

L ' Étourdit¹

Translated by Jack W. Stone, et al.

In contributing to the 50th anniversary of *L'hôpital Henri-Rousselle* for the favor I and mine have received in a work of which I will indicate what it was able to do, that is, to complete the presentation, I render homage to Doctor Daumezon who permitted it.

What follows does not prejudice, in keeping with my custom, anything of the interest its address will take there: my *dire*² at Sainte Anne made a vacuole, just as at *Henri-Rousselle* and, one might imagine, since about the same time, maintaining there in whatever case the price of that letter which I say always arrives where it must.

I depart from scraps, certainly not philosophical ones, since it is of my seminar of this year³ (at Paris I) that they make relief.⁴

I inscribed on the blackboard there on two occasions (from a third at Milan where, on tour, I made of them a banderole for a news-flash on "psychoanalytic discourse") these two sentences:

That one say remains forgotten behind what is said in what is heard (*Qu'on dise reste oublié derrière ce qui se dit dans ce qui s'entend*).

This statement, which appears an assertion for having been produced in a universal form, is in fact modal, existential as such: the subjunctive by which its subject is modulated testifying to this (*Cet énoncé qui paraît d'assertion pour se produire dans une forme universelle, est de fait modal, existentiel comme tel: le subjunctif dont se module son sujet, en temoignant*).⁵

If the welcome which from my audience responds to me enough that the term of seminar not be too unworthy of what I give speech to there, had not turned me away from these sentences, I would have wanted from their relation of signification to demonstrate the sense they take from psychoanalytic discourse. The opposition here I evoke having to be later accentuated.

I remind you that it is through logic that this discourse touches on the real, in encountering it as impossible, wherein it is this discourse that carries logic to its final power: science, I have said, of the real. May they pardon me here those, who from having an interest in it, do not know this. Were I to spare them again, they would soon learn it from events.

The signification, being grammatical, establishes to begin with that the second sentence bears on the first, to make of it its subject in the form of a particular. It says: this statement, and then qualifies it of the assertive from its being posed as true, confirming it from its being in the form of a proposition called universal in logic: it is any case that the saying remains forgotten behind the said.⁶

But antithetically, that is, on the same plane, in a second time it exposes its semblance (*en dénonce le semblant*):⁷ affirming it by the fact that its subject is modal, proving it from its being modulated grammatically as: That one say (*qu'on dise*). Which it recalls not so much to memory as, as one says: to existence.

The first sentence is thus not of thatthetic plane of truth the first time of the second insures, as usual, by means of tautologies (two here). What is recalled, is that its enunciation is a moment of existence, it is that, situated by discourse, this sentence "ex-sists" to the truth.

Let us recognize here the path by which the necessary comes about: it is understood in good logic, that which orders its modes from proceeding from where it accedes, that is, this impossible, modest (*modique*) no doubt although henceforth inconvenient (*incommode*), for a *dit* to be true, still must one say it, a saying (*dire*) of it must there be.

In which grammar already measures the strength and weakness of logics that are isolated by it, so as, by its subjunctive, to cleave them, and indicates itself as concentrating their power, advancing (*de frayer*) them all.

For, I return once more to "there is no metalanguage," such that any of the logics, titling themselves from the proposition, might make a crutch of it (let to each remain its imbecility), and if anyone thinks to find it in my reference, above, to discourse, I refute it by pointing out that the sentence which seems to make the object for the second, applies no less significantly to this second.

For this second, that one say it remains forgotten behind what it says. And this in a way all the more striking as assertive, it, without remission to the point of being tautological in the proofs it advances,--in exposing in the first sentence its *semblant*, it poses its own *dire* as non-existent, since in contesting the latter as *dit* of the truth, it is existence that it makes respond from its *dire*, this not to make this *dire* exist, since only the sentence denominates it, but to deny its truth--without the *dire*.

In extending this process, is born the formula, mine, that there is no universal that does not have to contain itself by an existence which denies it. Such that the stereotype that all men be mortal is not stated from nowhere (*nulle part*). The logic that dates it is only that which feigns this nullibiquity, to make an alibi for what I have named the discourse of the master.

Now it is not from this discourse alone, but from the place others (other discourses) turn around, which I designate of the *semblant*, that a *dire* takes its sense.

This place is not for all, but it ex-sists to them, and it is from there that it is hommologized⁸ that all be mortal. They all can only be so, because to death one delegates them from this place, all, indeed, must be, since it is there that one sees to the marvel of the good of all. And particularly when what sees to it makes a *semblant* of the master-signifier or knowledge. Whence the *ritournelle* of philosophical logic.

Thus, there is no universal that does not reduce itself to the possible. Even death, since it is there the point from which only it is articulated. However universal one makes it, it remains never more than possible. That the law lightens itself by affirming itself as formulated from nowhere, which is to say, as being without reason, again confirms from where its *dire* departs.

Before rendering to analysis the merit of this aperception, let us acquit ourselves toward our sentences in remarking that the "in what is heard" of the first, connects also to the existence of the "remains forgotten" of which the second gives rise and to the "what is said" which the second itself exposes as, this remainder, covering it.

Where I note in passing the failure of the "transformational" effort to make a logic by recourse to a deep structure which would be a tiered tree.

And I return to sense to recall the trouble philosophy has to go to--the last to save its honor by being at the page of which the analyst makes the absence--to aperceive that which is its everyday resource: that nothing hides as much as what unveils, that truth, *Alethea=Verborgenheit*.

So I do not renounce the fraternity of this *dire*, since I only repeat it on the basis of a practice which, situated from another discourse, renders it incontestable.

For those who listen to me . . . or worse (*ou pire*), this exercise might have done no more than confirm the logic from which are articulated in analysis castration and the Oedipus.

Freud puts us on the path of what the ab-sense designates sex: it is to the swelling of this sense-absex that a topology is deployed where it is the word that cuts (*tranche*).⁹

Departing from the locution: "this does not go without saying" (*ça ne va pas sans dire*), one sees that this is the case with a lot of things, most even, including the Freudian thing such as I have situated it as being the *dit* of truth.

Not to go without . . . , this is to make a couple, which, as we say, "does not go by itself" (*ne va pas tout seul*). It is thus that the said (*dit*) does not go without saying (*dire*). But if the *dit* poses itself always in truth, were this to never pass beyond a halfsaid (*midit*) (as I express myself), the *dire* is only coupled to it to ex-sist to it, that is, not to be of the dit-mension of truth.

It is easy to render this sensible in the discourse of mathematics where constantly the *dit* renews itself by taking a subject from a *dire* rather than from any reality, left, to summon it, this *dire*, from the consequence (*suite*) properly logical it implies as *dit*.

No need for the *dire* of Cantor to touch on this. It begins with Euclid.

If I have taken recourse this year to the former, set-theory, it is to relate to it the marvelous efflorescence which, in isolating in logic the incomplete from the inconsistent, the non-demonstrable from the refutable, indeed in adjoining the undecidable as not succeeding in excluding itself from demonstrability, puts us enough against the wall of the impossible so that is evinced there the "this is not it" (*ce n'est pas ça*),¹⁰ which is the wailing of the call to the real.

I have said discourse of mathematics. Not language of the same. Let one take note of this for the moment when I will return to the unconscious, structured like a language, I have always said. For it is in analysis that it is ordered in discourse.

It remains to be marked that the mathematician has with his language the same trouble as we with the unconscious, in translating it from that thought of which he does not know of what it speaks, were this to assure it of being true (Russell).

For being the language most propitious to scientific discourse, mathematics is the science without consciousness fortold by good old Rabelais, that to which a philosopher can only remain deaf (*bouché*):¹ the gay science rejoiced in presuming from it the ruin of the soul. Of course, neurosis survives it.

¹ The philosopher is inscribed (in the sense we say this of a circumference) in the discourse of the master . He plays there the role of the fool. This does not mean that what he says is stupid; it is even more than utilizable. Read Shakespeare.

Neither does this say--be careful here--he knows what he says. The court jester has a role: that of being the place-holder of the truth. He can do it by expressing himself like a language, just like the unconscious. That he be, himself, in unconsciousness is secondary, what matters is that the role be held.

Thus Hegel, in speaking as correctly as Bertrand Russell of mathematical language, does not botch the order any less : it is that Bertrand Russell is in the discourse of science.

Kojève whom I take for my master, for having initiated me in Hegel, had the same partiality in regard to mathematics, but it must be said that he was of Russell's time, and that he only philosophized as titled by university discourse where he was positioned provisionally, but knowing well that his knowledge only functioned there as a *semblant* and treating it as such: he showed it in every way, leaving his notes to whomever could profit from them and posthumizing his derision of the whole adventure.

The scorn which was his, sustained itself by his discourse from the departure which was also where he returned: the great clerks know to treat the buffoons as well as the others, that is as the subjects, which they are, of the sovereign. (Lacan)

This remarked, the *dire* is demonstrated, and as escaping the *dit*. From the time of this privilege, it only insures it by being formulated in the "saying no" (*dire que non*), if, in going to sense, it is the content one seizes there, not the contradiction--the answer, not the reprise in negation--the rejection, not the correction.

To respond thusly suspends what the *dit* has of the veritable.

Which is illuminated by the oblique daylight analytic discourse brings to the others, revealing the modal places by which their round is accomplished.

I will metaphorise for the moment from incest the relation truth entertains with the real. The *dire* comes from where it commands it.

But cannot there also be a direct *dire* there?

To say what is (*Dire ce qu'il ya*), tells you nothing, dear little ones of the guardroom, no doubt tells in this way from what it guards itself well in thwarting the management to which it aspires (and whatever).

To say what is, for a long time has raised for you its man as far as that profession which no longer haunts you except by its void: the doctor who in all ages and over all the surface of the globe, on what is, pronounces himself. But it is again on the basis of this that what is, has no interest than in having to be conjured away.

At the point to which history has reduced this sacred function, I understand your discomfort. Not even possible for you, the time being passed, to play at the philosophy which was the last mue where, the servants of emperors and princes, doctors survived themselves (read Fernel).

Know however, although analysis be of another sigla--but that it tempts you, this is understandable--what I bear witness to from the first.

I say it, because this is demonstrated without exception by those whom I have called my "dandies": there is not the least access to the *dire* of Freud which is not foreclosed--and without return in this case--by the choice of such an analyst.

It is that there is no conceivable training of the analyst outside the maintenance of this *dire*, and that Freud, for failing to have forged with the discourse of the analyst the tie which would have held the psychoanalytic societies, situated them with other discourses which bar his *dire* necessarily.

What all my *écrits* demonstrate.

The *dire* of Freud is inferred from the logic that takes as its source the *dit* of the unconscious. It is inasmuch as Freud discovered this *dit* that it exists.

To restore this *dire*, it is necessary that the discourse be constituted by analysis (which is where I help), this on the basis of the experience where it is proven to exist.

We cannot translate it, this *dire*, in terms of truth since of truth there is only the *midit*, well-cut, but for there to be this clear-cut *midit* (it conjugates itself by going back to: *tu médites, je médis--you speak ill of, I speak ill of*), only takes its sense from this *dire*.

This *dire* is not free, but produces itself by relaying others which proceed from other discourses. It is in closing itself in analysis (cf. my *Radiophonie*, the number just before this issue) that their round situates the places by which this *dire* is specified (*se cerne*).

They specify it as real, which is to say, of the impossible, which is announced:
there is no sexual rapport (il n 'y a pas de rapport sexual).

This supposes that of rapport (of rapport "in general"), there is only the statement (*énoncé*), and that the real only insures itself by confirming itself from the limit demonstrated by what follows logically from the statement.

Immediate limit here, of what does not have ("n'y a") anything to make a rapport from a statement.

From this fact, nothing that follows logically, something which is not deniable (*niable*), but this does not suffice to support any negation: only the *dire* that: *nya*.

Nia (denied) only bringing precisely from homophony what is required in French, of the past it signifies, of any present of which existence is connoted to mark that *nya* trace.

But of what is it a question? Of the rapport between the man and the woman insofar precisely as they would be proper, in that they inhabit language, to make stated this rapport. Is it the absence of this rapport that exiles them in their *stabilitat*? Is it to labitate that this rapport can only be *inter-dit* (inter-dicted, or said-between [tr.])?

