (telepathic dreams). The content seems to leave no doubt, it is a question of nocturnal dreams, but the rhetoric of linking trembles a little, listening to me you think you are dreaming.

It is so long since I wrote that to you, I no longer know my two apparently telepathic dreams, which seem not to have been ‘realized’, are two dreams of death. I offer them as hors-d’oeuvres, supposedly to demonstrate negatively that I have never had a telepathic dream and to insist on the poverty of my material. Further on I add that in 27 years of analytic practice (you hear, this is certainly our number today) I have never been in a position to witness or take part in, miterleben a dream which is truly, precisely, ‘correctly’ telepathic, and I leave them to ruminate on the ‘richtige’. That said, the hors-d’oeuvre, my two dreams of death, *you* have quickly understood, bears the essential points of my fake lecture. The material

which follows and which reaches me *by correspondence*, it’s sufficient to be vaguely alert or sophisticated to understand it: it is only there in order to read my two dreams of death or, if you prefer, so-that-not [*pour-que-nepas*], in order not to read it, in order, on the one hand, to divert attention from them, while on the other paying attention to them alone. From the moment I started talking about hypnosis and telepathy (at the same time), a long time ago now, I always drew attention to the procedures of diverting attention, just like ‘mediums’ do. In this way they provoke experiences of thought-divination or betrayal of thought (Gedanken erraten, Gedanken verraten). Here, my two dreams of death, one reads them without realizing, and above all through the rest of the material which has come by correspondence, apparently unconnected [*sans rapport*] with my own dreams.

The material of the others, which comes to me by post, would, it seems, come only to decipher my two dreams of death, along with their whole system, deciphering at a distance, under hypnosis and by correspondence. It is as if I were speaking a language of diplomacy and cultivating double vision [*la diplopie*] in my patient reader. Always out of concern over ‘foreign policy’, but where does foreign policy begin? where are the borders? Naturally, I let it be clearly understood that I am capable of interpreting my two dreams; and in order to reassure those who are concerned (for me) to preserve the theory of the dream as fulfilment of desire (they make me laugh, these old-fashioned types), I declare with a wink that it is not particularly difficult to discover the unconscious motives of my two dreams of death (my son and my sister-in-law). But it won’t have escaped *you* that I say nothing of the second dream, through I sketch a reading of the first one (Totsagen of my son in ski-costume), referral [*renvoi*] to a fall of this same son while skiing (Skifahrerkostum, Skiunfal), referral from this referral [*renvoi de ce renvoi*] to one of my falls when as a child I was trying, having climbed up a ladder, to reach or bring down something nice, probably, from the top of a chest [*coffre*]: a fort/da of me when I was scarcely two years old. Some jam, perhaps? Of this fall and the injury that ensued I still preserve the trace, Spur. I tell them then that to this day I can still show it, this trace. I tell it to them in a tone which they have trouble identifying (worried about proof? compulsive display [*exhibition*]?) confirmation that I need because I am not very sure?). All of these things, if it is really a question of the dream of 8 July 1915. Three days later I was sent a postcard by my elder son, it alluded to a wound which had already scarred over [*cicatrisée*]. I asked for details

but I never got a reply. Naturally I didn't breathe a word of this in my fake lecture. This mark [*trace*] under my beard sets things going [*donne l'envoi*], gives the title and the tone: the lecture deals only with ghosts and scars [*cicatrices*]. At the end of the *mise en scène* of the last case (this lady correspondent who tells me she is haunted by her dream 'as by a ghost', a dream which has nothing telepathic about it and which I bring to the fore for the only (and bad) reason that the dreamer writes to me telling me she has had, *moreover*(!), that she *believes* that she has had telepathic experiences...), I recall that spontaneous cures, one might as well say auto-analyses, usually leave 'scars'. They become painful again from time to time. The word 'Narbe' comes twice from my pen, I know that the English had already used the word 'scar' to translate *Spur*, much earlier on. This translation may have put some people on the trail [*piste*]. I like these words *Narbe*, scar, *Spur*, trace and *cicatrice* in French as well. They say what they mean, eh, especially when it is found under the bristles of some Bart or beard. Nietzsche already spoke about a scar under Plato's beard. One can stroke and brush back the bristles so as to pretend to show, that is the whole of my lecture. Of the second dream then, I have preferred to say nothing. It announced to me the death of my sister-in-law, the widow of my elder brother, at the age of 87, in England. My two nieces, in black, are telling me 'am Donnerstag haben wir sie begraben'. This Thursday of the funeral, apparently the most contingent detail of the story, I say nothing about it but isn't this the password? I know one woman to whom it won't be necessary to say it twice. I recognize that there is nothing amazing about dying at the age of 87 but the coincidence over the dream would have been unpleasant. Once again it is a letter which reassured me. In the introductory part of the lecture, already, a letter and a postcard come to refute the telepathic appearance of my two dreams—that ought to have troubled the reader. Then in the two cases described the post again officiates: two correspondents who are not 'personally' known to me

