

The power of the impossibles

A BIT OF SHAME IN THE SAUCE
 THE MILK OF TRUTH PUTS ONE TO SLEEP
 THE LUSTER OF THE REAL
 THE STUDENT, BROTHER OF THE LUMPEN-PROLETARIAT
 A LITTLE SHELTER

It does have to be said that it is unusual to die of shame.

Yet it is the one sign—I have been talking about this for a while, how a signifier becomes a sign—the one sign whose genealogy one can be certain of, namely that it is descended from a signifier. After all, any sign can fall under the suspicion of being a pure sign, that is to say, obscene [*obscène*], Vincennes [*vinscène*], dare I say, a good example to make you laugh.¹

Dying of shame, then. Here, the degeneration of the signifier is certain—certain to be produced by the signifier's failure, namely, being toward death, insofar as it concerns the subject—and who else could it concern? Being toward death, that is, the visiting card by which a signifier represents a subject for another signifier—you are beginning to know this off by heart, I hope.

This visiting card never arrives at the right destination, the reason being that for it to bear the address of death, the card has to be torn up. "It's a shame [*une honte*]," as they say, which should produce a (h)ontology [*hontologie*] spelled properly at last.

In the meantime, to die of shame is the only affect of death that deserves—deserves what?—that deserves to die.

210 People have been quiet about this for a long time. Speaking about it, in effect, is to open this redoubt, which is not the last, the only one that what can be said honestly of the honest partakes in, "honest," which stems from the honor—that is all shame and companion—of making no mention of shame. Precisely, of the fact that it is impossible for the honest to die of shame. You know from me that this means the real.

"He doesn't deserve to die for that!" people say about anything and

¹ Vincennes was the site of the University of Paris VIII campus. The university was founded in 1969 and included the Department of Psychoanalysis headed at that time by Serge Leclaire. Lacan is playing on "vain scene."

everything, thus bringing everything down to being futile. Said as it is said, with that end in mind, it elides the fact that death can be deserved.

Now, it should not be a matter of eliding the impossible, as it happens, but of being its agent. To say that death is deserved—the time at least to die of shame that it's not so, that it's deserved.

If it happens now, well then, it was the only way to deserve it. You were lucky. If it doesn't happen, which, with respect to the preceding surprise, is bad luck, then you're left with a life of shame by the bucketful, by virtue of the fact that it is not worth dying for.

Is it worth my speaking about it in this way?—when, as soon as one speaks about it, the twenty scenes [*vingt-scènes*] I mentioned above are only asking to be taken up again in the form of buffoonery.

1

Vincennes, precisely.

They were, it seems, pleased with what I said there, pleased with me. It wasn't reciprocal. I was not very pleased with Vincennes.

Despite there being one nice person who tried to fill up the first row, to make a Vincennes [*faire Vincennes*], there was clearly no one from Vincennes there, or hardly anyone, only the ears of those most worthy of awarding me a good mark. It was not quite what I had been expecting, especially as my teaching, it seems, has been propagated there. There are times when I can be aware of a certain slack.

But then, there was nonetheless just what was needed to indicate to us the point of agreement that there can be between *La Minute* and *Les Temps modernes*. I only mention it because, as you will see, this touches on today's topic—how to behave in the face of culture?

Sometimes something minor is enough to throw a glimmer of light, a recollection which nobody knows how I myself became aware of. Once you recall the publication of a certain tape recording in *Les Temps modernes*, the relationship with *La Minute* is striking.² Try this, it's fascinating, I have done it. You cut out paragraphs from the two newspapers, you mix them up together somewhere, and you draw them out. I assure you that, except for the paper, it won't be so easy to work out which is which.

This is what must make it possible for us to take the question in another way than on the basis of the objection I made just before to touching on

² *Les Temps modernes* caused a scandal when it published the transcript of an analytic session secretly recorded by the analysand.

things in a certain tone, with a certain word, out of fear that they might get carried away by buffoonery. Begin, instead, with the following fact, that the buffoonery is already present. Perhaps, by adding a bit of shame to the mix, who knows, this might keep it in check.

In short, I am playing the game of "You hear me because I am talking to you." Otherwise, there would, rather, be an objection to your hearing me, since in many cases this prevents you from hearing what I am saying. And it's a pity, for at least the younger ones among you have for a fair while now also been capable of saying it without me. You lack for that, precisely, a bit of shame. It might come to you.