That is not the question: rather it is the answer, and the answer that supports it--by being what stimulates it to repeat itself--is the real.

Let us admit it: there where it is. There is nothing to be expected from going back to the flood, when already this is recounted in paying the tribute of the rapport of the woman with the angels.

Let us illustrate, however, this function of the response with an *apologue*, a *logue* at bay in being provided by the *psycho-logue*, since the soul is a baying (*aboi*), and even to be pronounced (a) *petit a*, (a) *boi*.

The unfortunate thing is that the psychologist (*psychologue*), only sustaining his sector by theology, wishes that the psychic be normal, in return for which he elaborates what suppresses it. The *Innenwelt* and the *Umwelt* notably, when he would do better to occupy himself with the turning-man (*homme-volt*) who makes the labyrinth from which the man does not exit.

The couple stimulus-response passes to the avowal of its inventions. To call a response that which permits the individual to be kept alive is excellent, but that this is terminated quickly and badly, opens the question which is resolved inasmuch as life reproduces the individual, thus reproduces the question as well, that of which it is said in this case that it re-peates itself.

This is indeed what is discovered from the unconscious, which from there on proves to be an answer, but in that it be it that stimulates.

This is also in what, in what there is of it, the psychologist re-enters the turning-man of repetition, the repetition one knows to be produced by the unconscious.

Life no doubt reproduces, God knows what and why. But the answer only makes a question there where there is no rapport to support the reproduction of life.

Save in what the unconscious formulates: "How does the man reproduce himself?," which is the case.

--"In reproducing the question," is the answer. Or "in making you speak," said otherwise than has the unconscious, to ex-sist.

It is beginning from there that we must obtain two universals, two alls sufficiently consistent to separate in the speaking--who, from being the's, believe themselves beings--two halves such that they are not too embroiled in coiteration when they get there.

Moitié (Half) says in French it is an affair of a *moi* (ego), the *moitié* of the chicken which opened the first book I read having moreover opened my path to the division of the subject.¹¹

The body of the speaking is subject to dividing itself from its organs, enough to have found a function for them. At times it has taken ages: for a prepuce which takes its usage from circumcision, watch the appendix await it for centuries, from surgery.

It is thus that from psychoanalytic discourse, an organ is made the signifier. That which one can say to be isolated in corporal reality as a lure, to function in it (the function being delegated to it by a discourse):

a) as a *phanere* in consideration of its appearance as a detachable placage, which is accentuated by its erectility.

b) for having been a lure, where this accent contributes, in the diverse fishings which make discourses of the voracities by which the non-existence of the sexual rapport is stamped.

One recognizes, even from this mode of evacuation, of course the organ which from being, let us say, "in the active" of the male, makes for him, in the *dit* of copulation, discerned the active of the verb. It is the same that its diverse names, in the language I use, quite symptomatically feminize.

One must not, however, be deceived: for the function it owes to discourse, it has passed to the signifier. A signifier can serve for many things, just like an organ, but not for the same. In castration, for example, if the signifier is used, this does not have (fortunate for all) the same consequences as if it were the organ. In the function of lure, if it is the organ which offers itself as a hook to the voracities we are situating at the instant, let us say: of origyn, the signifier on the contrary is the fish gulping down what it has to in discourses to be maintained.

This organ, passed to the signifier, hollows the place from which takes effect for the speaking--let us follow it to what it thinks itself: being--the non-existence of the sexual rapport.

Thus, the present state of the discourses which nourish themselves from these beings is situated by this fact of this impossible, not to say (*à dire*), but which, from all the *dits*, is demonstrated for the real.

The *dire* of Freud thus posed is first justified by his *dits*, by which it is proven, what I have said--confirmed in being avowed by the stagnation of the analytic experience, which I denounce--would be developed from the re-emergence (*ressortie*) of analytic discourse, that at which I am employed, although without resource, it is my province (*ressort*).

In the confusion where the parasitic organism Freud grafted over his *dire* makes itself a graft of his *dits*, it is no small affair that a cat find again its kittens, or the reader a sense.

The jumble is insurmountable of what is pinned there of castration, of the defiles whereby love is maintained by incest, of the function of the father, of the myth where the Oedipus is redoubled by the comedy of the *Père-Orang*, of the perorating *Outang*.²

One knows that I had for ten years taken care to make a French garden of those paths in what Freud was able to stick into his sketch, the first, when, however, always what they had of the twisted was markable for whoever might have wanted to make a completely clean breast of what fills in for the sexual rapport.

² Here concludes what appears concurrently in the memorial of Henri-Rouselle. (Lacan)

Still it was necessary that was come to light the distinction between the symbolic, the imaginary and the real: this so that the identification with the man half and the woman half, where I come to evoke that the affair of the *moi* dominates, was not confused with their rapport.

It suffices that the affair of the *moi* like the affair of the phallus where one has very much wanted to follow me at the moment, is articulated in language, for having become the affair of the subject and no longer being solely the province of the imaginary. That one think that it is since the year '56 that all that could have passed for acquired, might have had the consent of analytic discourse.

For it is in "the preliminary question" of my *Ecrits*, which was to be read as the response given by the perceived in psychosis, that I introduce the *Nom-du-Père* and that in the fields (in this *Ecrit*, put in a graph) from which it allows the ordering of psychosis itself, one can measure its potency.

There is nothing excessive in regard to what the experience gives us, to put at the head of being or having the phallus (cf. my *Bedeutung* of the *Ecrits*) the function which fills in for the sexual rapport.

Whence a possible inscription (in the signification where the possible is a Leibnizian foundation) of this function as Φx , in which the beings are going to respond by their mode of making an argument. This articulation of the function as proposition is that of Frege.

It is only from the order of the complement that I bring above to any position of the universal as such, that it is necessary that in a point of discourse an existence, as one says: be inscribed falsely against the phallic function, so that to pose it be "possible," which is the little by which it can pretend to existence.

It is indeed in this logic that is summed up all that concerns the Oedipus complex.

All can be maintained in being developed around what I advance of the logical correlation between the two formulas which, in being inscribed themselves mathematically $\forall x \cdot \Phi x$, and $\exists x \cdot \overline{\Phi x}$, are stated:

the first, for all x , Φx is satisfied, which can be translated by a T denoting the value of truth. This, translated into analytic discourse in which it is the custom to make sense, "means" that all subjects as such, since this is what is at stake in this discourse, are inscribed in the phallic function to clothe the absence of the sexual rapport (the custom of making sense, is precisely to be referred to this *ab-sens*);

the second, there is as an exception in the case, familiar in mathematics (the argument $x=0$ in the exponential function I/x), the case where there exists an x for which Φx , the function is not satisfied, which is to say, not functioning, it is in fact excluded.

This is precisely from where I conjoin the alls of the universal, more modified than one might imagine in the *forall* (*pourtout*) of the quantifier, with the "*there exists one*" with which the quantic clothes it, its difference being patent with what is implied by the proposition Aristotle calls particular. I conjoin them in that the "*there exists one*" in question, in making the limit of the *pourtout*, is what affirms or confirms it (this that a proverb already objects to the contradictory of Aristotle).

The reason for it is what analytic discourse concerns, it is the subject, which, as effect of signification, is the response of the real. I articulated it as that, since the eleventh of April '56, on

having a text accepted, of a citation of the asemantic signifier, this for people who might have taken an interest in feeling themselves called there to a function of the warp.

A breakthrough certainly not made for whomever it might be who in elevating himself by university discourse, deviates it into this hermeneutic, indeed, semiologizing run-off, to which I might imagine myself to answer, streaming as it now is from everywhere, from to the failure of analysis to fix its deontology.

That I state the existence of a subject in posing it from the saying-no to the propositional function Φx , implies that it is inscribed by a quanteur in which this function finds itself cut insofar as it has at this point no value one might note of truth, which means it has no more of error, the false only to be heard as *falsus* in the sense of the fall, that where I have already placed the accent.

In classical logic, if one thinks about it, the false is only aperceived in being the underside of the truth, it designates it as well.

It is correct then to write as I do: $\exists x \cdot \overline{\Phi x}$. The one that exists, this is the subject supposed inasmuch as the phallic function is forfeit there. This is to the sexual rapport only a mode of access without hope, the syncope of the function which is only sustained in seeming (*sembler*) there, in being embled there (*s'y embler*), I would say, not sufficing, this rapport, only to inaugurate it, but on the contrary necessary to achieve the consistency of the supplement it makes for it, and this in fixing the limit where this *semblant* is no more than de-sense.

Nothing operates, therefore, except by the signifying equivoque, the trick by which the ab-sense of the rapport would be stamped at the point of suspense of the function.

This is indeed the *de-sense* which, to account for it by castration, I denoted as being of the symbolic, also since '56 (at the re-entry: relation of the object, Freudian structures: the account is rendered of it there), demarcating it there by frustration, imaginary, and privation, real.

The subject finds itself already supposed there, nothing except to be seized in the context that Schreber, by way of Freud, had furnished me by the exhaustion of his psychosis.

It is there that the *Nom-de-Pere*, to make a place of its beach, demonstrated itself as the one in charge in keeping with tradition.

The real of this beach, inasmuch as the *semblant* runs aground on it, "realizes" no doubt the rapport of which the *semblant* makes the supplement, but it is not more that the fantasy sustains our reality, not little nor more since it is all, in precisely five senses, if one takes my word for it.

Castration is in fact relayed as a tie to the father, that which in every discourse is connoted of virility. There are thus two *dit-mensions* to forallman (*pourtouthomme*), that of discourse from which he is foralled (*se pourtoute*) and that of the places from which that is this-manned (*se thomme*).

Psychoanalytic discourse is inspired by the *dire* of Freud to proceed from the second first, and with an established decency to depart from these--in which the biological heritage makes a largess of the *semblant*. The chance which seems to have not to be so soon reduced in this distribution is formulated by the *sex ratio* of the species, stable, it seems, without our being able to know why: these--apply, then, for a half, my bad luck (*mâle heur*).

The places of this-hommage are marked as making sense of the *sembiant--by* it, from the truth that there is no rapport--of a *jouissance* that fills in there--indeed from the product of their complex, from the effect said (by my office) of *plus-de-jouir*.

No doubt the privilege of these elegant garden paths would be gain to distribute from a dividend better thought out than this game of heads or tails (dosage of the *sex ratio*), if it was not proven from the other dimension from which this *thommage* is *pourtouted*, that this would aggravate the case.

The *semblant* of the hour (*d'heur*) for a half is verified in fact to be of an order strictly inverse to the implication which promises this half to the office of a discourse.

I will owe it to myself to prove it inasmuch as the organ itself suffer from it.

Not only in that its *thommage* be a shame (*dommage*) *a priori* from making a subject in the *dire* of his relatives, since for the girl, this can be worse (*pire*).

It is rather all the more of the *a posteriori* of the discourses which await it that it is caught short (*happé*) (*happiness* as they say in the U.S.A), all the more that the organ is occupied (*a-t-il d'affaires*) in bearing them.

We impute being emotive to it . . . Ah! Would we not do better to raise it, I mean to educate it? We can always run for that.

One sees clearly in the *Satyricon* that being commanded, indeed implored, watched over from the earliest age, put to school *in vitro*, changes nothing in its humors, which we are mistaken to account for by its nature, when, on the contrary, it is only because what we make it say does not please it, that it butts against it.

It would be more worthwhile, to tame it, to have this topology which again puts forth its virtues, for being what I said to whomever wanted to hear me while unrolled the thread destined to silence me (the year 61-62 on identification). I have sketched it with a *cross-cap*, or *mitre* as it is still called . . . That bishops cap themselves with it is not astonishing.

It must be said that this does nothing if we do not know by a circular cut--of what? what is it? not even a surface, separating nothing of space--how, however, it is undone. It is a question of structure, that is, of what is not learned from practice, which explains for those who know it why we have not known it until recently. Yes, but how? (*mais comment?*)--Precisely like that: mis-howed (*mécomment*).

It is indeed from the side of this function that the organo-dynamism bastardism bursts, more even than from elsewhere. Does one think that it is by the organ itself that the Eternal Feminine draws you on high, and that this works better (or worse) inasmuch as the marrow liberates it from the signifier?

I say this for the good old days of a guardroom which lets itself get lost in all that, admits that its reputation as a bloody shambles is owed only to the songs that yap about it.