it's us then, who really only know each other by correspondence. The fact that we have often met (often is a feeble word) remains rather by the way. We have confided our telepathies by correspondence. Do we know each other 'personally'? it's very problematic. / What does that mean? / And when I say that I don't have the slightest reason for suspecting my correspondents' intention to mislead [*intention mystificatrice*], in the lecture, I see you laugh, you could already see me coming

because you believe in me,

you are always ready to not believe a word I say

I am a double, for you, not Horch,

another

Take the dream of the twins, the first case. Fido, Fido,¹⁷ remember, I speak of telepathy à propos the double, in *Das Unheimliche*, it's absolutely essential. Here's someone who writes to me: having dreamt that his second wife had twins, and was giving them her breast and some jam (follow the jam through all these stories), he receives from his son-in-law, oh yes, a *telegram* informing him that his daughter (first marriage) had just had twins. I recount all this in great detail (and another time, *more or less* in the same way in the *New Introductory Lectures* while dropping the story which my correspondent had added. It had no connection with any dream and to be consistent with the subject I should have dropped it from 'Dreams and Telepathy' as well. I preserved this supplement because of a postcard and a child's death: the moment the postman brings him a postcard, my correspondent realizes that it is to inform him of the death of his young brother, aged 9 and living alone with his parents. Sudden and unexpected death all the same but his three other brothers, whom he hasn't seen together for 30 years, apart from at his parents' funerals, told him that they had had an exactly similar experience (similar up to a point which is not clear to him, he admits).¹⁸ In my new fake lectures, I insist as always on reestablishing the legitimate order: only psychoanalysis can teach something about telepathic phenomena and not vice-versa. Of course, for that it must integrate telepathy without obscurantism and some transformation may ensue for psychoanalysis. But it is not opportune to present things in this way for the moment. I'm desperately trying to distinguish between telepathy and 'thought transference', to explain why I have always had greater difficulty in accepting the first than the second, of which so little is said in the ancient accounts of miracles (I am now less sure about it; in any case that can mean two things: either that one considered this 'transference' as going without saying, the easiest operation in the world; or else, precisely because of the (scarcely advanced) state of the relationship to scientifico-technical objectivity, a certain schema of transmission was not thinkable, imaginable, interesting. In this way you would explain to yourself the constant association, at least in terms of the figures, comparisons, analogies, etc., between a certain structure of telecommunications, of the postal technology (telegrams, letters and postcards, telephone) and the material which is today situated at my disposal when I hear about telepathy. I have scarcely even

