

## SECOND TURN: THE DISCOURSE OF THE ANALYST AND INTERPRETATION

### *The notall touched on by the philosopher* (25d; 469)

(25, 469) I took pleasure in pointing out that Aristotle tends this way, curiously by providing us with terms that I am taking up again in a different amusement. Would it not have been interesting all the same if he had steered his World from the *notall* to deny its universal? With that existence would no longer have etiolated from particularity, and for Alexander his master the warning might have been worthwhile: if it is from an ab-sense like-no-other by which the universe seemed to be denied that the *notall* shies away, there is a case for saying that he would have been the very first to laugh at his plan to 'empire' over the universe.

(26) It is precisely there that notsofoolish, the philosopher plays all the better the air of the half-said in that he can do so with a good conscience. He is entertained to say the truth: like the fool he knows that it is quite doable, on condition that he does not suture (*Sutor...*) beyond his soleness.

## CHAPTER 1: THE TEACHING OF TOPOLOGY

### 1. *The topology of surfaces* (26a-28b; 469-471)

Now for a little topology.

Let us take a torus (a surface forming a 'ring'). It leaps to the eye that by pinching it between two fingers along its length starting from a point and coming back to it, the finger on top at the beginning being at the bottom at the end, namely, having carried out a half-twist while performing the complete turn of the torus, we obtain a Moebius strip: on condition of considering the surface flattened out in this way as merging the two laminas produced from the first surface. This is so because the evident is ratified by the emptying.

This is worth demonstrating in a less crude fashion. Let us start from a cut following the edge of the strip obtained (we know that that it is a single one). It is easy to see that each lamina, separated from the one that redoubles it, is nevertheless continued precisely into the latter. By this fact, the edge taken from a lamina at one point is the edge of the other lamina when a turn has brought it to a point connected by being of the same 'cross-section', and when by a supplementary turn it comes back to its starting point, it has, by having made a double loop distributed over two laminas, left to one side another double loop which constitutes a second edge. The strip obtained has therefore two edges, which is sufficient to assure it of a front and a back.

Its relationship to the Moebius strip which it depicted before we made a cut in it, is...that the cut has produced it.

Here is the conjuring trick: it is not by re-stitching the same cut that the Moebius strip will be reproduced because it was only the 'feint' of a flattened torus, but it is by the sliding of two laminas over

one another (and moreover in both directions) that the double loop of one of the edges being confronted with itself, its seam constitutes the 'true' Moebius strip.

Thus the strip obtained from the torus is revealed to be the bipartite Moebius strip – not from a double-turned cut, but by being closed with a single one (let us make a median there to grasp it... imaginarily).

But with that what appears is that the Moebius strip is nothing (27) other than this very cut, the one by which it disappears from its surface.

And the reason for this is that by proceeding to unite to itself, after sliding one lamina of the bipartite strip over the other, the double loop of one of the edges of this same strip, we stitch the whole length of the back face of this strip to its front face.

This is where we put our finger on the fact that it is not from the ideal cross-section, around which a strip is twisted in a half-turn, that the Moebius strip is to be imagined; it is along its whole length that it makes only one of its front and its back. There is not one of these points where the one and the other are not united. And the Moebius strip is nothing other than the one-turn cut, anyone whatever (even though imaged by the unthinkable 'median'), that structures it by a series of lines without points.

This is confirmed by imagining this cut being redoubled (by being 'closer' to its edge): this cut will give a Moebius strip, a really median one, which, having been cut back, will still remain linked to the bipartite Moebius which would be applicable onto a torus (this by involving two rolls in the same direction and one in the contrary direction or in an equivalent fashion: being obtained from the same, three rolls in the same direction): we see here that the ab-sense that results from the single cut, brings about the absence of the Moebius strip. Hence this cut = the Moebius strip.

It remains that this cut only has this equivalence by bi-partitioning a surface that the other edge limits: precisely by a double turn, in other words what makes the Moebius strip. The Moebius strip is therefore that which by operating on the Moebius strip reduces it to the toric surface.

The hole of the other edge can nevertheless be supplemented differently, namely, by a surface which, by having the double loop as edge, fills it; – with another Moebius strip, this goes without saying, and this gives the Klein bottle.