Fiction and song of speech and language, nonetheless might not they have, boys and girls, permitted themselves, in opposition to the Permasters of whom it must be said they had the trick, the two hundred steps it would have taken to go where I spoke for all of ten years? But not one of those did so to whom I was interdicted.

After all, who knows? Stupidity has its ways which are impenetrable. And if psychoanalysis propagates it, one has heard me, at Henri-Rouselle precisely, assure myself by professing that more good comes of it than bad.

Let us conclude that there has been a misdeal somewhere. The Oedipus is what I say, not what one thinks.

It is from a slippage Freud did not know how to avoid implying--in the universality of the crossings in space where this speaks (*ça parle*), that is, in the maintenance, fecund it seems, of

the *sex-ratio* (half-half) for those of the greatest number, of their mingled bloods--the significance he discovered in this organ, universal for its bearers.

It is curious that the recognition, so strongly accentuated by Freud, of the bisexuality of somatic organs (where, besides, it is missing in chromosomal sexuality), did not lead him to the phallus's function as a covering in respect to the *germen*.

But his allmanness (*touthommie*) admits its truth in the myth he creates in *Totem and Taboo*, less sure than that of the Bible although carrying its mark, to account for the twisted paths on which proceeds, there where this speaks, the sexual act.

Let us presume that of allman (*touthomme*), if a biological trace remain, there is only a trace (*d'race*) to be sus-manned (*se thommer*) of it, and *qu'dale* to be foralled (*pourtouter*). I will explain: the race of which I speak is not what an anthropology sustains in calling itself (*de se dire*) physical, which Hegel well denoted as of the skull and which merits it again to find there well after Lavater and Gall the weightiest of its measurements.

For it is not there, as we have seen from a grotesque attempt to found on it a Reich called (*dit*) third, it is not there that of which any race is constituted (nor the racism in it).

Race is constituted from the mode whereby are transmitted from the order of a discourse the symbolic places, those from which are perpetuated the race of masters and of slaves no less, pedants as well, in which it is necessary to respond to it the pedophiles, the learned (*scients*), I would say again in that they do not go without saws (*sciés*).

I pass, then, perfectly from the time of cerfage,¹² from the rejected Barbarians from where the Greeks are situated, from the ethnography of the primitives and from the recourse to elementary structures, to insure what concerns racism from discourses in action.

I would prefer to find support in the fact that of the races, what we take for most certain is the fact of the horticulturist, indeed of the animals that live from our domestication, effects of art, thus of discourse: these races of man, this is involved in the same principle as those of the dog and the horse.

This before remarking that analytic discourse foralls this at a counterslope, which is conceived of if this discourse is found to enclose in its loop the real.

For it is that where the analyst must first be the analyzed, if, as one knows, this is indeed the order by which his career is traced. The analysand, although it is only to me he owes being thus designated (but what wildfire has equaled the success of this activation) the analysand is very much the one of whom the cerfice (0 guardroom), the neck that bends, had to right itself.

We have until now followed Freud without more on what of the sexual function is stated by a *forall*, but also in remaining at a half, of the two it marks, as for itself, by the same measuring rod to report there the same dit-mensions.

This report on the other demonstrates well enough what concerns the absence of the sexual rapport. But this is rather, this absence, to force it.

This is in fact the scandal of psychoanalytic discourse, and it is enough to say where things are in the Society supporting it, that this scandal is only translated in being muffled, if one can say this, from daylight.

To the point that it is like lifting a world to raise anything like the defunct debate of the thirties, not certainly that the thought of the Master was not confronted by Karen Horney, Helen Deutsch, indeed Ernest Jones, among still others.

But the lid put over it since, since the death of Freud, sufficient that not the least fume filters from it any more, says much of the contention that Freud, in his pessimism, deliberately postponed losing, in wishing to save it, his discourse.

Let us indicate only that the women named here, made a call--it is their penchant in this discourse--from the unconscious to the voice of the body, as if precisely it was not from the unconscious that the body took voice. It is curious to note, intact in psychoanalytic discourse, the disproportion between the authority by which the women make an effect and the slightness of the solutions by which this effect is produced.

The flowers touch me, all the more as they are of rhetoric, of which Karen, Helen--it does not matter which, I forget now, for I do not like to re-open my seminars--from which indeed Horney or Deutsch furnish the charming fingerbowl that serves for them as a reservoir for the corsage that might do for the *dating*, that is, this from which it seems a rapport is expected, if only from its *dit*.

For Jones, the side of cervix (cf. last line before the last interval) that he takes in qualifying the woman in terms of *deuterophallicity*, sic, which is to say, exactly to the contrary of Freud, to wit, that they have nothing to do with the phallus, all in having the air of saying the same thing, to wit, that they pass through castration, it is no doubt there the masterpiece in which Freud recognized that for the cervility to be expected from a biographer, he had his man.

I might add that the logical subtlety does not exclude the mental debility which, as a woman of my school demonstrates, springs from the parental *dire* rather than a native obtusion. It is on this basis that Jones was the best among the *goyem*, since with the Jews Freud was sure of nothing.

But I digress to return to the time where this, I have masticated it, masticated it for whom?

The there *is no sexual rapport* does not imply there is no *rapport* with sex. It is there even what castration demonstrates, but nothing more: to wit, that this rapport with sex is not distinct in each half, in fact that it even divides them.

I stress. I have not said: that it divides them by dividing the organ, a veil where are lead astray Karen, Helen, God have their souls if it is not already done. For what is important, is not that this comes from the titillations the little darlings feel in the half (*moitié*) of their body which is to be rendered to its *high-moi*, it is that this half makes its entry as empress so that it only re-enters there as signifier-m'etre from this affair of a rapport with sex. This all unitedly (*tout uniment*) (there, in fact, Freud is right) from the phallic function, forasmuch as it is indeed from a unique phanere that in proceeding from the supplement, it, this function, is organized, finds the *organon* I here reconsider.

I do it because to its difference--for women nothing guides it, it is even this that has permitted it to advance so much in listening to the hysterics who "make the man"--to its difference, I repeat, I will not obligate women to offer to the shoe-fitter (*d'auner au chaussoir*) of castration the charming sheath they do not raise to the signifier, even if the shoe-fitter, on the other hand, it is not only the signifier, but indeed also the foot it helps.

In making a shoe, it is sure, for this foot, women (and may they pardon me among them for this generality I immediately repudiate, but men are hard of hearing), women, I say make the best of the opportunity. That the shoe-horn is recommended there, follows from there on, but that they can dispense with it must be foreseen, this, not only in the M.L.F., which is of the here and now (*actualité*), but in that there is no sexual rapport, that of which the here and now is only a testimony, although, I fear, momentary.

On this basis the Freudian elucubration of the Oedipus complex, which makes the woman a fish in the water, in that castration is with her from the start (*Freud dixit*), contrasts dolorously with the fact of the ravage that is for the woman, for the most part, the rapport with her mother, from where she seems indeed to expect more subsistence than from her father--which does not go with him being second, in this ravage.

Here I lay down my cards to pose the quantic mode in which the other half, half of the subject, is produced from a function to satisfy it, that is, to complete it with its argument.

On two modes depends that the subject here offer itself as being said a woman. Here they are:

$$\overline{\exists x} \cdot \overline{\Phi x} \text{ and } \overline{\forall x} \cdot \Phi x$$

Their inscription is not as is customary in mathematics. To negate, as the bar put above the quantifier marks, to negate that *one exists* is not done, and less even though *forall* fornotall itself.

It is there however that is given the sense of the *dire*, in that, there joining the *nyania* noised by the sexes in company, it fills in for what between them, of rapport *nyait* not [there was not].

Which is to be taken not in the sense which, to reduce our quantifiers to their reading according to Aristotle, equates the *notexistone* to the *none-is* of his negative universal, would make return the *me pantes*, the *notall* (that he however knew how to formulate), to testify to the existence of a subject to say no (*que non*¹²) to the phallic function, this in supposing it from the so called contrarity of two particulars.

It is not there the sense of the *dire*, which is inscribed by these quantifiers.

It is: that in introducing itself as a half to the *dire* of women, the subject determines itself in that, not existing by a suspension in the phallic function, all can be said here, even in proceeding from the without reason. But this is an all outside of the universe, which is read all go from the second quantifier as *notall*.

The subject in the half where it is determined by negated quantifiers, it is in that nothing of an existant serves as a limit to the function, which could insure itself with whatever there might be of a universe. Thus in founding itself on this half, "they" are *notall*, with as a consequence and of the same fact, that none is any longer all.

I could here, to develop the inscription I made by a hyperbolic function, of the psychosis of Schreber, demonstrate what there is of the sardonic in the effect of a push-to-the-woman which is specified by the first quantifier: having made very precise that it is from the irruption of a *One-father* as without reason, that is precipitated here the effect felt as a forcing, to the field of an Other to be thought as to all sense the most alien.

But to carry to its power of an extreme logic the function, this would throw us off the track. I have already been able to measure the trouble that good will has taken to apply it to Holderlin: without success.

How much easier is it not, indeed delightful to promise oneself, to put to the count of the other quantifier, the singular of a "confine," insofar as it might make the logical power of the *notall* inhabit itself with the recess of *jouissance* that femininity conceals, even insofar as it comes to conjoin itself to what makes thman . . .

For this "confine" in stating itself here by logic, is indeed the same from which Ovid shelters himself by figuring it with Tiresias in a myth. To say that a woman is not all, it is this that the myth indicates for us, in that she is the only one inasmuch as her *jouissance* passes beyond, what is produced by coitus.

This is also, moreover, why it is as the only one that she wants to be recognized: one knows it only too well.

But this is again where is grasped what one has to learn there, to wit, if one satisfied the requirement of love, the *jouissance* one has of a woman¹³ divides her, making for her of her solitude a partner, while union remains on the threshold.

For to what would the man admit himself to serve better for the woman whom he wishes to enjoy, than to give back to her this *jouissance* of her own which makes her not all his: re-arousing it for her.

What one calls sex (indeed the second, when one is an idiot) is properly, in supporting itself by the *notall*, the *Heteros* which cannot stop itself up with a universe.

Let us call heterosexual by definition, he who loves women, whatever his own sex. This will be clearer.

I said: to love, not: to be promised them by a rapport that is not. It is even what implies the insatiable of love, which is explained by this premise.

That there had to be the analytic discourse for this to come to be said, shows well enough that it is not in all discourse that a *dire* comes to ex-sist. For the question was tossed around for centuries in terms of an intuition of the subject, who was quite capable of seeing it, even of having a good laugh over it, without it ever having been taken seriously.

It is the logic of the *Heteros* which is to be made to depart, it being remarkable that the *Parmenides* debouches there beginning with the incompatibility of the One with Being. But how to comment on this text before seven hundred people?

There remains the career always open to the equivoque of the signifier: the *Heteros* in being declined to the *Hetera*, ethericizes, even hetairizes .

The support of the two (*deux*) in making a them (d'eux) that this *notall* seems to tender us, is an illusion, but repetition which is in sum the transfinite, shows that it is a question of an inaccessible, beginning with which, the enumerable of it being sure, the reduction becomes so too.

It is here that s'eems (*s'emble*), I mean: s'eembavles (*s'emblave*), the *semblable* of which I alone have tried to unknot the equivoque, having rummaged it from the hommosexual, that is, from what one called until now the man in abbreviated form, which is the prototype of the *semblable* (cf. my mirror stage).

It is the *Heteros*, let us remark, which, in s'eeming there by discord, erects the man in his status which is that of the hommosexual. Not from my office, I stress, from that of Freud which, this appendix, gives it back to him, and in all its particulars (*en toutes lettres*).

It s'eems however only by a *dire* in s'being already well advanced. What first strikes us, is to what point the hommodit could suffice for itself from the everyday unconscious, until the moment when, in saying it structured like a language, I let it be thought, that in speaking so much, it is not weighty what is said: that it (*ça*) chatters (*cause*), that it chatters, but that it is all that it knows how to do. They have so little understood me, so much the better, that I can look forward to one day someone raising an objection.

In brief, one floats on the isle phallus, in that one retrenches from what retrenches.

Thus history is made of naval maneuvers where the ships do their ballet with a limited number of figures.