selected for you

story of twins, I'm coming back to it. Yes, I have inserted the post-card about the young dead brother, although it has nothing to do with any dream and it's getting off the subject. After which, I collect everything together on a central 'Sie sollte lieber meine (zweite) Frau sein'. And admire my audacity, I say that (it is she whom I would rather have liked as a (second) wife) in the first person, in a mimetic or apocryphal style as Plato would say. Admire it, and don't forget that it was written, all in all, a very short time after Sophie's death. I ought to write one day on this speculation, these telegrams and the generation of sons-in-law. The clause on which I blocked the interpretation ('I would have preferred her as a second wife') would translate the unconscious thought of the grandfather of the twins, that is to say of my correspondent. And I preface all that with some innocent reflections on the love of a daughter for her father (I know that his daughter clings to him, I am convinced that during the pains of giving birth she thought of him a great deal, and moreover I think that he is jealous of his son-in-law for whom my correspondent has some derogatory remarks in one of his letters. The bonds between a daughter and her father are 'customary and natural', one should not feel ashamed of them. In everyday life, it expresses itself in a tender interest, the dream alone pushes this love to its final conclusions, etc.). You remember, one day I told you: you are my daughter and I have no daughter. Previously, I am going back still [*je remonte toujours*], I had recalled that the psychoanalytic interpretation of dreams lifts up [*relève*], suppresses [*supprime*] and preserves [*garde*] (aufhebt) the difference between the dream and the event (Ereignis), giving the same content to both. In other words, if there should one day be someone of either sex to follow me, to follow what I still hold back in the inhibition of the too soon, it will be to think: from the new thought of this Aufhebung and this new concept of the Ereignis, from their shared possibility, one sees the disappearance of all the objections in principle to telepathy. The system of objections rested on a thousand naïveties with regard to the subject, the ego, consciousness, perception, etc., but above all on a determination of the 'reality' of the event, of the event as essentially 'real'; now that belongs to a history of grandad's philosophy, and by appearing to reduce telepathy to the name of a psychoanalytic neo-positivism, I open up its field. For that they must also free themselves from the massively Oedipal training-ware [*didacticiel*] by which I pretend to maintain law and order in my class. I wanted to delay the arrival of the ghosts [*fantômes*] en masse. With you it

was no longer possible to drag it out. Their martyrdom is very close to its end I leave you to follow on your own the details of my slalom. This is some high rhetoric—in the service of a hypno-poetics. I always talk of it in the first person (ah, if this were my second wife, and if my first wife were still alive it wouldn't be enough for her to have just one grandchild, she'd have to have at least twins: this is what I call, you know, Fido, the first one second [*la première seconde*])—double the stakes the grandfather wins). After which I play the three-card trick with the dream and telepathy, and this is the slalom: 1) if it is a dream with a slight difference between the oneiric content and the 'external' event, the dream is interpreted according to the classical ways of psychoanalysis; then it is only a dream, telepathy has nothing to do with it, any more than with the problem of anxiety for example: this is my conclusion. 2) The content of the dream corresponds exactly with that of the 'real' event; so, admire, I put the question: who says it is a dream and that, as often happens, you are not confusing two separate terms: sleeping state and dream? Wouldn't it be better to speak then, not of dream, but rather of telepathic experience in the sleeping state? I do not exclude that possibility but it remains outside the subject here. Well played, wouldn't you say? The subject is the reine telepathische Traum. And in its purity, the concept of telepathic dream appeals to the perception of something external with regard to which psychic life would behave in a 'receptive and passive' manner.

14 July 1979

I prepare absent-mindedly for the journey to Oxford. It is as if, crossing the Channel from the opposite direction, I were going to meet Socrates and Plato in person, they are waiting for me over there, at the bend, just after the anniversary. The voices which Socrates heard, the voice rather, what was it, *Telepathie* or *Gedankenübertragung*? And me when he inspires me, diverts me in the hollow of my ear, and you?

The other, when he says 'receptive and passive' without raising any further questions, one regrets that he hasn't read a certain *Kantbuch* which was being written just at the time that he himself was changing his views on the possibility of telepathy, between 'Dreams and Telepathy' and the *New Introductory* fake *Lectures*. I was not

born but things were programming themselves.

As for what is 'outside the subject' (and telepathy, that's what it is, the outside-the-subject, he knows the score), the second case in 'Dreams and Telepathy' is not, any more than is the first, a case of a telepathic dream. It is not presented as such by his correspondent. She has only had, *on the other hand*, numerous telepathic experiences. Writes she, says he. Freud then deals only with a dream which comes back incessantly, 'like a ghost', to visit his correspondent. Completely outside the subject, isn't it? So, before discussing it again, follow my clues [*indices*]. I do not have any new hypothesis for the moment. Pick out and link up what you can on your side [*ton côté*], I myself am scanning separately to begin with, without grammar: the ghost, the inflammation of the eyes and double sight or double vision (*Doppeltsehen*) and scars (*Narben*), clear-sightedness and clear-hearing (*hellsehen, hellhören*), the postcard, again, this time announcing the death of the brother who had called his mother and which the correspondent claimed to have heard as well, then (again!) the husband's first wife, the agrammaticality of symbolic language as he recalls it at the moment of saying that the passive and the active can be represented in the same image, through the same 'kernel' [*'noyau'*] (this word comes back all the time, be it a question of the kernel of the dream, the 'kernel of truth' in telepathic experiences and the centre [*noyau*] of the earth which couldn't possibly be jam, at the beginning of the *N.I.L.*), the exact place where F. recalls that the psychoanalyst also has his 'prejudices', again the scars, the admission that in this second case there has been a complete neglect of the question of telepathy (!), the point which can be neither proved nor refuted, the decision to deal only with the (epistolary) evidence of the daughter-sister, leaving the telepathic experience of the mother completely out of play; then the strange return to the previous case (the young dead brother, the older brothers equally convinced of the altogether superfluous nature of the youngest, of his birth I mean; finally the eldest daughter dreaming of becoming the second wife on the death of her mother (once again)—and the brazenly Oedipal interpretation with no two ways about it... Lastly, I am perhaps more mistaken than ever, I punctuate badly, but anyway place a grid [*calque*] over it, pick out and tell yourself whatever story you like in the gaps, tomorrow we play, or the day after, when I have done the same thing for our saga. Do not forget the reversal at the end. He is not content with repeating that Ps should be able to help in understanding telepathy, he adds, *as if this were his real concern*, that Ps would help to