There is yet another solution: to take this edge with a disc-like cut so that being unrolled it spreads over the sphere. By making a circle in it, it can be reduced to the point: out-of-line point which, in supplementing the line without points, happens to compose what in topology is designated as cross-cap.

This is the asphere, to be written: l, apostrophe (*l'asphère*). In other words, Desargues' projective plane, a plane whose discovery as reducing its horizon to a point, is specified by the fact that this point is such that every line drawn to converge at it only passes through it by (28) going from the front face of the plane to its back face.

This point moreover is spread from the ungraspable line by which there is outlined in the depiction of the cross-cap, the necessary crossing of the Moebius strip through the disc with which we have just supplemented it by the fact that it is propped against its edge.

What is remarkable in this sequence is that the asphere (written: l, apostrophe), by commencing with the torus (it presents itself here at first hand), only arrives at the evidence of its asphericity by being supplemented by a spherical cut.

## **2. *The matheme and the questioning of being* (28c-29d)**

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

A reference that is in no way metaphorical. I would say: it is stuff that is at stake, the stuff of this discourse – if precisely this was not here to fall into metaphor.

To be frank, I did fall into it; it is already done, not by the use of the term repudiated just now, but by having, to make myself understood by those to whom I was addressing myself, created images, all along my topological presentation.

Let it be known that it was doable by a pure literal algebra, by having recourse to the vectors with which this topology is ordinarily developed from one end to the other.

Is not topology this *nospace* into which mathematical discourse leads us, and which necessitates a revision of Kant's aesthetic?

No other stuff to give it than this language of pure matheme, I mean by that what alone is able to be taught: this without having recourse to some experience which by always being, whatever it may be, grounded in a discourse, allows expressions which in the final resort aim at nothing other than establishing this discourse.

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

I note from the outset that if I exclude metaphor from it, I admit that it could be enriched and that under this heading, on this path, it is only recreation, in other words the way in which all sorts of new fields of mathematics are in fact opened up. I keep myself therefore in the order that I isolated of the symbolic, by inscribing in it what is involved in the unconscious, to take in it the reference of my present discourse.

(28) I reply therefore to my question: that one must from the outset have the idea, which is taken from my experience, that not just anything at all can be said. And we must say it.

Which amounts to saying that we must say it from the outset.

The 'signified' of saying is nothing, as I think I have made you sense from my opening sentences, but *ex-sistence* to the said (here to this said that one cannot say everything). In other words: that it is not the subject, which is an effect of the said.

In our aspheres, the cut, closed cut, is the said. It makes subject: whatever it circles...

Notably, as Popilius' injunction depicts by responding to it by yes or no, notably, I am saying, if what it circles, is the concept, by which being itself is defined: by a surrounding circle – cut out of a spherical topology, the one that supports the universal, the stand-offish: the topology of the universe.

The trouble is that being does not have *of itself* any kind of sense. To be sure where it is, it is the master-signifier, as is demonstrated by the philosophical discourse which, by remaining at its service, can be brilliant, in other words: be beautiful, but as regards sense reduces it to the *m'être*-signifier. *M'être*<sup>1</sup> subject redoubling it to infinity in the mirror.

I shall evoke here the magisterial survival, so sensitive when it embraces 'modern' facts, the survival of this discourse, that of Aristotle and of St. Thomas, in the writings of Etienne Gilson, which is nothing but pleasure: is 'surplus-enjoying' for me.

The fact is moreover that I give it sense from other discourses, the author too, as I have just said. I will explain that, what produces sense, a little later.

### 3. *The matheme, topological and heterogeneous subversion* (29d-31a)

Being is produced therefore 'notably'. But our asphere in all its avatars testifies that if the said concludes with a cut that closes, there are certain closed cuts which do not make two parts of this asphere: two parts to be denoted by yes and by no as regards what is involved ('in terms of being') for one of them.

The important thing is that it should be these other cuts that have a topological subversion effect. But what to say about the change brought about by them?

(30) We can denominate it topologically: cylinder, strip, Moebius strip. But to find in it what is involved in analytic discourse, can only be done by interrogating in it the relationship of saying to said.