Obviously, you do not find it under the hooves of horses, of a hobby-horse even less, but the furrows of the althosphere, as I said, that take care of you, and even careful you [*soyouseuz*] all alive already, would perhaps already be quite a sufficient load of shame.

Appreciate why it was that Pascal and Kant fidgeted about like two valets in the process of acting like Vatel with respect to you. There has been a lack of truth up above for three centuries. The service has arrived nevertheless, reheating on demand, even as the musician has from time to time, as you know. Don't make such a long face, you are being served, you can say that there is no longer any shame.

These boxes about which, when I say that they are empty of chatter, you wonder what is bothering me—well then, quickly make provision in them for enough shame so that when the festivities begin, there is no lack of seasoning.

You will say to me, "What's the use of shame? If that is what the other side of psychoanalysis is, we don't want any." My reply to you is, "You've got enough to open a shop." If you are not yet aware of this, then do a bit of analysis, as they say. You will see this vapid air of yours run up against an outlandish shame of living.

That's what psychoanalysis discovers. Be a bit serious and you will notice that this shame is justified by the fact that you do not die of shame, that is, by your maintaining with all your force a discourse of the perverted master—which is the university discourse. *Rhegel yourselves!* I say.

On Sunday I returned to this damned satire called *The Phenomenology of Spirit*, wondering whether I wasn't misleading you last time when I dragged you through those reminiscences I was indulging myself in. Not at all. It's staggering.

You will see this, for example, "Ignoble consciousness is the truth of noble consciousness."³ And it's dispatched in a way that draws you up

³ See Hegel, *Phenomenology of Spirit* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977), 316-7.

short. The more unworthy you are—I won't say obscene, that's been out of the question for a long time—the better off you are. That really clarifies the recent reforms of the university, for instance. Everything, credit points—to have the makings of culture, of a hell of a general, in your rucksack, plus some medals besides, just like an agricultural show, that will pin onto you what people dare call mastery. Wonderful! You'll have it coming out of your ears.

Being ashamed of not dying from this would perhaps introduce another tone to it, that with which the real is concerned. I said the real and not the truth for, as I already explained to you last time, it's a temptation to suck the milk of truth, but it's toxic. It will put you to sleep, and that's all that is expected of you.

I recommended to one charming person that he reread Baltasar Gracián, who, as you know, was a Jesuit living at the turn of the sixteenth century. He wrote his great pieces at the start of the seventeenth century. All things considered, this is where the view of the world that suits us was born. Even before science climbed to our zenith people sensed it coming. It's curious, but that's how it is. It's even to be recorded for any truly experimental appreciation of history that the Baroque, which suits us so well—and modern art, whether figurative or not, is the same—began before, or at just the same time as, the initial steps of science.

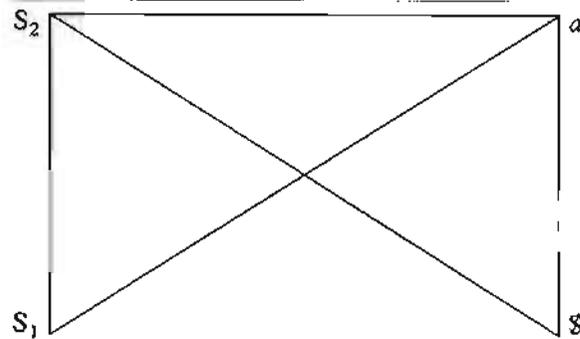
In *El Criticón*, which is a sort of fable in which the plot of Robinson Crusoe, for example, is already found to be included—the majority of masterpieces are the crumbs of other unknown masterpieces—in the third part, on the dimension of old age—since he takes this graph of ages—we find something called "truth in labor" in the second chapter.

Truth is in labor in a town that is only inhabited by beings of the highest purity. This doesn't stop them from taking flight, and under the influence of a hell of a fear, when they are told that truth is like having a child.

I wonder why they asked me to explain this, when this discovery was made for me—for, in truth, it wasn't me that located it—unless they didn't come to my last seminar, for this is precisely what I said then.

It's here that one has to hold firm, for if you want your remarks to be subversive, you must take great care that they don't get too bogged down on the path to truth.

What I wanted to spell out last time in putting on the board these things that I can't keep drawing every time is that the S_1 , the master signifier which holds the secret to knowledge in its university situation, is very tempting to stick to. You remain caught up in it.



What I am indicating, and perhaps it's this alone that a number of you will be able to retain from this year, is that one should focus on the level of production—of the production of the university system. A certain production is expected of you. It is perhaps a matter of obtaining this effect, of substituting another for it.