isolate more effectively those phenomena which are indubitably telepathic! Ps and Telepathy would then make a couple: a telepathic message may not coincide with the event in time (understand: the time of consciousness, or even of the ego, which is also the time naively thought 'objective' and, as he says, 'astronomical', in accordance with an old science), that does not disqualify it in its telepathic power [*vertu*]. It will have needed the time it takes to reach consciousness. With the aid of psychic temporality, of its discrepant [*décalée*] heterogeneity, its time differences [*décalages horaires*] if you prefer, depending on the instances one takes, one can safely envisage the probability of telepathy. The conversion to telepathy will not have waited until 1926. 'No problem', he says, if the telepathic phenomenon is an operation of the unconscious. The laws of the unconscious apply to it and everything goes without saying. Which doesn't prevent him from concluding as he had begun: I know nothing, I don't have any opinion, behave as if I hadn't told you anything. Bye now, OK

if you wish to understand this apparent oscillation, it is essential to be more specific about this: even at the moment when, some years later, around 1926, he declares his 'conversion to telepathy', he does not seek to integrate it in a definite [*décidée*] or univocal way into psychoanalytic theory. He continues to make it a private affair, along with all the fog in which such a notion can be wrapped. 'The theme of telepathy', he will say in a letter to Jones, 'is in essence alien [*étranger*] to psychoanalysis', or the 'conversion to telepathy is my private affair like my Jewishness, my passion for smoking and many other things...'. Who would be satisfied with such a declaration coming from him? Not that it is false or worthless, and I have suggested it often enough, it was certainly necessary to read his propositions (including the theoretical ones) about telepathy in relation to his 'private affair', etc., but how does one accept this dissociation pure and simple on the part of someone who has struggled with the theorization of telepathy? And then, if it is foreign to psychoanalysis, like a foreign body precisely, as though 'off the subject', must psychoanalysis remain silent about the structure and the incorporation of the foreign body? At the end of 'Dreams and Occultism' (*New Introductory Lectures*), he indeed speaks of a foreign-body (*Fremdkörper*) story and it is true that he deals with a phenomenon of thought transmission in the face of which he acknowledges the failure of the analyst. The case is all the more interesting in that it is about the mother's childhood memory (a gold coin) which bursts in on the following generation (her son, aged 10, brings her a

gold coin for her to put by on the same day she had talked about it in analysis). Freud, who hears the thing from Dorothy Burlingham (the one to whom, I heard from M., he had wanted to offer two rings [*bagues*]¹⁹ but Anna had dissuaded him), admits to failure in the face of the foreign body: 'But the analysis reveals nothing, the act itself being that day introduced like a foreign body into the little boy's life'. And when, a few weeks later, the kid begs for the coin in order to show it to *his* psychoanalyst, 'the analysis is incapable of unearthing any access to this desire', once again. Failure, then, in the face of the foreign body—which takes the form here of a gold coin: *Goldstück*, value itself, the authentic sign of allegedly authentic value. Freud has such an awareness (or such a desire) of having himself thus arrived at the limit of psychoanalysis (inside or outside?) that he begins a new paragraph and in this way concludes the lecture (these are the last words and one doesn't know whether they mean that the return to Freudian psychoanalysis has just begun or remains to come: 'Und damit wären wir zur Psychanalyse zurückgekommen von der wir ausgegangen sind': 'And this brings us back to psychoanalysis, which was what we started out from'. Started out from [*Partis*]? Distant from?)