I say that a saying is specified there from demand whose logical status is of the order of the modal, and that grammar certifies it.

A different saying, according to me, is privileged in it: this is interpretation, which, for its part, is not modal, but apophantic. I add that in the register of Aristotle's logic, it is particular, because it concerns the subject of particular saids, which are *notall* (free association) modal saids (demand among others).

Interpretation, as I once formulated, is brought to bear on the cause of desire, a cause that it reveals, this from the demand which by its modal envelopes the totality of saids.

Whoever follows me in my discourse knows well that I incarnate this cause by the **o**-object, and recognized this object (from the fact that I enunciated it a long time ago, ten years, the seminar 61-62 on identification, where I introduced this topology), I advance,

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<sup>1</sup> Condensing 'my being' and 'master being'.

already recognised it, in what I designate here as the supplementary disc by which the Moebius strip is closed, by the fact that the cross-cap is composed by it.

It is the spherical topology of this object called **o** which is projected onto the other of the, *heterogeneous*, composite that the cross-cap constitutes.

'Let us imagine' again according to what is graphically depicted of it in the usual way, this other part. What do we see of it? Its inflation.

Nothing is more of a nature to take itself to be spherical. It is nonetheless, however thinly one reduces its torso part by a half-turn, a Moebius strip, in other words the highlighting of the asphere of the *notall*: this is what supports the impossible of the universe, – or to take my formula, what encounters the real in it.

The universe is nowhere other than in the cause of desire, nor is the universal. It is from there that there proceeds the exclusion of the real...

...of this real: *that there is no sexual relationship*, this from the fact that an animal has a *stabitat*<sup>2</sup> which is language, that inhabiting it in a labile way is moreover what makes an organ for its body, – an organ which, by thus ex-sisting from it, determines it by its function, this even before it finds it. It is even by this that it is reduced to finding that its body is not-without other organs, and that the function of each of them, poses a problem for it, – from which the schizophrenic said is specified by being caught without the help of any established discourse.

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<sup>2</sup> Condensing stable and habitat.

## CHAPTER 2: THE DISCOURSE OF THE ANALYST

### 1. *The psychoanalytic group is impossible* (31a-32c)

I have the task of clearing the way for the status of a discourse, there where I locate that there is ... something of discourse: and I locate it from the social bond to which are submitted the bodies that *labitent*<sup>3</sup> this discourse.

My undertaking appears hopeless (is so by that very fact, this is the result of hopelessness) because it is impossible that psychoanalysts should form a group.

Nevertheless the psychoanalytic discourse (this is me clearing the way) is precisely the one that can establish a social bond cleansed of any group-necessity.

Since people know that I do not mince my words when it is a matter of putting into relief an appreciation which, though deserving a stricter approach must do without it, I would say that I measure the group-effect by the amount of imaginary obscenity it adds to the effect of discourse.

People will be all the less astonished, I hope, at this saying because it is historically true that it is the coming into operation of analytic discourse which opened the way to so-called group-work and that this work only gives rise to an effect, dare I say, purified of the very discourse which allowed it the experience.

No objection in this to the said group-work, provided it is clearly indicated (it is short).

The present remark about the impossibility of the psychoanalytic group is moreover what grounds, as always, its real. This real, is this very obscenity: moreover 'it lives' (in inverted commas) on it *as group*.

This group-life is what preserves the institution called international, and is what I try to proscribe from my School, – against the objurgations that I receive from some persons gifted for that.

That is not what is important, nor that it is difficult for those installed in the same discourse to live otherwise than in a group, – there calls out to it, I mean: to this rampart of the group, the position of the analyst as it defined by his very discourse.

How could this **o**-object in so far as it is held in aversion as regards the semblance where analysis situates it, how could it support itself by any other comfort than the group?

(32) I have already lost quite a few people to it: with a light heart, and ready for others to find fault with it.

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

We are under the reign of the scientific discourse and I am going to make it felt. Felt from where there is confirmed my criticism, above, of the universal that 'man is mortal'.

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<sup>3</sup> Condensing labile and inhabit.