2

On this matter, simply as a stage, a relay, and because I presented them as an indicator of what I had declared to you last time, I will read you three pages. I apologize to those few people with whom I have already been through this.

These three pages are a reply to this inquisitive Belgian who asked me some questions that hold my interest sufficiently for me to wonder whether I hadn't dictated them myself without knowing it. He deserves credit for them.

214 Here, then, is the sixth one, charmingly naïve, "In what respect are knowledge and truth"—everyone knows that I have tried to show that they are stitched together, these two virtues—"incompatible?"⁴

I say to him, "Speaking off the cuff, nothing is incompatible with truth: we piss on it, we spit on it. It is a thoroughfare or, to put it better, a place for the evacuation of knowledge and all the rest. It is possible to cleave to it permanently, even to be driven mad by it.

"It is worth noting that I put psychoanalysts on their guard, by connoting this locus they are engaged to through their knowledge as 'love.' I would say to them straight away: one does not marry truth; there can be no contract with her, and even less can there be any open liaison. She won't stand

⁴ "Radiophonie," *Autres écrits* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 2001), 440.

for any of that. Truth is firstly a seduction, intended to deceive you. If you are not to be taken in, you must be strong. *This is not the case with you.*

"This is how I spoke to psychoanalysts, this ghost that I hail, even that I haul, against the joy of rushing at the invariable hour and day ever since the times when I upheld the wager for you that psychoanalysts understand me. It is therefore not you that I am informing; you do not run the risk of being bitten by truth; but—who knows?—should what I am fashioning ever come alive, should the psychoanalyst ever take over from me, at the limits of the hope that this is not encountered, it's them that I am alerting; that one has everything to learn from truth, this common place destines each one to get lost in it. It will be enough that each knows something about it, and he would do well to leave it at that. It would be even better were he to do nothing. There is no more treacherous an instrument.

"We know how a—not *the*—psychoanalyst typically extracts himself; he leaves the thread of this truth to the one who already has his worries with it and who, in this capacity, really does become his patient, as a result of which he worries about it like a curse.

"Nevertheless, it is a fact that for some time some people have been making it their business to feel themselves more concerned about it. This is perhaps due to my influence. I have perhaps played some part in this correction. And this is precisely what makes it my duty to warn them not to go too far, because if I have obtained it, it's through not giving the appearance of having laid a finger on it. But this is precisely what is serious, besides, of course, one pretends to be somewhat terrified by it. It is a refusal. But a refusal doesn't exclude collaboration. A refusal can itself be a collaboration."

For those who listen to me on the radio and who do not, as I was saying before, have any impediment to hearing what I am saying, which is to understand me, I will go on. It is for this reason that I am reading it to you, since, if I can speak it at a particular level of the mass media, why not give it a trial run here?

And then, these initial responses that have so bewildered you here, and that, it seems, went across over the radio much better than people think, have confirmed the principle that I have adopted, and that is in the line of things that today I would like to pass on to you. This is one of the methods by which it would be possible to take action upon culture.

When one is caught by chance at the level of a large public, of one of these masses that a type of medium presents you with, why not precisely raise the level, in proportion to the assumed ineptitude—which is a pure assumption—of this field? Why lower the tone? Who do you have to rope in? It is precisely the game of culture to engage you in this system, namely, once the aim is reached, you can't tell head from tail.

Here, then, and even though it is still altogether possible to say it in this

room, I am saying what is remarkable, for not having been remarked upon, in my formula of the subject supposed to know, as the mainspring of the transference.

"I have not said that the psychoanalyst is moreover supposed to know the truth about the supposed knowledge out of which, according to me, the psychoanalysis makes the transference. Think about it, and you will understand how adding this complement to it would be fatal for the transference. But equally, do not think about it if understanding this would, precisely, prevent its effect from remaining true.

"I suffer indignation over the fact that one person dresses up what I am denouncing in the little knowledge from which the transference draws its material. It's only up to him to furnish that with something besides the chair he says he is ready to sell if I am right. He leaves no way out of the affair only because he doesn't restrict himself to his means. The psychoanalyst only insists upon not having a bone to pick in his being. The famous non-knowledge for which people mock us is only dear to his heart because, for him, he knows nothing. He repudiates the mode of unearthing a shadow and then pretending it is carrion, repudiates being valued as a hunting dog. His discipline steeps him in the fact that the real is not initially there to be known—this is the only dam that can hold idealism back.