It is interesting that some women do not disdain to take a rank there: it is even for this that dance is an art which flourishes when the discourses keep in place, there having the lead those who have what it takes, for the congruent signifier.

But when the *notall* comes to say that it does not recognize itself in those, what does it say, except what it finds in what I have brought to it, that is:

the quadripod of truth and the semblant, of enjoying (*du jouir*) and of what of a no more (*d'un plus de*)--parades denying itself in defending itself.

and the bipod of which the separation (*écart*) shows the *ab-sens* of the rapport.

then the tripod which is restituted by the return of the sublime phallus which guides the man toward his true bed (*couche*), because his way, he has lost it.

"You have satisfied me, littleman. You have understood, of *étourdit* there is not too much, for it to return to you in the *apres midit*. Thanks to the hand that will respond to you, insofar as Antigone you call it, the same that can tear you apart because I sphynges my *notall*, you will be able even toward evening to make yourself the equal of Tiresias, and like him, from having made the Other, to divine what I have said to you."

It is the superegohalf (*surmoitié*) which does not superego as easily as the universal consciousness.

Its *dits* would not know how to complete themselves, refute themselves, make themselves inconsistent, undemonstrate themselves, undecide themselves except in departing from what exists of the paths of its *dire*.

Whence the analyst from another source than this Other, the Other of my graph and signified by S of A barred: *notall*, from where would he know how to find fault in what abounds from the pettifogging logic by which the relation to sex goes astray, in wanting that its ways lead to the other half?

If a woman here only serve for a man insofar as he ceases to love another; if not to get there be by him held against her, even though it is indeed to succeed there, if she screws it up, --if *maladroit*, the same imagines from having two made her all.

--if the woman among the people be the bourgeois, if besides the man wish that she know nothing:

from where would he know how to find himself again in these kindnesses--there are others--save from the logic which exposes itself there and from which I claim to break him?

It has pleased me to point out that Aristotle wavers in this, curiously in furnishing us with the terms that I take from another inference. The former, had not he his interest, however, as he threaded his World with the *notall*, in negating the universal? Its existence at the same time no more weaves itself from its particularity, and for Alexander his master the warning might have been a good one: if it is from an *ab-sens* as-not-one by which would be negated the universe that conceals the *notall* which ex-sists, he would have laughed, the very first it must be said, at his design to "empirise" the universe.

It is there precisely that notsofoolish, the philosopher brings into plays all the better the air of the *midit* since he can do it in good conscience. On entertains it to say the truth: like the fool he knows that it is quite feasible, on the condition that he not suture (*Sutor . . .*) otherwise its semellity.

A little topology comes now.

Let us take a torus (a surface forming a "ring"). It leaps to view that in pinching it between two fingers all along its length beginning from a point and returning to it, the finger at first above ending up below, which is to say, having worked in a twist of a half-turn during the completion of a complete turn of the torus, we obtain a Moebius strip: on the condition that the surface thus flattened is considered as merging the two thicknesses (*lames*) produced by the initial surface. It is in this that the evidence is homologized from the voiding (*l'évidement*).

It is worthwhile to demonstrate it in a manner less crude. Let us proceed with a cut following the edge of the strip obtained (one knows that it is unique). It is easy to see that each thickness, as soon as it is separated from that which doubles it, is nonetheless continued in that thickness. From this fact, the edge taken from one thickness at a point is the edge of the other thickness when a turn has lead it to a point conjoined by being of the same "span," and when by a supplementary turn it returns to its point of departure, it has, from having made a double loop divided over two thicknesses, left to the side another double loop which constitutes a second edge. The strip obtained then has two edges, which suffices to assure it of having a topside and an underside.

Its rapport with the Moebius strip it figured before we made the cut, is . . . that the cut produced it.

There is the slight of hand (*tour de passe-passe*): it is not in sewing up the same cut that the Moebius strip will be reproduced, since it was only a "feint" of a flattened torus, but it is by a slipping of the two thicknesses one over the other (and in both directions as well) that, the double loop of one of the edges being confronted with itself, its seam constitutes the "true" Moebius strip.

Where the strip obtained from the torus is revealed to be the Moebius strip bipartitioned--by a cut not with a double turn, but closed with a single one (let us make there a median so as to grasp it . . . imaginarily).

But at the same time what appears, is that the Moebius strip is nothing other than this cut itself, that by which it disappears from its surface.

And the reason for it is that in proceeding to unite to itself, after a slipping of one thickness over the other of the bipartioned strip, the double loop of one of the edges of this same strip, is all along the underside of this strip we sewed to its topside.

Where it is touched on that it is not from the ideal span at which a strip is twisted with a half-twist, that the Moebius strip is to be imagined: it is throughout its length that it makes to be only one its topside and its underside. There is not one of its points where the one and the other are not united. And the Moebius strip is nothing other than the cut with a single turn, whichever (although imaged from the unthinkable "median"), which structures it as a series of lines without points.

Which is confirmed in imagining this cut re-double itself (in being "closer" to its edge): this cut will give us a Moebius strip, truly median, which, laid down, will remain to make a chain with the bipartioned Moebius which would be applicable on a torus (this from comporting two rolls of a same direction and one of the contrary direction or, in an equivalent fashion: from being obtained of the same, three rolls of a same direction): one sees there that the absence which results from the simple cut, is the absence of the Moebius strip. Whence, this cut = the Moebius strip.

It remains that this cut only has this equivalence from bi-partitioning a surface the other edge limits: with a double turn precisely, that is, what makes the Moebius strip. The Moebius strip is, then, what from operating on a Moebius strip, brings the strip back to the toric surface. The hole of the other edge can, however, be supplemented in another way, to wit, with a surface which, having the double loop for an edge, fills it;--with another Moebius strip, this goes from itself, and this gives us the Klein bottle.

There is yet another solution: to take this edge of the cut-out as a disc (*en rondelle*) so that in being unrolled, it displays itself on the sphere. In making a circle there, it can reduce itself to a point: a point out-of-line (*point hors-ligne*) which, from supplementing the line-without-points, is found to compose what in topology is designated by the *cross-cap*.

This is the asphere (*l'asphere*), to be written: l, apostrophe. The projective plane, in other words, of Desargues, a plane of which the discovery as reducing its horizon to a point, is made precise in that this point is such that any line traced as ending at it only crosses it in passing from the topside of the plane to its underside.

This point also displays itself by the ungraspable line by which is sketched in the figuration of the *cross-cap*, the necessary spanning (*traversée*) of the Moebius strip by the disc with which we come to supplement it inasmuch as it is supported on its edge.

What is remarkable in this sequence is that the asphere (written: l,apostrophe), in beginning with the torus (it is presented there on the first hand) only comes to the evidence of its asphericity by supplementing itself with a spherical cut.

This development is to be taken as the reference--deliberate, I mean already articulated--of my discourse where I am in it: contributing to analytic discourse.

A reference which is not at all metaphoric. I would say: it is of the stuff that it is a question, the stuff of this discourse,--if precisely this was not to fall into metaphor. In saying it, I am fallen into it; it is already done, not by the usage of the term for the moment repudiated, but from having, to make myself understood by those to whom I address myself, made-image, all the length of my topological presentation.

One should know that it was doable with a pure literal algebra, with recourse to the vectors with which ordinarily this topology is developed from one end to the other.

Topology, is it not (*n'est-ce pas*) this *no-space* (*n'espace*) where the discourse of mathematics leads us and which necessitates a revision of the esthetics of Kant?

No other stuff to give it than this language of pure matheme, I mean by this that which is alone in being able to be taught: this without recourse to some experience, which from being always, whatever there is of it, founded in a discourse, permits the locutions which in the last resort aim at nothing than, this discourse, to establish it.

What authorizes me in my case to refer myself to this pure matheme?

I note first that if I exclude the metaphor, I admit that it might be enriched and that on this basis it is only, on this path, recreation, that from which all sorts of new mathematical fields are in fact opened up. I maintain myself therefore in the order I have isolated as the symbolic, inscribing there what concerns the unconscious, to take reference in it for my present discourse. I respond then to my question: that one must first have the idea, which is taken from my experience, that not just anything can be a *dit*. And there must be the *dire*.

As much as to say (*Autant dire*) that the *dire* must be first.

The "signified" of the *dire* is nothing, as I believe to have with my initial sentences made felt, but ex-sistence to the *dit* (here to this *dit* that all cannot be said [*se dire*]). That is: that this is not the subject, which is an effect of the *dit*.

In our aspheres, the cut, a closed cut, is the *dit*. The cut, makes a subject: whatever it circles. . .

Notably, as the summation of Popilus figures it as responding by yes or no, I might say, if what it circles is the concept, from which is defined being itself: from a circle around--to be cut from a spherical topology, that which sustains the universal, the as-for-all: topology of the universe.

The trouble is that being does not have *by-itself* any kind of sense. Certainly there where it is, it is the master-signifier (*signifiant-mâitre*), as demonstrates the philosophical discourse which, to stay in its service, can be brilliant, that is: be beautiful, but as for sense reduce it to the me-being signifier (*signifiant-m' être*). Me-being subject redoubles it to infinity in the mirror.

I will evoke here the magisterial survival, how sensible when it embraces "modern" facts, the survival of this discourse, that of Aristotle and of Saint Thomas, under the pen of Etienne Gilson, which is no more than a joke: me-is "plus-de-jourir."

It is also that I give it sense from other discourses, the author as well, as I come to say. I will explain that, what produces sense, a little later.

Being, then, is produced "notably." But our asphere by all its avatars testifies that if the *dit* concludes itself with a cut that closes itself, there are certain closed cuts which of this asphere do not make two parts: two parts to be denoted by yes or no for what there is ("of the being") of one of them.

The important thing is that it is these other cuts that have an effect of topological subversion. But what to say of the change by them occurring?

We can denominate it topologically: cylinder, strip, Moebius strip. But finding there what there is of it in analytic discourse, can only be done in interrogating the rapport of the *dire* with the *dit*.

I say that a *dire* specifies itself from a demand of which the logical status is of the order of the modal, and that grammar certifies it.

An other *dire*, according to me, is privileged there: it is interpretation, which, itself, is not modal, but apophantic. I add that in the register of the logic of Aristotle, it is particular, from interesting the subject with particular *dits*, which are *notall* (free association) modal *dits* (demand among them).

Interpretation, have I not formulated it in its time, bears on the cause of desire, a cause it reveals, this by the demand which with its modal envelopes the set of the *dits*.

Whoever follows me in my course knows well that this cause I incarnate it by the object (a), and this object, recognize it (for what I have stated it for a long time, ten years, the seminar 61-62 on identification, where this topology, I introduced it), the a, I advance it, already recognized in what I designate here with the supplementary disc by which is closed the Moebius strip, in that from it is composed the *cross-cap*.

It is the spheric topology of this object called (a) which is projected on the other of the composite, *heterogeneous*, that the *cross-cap* constitutes.

Let us "imagine" according to what is figured graphically in the usual fashion, this other part. What of it do you see? Its swelling.

Nothing is more of the nature of what takes itself for spheric. This is no less, however thin one reduces the twisted part of a half-turn, a Moebius strip, that is, the emphasizing of the asphere of the *notall*: it is what supports the impossible of the universe,--that is, to take our formula, what in it encounters the real.

The universe is nowhere else than in the cause of desire, the universal no more. It is from there that proceeds the exclusion of the real . . .

. . . of this real: *that there is no sexual rapport*, this from the fact that an animal has a habit that is language, that habitating is also what for his body makes an organ,--an organ which, for thus existing to it, determines it by its function, this from before it finds it. It is even from there it is reduced to finding that its body is not without other organs, and that their function for each, is a problem for it,--by which the so-called schizophrenic is specified as being taken beyond the help of any established discourse.

I have the task of opening the way (*frayer*) to the status of a discourse, there where I situate there is . . . of discourse: and I situate it with the social tie to which are submitted the bodies which, this discourse, habitate.

My enterprise might appear hopeless (is it by the same fact, it is there the fact of hopelessness) because it is impossible that psychoanalysts form a group.

Nonetheless psychoanalytic discourse (it is my opening) is precisely that which can found a social tie cleared of any necessity for a group.

As one knows I do not mince words when it is a matter of putting in relief an appreciation which, meriting a most strict access, must dispense with, I will say, that I measure the effect of a group by what it adds of an imaginary obscenity to the effect of discourse.