Its translation into scientific discourse is life-insurance. Death, in scientific saying, is an affair of the calculation of probabilities. It is, in this discourse, what is true about it.

There are nevertheless, in our time, people who object to taking out life-insurance. The fact is that they want from death a different truth that other discourses already assure. That of the master for example which, to believe Hegel, is supposed to be founded on death taken as risk; that of the academic, who is supposed to gamble on the 'eternal' memory of knowledge.

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

This does not mean that love does not also depend on the calculation of probabilities, which only leaves it the tiny chance that Dante's poem was able to realise. That means that there is no love-insurance, because that would be hate-insurance also.

Love-hate, is that in which even a non-Lacanian analyst rightly recognises only ambivalence, in other words the single face of the Moebius strip, – with this consequence, linked to the comic that is proper to it, that in his group 'life', he never denominates anything of it but hate.

I link up from before: all the less justification for love-insurance in that one can only lose in it, – as Dante did, who in the circles of his hell, omits that of marriage without end.

## **2. *The thread of psychoanalytic discourse.* (32d-34c)**

Therefore already too much *commentary* in the imagery of this saying which my topology is. An authentic analyst would understand in it no more than to make this saying, until something better proved itself, hold the place of the real.

The place of saying is in effect the analogue in mathematical discourse of this real that other discourses hug by the impossible of their saids.

(33) This *dit-mension* of an impossible which incidentally goes as far as comprehending logic's own impasse, is elsewhere what is called structure.

Structure, is the real that is dawning in language. It has of course no relationship to 'good form'.

The organ-relationship of language to the speaking being, is metaphor. It is still *stabitat* which, because the *labitant* acts as a parasite on it, must be supposed to bring him the impact of a real.

It is obvious that in 'expressing myself thus' as will be translated what I have just been saying, I am sliding towards a 'world view', in other words to the refuse of every discourse.

This indeed is what the analyst might be saved from by the fact that his discourse itself rejects him, in throwing light on him as cast-off of language.

That is why I start from a thread, ideological I have no choice, the one from which there is woven the experience instituted by Freud. In the name of what, if this thread comes from the texture that has

been best tested as regards making hold together the totality of the ideologies of a time which is my own, should I reject it? In the name of enjoyment? But precisely, what is proper to my thread is to get out of it: it is the very principle of psychoanalytic discourse, as it is, itself, articulated.

What I say is worth the place where I put the discourse that analysis avails of, among the others that share out the experience of this time. Sense, if there is one to be found, may come to me from another time: I try my hand at it – always in vain.

It is not without reason that analysis is founded on the subject supposed to know: yes, to be sure, it presupposes that he questions knowledge, which is why it is better that he should know a little about it.

I admire on this the supercilious airs that the confusion, about the fact that I eliminate it, takes on.

It remains that science took off, cleanly, from the fact of letting drop the supposition, that there is a case for calling natural, because it implies that the body's grip on 'nature' is so – something which, even though invented, involves an idea of the real that I would indeed say is true. Alas! It is not the word that fits the real. One would much prefer to be able to prove that it false, if by this was understood: fallen (*falsa*), in other words slipping from the arms of the discourse that embraces it.

If my saying asserts itself, not, as is said, from a model, but (34) from the purpose of articulating discourse itself topologically, it is from the defect in the universe that it proceeds, on condition that neither does it claim to supply for it.

'Realising topology' from that, I do not get out of the very phantasy that accounts for it, but picking it, this topology, as the flower of mathematics, – in other words from the fact that it is inscribed from a discourse, the most emptied of sense there is, by doing without any metaphor, by being metonymically of ab-sense, I confirm that it is from the discourse by which the reality of phantasy is founded, that from this reality what real there is, is inscribed.

Why should this real not be number, and quite crudely after all, which language clearly conveys? But it is not so simple, there is a case for saying (a case that I always hasten to conjure away by saying that it is the case).

For what is uttered from Cantor's saying, is that the sequence of numbers represents nothing other in the transfinite than the inaccessibility that begins at two (*deux*), through which from them (*d'eux*) there is constituted the enumerable to infinity.