For finally if the theme of telepathy is foreign to psychoanalysis, if it is a private affair ('I am Jewish', 'I like smoking', 'I believe in telepathy'), why take public positions on this subject, and after devoting several studies to it? Can one take this reserve seriously? Now, take account of this fact as well: he doesn't say to Jones, 'it is a personal affair', he advises him to make that response in case he should have difficulty in publicly assuming Freud's positions, I quote the whole letter, because of the allusion to Ferenczi and to his daughter (Anna), it seems to me important (note in passing that he abandons the idea, on the subject of the said foreign body, of making peace with England): 'I am extremely sorry that my utterance about telepathy should have plunged you into fresh difficulties. But it is really hard not to offend English susceptibilities... I have no prospect of pacifying public opinion in England, but I should like at least to explain to you my apparent inconsistency in the matter of telepathy. You remember how I had already at the time of our Harz travels expressed a favourable prejudice towards telepathy. But there seemed no need to do so publicly, my own conviction was not very strong, and the diplomatic consideration of guarding psycho-analysis from any approach to occultism easily gained the upper hand. Now the revising of *The Interpretation of Dreams* for the Collected Edition was a spur to reconsider

the problem of telepathy. Moreover, my own experiences through tests I made with Ferenczi and my daughter won such a convincing force for me that the diplomatic considerations on the other side had to give way. I was once more faced with a case where on a reduced scale I had to repeat the great experiment of my life: namely, to proclaim a conviction without taking into account any echo from the outer world. So then it was unavoidable. When anyone adduces my fall into sin, just answer him calmly that conversion to telepathy is my private affair like my Jewishness, my passion for smoking and many other things, and that the theme of telepathy is in essence alien to psycho-analysis' (7 March 1926).²⁰ Even if one takes into account what he says about 'diplomacy' and the diplomatic advice which he again gives to Jones, this letter is contradictory from start to finish. Enough to make one lose one's head, I was saying to you the other day, and he himself once declared that this subject 'perplexed him to the point of making him lose his head'. It is indeed a question of continuing to walk with one's head under one's arm ('only the first step counts', etc.) or, what amounts to the same thing, of admitting a foreign body into one's head, into the ego of psychoanalysis. Me psychoanalysis,²¹ I have a foreign body in my head (you remember

As for Ferenczi and his daughter, and the 'experiments' which he apparently carried out with them, there'd be so much to say. I have said enough about his daughters, even though... but for Ferenczi, the trail to follow is essential. One of the most startling moments consists again (from 1909 onwards) of a story of letters (letters between the two of them on the subject of the letters that a clairvoyant, Frau Seidler, appeared to be able to read blindfold. Ferenczi's brother mediates between them and the medium, he introduces them to her and passes on the letters, see Jones, III, 411-12). As regards Jones, who no doubt wasn't so 'hard'-headed about this as he said, why, in your opinion, does he compare, in 1926, the dangers of telepathy for psychoanalysis to the 'wolves' who 'would not be far from the sheepfold'?²²

15 July 1979

a terrifying consolation. Sometimes I also approach Telepathy as if it were an assurance finally

Instead of muddling everything up, or complicating the parasit-

ism, as I told you and as I believe, I hope for complete presence [*la toute présence*] from it, fusional immediacy, a parousia to keep you, at a distance, in order to keep myself within you, I play pantheism versus separation, so you are no longer leaving, you can no longer even confront me with your 'determination', nor I

Fort: Da, telepathy against telepathy, distance against menacing immediacy, but also the opposite, feeling [le sentiment] (always close to oneself, it is thought), against the suffering of distancing [la souffrance de l'éloignement] that would also be called telepathy