All the less will one be astonished, I hope, in that it is historically true that this be the coming into play of analytic discourse which has opened the path to the practices said of a group and that these practices only give rise to one effect, if I dare say, purified of the discourse itself which has permitted the experience.

No objection there to the practice said of a group, provided that it be well indicated (it's that simple).

The present remarking of the impossible of the psycho-analytic group is also what founds, as always, the real. This real, it is this obscenity itself: also "it lives" (in quotation marks) *as group*.

This life of the group is what preserves the institution said international, and what I try to proscribe from my school,--against the objurgations I receive from some people gifted for it.

This is not there the important thing, neither that it be difficult for whomever is installed by a same discourse to live otherwise than in a group,--it is that it calls, I hear: to this rampart of the group, the position of the analyst such as it is defined by its discourse itself.

How the *objet (a)* inasmuch as it is of an aversion in regard to the *semblant* where the analysis situates it, how would it be supported by another comfort than the group?

I have already lost no small part of the world there: with a light heart, and ready for what others find to say again there.

It is not I who will be victorious, it is the discourse I serve. I am going to say now why.

We are in the reign of scientific discourse and I am going to make it felt. Felt from where my critique is confirmed, above, by the universal that "man be mortal."

Its translation in scientific discourse, is life-insurance. Death, in the scientific *dire*, is an affair of a calculus of probabilities. This is, in this discourse, what death has of the true (*de vrai*).

There are nonetheless, in our time, people who refuse to take out life-insurance. It is that they want of death another truth which other discourses already insure. That of the master for example which, if we believe Hegel, would be founded by death taken as a risk; that of the university, which would play on the "eternal" memory of knowledge.

These truths, like these discourses, are contested, in being eminently contestable. Another discourse has come to light, that of Freud, for whom death is love.

That does not mean that love does not arise also from a calculus of possibilities, which leaves to it only the tiny chance that Dante's poem was able to realize. This means that there is no love-insurance, because this would be hate-insurance also.

Love-hate, is that of which a psychoanalyst, even non-Lacanian, only recognizes for good reason ambivalence, that is, the single face of a moebius strip--with this consequence, tied to a comical which is proper to it, that in its "life" of group, it only ever denominates hate.

I re-continue from before: all the less motive for love-insurance as one can only lose in it--as did Dante, who in his circles of hell, omits that of conjungo without end.

Thus already too much *commentary* in the imagery of this *dire* which is my topology. A true analyst would not intend more than to make at this *dire*, until better proving it, hold the place of the real.

The place of the *dire* is in fact the analog in mathematical discourse of this real other discourses grip with the impossible of their *dits*.

This dit-mention which goes incidently as far as to include the impass properly logical, is elsewhere what one calls structure.

Structure is the real brought to light in language. Of course it has no relation with "good form."

The relation of organ of language to the speaking being, is metaphor. It is again a stabitat which, of that which labitating there acts as a parasite, must be supposed to bring to it the impact (*coup*) of a real.

It is obvious that "to express myself thusly" as will be translated what I am saying, I slip to a "conception of the world," that is, to the refuse of all discourse.

This is indeed from what the analyst could be saved insofar as his discourse rejects it itself, to shed light on it as the dross (*rebut*) of language.

This is why I begin with a thread, ideological I have no choice, that of which is woven the experience instituted by Freud. In the name of what, if this thread proceeds from the woof (*trame*) the best test of making hold together the ideologies of a time which is mine, would I reject it? In the name of *jouissance*? But precisely, it is the nature of my thread to to be withdrawn: this is the principle of psychoanalytic discourse, such as, itself, it articulates itself.

What I say merits (*vaut*) the place where I put the discourse by which analysis makes itself prevail (*prévaut*), among the others in sharing in the experience of this time. The sense, if there is one to be found there, could it come to me from another time: I try at it--always in vain.

It is not without reason that analysis is founded on the subject supposed to know: yes, certainly it supposes it to put knowledge in question, for which it is better that it know a bit. I admire therein the pinched airs that confusion takes on, inasmuch as I eliminate it.

It remains that science has unmoored, precisely in dropping the supposition, which in this case is called natural, insofar as it implies that the claims of the body on "nature" are the body, --which, in controverting itself, leads to an idea of the real I would say to be indeed true. Alas! this is not the word that suits the real. One would prefer to be able to prove it false, if through that was heard: fallen (falsa), that is, slipping through the arms of discourse that embrace it.

If my *dire* imposes itself, not, as one says, as a model, but for the purpose of articulating topologically discourse itself, it is from the default in the universe it proceeds, on the condition that one can no longer claim to fill it in (*le suppléer*).

From that, "realizing the topology," I do not depart from the fantasy to account for it, but gathering it in flower from mathematics, this topology--that is, inasmuch as it inscribes itself by a discourse, the most empty of sense that there is, in dispensing with all metaphor, in being metonymically of ab-sense, I confirm that it is by the discourse by which is founded the reality of the fantasy, that by this reality what there is of a real found itself inscribed.

Why this real would it not be the number, and unadorned after all, that language indeed carries? But this is not so simple it is the case to say (a case I always hasten to conjure away in saying it is the case).

For what is proffered by the *dire* of Cantor, is that the sequence of numbers represents nothing other in the transfinite than the inaccessibility that begins at two, by which from them (*d'eux*) is constituted the innumerable to infinity.¹⁴

From then on a topology is necessitated in that the real only returns to it from the discourse of analysis, for this discourse, to confirm it, and that it be from the gap this discourse opens to re-close itself beyond other discourses, that this real is found to ex-sist.

It is this that I am now going to make felt.

My topology is not of a substance to pose beyond the real this by which a practice is motivated.

But it should take account of what, cuts of discourse, there are such that they modify the structure that they receive from the beginning (*d'origine*).

It is a pure slight of hand to exteriorize this real with standards, standards so-called of life by which subjects would primaritize in their existence, only speaking to express their feelings about things, the pedantry of the word "affect" changing nothing.

How would this secondarity bite into the primary which substitutes itself for the logic of the unconscious?

Would it be the effect of wisdom that would intervene there? The standards to which one takes recourse, contradict it precisely.

But to argue in this banality, already one passes to the theology of being, to psychic reality, that is, to what is only endorsed analytically by the fantasy.

Without doubt analysis itself takes account of this trap and slippage, but it is not crude enough to be revealed everywhere where a discourse on what is, discharges the responsibility of producing it.

For it must be said, the unconscious is a fact inasmuch as it is supported by the discourse itself that establishes it, and, if only analysts are capable of rejecting its burden, it is in distancing from themselves the promise of a reject that calls them there, this in the measure that their voice will have had an effect.

Let one feel it in the washing of hands by which they distance from themselves the so-called tranference, to refuse what is surprising in the access that it offers on love.

In dispensing with in its discourse, following the line of science, all *savoir-faire* of bodies, but for an other discourse--analysis,--to evoke a sexuality of metaphor, metonymic to a wish by its most common accesses, those called pre-genital, to read extra--takes the face of revealing the twist in knowledge (*connaissance*). Would it there be displaced to take the step of the real which accounts for it by translating it as an absence perfectly situable, that of the sexual "rapport" in any mathematization?

It is in what mathemes by which are formulated in impasses the mathematizable, itself to be defined as what of the real teaches itself, are of a nature to coordinate themselves to this absence taken at the real.

To return to the *pastout*, to the *hommoinsun* (atleastone), that is, to the impasses of logic, is, to show the issue outside of the fictions of Mundanity, to make another fixation of the real: that is, of the impossible which fixes it by the structure of language. It is as well to trace the path by which is found in each discourse the real in which it rolls itself, and to send away the myths by which it is ordinarily filled in for.

But to proffer from there that it must be of the real that nothing be all, this from which the incidence at the place of the truth would go directly to the most scandalous aphorism,--or, to take it from another side, to emit that the real necessitates itself from verifications without an object, is this only to again put forward the stupidity of attaching oneself to the noumena: that is, that being flees thought . . . Nothing comes to the end of this being that a little more I daphnize, indeed laurifize in this "noumena," of which it is preferable to say that for it to sustain itself, there must be several levels (*couches*) . . .

My difficulty is that the aphorisms which moreover I content myself to present in bud, might make a reflowering of the graves of metaphysics, (for the noumena, is prattle, the futile substance . . .). I parry that they will prove to be *plus-de-nonsense*, more funny, to say it, than what leads us thusly . . .

. . . to what? Must I leap ahead, must I swear that I have not seen it right away while you, already . . . these first truths, but this is the text itself from which are formulated the great neuroses, from the two which, to take seriously the normal, we say that it is rather a *norm male*.

This is what leads us back to the soil, perhaps not the same, but perhaps also it is the good one and analytic discourse is less heavy-footed there.

Let us put in motion here the affair of sense, above, a promise of its difference from signification.

Permitting us to attach to it the enormity of the condensation between "what thinks" in our time (with its feet we will say) and the inept topology to which Kant has given body by its own establishment, that of the bourgeois which can only imagine from transcendence, the aesthetic as dialectic.

This condensation in fact, we must say it to be understood "in the analytic sense," in accordance with the accepted formula. Which is this sense, if precisely the elements which are condensed there, are qualified univocally by a similar (*semblable*) imbecility, even are capable of being targeted on the side of "what thinks," the mask of Kant on the other hand appearing an injury before insult, by its close reflection of Swedenborg: in other words, is there a sense to imbecility?

In this is felt that sense never produces itself except by the translation of one discourse into another.

Provided that we see there in this small illumination, the quivering antinomy which produces itself from sense to signification: that a feeble sense emerges in the plain day of the so-called "critiques" of pure reason, and of judgement (as for practical reason, I have told of its playfulness in putting it on the side of Sade, himself not more funny, but logical)--as soon as their sense thus arises, the *dits* of Kant no longer have signification.

Signification, they only hold to it thus from the moment where they have no sense, not even common sense.

This clears away the shadows which reduce us to gropers. Sense is not lacking in the vaticinations called pre-socratic: impossible to say which, but *itisfelt* (*çasyent*). And if Freud licks his lips over them, not the best moreover since it is from Empedocles, no matter, he had, himself, the sense of their orientation; that suffices for us to see that interpretation is of sense and goes against signification. Oracular, which does not surprise because we know to tie the oral to the voice, from sexual displacement.

This is the misery of historians: only to be able to read the sense, there where they have no other principal than to go back to documents of signification. Those also thus come to transcendence, that of materialism for example, which, "historical," it is alas! It is to the point of becoming irremediably so.

Fortunately analysis is there to re-inflate the little story: but only arriving there by what is taken in its discourse, in its discourse in fact, it leaves our beak in the water for what is not of our time,--not changing by that anything of what honesty forces the historian to recognize as soon as he has to situate the least *hisifelt* (*sacysent*). If he have charge over the science. of difficulty (*embarras*), it is indeed the difficulty of his contribution to science.

Thus it matters a lot, to these as to a lot of others?, that the impossibility of a true *dire* of the real motivates itself by a matheme (one knows how I define it), by a matheme by which is situated the relation of the *dire* to the *dit*.

The matheme proffers itself from the only real at first recognized in language: to wit, the number. Nonetheless the history of mathematics demonstrates (it is the case to say) that it can extend itself to intuition, on the condition that this term be as castrated as it can be from its metaphoric usage.

There is thus there a field of which the most striking aspect is that its development, in encountering the terms in which one absorbs it, does not proceed from the generalization, but from the topological remanagement, from a retroaction on the beginning such that it effaces history. No experience more sure to resolve the difficulty. Whence its attraction for thought: which finds there the *nonsense*¹⁵ proper to being, sister to the desire for a speech without beyond.

Nothing however to make anything of the being which, inasmuch as we state it thusly, does not arise from our benevolence.

All other is the fact of the undecidable, to take for an example the point from which recommends itself for us the matheme: it is the real of the *dire* of the number which is in play, when of this *dire* is demonstrated that it is not verifiable, this to this second degree that one cannot even insure it, as is done with others already worthy of retaining us, with a demonstration of its undemonstrability from the premises themselves that it supposes--let it be well understood from a contradiction inherent in supposing it demonstrable.

One can only deny that there be there a progress on what remains to be questioned of what makes the teachable. It is certainly the last thing to say that between the two there is a world: what it is a question of being so that to this place comes the real, of which the world is only the ridiculous fall (*chute*).