From then on a topology is necessitated by the fact that the real returns to it only from the discourse of the analyst, in order to confirm this discourse, and that it should be from the gap that this discourse opens up by closing itself beyond the other discourses, that this real is found to ex-sist.

This is what I am now going to make tangible.



### 3. *Standardisation or activation of the unconscious* (34d)

My topology is not from a substance to be posed beyond the real by which a practice is justified. It is not theory.

But it must account for the fact that, there are cuts of discourse such that they modify the structure that it originally receives.

It is pure avoidance to exteriorise this real by standards, so-called standards for living that subjects are supposed to prize in their existence, to speak only to express their feelings about things, the pedantry of the word 'affect' changing nothing in it.

How could this secondarity get its teeth into the primary that is substituted there for the logic of the unconscious?

Might it be a piece of wisdom that will intervene in it? The standards that people appeal to, precisely contradict it.

But by arguing in this banal way, we are already moving (35) to the theology of being, to psychical reality, in other words to what is endorsed analytically only by the phantasy.

No doubt analysis itself takes this snare and this slippage into account, but is it not crude enough to be everywhere denounced when a discourse about what there is, discharges the responsibility of producing it.

For we must say it, the unconscious is a fact in as much as it is supported by the very discourse that establishes it, and, if only analysts are capable of rejecting its burden, it is by distancing from themselves the promise of rejection that calls them to it, this in the measure that their voice will have had an effect on it.

Can we not sense it from the washing of hands by which they distance from themselves the said transference, by refusing the surprising access that it offers to love.

### 4. *The real and the o-object* (35c-36c)

By doing without in its discourse, in accordance with the line of science, any know-how about bodies, but for a different discourse – analysis, - by evoking a sexuality of metaphor, as metonymical as you could wish through its most common approaches, those called pre-genital, to be read as extra –, plays the role of revealing the torsion in knowing. Would it be out of order to take the step of the real that accounts for it in translating it by a perfectly locatable absence, that of the sexual 'relationship' in any mathematisation.

This is why the mathemes by which there are formulated in impasses the mathematisable, itself to be defined as what is taught about the real, are of a nature to be co-ordinated to this absence caught in the real.

To have recourse to the *notall*, to the *hommoisun*<sup>4</sup>, in other words to the impasses of logic, is, by showing the issue outside the fictions of Worldliness, to make a different fixation of the real: in other words of the impossible that fixes it from the structure of language. It is moreover to trace out the path by which there is discovered in every

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<sup>4</sup> Atleastoneman.

discourse the real around which it is coiled, and to dispense with the myths by which it is ordinarily supplied.

But from that to declare that there is a lack of the real that nothing is all, something whose incidence in terms of truth would go straight away to the most risky of aphorisms, – or, to take it from another angle, to put forward that the real is necessitated from verifications without an object, is here to simply take up the re-launch of the foolishness that can be pinpointed as the noumenon: in other (36) words that being flees thought ... Nothing can get to the bottom of this being that a little more I daphnise, even laurify in this 'noumenon' of which it would be better to say that for it to be supported, there must be several layers of it...

My worry is that the aphorisms that besides I am content to present in the bud, should make the burial pits of metaphysics re-flower (because the noumenon, is chit-chat, futile subsistence...). I wager that they will prove to be surplus-nonsense, funnier, to say the word, than what thus leads us...

...to what? Must I leap up, swear that I did not immediately see it while you, already...these first truths, are indeed the very text from which there are formulated the symptoms of the major neuroses, of the two which, by taking the normal seriously, tell us that it is rather male norm.

And this brings us back to earth, perhaps not the same one, but perhaps also it is the right one and that on it analytic discourse looks less leaden-footed.

## CHAPTER 3: SENSE AND STRUCTURE

### 1. *Sense and teaching*

Let us get moving here on the business of sense, promised earlier because of its difference to meaning.

What allows us to grapple with it is the enormity of the condensation between 'that which thinks' of our day (with the feet that we just mentioned) and the inept topology Kant reinforced in his own argumentation, that of the bourgeois who can only imagine transcendence, aesthetic as well as dialectical.

