

The woman and the lost object

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Abstract

La forma actual de medir la concentración de población se basa This article pursues, according to the French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan, an approach to the impossible place that the woman occupies from the perspective of man, in his condition as an Individual in need who wants to fill a void. The impulse of death is insistent in its significance to fill it. Life piles up around death. It accumulates there to impede the void. There is no desire of death; Because the desire emerges from the existence of Death. When the primordial Word emerges, something is lost in reality, if there was not the absence of the Object, That which glows in the fetish or in the loved woman, there wouldn't be death's impulse. The woman replaces the lost Object; where death displays, the illusion of life appears. The woman is that illusion as well: the creation, the effect of the essential fiction, the image of plenitude. Man can do nothing but stalk her. In her, men also look for the Grail and El Dorado.

To Carmen de la Mora

Jacques Lacan's theory states that the subject emerges as the Word, the subject is born and something is lost in the real. Desire aspires to achieve that escaped object¹, which has left an emptiness in the heart of being. Satisfying this longing is impossible; however, it is supposed that it is necessary for the illusory reality that envisions illusory matrixes. Morelli, the character in Julio Cortázar's novel *Hopscotch* (1985: 72) observes that "you can kill everything but the nostalgia of the kingdom, which we carry it in the color of the eyes, in every love, in every deepness that unfastens, deceives and disappoints."

The primary word (the meaning) pierces the real and causes the constitutive defense of human beings. In this emptiness, the image of plenitude that is no longer there. The drive of death comes about when the Thing is shown and disappears at the same time. The drive of death borders this hole, surrounds it, what does it have to fill? Deceptively fills with worldly things. It is necessary to sustain a mirage that sustains the desire in the absence of the Thing, of the hole that is not supported. The death drive is the significant insistence to fill that void, that hole.

¹ The Seminar 4 mainly, Lacan (2004) discusses the issue of object relations and its place in the analytical theory.

The drive of life is after the drive of death; this makes the world fall in love. Life piles up around death. It accumulates there to prevent a vacuum. There is no desire for death; desire emerges from the existence of death. If there were no Object (that absence shining in the fetish or beloved woman), there would not be the drive of death. There is no desire for truth. Desire goes to the Thing. The truth is impossible; the thing is impossible; the woman is impossible.

The woman comes to take the place of the lost object. Where death unfolds the illusion of life appears. She is also the illusion: the creation, the fundamental effect of fiction, the image of plenitud. Man can only pursue it. In it, men also seek the Grail and El Dorado. This illusion of the absolute seen in a popular song: "Thinking I would get to love you / is to believe that death could be avoided," or as Fausto says to the ghost of Helena: "Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss". In the novel *When Nietzsche Wept*, Irvin Yalom (1999:298), the philosopher tells his interlocutor:

"Josef [...] his relationship with Bertha is unreal, an illusion woven with images and desires that have nothing to do with the real Bertha [...]. Your fantasy about Bertha protects the future of the terrors of old age, death of forgetfulness. Today I realize that his concept of Bertha is also contaminated by ghosts of the past. [...]. Bertha is not real. It's just a ghost that reaches both the future and the past."

What man lies behind the figure of the woman? The dragon and the disturbing question: "what do you want from me?" is the question of Beelzebub. The interpellation potentiates its diabolical dimension in the mother in laws mouth: "What are your intentions with my daughter?" The father does not enter because he knows what it is about.

Alvaro, a character in the novel *The Devil in Love* by Cazotte Jacques (2003: 13 and 78) invokes the devil. It appears to him with the question: *Che vuoi?*² Satan will love him with a figure, strategies and female name (Biondeta). Alvaro, when he has fallen into the trap of love, tells his seductress, "Oh my dear Biondeta [...] you are all I need: you satisfy the desires of my heart," it says, "That is not my name [...] I am the Devil, Álvaro my dear, I'm the devil [...]. Your species avoids the truth, the only way to make them happy is by blinding them."

² "What do I want?" (Translation of Carmen de la Mora).

The woman produces in man taste and shock, horror and rapture, because it confronts him with the truth. The truth produces fear. Friedrich Nietzsche, a character from the novel by Irving D. Djalón, noted that the real question of the thinker is: "How much truth can you tolerate"; This question corresponds to the statement by the philosopher in his *Ecce Homo*:

"How much truth is supported, how much truth is born in spirit. [...]. Every conquest, every step forward in knowledge is the result of courage, of the toughness of oneself, of the cleaning of oneself. [...] So far the only thing that has ever been banned in principle has been the truth. (1992: 56)."

The woman is a carrier of the hole, the total absence, and represents death with what's so wonderful, sinister and promising (Bliss and more). Many men walk towards the lure, captivated by the image of women. The black hair of Mary The Bandit, character in a popular Mexican song-"reflects death and on her red lips is a lie."

The woman may be an illusory object, and also represent the impossible object. The imaginary statue of the beloved is seen, for example, in *Novel like a cloud* by Gilberto Owen (1996: 757); here one reads: "Oh, elusive Elena, I have always loved you as an image [...]. Women, especially, we were never delivered, they never give us more than a cloud with her figure." The narrator of the story "Ulrica" by Jorge Luis Borges (2008: 104-108) also highlights this aspect imaginary "Ulrica was already undressed. He called me by my real name, Javier. [...]. There was not a sword between them. Like sand time flowed. Secular in the shadow flowed love and possessed for the first and last time the image of Ulrica".