I pass on to the second and last great epoch today, the turn has begun, I was starting to get wedged [*calé*], I am going to tip over, I am tipped over already. You can no longer do anything, I think, I believe [*je crois, je crois*]

keep a little time, we'll re-read things

together

here already, as tothing stone, my first punctuation for the *Forsythe Saga* ('Dreams and Occultism' in the *New Introductory Lectures*), I don't rule out that it miss [*passe à côté*] or carry everything off, according to a bad time-lag [*décalage*]. It is *your* punctuation which interests me, you will tell me the truth. So I start from the 'kernels' (centre of the earth, kernel of truth, jam, *der Erdkern aus Marmelade besteht*, pointless to tell you that he doesn't believe in it, not as much as I do), then mediums and imposture, the kernel again, 'around which imposture (*Trug*) would, with the force of imagination (*Phantasiewirkung*), have spread out a veil which would be difficult to pass through, the 'everything happens as if she had been informed [*prévenu*] by telephone (*als ob... telephonisch*)', 'one could speak of a psychical counterpart to wireless telegraphy (*gewissermassen ein psychisches Gegenstück zur drahtlosen Telegraphie*)', 'I don't have any conviction in this respect'. 'It was in 1922 that I made my first communication on this subject', then the 'telegram' again and our 'twins', then 'in the unconscious this "like" is abolished', dead, the woman of 27 (!) who takes her ring off at 'Monsieur le Professeur's' (in brackets, on the subject of 7, 27 and of our 17, did you know he chose the 17th as the date of his engagement after choosing the number 17 in a lottery which was supposed to tell the nature of your character—and this was 'constancy')²³, a Parisian fortune-teller, the 'greatest preponderance of probability in favour of an effective thought-transference', the little card (*Kärtchen*) at the graphologist's, etc. Finally there's the arrival of David Forsyth, and Freud puts into play

all the names which are linked with it, Forsythe, foresight, Vorsicht, Voraussicht, precaution or prediction [*prévision*], etc., but never makes a point of drawing our attention to (so it seemed to me, I will have to re-read) the supplementary fold of the too obvious, namely that the proper name itself speaks foresight [*la prévue*]. Forsyth, who had an appointment, leaves *eine Karte* for Sigi then in session with M.P., who that very day tells him how a certain virgin nicknamed him, M.P., Herr von Vorsicht because of his prudent or discreet [*puddique*] reserve. Sigi seems to know a lot about the real motives of this reserve, he shows him the card and tells us without any transition about the Saga, that of the Forsytes whom M.P., alias von Vorsicht, had anyway led him to discover starting with *The Man of Property*! Naturally, you are taking account of the fact that Jones, who knew Forsyth, suspected Freud of having 'unconsciously touched up the story', reproached him for small errors in this instance, 'the slightest', which he has 'related' to us, you follow all the twists and turns of proper names, in passing through Freud and von Freund, you collect and file, classify all the visits, visiting cards, letters, photographs and telephone communications in the story, then you focus on two centres in this long ellipsis. First of all, the theme of interrupted analysis. There is interrupted analysis in there and I would like to say while stretching out the ellipsis: telepathy is the interruption of the psychoanalysis of psychoanalysis. Everything turns, in the Vorsicht case, around M.P.'s fear of seeing his analysis broken off, as Freud had given him to understand. The arrival of Dr Forsyth, the card-visitor [*le visiteur à la carte*], would have been the omen. Unless it is to do with another interruption of analysis, marked by another card, from another Dr F. One has to sniff around in that area [*Il faut flairer de ce côté-là*]. Next, another focal point, the mother/child couple, the case related by the friend of Anna (herself in analysis—with whom was it, now?) and the gold coin (*Goldstück*) leading from the 'foreign body', etc.

and naturally I'm following all that along an invisible fold-line: you pull it down [*tu rabats*], without reducing it, onto auto-bio-thanatography, you are looking for the foreign body on the side of the doctor [*le corps étranger côté docteur*]

and in the *Gradiva* piece, in front of a woman who resembled a dead patient, he had said 'So after all it's true that the dead can come back to life'.²⁴ He thinks he is a pretty good medium himself and in 1925, at the period in which he dares to declare his 'conversion', he wrote to Jones: 'Ferenczi came here one Sunday recently. We all three [with Anna]

carried out some experiments concerning the transmission of thoughts. They were astonishingly successful, especially those where I was playing the role of the medium and analysing my associations. The affair is becoming urgent to us' (15 March 1925). With whom were they speaking, that Sunday? Who was M.P.?²⁵ Plato, the master-thinker [*maître-penseur*], the postmaster [*maître des postes*],²⁶ but still, soothsayer [*devine*], at that date...