We might say that this condensation is in effect to be understood 'in the analytic sense', as the received formula has it. What is this sense, if precisely the elements condensed in it are univocally qualified by a similar imbecility, indeed are capable of taking pride in it from the side of 'that which thinks', Kant's mask on the contrary appearing stony before insult, except for his reflection on Swedenborg: in other words, is there a sense of imbecility?

Here we touch on the fact that sense is never produced except by the translation of one discourse into another.

Equipped as we now are with this little light, the antinomy adduced between sense and meaning stirs to life: that some faint sense may have emerged by tangential illumination from the aforementioned 'critiques' of pure reason, and of judgement (as regards practical reason, I have said how playful it is by putting it on the side of Sade, (37) who is not any funnier, but logical), – therefore once their sense dawns, Kant's maxims no longer have any meaning.

They only hold onto their meaning as long as they have no sense, not even common sense.

This lightens for us the darkness that reduces us to feeling our way. There is no lack of sense in the so-called pre-Socratic vaticinations: impossible to say which, but *çasysent*. And that Freud licks his chops over one, not the best of them moreover since it is from Empedocles, does not matter, he, for his part, had a sense of direction; that is enough for us to see that interpretation is of sense and goes against meaning. Oracular, which is not surprising since we know how to link sexual displacement from the oral to the voice.

It is the misery of historians: to be only able to read sense, where they have no other principle than to refer it back to meaning-documents. Therefore they too arrive at transcendence, that of materialism, for example, which, being 'historical' is alas so, to the point of becoming irremediably so.

Luckily analysis is there to breathe life into the little stories: but being only able to do so from what is captured by its discourse, its *de facto* discourse, it leaves us with our tongues hanging out as regards what is not of our own time, – thus not changing anything in what honesty forces the historian to recognise once he has to situate the slightest *saçysent*. That he is charged with the science of embarrassment, is indeed what is embarrassing about his contribution to science.

Therefore it is important for many, for the latter as for many others?, that the impossibility of speaking truly about the real should be justified by a *matheme* (you know how I define it), by a *matheme* from which the relationship of saying to said is situated.

The *matheme* is uttered from the only real recognized from the outset in language: namely number. Nevertheless the history of mathematics demonstrates (saying it makes the case) that it can be extended to intuition, on condition that this term is as castrated as can be of its metaphorical use.

Here therefore is a field in which what is most striking is that its development, over against the terms from which it is absorbed, does not procede from generalization but from topological re-shaping, from a retroaction onto the beginning such that its history is effaced. (38) No surer experience to resolve its embarrassment. Hence its attraction for thought: which finds in it the *nonsense* proper to being, or to the desire for a speech with no beyond.

Nothing nevertheless to take account of the being which, by the fact that we might thus state it, is not dependent on our goodwill.

Quite different is the achievement of the undecideable, to take the leading example by which the *matheme* commends itself to us: it is the real of saying number that is at stake, when it is demonstrated from this saying is not verifiable, this at this second degree that one cannot even assure it, as is done with others already worthy of our attention, by a demonstration of its undemonstrability from the very premises that it supposes, – let us clearly understand, from a contradiction inherent in supposing it to be demonstrable.

It cannot be denied that there is here progress on what remained to be questioned in the *Meno* about what constitutes the teachable. It is to be sure the last thing to say that between the two there is a world: what is at stake being that to this place comes the real, of which the world is only the derisory fall.

It is nevertheless a progress that must be restrained there, since I do not lose sight of the regret that responds to it, namely, that the true opinion of which Plato makes sense in the *Meno*, is for us nothing but an ab-sense of meaning, which is confirmed by referring it to that of *our* right-thinking lot.

Might a *matheme*, that our topology furnishes us with, have carried it? Let us try it.

That brings us to the astonishment at the fact that we should avoid supporting our Moebius strip by the image, this imagining rendering vain the remarks that would have necessitated another said by finding itself articulated in it: my reader only became other because saying goes beyond the said, this saying to be taken as ex-sisting the said, by which its real exist(ed) me without anyone, from the fact that it was verifiable, being able to make it become a *matheme*. Is true opinion the truth in the real, in as much as it is what bars its saying?

I would test it by the correction (*redire*) I am going to make in it.

