

## **The symptom and after?**

It is such a banal story that even evoking it makes you feel understandably ashamed: "Are you still seeing your psychoanalyst? - No, I'm done. - So, you don't wet the bed anymore? - Yes, but now I don't care".

That said, if there is no witticism that doesn't reveal a truth, in this case it seems nevertheless clearly very current how much our observations on the symptom seem to approach this truth, with its incurability, its need for structure, that which for some is most true, the irreducible singularity of "I am this", etc. You do not lack the "cynical balance": it is in fact unlikely that such a subject will find himself encumbered by a partner with whom to share the bed, beyond a strictly regulated time.

Would the symptom then take its place, revealing its function as an effective partner of a subject who has always been exiled from sexual intercourse and to whom the real offers everything but refuge? It is true that those we usually call life partners turn out to be quite unreliable, and even less effective, in the place we assign them to treat our bodies properly. The analysis allows one to realise that they were being asked for nothing less than the impossible - which, once considered, turns out to be not serious. It has been known for some time that analysis redistributes the bonds of libido, but to what extent does it rework them? If it is relatively easy to answer this question from the analyst's place in the discourse that determines it, what can be said of the relationship of the psychoanalyst who is well "symptomatised" with the School - and with the others, if there are any left? Sublimation, certainly, but is it enough to give a report of it?

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