So psychoanalysis (and you're still following the fold-line) resembles an adventure of modern rationality set on swallowing *and* simultaneously rejecting the foreign body named Telepathy, for assimilating it and vomiting it without being able to make up its mind to do one or the other. Translate all that in terms of the politics—internal and external—of the psychoanalytic State (c'est moi). The 'conversion' is not a resolution nor a solution, it is still the speaking scar of the foreign body

half a century already,
commemorates

the big Turn, it's going to
go very quickly now. I am going to re-read everything trying out the keys one after the other, but I am afraid of not finding (or of finding) all alone, of no longer having the time. Will you will give me your hand?

no more time to lose,

ὁ γὰρ καιρὸς ἔγγυς, Telepathy comes upon us, *tempus enim prope est*.

Translated by Nicholas Royle

Notes

[Jacques Derrida's 'Télépathie' was first published in *Furor* 2, February 1981, 5-41, and later appeared in *Cahiers Confrontation*, 10 (Paris: Aubier), 1983, pp.201-30. It has since been collected in Derrida's *Psyché. Invention de l'autre* (Paris: Galilée, 1987), pp.237-70. I would like to express my gratitude and indebtedness to Geoff Bennington and Rachel Bowlby for all the very many invaluable criticisms and suggestions made in the course of my working on this translation. I would also like to thank Jacqueline Hall and Samantha Penwarden for all their advice and support. Except for those specified otherwise, the footnotes which follow are the translator's.]

- [J.D.'s note:] Such a remainder [*restant*], I am no doubt publishing it in order to come closer to what remains inexplicable for me even to this day. These cards and letters

had become inaccessible to me, materially speaking at least, by a semblance of accident, at some precise moment. They should have appeared, as fragments and in accordance with the plan [*dispositif*] adopted at that time, in 'Envois' (Section One of *La Carte postale* (Paris: Flammarion, 1980)). In a manner which was also apparently fortuitous, I rediscovered them very close by me, but too late, when the proofs for the book had already been sent back for the second time. There will perhaps be talk of omission through 'resistance' and other such things. Certainly, but resistance to what? to whom? Dictated by whom, to whom, how, according to what routes [*voies*]? From this bundle of daily despatches which all date from the same week, I have extracted only a part for the moment, through lack of space. Lack of time too, and for the treatment to which I had to submit this mail [*courrier*], sorting [*tri*], fragmentation, destruction, etc., the interested reader may refer to 'Envois', p.7 ff.

- Derrida's text is very much concerned with questions of translation and transmission within, across and between languages. I have used slashes (/.../) to isolate those words which appear in English in the original.
- 'Devine' is both an imperative of the verb 'deviner' ('to guess') and a noun meaning a '(feminine) soothsayer'. The word is used recurrently in *The Post Card: From Socrates to Freud and Beyond*, trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: Chicago Univ. Press, 1987).
- This is in part an allusion to 'The Purveyor of Truth' (The Post Card, pp.411-96), and its famous 'disagreement' with Jacques Lacan's 'Seminar on "The Purloined Letter"' (in *Yale French Studies*, 48 (1973), 38-72).
- 'Inqualifiable': literally, 'of whom it is impossible to predicate a quality'.
- For the story which follows, see Ernest Jones, *Sigmund Freud: Life and Work*, 3 vols., (London: Hogarth Press, 1953-57), I, 316-17; and for the context of Marie Bonaparte's role here, see also Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson's Introduction to *The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess 1887-1904* (Cambridge, Mass.: Belknap Press of Harvard Univ. Press, 1985), pp.3-11.
- 'La séance continue': this phrase recurs frequently in *The Post Card*; see in particular p.320 ff. Besides (psychoanalytic) 'session', 'séance' has the sense of 'meeting' and 'performance'—as well as perhaps playing, here, on to the more specifically 'occult' English usage. In 'To Speculate—on "Freud"' (*The Post Card*, pp.259-409) it is linked to notions of repetition, generation and legacy.
- See Jones, II, 19.
- See Jones, III, 422.
- This is a reference to Matthew Paris's *Prognostica Socratis Basilei*, the book in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, which contains the 'original' 'post card' from which Derrida's 'envois' derive and on which they are allegedly written.
- See *The Post Card*, p.205.
- Here and elsewhere in this text there is play on 'faire-part'. As a verb 'faire part' means 'to inform, to notify, to announce, to confide'. As a noun, 'faire-part' is a card or letter of announcement, especially of a wedding, birth or death.
- Derrida is referring in particular to the following texts: 'Psycho-Analysis and Telepathy', in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Strachey (London: Hogarth Press), vol. XVIII (1955), 173-93; 'Dreams and Telepathy', in vol. XVIII, 195-220; 'Some Additional Notes on Dream Interpretation as a Whole', which includes a section on 'The Occult Significance of