Line without points, I have said about the cut, in so far as it is, for its part, the Moebius strip in that one of its edges, after the turn by which it is closed, is pursued onto the other edge.

(39) Nevertheless this can only be produced from a surface already pricked by a point that I have called out-of-line because at it is such a way that it is from a sphere that it is cut out, but by its double that looping it makes of the sphere an asphere or a cross-cap.

What it nevertheless makes happen in the cross-cap through being borrowed from the sphere, is that a cut that it makes Moebian in the surface that it determines by making it possible there, restores this surface, to the spherical mode: for it is by the fact that the cut is equivalent to it, that what it supplemented itself by as cross-cap 'is projected into it', as I have said.

But since, in order for it to permit this cut, one can say of this surface that it is made up of lines without points whereby its front face is everywhere stitched to its back face, the supplementary point, by being sphericised, can be fixed everywhere in a cross-cap.

But this fixation must be chosen as the unique out-of-line point, so that a cut, by making one and only one turn of it, should there have the effect of resolving it into a spherically spreadable point.

The point therefore is the opinion that can be said to be true from the fact that the saying that turns around it in effect verifies it, but only because saying is what modifies it by introducing into it the  $\delta\acute{o}\zeta\alpha$  as real.

Thus, it is by ex-sisting the said that a saying like mine permits the matheme, but for me it does not constitute a matheme and is thus posed as un-teachable before saying is produced from it, as teachable only after I have mathematised it according to the *Menonian* criteria which nevertheless had not certified it for me.

The un-teachable I made into a matheme by assuring it from the fixation of true opinion, fixation written with an x, but not without the resources of equivocation.

Thus an object as easy to fabricate as the Moebius strip, in so far as it is imagined, puts within hands' reach for everyone what is unimaginable, once its saying by being forgotten, makes the said endure.

Whence proceeded my fixation of this  $\delta\acute{o}\zeta\alpha$  point, which I have not said, I do not know it and therefore I cannot any more than Freud give an account 'of what I teach' except by following its effects in the (40) analytic discourse, an effect of its mathematizing that does not come from a machine, but proves to be something of a yoke (*machin*) once it has produced it.

It is notable that Cicero was already able to use this term: 'Ad usum autem orationis, incredibile est, nisi diligenter attenderis, quanta opera *machinata* natura sit' (Cicero, *De natura deorum*, II, 59, 149), but still more so that I made it into the exergue to my fumbling saying ever since 11 April 1956.

## 2. *Structure* (40-41)

Topology is not 'designed to guide us' in structure. It *is* this structure -- as retroaction of the chain-like order in which language consists.

Structure, is the aspherical concealed in the language-like articulation inasmuch as a subject-effect is grasped in it (*s'en saisit*).

It is clear that, as regards meaning, this 'is grasped in it' of the pseudo-modal sub-sentence, reverberates from the very object that as verb it envelopes in its grammatical subject, and that there is a false sense-effect, a resonance of the imaginary induced from topology, according as the subject-effect makes an asphere-like whirlpool or the subjective of this effect is 'reflected' from it.

Here there should be distinguished the ambiguity which is registered from meaning, in other words from the loop of the cut, and the suggestion of hole, namely of structure, which makes sense of this ambiguity.<sup>5</sup>

Thus the cut, the cut established from topology (by making it here, as of right, closed, let it be noted once and for all, in my usage at least) is the said of language, but by no longer forgetting its saying.

Naturally there are saids that form the object of predicative logic and whose universalizing supposition belongs simply to the sphere, I say: the, I say: sphere, in other words: that precisely structure finds in it only a supplement which is that of the fiction of the true.

(41) One could say that the sphere is what does without topology. The cut, to be sure, here cuts out (by closing on itself) the concept on which there is based the language-fair, the principle of exchange, of value, of universal concession. (Let us say that it is only 'matter' for the dialectic, the business of the master discourse.) It is very difficult to support this pure *dit-mension*, from the fact that being everywhere, it is never pure, but what is important is that it is not the structure. It is the surface-fiction with which the structure is clothed.