"Knowledge gets added to the real; indeed, it is for this reason that it can bring the false into being, and even into being there a bit.⁵ I *dasein* with all my force on this occasion, one needs help for this.

"To be truthful, it is only from where knowledge is false that it is concerned with the truth. All knowledge that is not false couldn't give a damn about it. In becoming known, only its form is a surprise, a surprise in dubious taste, moreover, when by the grace of Freud it speaks to us of language, since it is nothing but its product.

216 "This is where the political impact takes place. It concerns, here, this question in act: Out of what knowledge is the law made? Once one has uncovered this knowledge, it may happen that that changes. Knowledge falls to the rank of symptom, seen from another perspective. And this is where truth comes in.

"For truth one fights, which is, however, only produced through its relations with the real. But that it is produced is much less important than what that produces. The effect of truth is only a collapse of knowledge. It is this collapse that creates a production, soon to be taken up again.

"The real is neither better nor worse off as a result. In general it dusts itself off until the next crisis. Its momentary benefit is that it has refound

⁵ *être-là*, "being there," is the French for *Dasein*, picked up in the following sentence.

its gloss. This would even be the benefit that one might expect from any revolution, this gloss that would shine for a long time in this always murky locus of truth. But there's the rub. This shine never again throws light on anything."

That is what I had cast into a corner the day after the last seminar—for you, apparently, since there is no longer any question of adding it to my little radiological raft.

What has to be understood in this respect is the following—what is frightening about truth is what it puts in its place.

The locus of the Other, as I have always said, is made for truth to be inscribed there, that is, everything of that order, the false, even lies—which only exist on the foundation of truth. This is in the free play speech [*parole*] and language.

But what about truth in this quadrupedal structure, which presupposes language and takes a discourse to be structured, that is, which conditions any speech able to be produced therein? What does the truth in question, the truth of this discourse, that is what it conditions, put in its place? How is it that the master's discourse holds firm? This is the other face of the function of truth, not the visible face, but the dimension in which it is necessitated by something hidden.

Our furrows in the alethosphere are traced out on the surface of the longtime deserted heavens. But at issue is what one day I called—using this word which titillated some of you enough to the point of wondering what had come over me—the lathouse.

It wasn't I who invented this dimension of truth which makes it the case that it is hidden. It is *Verborgenheit*⁶ that constitutes it. In short, things are such that it makes one think it has something in its belly.

Very early on there were some clever people who observed that if this were to emerge, it would be dreadful. Probably winged as well, so as to improve the landscape. Nowadays, it is equally possible that this is the whole thing, that it would be terrible if it were to emerge. If you spend your time waiting, then you are done for. In sum, one mustn't tease the lathouse too much. What does undertaking this always assure? What I am forever explaining to you—it assures the impossible by virtue of the fact that this relationship is effectively real. The more your quest is located on the side of truth, the more you uphold the power of the impossibles which are those that I respectively enumerated for you last time—governing, educating, analyzing on occasion. For analysis, in any case, this is obvious.

The subject supposed to know scandalizes, when I am simply approaching the truth.

⁶ "Concealment." The term is Heidegger's.

My little quadrupedal schemas—I am telling you this today to alert you to it—are not the Ouija boards of history. It is not necessarily the case that things always happen this way, and that things rotate in the same direction. This is only an appeal for you to locate yourselves in relation to what one can call radical functions, in the mathematical sense of the term.

Concerning functions, the decisive step was taken somewhere around this epoch that I designated some time ago, around what there is in common between Galileo's initial step, the emergence of the integrals and differentials in Leibniz, and then also the emergence of logarithms.

A function is this something that entered the real, that had never entered it beforehand, and that does not correspond to discovering, experimenting, seizing, detaching, disclosing, no, but to writing—writing two orders of relations.

218 Let me illustrate where logarithms arose. In one case the first relation is addition. Addition is nevertheless intuitive. There are some things here, some things there, you put them together, and you get a new collection. Multiplying loaves is not the same as collecting loaves. It is a matter of applying one of these relations to the other. You invent the logarithm. It starts to run wild in the world, on the basis of little rules that seem to be insignificant. But do not think that the fact that they exist leaves you, any of you who are here, in the same state as before they appeared. Their presence is all that matters.

Well then, let me tell you that these more or less winged little terms— S_1 , S_2 , a , $\$$ —can be of use in a very large number of relations. One only needs to become accustomed to how to manipulate them.