- Dreams', in vol. XIX (1961), 135-38; and 'Dreams and Occultism', in *New Introductory Lectures*, trans. James Strachey, The Pelican Freud Library, vol.2, ed. James Strachey, assisted by Angela Richards (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1983 rpt.), 60-87.
14. For the notion of Martin Heidegger's 'Weg', see for example *The Post Card*, p.31.
 15. See *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, trans. Alan Tyson, Pelican Freud Library, vol.5, ed. James Strachey, assisted by Angela Richards and Alan Tyson (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1978 rpt.), 324-25.
 16. 'Lèvre' is used on numerous occasions in *The Post Card*. It has the sense of 'lip', but also (in Hebrew) 'tongue'. See also Derrida's 'Des Tours de Babel', in *Difference in Translation*, ed. Joseph F. Graham (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1985), p.167.
 17. For the significance of the name 'Fido', especially in terms of notions of nomination in the work of Bertrand Russell and Gilbert Ryle, see *The Post Card*, pp. 98, 244.
 18. See 'Dreams and Telepathy', p.203: 'In October I had a visit from my three brothers. We had not all been together for thirty years, except for quite a short time, once at my father's funeral and once at my mother's. Both deaths were expected, and I had had no "presentiments" in either case. But about twenty-five years ago my youngest brother died quite suddenly and unexpectedly when he was ten...'
 19. [J.D.'s note:] 'Dorothy Burlingham also came to Freud and psychoanalysis as Anna's close friend. Leaving her disturbed husband, she moved to Vienna from America with her four children. She was first in analysis with Theodor Reik and then Freud [...] A member of the Tiffany Family, Dorothy Burlingham could afford to pay for the treatment of her whole family; her children were among Anna Freud's first patients. Freud was happy when Anna found Dorothy as a friend; to him it meant she was now in safe hands. In 1929 he wrote "our symbiosis with an American family (husbandless), whose children my daughter is bringing up analytically with a firm hand, is growing continually stronger, so that we share with them our needs for the summer" [to Binswanger]. And in 1932 Freud noted that Anna and "her American friend (who owns the car) have bought and furnished... a weekend cottage" [to Zweig]. Anna Freud loved dogs, and in his old age Freud would play "with them as he used to play with his ring" [Sachs]. Dorothy... was the main source not only of Freud's dogs but also of the chows that went to others in Freud's circle [...] Anna became a second mother to her children, and Dorothy was recipient of one of Freud's rings'. Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*, New York, 1975, p.448. (Note added to proof-corrections, 22 January 1981.)
 20. See Jones, III, 423-24.
 21. This phrase inevitably recalls Derrida's 'Me—Psychoanalysis: An Introduction to the Translation of "The Shell and the Kernel" by Nicolas Abraham', trans. Richard Klein, in *Diacritics*, March 1979, pp.4-12.
 22. Here, as elsewhere, Derrida is citing the French translation of Jones. In his circular letter of 15-2-1926, Jones quotes from an article in a recent issue of the journal, *Psyche*, as follows: "'A few years ago the analysis of dreams must have seemed to many adherents of the Viennese school to be developing into a not altogether inexact science.... But to-day the wild men are once more not far from the fold—for if Telepathy be accepted the possibility of a definite oneiric aetiology recedes some decades, if not centuries, into the future'" (Jones, III, 422).
 23. See Jones, III, 406.

24. *Art and Literature: Jensen's 'Gradiva', Leonardo da Vinci and Other Works*, trans. James Strachey, Pelican Freud Library, vol.14, ed. Albert Dickson (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985), 95.
25. It has in fact recently been argued that 'M.P.' was none other than the 'Wolf Man': see Maria Torok's 'Afterword' to *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy*, by Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok, trans. Nicholas Rand (Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1986), p.85.
26. For this characterization of Plato, see also *The Post Card*, for example, pp.200, 207.