It is however progress that has to be restrained there, since I do not lose sight of what responds there, to wit that the true opinion of which in the Meno Plato makes sense, has no more for us than an ab-sense of signification, which is confirmed by referring it to the true opinion of *our* good-thinkers.

Might it have conveyed a matheme, that our topology furnishes us? Let's try it.

This leads us to the astonishment of what our Moebius strip prevents us from sustaining the image, this imagination rendering vain the remarks that might have necessitated an other *dit* finding itself articulated there: my reading did not become other than because the *dire* passes the *dit*, this *dire* to be taken as existing to the *dit*, by which the real exists(ed) for me without whoever, because it might have been verifiable, having been able to make it pass to the matheme. True opinion, is this the truth in the real insofar as it is it that bars the *dire*?

I will test it with a *redire* I am going to make.

Line without points, I have said of the cut, inasmuch as it is it, the Moebius strip inasmuch as one of its edges, after the turn with which it closes itself, pursues itself into the other edge.

This however can only produce itself from a surface already pricked with a point I have said out of line in specifying itself from a double loop nonetheless displayable on a sphere: of a sort that it is from a sphere that this point cuts itself, but from its double loopage that it makes of the sphere, an asphere, or a cross-cap.

What it makes pass however into the *cross-cap* in borrowing itself from the sphere is that a cut it makes Moebian in the surface it determines in rendering it possible, renders it, this surface, in the spheric mode: for it is insofar as the cut is equivalent to it, that what it supplements itself with as *cross-cap* "projects itself," I have said.

But as with this surface, for having permitted this cut, one can say that it is made of lines without points whereby throughout its topside sews itself to its underside, it is throughout that the supplementary point in being able to sphericize itself, can be fixed in a *cross-cap*.

But this fixation must be chosen as a unique point out of line, so that a cut, by making one turn around it and a single one, have there the effect of resolving it in a point spherically displayable.

The point then is the opinion which can be said true insofar as the *dire* which turns around it verifies it in fact, but only insofar as the *dire* be what modifies it in introducing there the *doxa* as real.

Thus a *dire* such as mine, it is in ex-sisting to the *dit* that it permits its matheme, but it does not make for me a matheme and thus poses itself as non-teachable before the *dire* be produced, as teachable only after I have mathematized it according to the Menoian criteria which however have not certified it for me.

The non-teachable, I have made it a matheme to insure it by the fixation of the true opinion, a fixation written with an x, but not without resort to equivocation.

Thus an object as easy to fabricate as the Moebius strip inasmuch as it is imagined, puts in reach of all hands what is unimaginable as soon as its *dire* in forgetting itself, makes the *dit* endure.

From where has proceeded my fixation of this point *doxa* which I have not said, I do not know and I cannot any more than Freud account for it "from what I teach," except in following its effects in analytic discourse, an effect of its mathematization which does not come from a machine, but admits itself owing to the machine once it produces it.

It is notable that Cicero had already known to employ this term: "Ad usum autem orationis, incredible est, nisi diligenter attenderis, quanta opera *machinata* natura sit"¹⁶ (Cicero, *De natura deorum*, II 59, 149.), but more still that I made of it a *exergue* to the gropings of my *dire* beginning April 11, 1956.

Topology is not "made to guide us," in structure. This structure, it is it--as retroaction of the order of the chain by which language consists.

Structure, it is the aspheric contained in the languaging articulation insofar as an effect of subject seizes itself there.

It is clear, as to signification, this "seizes itself" of the sub-sentence, pseudo-modal, repercusses itself from the object itself that as verb it envelopes in its grammatical subject, and that in it is a false effect of sense, a resonance of the imaginary induced from topology, inasmuch as the effect of subject makes a vortex of an asphere or that the subjective of this effect "reflects" itself in it.

It is here to be distinguished the ambiguity which is inscribed by the signification, that is, by the loop of the cut, and the suggestion of a hole, which is to say, of structure, which of this ambiguity makes sense.³

Thus the cut, the cut installed by topology (in making it there, with a straight line, closed, let one note once again, in my usage at least), it is the *dit* of language, but in no longer saying it (*à non plus le dire*) to forget it.

One could say that the sphere, it is what dispenses with topology. The cut certainly cuts out there (in closing itself) the concept on which reposes the market of language, the principle of exchange, of value, of the universal concession. (Let us say that it is only "material" for the dialectic, an affair of the discourse of the master.) It is very difficult to sustain this pure dimension, in that being everywhere, pure it never is, but the important thing is that it is not structure. It is the fiction of a surface in which structure dresses itself.

If the sense is there a stranger, if "man is good," as well as the contrary *dit*, that would mean strictly nothing which might have a sense, one can with good reason be astonished that no one has of this remark (in which once again the evidence returns to being as the voiding) made a structural reference. Will we risk ourselves with the *dire* that the cut in the final analysis does not ex-sist from the sphere?--For the reason that nothing obliges it to close itself, since that in remaining open it produces the same effect, qualifiable as a hole, but inasmuch as here this term can only be taken in the imaginary acceptance of the rupture of a surface: quite evident certainly, but from reducing what it can circle to the void of any possible of which the substance is only a correlate (compossible as yes or no: issue of the predicate in the propositional with all the false steps with which one amuses oneself.)

Without Greek homosexuality, then Arab, and the relay of the eucharist, all this might have necessitated an Other recourse well before. But one understands that in the great epochs

³ It will appear, I hope here, that the imputation of structuralism, to be understood as a comprehension of the world, one more in the puppet show by which i., represented for us "literary history" (it is of this that it is a question), is not despite the swell of publicity that it has brought me and in the form the most pleasant since I embarked in the best company, is not perhaps that by which I might be in a place to be satisfied.

And less and less I would say, in the measure that it gives rise to an acceptance of which the vulgate would state itself quite well insofar as the routes explain themselves in conducting from one panel of Michelin to another: "And that is why your map is mute."

that we come to evoke, religion alone in the final analysis, in constituting the true opinion, the *Orthé-doxa*, might to this matheme give the foundation by which it is found in fact invested. There will always remain something of it if one believes the contrary, and this is why nothing will prevail against the Church until the end of time. Since biblical studies have not yet saved anyone.

Only those for whom this stopper has no interest, theologians for example, will work in structure--if their heart tells them to, but mind the nausea.

What this topology teaches, is the necessary tie which establishes itself of the cut to the number of turns it comports so that is obtained a modification of structure or of the asphere (l'apostrophe), the only access conceivable to the real, and conceivable from the impossible in that this topology demonstrates it.

Thus from the unique turn which in the asphere makes a strip spherically stable in introducing in it the effect of the supplement that it takes from the *point hors ligne*, the *orthé doxa*. Looping it double, this turn obtains something else: a fall of the cause of desire from where is produced the Moebian strip of the subject, this fall demonstrating it to be only ex-sistence to the double-looped cut from which it results.

This ex-sistence is a *dire* and it proves it in that the subject remains at the mercy of its *dit* if it repeats itself, that is: like the moebius strip to find there its *fading*¹⁷ (*evanouissement*).

Point-knot (case to say,) it is the turn from which is made the hole, but only in this "sense" that from the turn, this hole is imagined, or machines itself there, as one wishes.

The imagination of the hole has consequences certainly: is there need to evoke its "pulsional" function or, to say it better, what drifts (*Trieb*)? It is the conquest of analysis to have made a matheme of it, when the mystic formerly only witnessed of its experience in making of it the unsayable. But in remaining in this hole, it is fascination which is produced, from which the universal discourse maintains its privilege, even more, it renders it a body, by analytic discourse.

With the image nothing will ever do there. The *semblable s'oupirera*¹⁸ even from what *emblaves* there.

The hole does not motivate itself from the blink of the eye, nor from the mnesiac syncope, nor from the cry. That one approaches it in aperceiving that *mot* is borrowed from the *motus* is not from the putting-there whence topology installs itself.

The torus only has a hole, central or circular, for whoever looks at it as object (*en objet*), not for whoever is the subject of it, that is, of a cut which does not imply any hole, but which obligates it to a precise number of turns for a torus to be made (to be made if it demands it, for after all a torus is preferable to a crossing), to be made, as we are prudently content to imagine it, a Moebius strip (*bande de Moebius*), or a contraband if the word pleases you better.

A torus, as I demonstrated ten years ago to some people yearning to muck me up with their own contraband, it is the structure of neurosis insofar as desire can, by the re-petition indefinitely enumerable of demand, loop itself in two turns. It is on this condition at least that is decided the contraband of the subject--in this *dire* called interpretation.

I would like only to make a try at the sort of incitation that our structural topology can impose.

I have said the demand numerable in its turns. It is clear that if the hole is not to be imagined, the turn only ex-sists by the number by which it is inscribed in the cut of which only the closure counts.

I insist: the turn in itself is not countable; repetitive, it closes nothing, it is neither said (*dit*) nor to say (*á dire*), which is to say, no (*nulle*) proposition. Whence it would be too much to say that it does not arise from a logic, which remains to be made beginning with the modal.

But if as insures our first figuration of the cut by which the torus is made a Moebius strip, one demand suffices there, but which can re-peat itself from being enumerable, as much as to say that it is only paired to the double turn by which is founded the strip in posing itself from the transfinite (Cantorian).

It remains that the strip could only constitute itself inasmuch as the turns of demand be of an odd (*impair*) number.

The transfinite remaining a requirement, in that nothing, we have said, counts there except inasmuch the cut closes itself, the transfinite *dit*, like God himself of whom one knows that he rejoices in it, is summed up as being odd (*impair*).

There is what adds a *dit-mension* to the topology of our practice of the *dire*.

Must it not re-enter the concept of repetition inasmuch as it is not left to itself, but that this practice conditions it, as we have also made observed of the unconscious?

It is striking,--while already seen for what I say, let one remember--, that the order (to be understood: the ordinal) of which I have effectively cleared the path in my definition of repetition and starting from the practice, has passed completely into its necessity unappereived by my audience.

I mark here the reference for a reprise to come.

Let us say however the end of the analysis of the neurotic torus.

The object (*a*) in falling from the hole of the strip projects itself after the fact into what we will call, from an abuse of the imaginary, the central hole of the torus, that is, around what the odd (*impair*) transfinite of demand resolves itself by the double turn of interpretation.

That, it is this from which the psychoanalyst has taken a function in situating it with his *semblant*.

The analysand only finishes in making of the object (*a*) the representative of the representation of his analyst. It is therefore only as long as his mourning lasts for the object (*a*) to which he has finally reduced him, that the psychoanalyst persists in causing his desire: rather manic-depressively.

This is the state of exultation that Balint, to take him from the side, describes no less well: more of a "therapeutic success," finds its reason there, and a substantial one on occasion. Then the mourning is achieved.

There remains the stability of the putting flat of the phallus, that is, of the strip, where the analysis finds its end, that which insures its subject supposed from the knowledge:

. . . that, the dialogue of one sex with the other being prohibited in that a discourse, whichever it be, founds itself by excluding what language brings there of the impossible, to wit, the sexual rapport, there results for the dialogue at the interior of each (sex) some inconvenience,

. . . that nothing would be able to say itself "seriously" (that is, to form of a series a limit) except in taking sense from the comic order--to which there is no sublime (see Dante there again) which would not be reverence,

. . . and then that the insult, if it is admitted by the *epos* to be from dialogue the first word like the last (*conféromére*), the judgement too, until the "last," remains fantasy, and to say it, only touches on the real in losing all signification.

From all that it would be able to make itself a conduct. There is more than one in it, lots even, suiting the three *dit*mensions of the impossible: such as they deploy themselves in sex, in sense, and in signification.

If it is sensible to the beautiful, to which nothing obliges it, it will situate itself by the between-two-deaths, and if some one of these truths appear to it good to make heard, it is only to the *midire* of the simple turn that it will trust itself.

These benefits in sustaining themselves by a second-dire, are no less established, in that they leave it forgotten.

There is what is decisive (*tranchant*) in our departing enunciation. The first *dit*, ideally from a first-leap of the analysand, only has its effects of structure insofar as the *dire* "appear-be" (*parsoit*), in other words, as the interpretation makes a *parêtre* (appearingbeing).