For example, starting with the unary trait, though one can restrict oneself to it, one can still try to investigate the functioning of the master signifier. Well then, it is altogether usable, if you notice that, provided you make it structurally well founded, there is no need to add a thing to it, none of this grand comedy of the struggle to death of pure prestige and its outcome. Contrary to what people have concluded from their questioning of things at the level of what is true by nature, there is no contingency in the slave's position. There is the necessity that something be produced that functions in knowledge as a master signifier.

One cannot prevent oneself from dreaming, to be sure, or from trying to find out who was the first to do it, and then, one discovers the beauty of this ball that goes back and forth between the master and the slave. But perhaps it was simply someone who was ashamed, who put himself forward like that.

Today I have brought you the dimension of shame. It is not a comfortable thing to put forward. It is not one of the easiest things to speak about. This is perhaps what it really is, the hole from which the master signifier arises. If it were, it might perhaps not be useless for measuring how close one has to get to it if one wants to have anything to do with the subversion, or even just the rotation, of the master's discourse.

Be that as it may, one thing is certain, you have this introduction of S_1 , the master signifier, within your grasp in the merest of discourses—it is what defines its readability.

There is, in effect, language and speech and knowledge, and all that seems to have worked in Neolithic times, but we have no trace that any dimension called reading existed. There is not yet any need of any writings [*écrit*], nor of any impression—not that writings haven't been there for a long time, but, in some way, through a retroactive effect. What makes it the case that when we read any text we can always ask ourselves what characterizes it as readable? We have to search for the joint in the direction of what it is that makes the master signifier.

I will point out to you that, as literary works, everything that one has ever read is off in cloud-cuckoo-land. Why does that hang together?

In my latest blunder—I adore these—I happened to read Balzac's *L'Envers de la vie contemporaine*.⁷ It really is off in cloud-cuckoo-land. If you haven't read it, you can still have read everything you might like to read on the history of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth—the French Revolution, to call it by its name. You can even have read Marx. You won't understand a thing, and there will always be something that escapes you, which is only there, in this story that will bore you stiff, *L'Envers de la vie contemporaine*.

Please have a look at it. I am sure not many of you will have read it. It is one of the least read of Balzac's. Read it, and do the following exercise.

Do exactly the same as the one which, about one hundred years ago, I had tried to give to the people I was speaking to at Sainte-Anne concerning the first scene of Act 1 of *Athalie*. All they heard were the quilting points. I am not saying that it was an excellent metaphor. In the end, it was this S_1 , the master signifier.

Heaven knows what they made of this quilting point, they even took it off to *Les Temps modernes*—all things considered, this is not *La Minute*.⁸

It was a master signifier. It was a way of asking them to notice how something that spreads throughout language like wildfire is readable, that is to say, how it hooks on, creates a discourse.

⁷ Available as *The Wrong Side of Paris* (New York: Modern Library, 2004).

⁸ *Minute-La France*, a right-wing, anti-Semitic weekly established in 1962.

I still maintain that there is no metalanguage. Anything that one might think is of the order of a search for the meta in language is simply, always, a question about reading.

Let us suppose—pure supposition—that I am asked for my advice on something I have not been involved in except on the basis of my place in this location—a place that is, it has to be said, quite an unusual one—and I would be astonished if today that would make an open book of my place with respect to the university. But then, if there are others who, from where they are, and for reasons which are not at all negligible but which appear all the more clearly when one refers to my little letters, find themselves in the position of wanting to subvert something in the order of the university, where should they look?

They can look on the other side, where everything can be threaded onto a little stick, where one can place them, the little pile that they are, along with others who are, as is the nature of the progression of knowledge, dominated.

On that side it is intimated to them that one might find a way to live with this. For ages this has been like a myth. I am not here to preach this to you. Myself, I have spoken of the shame of living.

If they search on that side, they may find that with my little schemas they can find a way of justifying that the student is not displaced in feeling a brother, as they say, not of the proletariat but of the lumpen-proletariat.

The proletariat are like the Roman plebs—these were very distinguished people. The class struggle perhaps contains this little source of error at the start, that it absolutely doesn't take place at the level of the true dialectic of the master's discourse—it is located on the level of identification. *Senatus Populusque Romanus*. They are on the same side. And the entire Empire includes all the rest.

The question is why students feel that they belong with all the rest. They don't at all seem to be able to see clearly how to resolve it.

I would like to point out to them that production is one essential point of the system—the production of shame. This translates as—it's impudence.

This is why it would perhaps not be a very bad means not to go in that direction.

In effect, and to designate something that is very easily recorded in these little letters, what does one produce? One produces something cultural.