The lover sees the beloved as unwatchable, a mystery beyond what he understands is presented to him, as can be seen in "Cities", the song by José Alfredo Jiménez: "I saw you arrive / and felt the presence of an unknown being ; / I saw you coming / and felt what I have never felt." The lure is overwhelming.

Man wants to reach the truth. Every woman is for him a fragment of truth. You may want to love many at the same time because the whole truth is not in any of them. The woman is no longer a true woman.

For a woman a man is the lieutenant of the symbolic father. All are equivalent. When it states "all men are equal," he says, perhaps without knowing it, a profound truth. They even prefer a sure thing to an unstable love. Youth is true after listening to this song, "Some days ago I lost / in

some cantina / half my life /tip plus fifteen / Not that it is alcohol / the best medicine / but it helps to forget / when you do not see the exit. / Today the good memories / fall down the stairs / and after several tequilas / clouds go but the sun does not return [...] said, "My God, I just pray to forget, not to come back because I have a life,only I ask to forget."

The woman is a manifestation of truth in two forms: Mother and Virgin. The first is a mother without children, and the primary object of all desire. The second is the untouched, pristine, perfect object, symbol of plenitude, you do not need a man, is Mother and Virgin. The untouched woman is the one which attracts more, which everyone wants, like in brothels because it prefigures the longed for plenitude.

How goes the man behind the woman? As a pervert after the fetish. Feelings arise later, going after a lure that fires his drive and holding his desire. The drive is, as a poem by José Martínez Torres (2005: 3) says, "an arrow in the air looking for an object / a mystery in the forest; / [...] That is brewing new and interweaves; / [...] Greed and lust / asp and honey / [...] happiness and unhappiness / again and again."

In *The Balcony*, the drama by Jean Genet (2007: 59-60), the prostitute Carmen calls the brothel "a house of illusions" and referring to the owner's relationship with customers, says: "You have your feet on the ground. The best proof is that you charge. For them ... The awakening has to be brutal. It is hardly finished, when it is time to start again." The drive provoked by hook is plastic: swinging, a repetitive requirement. The pleasure experienced in the body as an emotion, it turns on and off.

The woman is the subject but also object, subject to both the drive and absolute. Essentially it does not exist, it is created as the truth. Truth and women have a fictional structure as seen in the story "The Parable of Barter" by Juan Jose Arreola (2006: 153-156). The men, deceived by a merchant, exchange their women of flesh and bone for others made of tinsel. There was one who did not, the character-narrator, whose situation of distance from his wife did not improve. It concludes: "We are now in a real island, surrounded by solitude everywhere." There, in that story, the gap between men and women is essential, unbridgeable.

The man gives the woman the signifier (the word) under a form of promise. The task of man is to make promises and then flee. Man, as a representative of the symbolic father, will satisfy women's hopes with the promise, it is at this level where he serves. Like Don Juan, the man does not betray women. The woman, taking the place as the Thing, will enjoy the symbolic father incarnate in man. If women go from frustration

to frustration over what they expect of man, it is because it has a monogamous ideal and, based on that ideal, require exclusivity from the man. Man takes a paradoxical attitude towards the woman: he lies to her so she does not go, he lies to keep her.

In the story "*History of Rosendo Juárez*" by Jorge Luis Borges (2005: 36), Luis Irala Rosendo confesses to his friend who has decided to challenge to the death the man with whom his wife left him for; he replies: "No one takes nothing from nobody. If Casilda has left you, it's because she wants Rufino and you do not matter." This phrase fits the female structure that, unlike Don Juan, usually loves only one. For the man every woman is unique, embodies the difference, is a fragment of truth, and for this reason is needed one or another.

For the woman one man is enough. His position is different because it can only she can be in the place of the Thing and in the place of the hook. This is what causes the man's gaze and when he comes, he says, "You're wrong". The woman plays hide and seek, to be and not to be the object.

Hysterical, however, to be unable to be symbolized as an object of symbolic exchange, she is considered an imaginary and real object, object of sale and consumption, she feels used. When symptoms are increased, the hysterical makes the law with her body. The symptom appears in her own body. It is subject that does not take the place of women- much less that she is a woman (what she only knows in the plane of consciousness).

She also assumes her wholeness. One day, a girl was talking to her friend:

-I have separated from my husband. The fool did not appreciate what I gave him.

- What did you give?

- Everything.

-It can't be.

- What can't it be?

-That you have given everything.
'Well, I gave everything.

- What is everything?

-Everything is everything.

-You only say nonsense.

-And you do not understand a fuck.

The woman believes she gives everything because it is the symbolized phallus; she is everything and every man is the same.

She emphasizes the sound image of the signifier. It is feminine because it is related to the word. The word, linking the truth, can reveal it. Every subject has to confront the truth. The woman on the one hand is confronted with the truth. On the other hand, it is. The woman is not to be understood but to be heard. In daily life, women talk more than men, sometimes at the level of burden.

The woman is not what completes the man. Man and woman are different paths. Everyone carries their own loneliness. No splicing concurs, there is no better half. There is only the uniting of the hysterical and obsessional, They could say with Heinrich Heine: "When we are in the mud / we immediately understood." Love is powerless, even if it is reciprocal, because it ignores that it is no more than the desire to be One with the absolute Object, the Thing, with the impossible, or as Jacques Lacan said (2008: 61): "Love, if it is true that it is related to the One, never takes anyone for itself."

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