In what consists the *parêtre*? In what producing the "true" cuts (*coupures*): to be understood strictly as closed cuts in which topology does not permit itself to be reduced to the *point-hors-ligne* nor, what is the same thing, to only make an imaginable hole.

Of this *parêtre*, I do not have to expose the status otherwise than by my progress (*parcours*) itself, being already exempted from connoting its emergence at the point, above, where I permitted it.

To make of it a stop(ping) would be at the same time to *pen-être*, to make it a being, and is even again too much.

This *dire* that I recall to ex-sistence, this *dire* to not forget, of the primary *dit*, it is from it that the psychoanalysis can claim to close itself.

If the unconscious is structured *like* a language, I did not said: *by--*. The audience, if there has to be heard in that something like a mental acoustics, the audience I had then was bad, psychoanalysts not having it better than the others. For lack of a sufficient remarking of this choice (obviously not one of these strokes touched them, in amazing them (*de les épater*)--without more besides), it was necessary for me for the university audience, that which in this field can only deceive itself, to put on display circumstances of a nature to prevent me from bringing my blows to my own students, to explain that I let pass an extravagance such as making of the unconscious the "the condition of language," when it is manifestly by *the* language that I account for the unconscious: *the* language, as I therefore transcribed in a review text of a thesis, is the condition of the unconscious.

Nothing serves for nothing, when one is taken in certain mental brackets, since I am here forced to recall the function, specified in logic, of the article which carries to the real of the unique the effect of a definition,--an article, itself "a part of discourse," which is to say, grammatical, making use of this function in the language (*la langue*) of which I make use, for having been there defined definite (*défini défini*).

The language can only designate the structure from which there is an effect of languages, these several opening the usage of the one among others which gives to my *like* its very precise framework, that of the like language, by which precisely diverges from the unconscious common sense. The languages fall under the blow of the *notall* in the fashion the most certain since structure has there no other sense, and this is in what structure arises from my topological recreation of today.

Thus the reference by which I situate the unconscious is precisely that which escapes linguistics, since as science it only has to make some *parêtre*, no more than it noumenates. But it leads us well and good, and God knows where, but surely not to the unconscious, which from

taking it into structure, deroutes it as to the real from which is motivated *the* language: since language, it is this itself, this drift (*dérive*).

Psychoanalysis only accedes to it, itself, by the entry in play of an Other *dit-mension* which opens itself there inasmuch as the leader (of the game) "make a *semblant*" of being the effect of language major, the object from which is (a)nimated the cut that it permits in that way: it is the object (a) to call it by the sigla that I affect for it.

That, the analyst pays for it from a duty to represent the fall of a discourse, after having permitted sense to tighten itself around this fall to which it devotes itself.

Which is revealed by the disappointment I cause to many linguists without possible issue for them, although I may have, myself, untangled it.

Who cannot see in fact in reading me, even in having heard me say it openly, that the analyst is beginning with Freud much in advance on this over the linguist, over Saussure for example who remains at the access of the stoics, the same as that of Augustine (cf. among others, the *De Magistro*, from which in dating my support, I indicated well enough my limit: the distinction *signans-signatum*).

Much in advance, I have said in what: condensation and displacement anteceding the discovery, Jakobson aiding, of the effect of sense of metaphor and metonymy.

However little analysis sustains itself from the chance I offer it, this advance, it keeps it,-- and will keep it for as many relays as the future wishes to bring to my word (*parole*).

For linguistics unlike analysis advances nothing, and the support itself that I have taken from Jakobson, is not, in opposition to what is produced to efface history in mathematics, of the order of an after-effect, but of a counter-effect--for the benefit, and second-dire, of linguistics.

The *dire* of analysis insofar as it is effective, realizes the apophantic which by its existence alone distinguishes itself from the proposition. It is thus that it puts in its place the propositional function, insofar as, I believe to have shown it, it gives us its sole support in filling in for the absence of the sexual rapport. This *dire* re-names itself there, from the embarrassment that betray fields as scattered as the oracle and the outside-discourse of psychosis, by the borrowing it makes for them of the term interpretation.

It is the *dire* from which is grasped, in fixing desire, the cuts which only sustain themselves as non-closed by being demands. Demands which from pairing the impossible with the contingent, the possible with the necessary, make a rebuke to the pretensions of the logic which is said modal.

This *dire* only proceeds from the fact that the unconscious, from being structured *like a* language, which is to say the language (*lalangue*) it inhabits, is subjected to the equivoque by which each is distinguished. A language among others is nothing more than the integral of the equivoques that its history has let persist. This is the vein by which the real, the only one for analytic discourse to motivate its issue, the real that there is no sexual rapport, has made a deposit there in the course of ages. This in the currency (*espèce*) that this real introduces to the *one*, that is, to the unique of the body which from it takes an organ, and from this fact makes organs distanced by a disjunction whereby without doubt other organs come into its reach, but not without the quadruple path of these accesses infinitizing themselves inasmuch as is produced there the "real number."

The language then, insofar as this currency has its place in it, makes an effect there from nothing other than the structure from which is motivated this incidence of the real.

All that appears-is (*parest*) in it of a *semblant* of communication is always dream, lapsus, or joke.

Nothing to do then with what is imagined or confirmed in many points of animal language.

The real there is not to be distanced from a univocal communication, from which the animals as well, in giving us the model, would make us their dolphins: a function of code exercises itself in it whereby is made the negentropy of results of observation. Even more, some vital conducts organize themselves there with symbols in every respect similar to ours (erection of an object to the rank of a master signifier in the order of the flight of migration, symbolism of the parade as often amorous as of combat, signals of labor, marks of territory), to the extent that these symbols are never equivocal.

These equivoques by which are inscribed the to-the-side of an enunciation, concentrate themselves from three point-knots where one will remark not only the presence of the odd (above judged indispensable), but that none imposes itself as the first, the order by which we are going to present them maintains itself and by a double-loop rather than by a single turn.

I begin with homophony,--on which orthography depends. The fact that in the language which is mine, which I played on above, *deux* is an equivoque of *d'eux* (of them), guards a trace of this game of the soul by which to make of them two-together finds its limit in the "make two" of them ("*faire deux*" *d'eux*).

One finds others in this text, from *parêtre* to *s'emblant*.

I hold that all the blows are permitted in it for the reason that whoever being within their reach without being able to recognize themselves there, these are those we play with. Save insofar as poets make a calculus of it and as the psychoanalyst serves himself there where it is suitable.

Where it is suitable for his end: that is for, by his *dire* which re-sunders the subject, renewing the application which is represented on the torus, on the torus by which consists the desire proper to the insistence of its demand.

If an imaginary swelling can here aid in the phallic transfinitezation, let us recall however that the cut functions no less in bearing on that *crumple*, by which of the girafoidal drawing of little Hans I have made a glory in its time.

For interpretation is seconded here by grammar. To which, in this case as in others, Freud does not deprive himself of recourse. I do not return here to what I underscore in this practice confirmed in many examples.

I stress only that it is there what analysts impute modestly to Freud as a slippage in the indoctrination. This has dates (cf. that of the rat man) when he had no more backdrop for proposing them than the system Psi prey to "internal incitations."

Thus the analysts who cling to the madhouse of "general psychology," are not capable of reading, in these startling cases, that Freud made subjects "repeat their lesson," in their own grammar.

To the extent that he repeats for us that, from the *dit* of each of them, we must be ready to revise the "parts of discourse" that we have believed to be able to retain from precedents.

Of course this is what linguists propose to themselves as an ideal, but if it appear-to-be (*parest*) propitious to Chomsky, I have marked that my first sentence is inscribed as a contradiction by an equivoque countering his transformational tree.

"I am not making you say it." Is this not the minimum of interpretive intervention? But it is not its sense that matters in the formula that the language I use here permits to give to it, it is that the morphology of a language opens the equivoque between "You have said it" and "I take it all the less to my charge as, likewise, I have not by any one made you say it."

Number 3 now: it is logic, without which interpretation would be stupid, the first to serve themselves of it being of course those who, to transcendentalize existence with the unconscious, arm themselves with Freud's thesis that it is insensible to contradiction.

It has no doubt not yet occurred to them that more than one logic has taken advantage of interdicting this fundament, and of no less remaining "formalized," which means proper to the *matheme*.

Who would reproach Freud for such an effect of obscurantism and the dark clouds that it immediately, from Jung to Abraham, accumulated in response to him?--Certainly not I who have also, to this place (of my inversion), some responsibilities.

I will recall only that no elaboration of logic, this beginning before Socrates and from elsewhere than our tradition, has ever proceeded except from a core of paradoxes,--for having served itself with a term, receivable everywhere, by which we designate the equivoques which situate themselves by this point which, for having come here as third, is also first and second.

On what have I run aground this year in making felt the bath of Jouvence of which the *matheme* said logical has found for us its place and its vigor, are these the paradoxes not only refreshed from being promoted in new terms by Russell, but still original in coming from the *dire* of Cantor?

Will I go on to speak of the "genital drive" as the catalogue of the pre-genital pulsions insofar as they do not contain themselves, but have their cause elsewhere, that is, in that Other to which "genitality" only has access inasmuch it takes on a "bar" from the division effected by its passage to the major signifier, the phallus?

And for the transfinite of demand, that is, re-petition, will I return to its only having another horizon from giving body to the two, being no less than it inaccessible in only beginning with the one which would not be that of the empty set?

I want to mark here that there is only a collection there--ceaselessly fed by the testimony that those of course whose ears I open give to it--a collection of what anyone as well as I and they get from the mouths themselves of analysands however little they are authorized to take the place of the analyst.

If practice over the years has permitted me to make *dits* and *redits*, *édits*, *dédits*, it is indeed the bubble of which all men make for themselves the place they merit in other discourses than that I propose.

In making themselves guides of the race (*d'race guidants*) for those who give themselves over to guides, pedants . . . (cf. above).

On the contrary, in the accession to the place from where is proffered what I enounce, the condition held from the origin for first is of being the analysed, that is, what results from the analysing.

Again must I, to maintain myself at the essence (*vif*) of what authorizes me there, this process, always begin it again.

Where is grasped that my discourse in relation to the others is at a counter-slope, have I not already said, and confirms for itself my requirement of the double-loop for the set to be closed.

This around a hole of that real from which is announced that to which after-the-fact there is no pen that does not find itself testifying: that there is no sexual rapport.

Thus is explained this *midire* by which we come to the end of our tether, that by which the woman since always would be a lure of truth. Might heaven finally be broken from the way

you open milkily, that certain of being notall, for the *hommodit* come to be made the hour of the real. Which would not necessarily be more disagreeable than before.

That will not be a progress since there is nothing which does not cause regret, regret for a loss. But if one *laugh*, the language I serve would be found to remake the joke of Democritus on the *meden*: extracting it by a fall of the *mé* of the (negation) from the nothing which seems to call it, as our strip does of itself, to its rescue.

Democritus' in fact makes us a gift of the *atomos*, of the radical real, in eliding the "*pas*," *mé*, but in its subjunctivity, that is, that modal of which demand remakes the consideration. By means of which the *den* was indeed the stowaway whose clamour now makes our destiny.

Not more materialist in that than whomever of the sensible, me or Marx for example. For Freud, I will not swear it: who knows what seed of ravished words might have risen in his soul from a land where the Kabbala made its way.

To all the material, there must be a lot of wit, and of his own invention, for without that from where would it come to him? This is what Freud felt, but not without the regret I spoke about above.

I do not therefore at all hate certain symptoms, tied to the intolerable of the Freudian truth.

They confirm it, and even in believing to take strength from the ego. To take up again an irony of Poincaré on Cantor, my discourse is not sterile, it engenders antonymy, and even better: it demonstrates itself able to sustain itself even by psychosis. More fortunate than Freud who, in approaching structure, had to take recourse to the flotsam of the memoirs of a dead man, it is from a reprise of my speech that is born my Schreber (and even here a bipresident, an eagle with two heads).

A bad reading of my discourse no doubt, this is a good one: it is the case for all: in the usage. If an analysand arrives all animated at his session, it suffices that he enter (*enchaine*) directly on his Oedipal matter,--as from everywhere, the rapport comes back to me.