And when one thinks like the university, what one produces is a thesis.

This order of production is always related to the master signifier—not simply because that discerns it for you, but quite simply because it forms a part of the presuppositions according to which everything in this order is related to the author's name.

It is very refined. There is a sort of preliminary step, which lies at the threshold of the university. You will have the right to speak there, subject to the altogether strict convention that you will forever have your thesis pinned onto you. This gives your name its weight. Nevertheless, you are in no way subsequently bound by what is in your thesis. Normally, in any case, you content yourself with that. But that doesn't matter, you will always be able to say whatever you want if you have already become a name. This is what plays the role of a master signifier.

May I say it? I would not like to give too much importance to what I have done. This is how the idea came to me of a thing which you haven't heard much about for a while, *Scilicet*. Some people have nevertheless been struck by the fact that I said it would be a place in which unsigned things should be written.

You mustn't think that mine are more unsigned. See what I have written—a solo voice singing of a painful experience, the one I had with what is called a school, to which I had contributed propositions so that something would be inscribed there, something that has not failed to be inscribed there, moreover—some effect of catalepsy.

The fact that it is signed by me would only be of interest if I were an author. I am in no way an author. Nobody even dreams of this when they read my *Écrits*. For a very long time this had remained carefully confined to an organ that had no other interest than to be as close as possible to what I am trying to define as calling knowledge into question. What sort of a disaster does analytic knowledge produce? That is what was in question, what has been in question for as long as it has not made them all itching to become authors. It is very curious that the non-signed should appear paradoxical, whereas of course over the centuries all the honest men there have been have always at least acted as if someone had torn their manuscript from their hands, as if someone had played a dirty trick on them. No one expected to be sent a note of congratulations on publication.

In short, if it were possible for something to come out of seriously calling into question knowledge that is lavished about and propagated within the established framework of the university, there is no reason why this couldn't be done under a bit of shelter, a type of place, that would adopt the same law for itself, that is to say, not to present something to make someone important, but in order to say something structurally rigorous,

whatever might become of it. This could have a greater impact than one might initially expect from it.

A character called Diderot published *Rameau's Nephew*, let it fall from his pocket.⁹ Someone else took it to Schiller, who knew very well it was by Diderot. Diderot never worried about it. In 1804 Schiller passed it on to Goethe, who immediately translated it and, up until 1891—I can tell you this, because here is the tome, which I brought from my own library—we only had a French retranslation of the German translation by Goethe, who, moreover, had completely forgotten about it one year after it appeared, and who perhaps never saw it, for they were in the midst of that Franco-Prussian brawl, and the people didn't take well to this revolutionary intrusion. In short, this translation went unnoticed, Goethe himself was no doubt unaware that it had appeared, and yet this did not stop Hegel from making it one of the main threads of this booklet so full of humor to which I have been referring lately, *The Phenomenology of Spirit*.

As you can see, there is not much reason for you to worry that what comes out of you carries the label of what concerns you. This is such an obstacle, let me assure you, to the publication of anything decent—if only because of the fact that even within what you might be naturally interested in you believe that you are obliged, in the name of the laws of a thesis, to refer it to the author—he is talented, it's unconvincing, he hasn't got any ideas, what he says is not totally stupid. And if he has contributed something important that may not concern him in any way, you are absolutely obliged to think that this is a mind that thinks. And with that, you've had it for a long time.

As for psychology, it is striking that there is not even a shadow of it in the order of things that are enlightening, like *L'Envers de la vie contemporaine* I was speaking to you about just before. It is a little montage whose entire value comes through its master signifiers, it is valuable because it is readable. No need of the slightest psychology.

To spell it out for you, to clear my own name, what saves *Écrits* from the accident that befell it, namely that people immediately read it, is that it is a "worst-seller" nevertheless.

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I am not going to prolong this discourse any further today in this heat. This is the last I am going to give this year.

There are clearly many things missing, but it would not be pointless to add the following—if, to speak as Hegel would, there are some slightly less than ignoble reasons for your presence here in such numbers, which has so often been an inconvenience for me—this is obviously a question of tact as

⁹ Denis Diderot, *Rameau's Nephew*, in *Rameau's Nephew; and, D'Alembert's Dream* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976).

Goethe would say, I make of it, it would seem, not too much but just enough—if this phenomenon takes place, which is frankly incomprehensible, given what it is that I put forward for the majority of you, it is because I happen to make you ashamed, not too much, but just enough.

17 June 1970