Obviously my discourse does not always have such happy offspring (*rejets*). To take it under the angle of "influence" dear to university theses, it seems able to go quite far, as regards notably a whirlpool of semantophilia for which one would take it for a precedent, then with a strong priority it is what I would center with a portmanteau word (*mot-valise*) . . . One movalizes since a moment lost to sight and it is not alas! without owing it to me a bit.

I neither console myself with it nor am desolated by it. It is less dishonoring to analytic discourse than what is produced by the formation of societies of this name. There, it is the tradition of Philistinism which gives the tone, and the recent sorties against the boundings of youth do nothing more than conform to it.

What I denounce, is that all is good for analysts of this ilk to file away from a challenge (*de cette filière pour se défilier d'un défi*) from which I hold that they take existence--for it is a fact of structure determining them.

The challenge, I denote it by its abjection. One knows that the term the absolute has haunted knowledge and power--ridiculously it must be said: there it seemed a hope remained, which the saints represent elsewhere. One must become disenchanted with it. The analyst throws in the towel.

As for the love the surrealists would like that words make, is this to say that remains there? It is strange that what analysis demonstrates in it of a hiding place, has not made spring forth there a resource of seeming.

To finish in keeping with the counsel of Fenouillard concerning the limit,
I salute Henri-Rouselle of which in taking occasion here, I do not forget that it offers me
a place to, this game of the *dit* to the *dire*, make a clinical demonstration. Where better have I
made felt that to the impossible to say is measured the real--in the practice?
and date the thing:

BELOEIL, July 14, 1972

Beloil, where one might think that Charles I, although not of
my line, has let me down, but no, as you may know, Coco,
very much a Beloelian, for inhabiting the neighboring inn,
that is, the tricolored macaw that without having to explore his
sex, I had to class as hetero--insofar as one say him to be a
speaking being.

Notes

¹ This title is a coinage derived the substantive form of the adjective *étourdi*: dazed, or
scatterbrained. The added final "t" allows us to read it as *le tour dit*: the said turn, or turn said.

² *Dire* is a French infinitive translatable as "to say." It is sometimes used as a substantive,
referring, in various contexts and with various connotations, to the act of saying or telling.
The *dire* can refer, for instance, to a juridical allegation or an authoritative opinion (eg. "the
dire of Cantor"). In the course of this *écrit*, Lacan will play on virtually all of the *dire's*
contexts and connotations, often opposing it to the *dit* (the said). The *dit* seems to give us the
dire's completed aspect. To avoid limiting the word's resonances, and obfuscating Lacan's
paradoxical re-definitions of it, we have chosen, in most instances, to leave it untranslated.
The *dire* is not reducible to any one meaning we might give it. The *dire* as *act*, like the
"passage to the act," the "acting out," or "the analytic act," is always in excess of symbolic
and imaginary references. It designates an impossible real which at once structures and is
excluded from the symbolic displacements and imaginary consistencies which constitute
meaning; a real only presentable in "in bits," only demonstrable in the impasses of the logics
that attempt to circumscribe it.

³ The year in question is that of " . . . *Ou pire*," 1971-72.

⁴ a play on "put in relief" and the archaic French word, *reliefs*," translatable as "left-overs," or
"table scraps."

⁵ In ". . . *Ou Pire*," on June 21, 1972 (after his visit to Milan, which he alludes to in his seminar
of June 14), Lacan writes these sentences in this form:

Qu'on dise comme fait reste oublié derrière ce qui est dit, dans ce qui s'entend. (That
one say as fact remains forgotten behind what is said, in what is heard.)

Cet énoncé assertif par sa forme appartient au modal pour ce qu'il émet d'existence. (This assertive statement by its form depends on the modal for what it emits of existence.)

Lacan glosses them as follows:

What is there in analytic discourse between the functions of discourse and that support which is not the signification of discourse, which owes nothing to what is said? All that is said (*dit*) is *semblant*, all that is said is true into the bargain, all that is said gives pleasure (*fait jouir*): that *is* said. And as I repeat, as I have written on the board today: "that one say as fact--the *dire*--remains forgotten behind what is said." What is said is not elsewhere than in what is heard. And that's it, speech (*la parole*).

Only, the *dire* is another register (*plan*), it is discourse. It is that which from relations, from relations that hold us all and each together with the people who are not necessarily those who are there, which we call relation, religion, social linkage, that which occurs at the level of a certain number of positions (*prises*) which are not produced by chance, which necessitate, with very slight deviation (*errance*), this certain order in the signifying articulation. And, for something to be said (*dit*) there, there needs to be something other than what we imagine . . . under the name of reality, because reality flows quite precisely from the *dire*.

The *dire* has its effects in what constitutes what we call the fantasy, which is to say, the rapport between the *objet a*, which is what is concentrated by the effect of discourse to cause desire, and something which, around it and as a split (*fente*), condenses itself, and is called the subject. It is a split because the *objet a*, itself, is always between each of the signifiers and the one that follows. And it is for this reason that the subject, itself, has always been, not between, but on the contrary, gaping.

This passage refers, in part, to Lacan's elaboration of the four discourse structures in seminar 17, *L'envers de la psychanalyse* (1969-1970), seminar 18, *D'un discours qui ne serait pas du semblant* (1970-1971), and elsewhere:

$$\frac{S_1 \cdot S_2}{\$ \cdot a} \qquad \frac{S_2 \cdot a}{S_1 \cdot \$}$$

Discourse of the master Discourse of the University

$$\frac{\$ \cdot S_1}{a \cdot S_2} \qquad \frac{a \cdot \$}{S_2 \cdot S_1}$$

Discourse of the Hysteric Discourse of the Analyst

If we take the "Discourse of the Master" as inaugural (as we are justified in doing, inasmuch as the S1 and S2 in the upper tier of its *matheme* give us the minimal coordinates for the constitution of the subject, the subject defined by Lacan as that which is represented by a signifier (S1) for another signifier (S2), we can produce the other three discourses by shifting, in a sequence of quarter-turns, the relative locations of the four "letters," S1, S2, a, and \$. These letters designate,

respectively, the master signifier, knowledge (*savoir*), the *objet a* or *plus-de-jouir*, and the split subject. In *L'envers de la psychanalyse*, Lacan labels their four positions:

<u>agent</u>	<u>labor</u>
Truth	production

In *D'un discours qui ne serait pas du semblant*, he re-designates the place of the agent "the place of the semblant" (12/20/71), the place of an implicitly false or, at best, only half-true semblance or seeming. In doing so, Lacan gives the lie to intuitions of the subject as an autonomous agent independent of the division effected by the *dire*, as well as to intuitions of a *dit* transparent to a metalinguistic reality. This division, this split, gives even to truth the structure of fiction, and makes of the *dit* of truth a *midit* (half-said), or *dit-mension* (dimension and said-lying). We might call this division the ex-sistential, non-ontological is of the *dit*.

We can also discern a topological reference in this passage, a reference to the structural support" of "the functions of discourse" as a non-modal real--a real of which the *dire* is the enactment. The topology in question, dating as far back as Lacan's 1960-61 seminar, *L'Identification*, is that of the mobius strip and the cross-cap. The mobius strip, reduced to its unilateral essence, to a "line without points," in Lacan's figurations of the double-loop or interior 8, a putting-flat of the strip's single edge, corresponds to the gap-like ("gaping") subject of the unconscious. We can produce a cross-cap by folding the single surface of the mobius strip longitudinally, converting the twist in the strip to a line where the two sides produced by the fold intersect, and constricting or condensing the strip's doubled edge so that it asymptotically approaches, and localizes, the central point of "concentration" or point-hole in the cross-cap. This point situates the *objet a*, the object cause of desire, as an infinitely small point of loss, a vanishing point or *point-hors-ligne*. The discordant conjunction of the "line-without-points" of the interior 8 (in effect, the constitutive-destitutive bar, edge, split or gap in the \$) and the *point-hors-ligne* of the cross-cap (a) gives us the structure of the fantasy: \$ ◇ a. And we might also point out, as Lacan does in his 1966 note on Schema R in his *Écrit*, "On the possible treatment of psychosis," that the cross-cap can represent, or, more precisely, "demonstrate," the construction of the "field of reality." This field is founded on the structure of the fantasy: in effect, on the topological "organization of the hole" produced by and producing the splitting of the subject by the signifier.

⁶ In what follows, it should become clear that the *Qu'on dise* of the first statement, is not to be confused with the *dire*. In *Encore*, Lacan states quite explicitly, "I did not say *le dire reste oublie* etc. I said *qu'on dise*" (101). This distinction can be understood in terms of the four causal modes Lacan discusses in *Encore* and *Les non-dupes errent*: the impossible ("that which does not cease to not write itself"), the contingent ("that which ceases to not write itself"), the necessary ("that which does not cease to write itself"), and the possible ("that which ceases to write itself"). In *L'etourdit*, the *qu'on dise*, seems to be situated as contingent, while the *dire* is quite explicitly designated a real *qua* impossible. The *dire*, though taken in the modalities of discourse, is not itself modal. It ex-sists to these modalities as the impossibility Lacan situates in all four discourses at the passage between agent and other.

Later, in *Le Sinthome*, Lacan associates "the possible" with castration. This is quite consistent with his association of the possible, and the universals reducible to this possible, with death. Castration is the death that marks all that can be legitimately called progress (*Le Sinthome*), and may indeed be the only true universal recognized in Lacan's teaching. Paradoxically, it is a universal that renders any truth claiming to universality not-all.

⁷ The *semblant*, semblance, or seeming, is "denounced" here in the sense that one might denounce a traitor, fraud, or spy.

⁸ *hommoLogise*, with two m's, in the text: a portmanteau of "homologized" and "homme."

⁹ Lacan's choice here of the verb *tranche*, rather than the usual *coupe*, is equivocal. In its idiomatic, metaphoric sense, *le mot qui tranche*, is the decisive, or final word. But this *tranchement* also seems here to have a topological sense: it is suggestive of the cut, or *coupure*, which reduces the apparently spherical surface of the cross-cap, or *a-sphere*, to this cut itself, a Moebian cut, or interior eight that gives an edge or limit to the cross-cap's apparently infinite, edgeless surface.

¹⁰ This is the fourth and final clause of the tetradic formulation Lacan presents in the seminar of February 9, 1972 of ". . . *Ou Pire*":

*JE TE DEMANDE
DE ME REFUSER
CE QUE JE T'OFFRE
PARCE QUE: C'EST PAS CA*

*I ASK OF YOU
TO REFUSE OF ME
WHAT I OFFER YOU
BECAUSE: THAT ISN'T IT*

Lacan, in this seminar, gives this sentence a series of mathematical formulations concluding with the Borromean knot, a structure which will come to dominate his later teaching, and which Lacan alludes to here for the first time.

¹¹ See *L'Envers de la psychanalyse*.

¹² *Que non* is an especially emphatic or indignant form of "no."

¹³ Consistent with the allusions in this passage to habitation, confines and thresholds, Lacan is perhaps playing here on the use of the word *jouissance* to denote the possession of or legal right to something, for instance, to an apartment.

¹⁴ A play on "serfage" and "cervelle" (brain).

¹⁶ "For the use of oratory, it is incredible, if you diligently pay attention, how many works have been set in motion by nature."

¹⁷ The Cantorian "transfinite" can be conceived of as an infinity which would not be an infinite extension of a series, but a continual division operating in reference to a limited number of terms--an unextendable series of whole numbers, for example, where between any two of these numbers we can introduce an infinite number of fractions or irrational numbers while preserving this initial binary as the parameter limiting and defining the set of these non-whole numbers. A much more precise explanation of the transfinite, made accessible to non-mathematicians, can be found in the fourth essay of Michael Guillen's Bridges to Infinity (Los Angeles: Jeremy P. Tarcher, Inc., 1983). The importance of Cantor's formulation of transfinites seems to be that it gave mathematicians a theoretically solid basis for thinking in terms of different degrees of infinity. Before Cantor, the infinite had been left largely in the realm of the ineffable and incalculable.

Lacan seems to be referring here to the impossibility of attaining to two by any mathematical operation involving only zero and one. To arrive at two requires the introduction of a third term situating a subject by whom these two digits can be counted.

¹⁸ "*S'oupirera*" is a reflexive voice, future tense conflation of *ou pire* ("or worse") and *soupirer* ("to sigh"). Lacan takes up this pun again at the beginning of *Encore*.