That sense is foreign to it, that 'man is good', and moreover the contrary maxim, says strictly nothing that makes sense, we may quite rightly be astonished that no one has made of this remark (whose evidence once again refers back to being as emptying) a structural reference. Will we risk saying that the cut, when all is said and done, does not ex-sist from the sphere? -- For the reason that nothing obliges it to close on itself, since by remaining open it produces on it the same effect, qualified as hole, but from the fact that here this term can only be taken in the imaginary acceptance of rupturing a surface: evident to be sure, but by reducing what it can encircle to the void of some possible or other whose substance is only a correlate (co-

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<sup>5</sup> It will appear, I hope here, that the imputation of structuralism, to be understood as world-view, one more for the Punch and Judy show under which 'literary history' (which is what is at stake) is represented to us, is not despite the inflated publicity that it has brought me and in the most pleasant form because I was embarked there in the best of company, is perhaps not something I should be satisfied with.

And less and less so, I would say, in the measure that an acceptance is growing in it whose vulgate might be stated rather well as, roads can be explained by driving from one Michelin signpost to another: "And that is why your map is mute."

possible yes or no: issuing from the predicate in the propositional with all the faux pas we amuse ourselves with).

Without Greek, then Arab, homosexuality and the relay of the Eucharist all of this would have necessitated an Other recourse much earlier. But it can be understood that in the great epochs that we have just evoked, religion alone when all is said and done, by constituting true opinion, the  $\delta\rho\theta\eta\ \delta\acute{o}\xi\alpha$ , was able to give to this matheme the funds with which it found itself de facto invested. Something of it will always remain even if we believe the contrary, and that is why nothing will prevail against the Church until the end of time. Since biblical studies have never yet saved anyone from it.

Only those for whom this stopper is of no interest, theologians for example, will work on structure...if that is their hearts' desire, but beware of nausea.

### 3. *The modification of the structure* (41e-43e)

What topology teaches, is the necessary bond that is established between the cut and the number of turns that it comprises for there to be obtained from it a modification of the structure or of the (42) asphere (*l, apostrophe*), the only conceivable access to the real, and conceivable from the impossible in that it demonstrates it.

Thus from the single turn that makes a spherically stable flap in the asphere by introducing into it the supplement-effect that it takes on from the out-of-line point, the  $\delta\rho\theta\eta\ \delta\acute{o}\xi\alpha$ . Double looping, this turn, obtains something quite different: the fall of the cause of desire whence there 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 saying and it proves it from the fact that the subject remains at the mercy of his said if it is repeated, in other words: like the Moebian strip by finding its *fading* (fainting) in it.

Nodal point (a case for saying,) it is the turn from which the hole is made, but only in this 'sense' that from the turn, this hole is imagined, or is machinated in it, as you wish.

The imagination of the hole has consequences to be sure: do we need to evoke its 'drive-like' function or, to say better, what derives from it (*Trieb*)? It is the conquest of analysis to have made a matheme of it, when mysticism previously only bore witness to its testing by making of it the unsayable. But by remaining at that very hole, it is fascination that is reproduced, by which universal discourse maintains its privilege, what is more it gives it body, from the analytic discourse.

With the image, nothing will ever be made of it. The semblable even *s'oupirera's* from what is sown there.

The hole is not justified (*ne se motive pas*) by a wink, nor by a mnemonic syncope, nor by a cry. It should be approached by perceiving that the word (*mot*) is borrowed from *motus*, and is not appropriate from where topology is set up.

A torus has a, central or circular, hole only for someone who looks at it as an object, not for someone who is its subject, in other

words from a cut that does not imply any hole, but which obligates it to a precise number of turns of saying for this torus to be made (be made if he demands it, for after all a torus is better than a cross-section), to be made, as we have prudently contented ourselves with imaging it, a Moebius strip, or a contraband if you prefer the word.

A torus, as I demonstrated ten years ago to people who badly wanted to silt me up with their own contraband, is the structure of neurosis, in as much as desire can, from the indefinitely enumerable re-petition of demand, be looped in two turns. It is on this condition at (43) least that the contrabanding of the subject is decided - in this saying that is called interpretation.

I would simply like to get rid of the sort of incitement that our structural topology can inspire.

I said the demand is numerable in its turns. It is clear that if the hole is not to be imagined, the turn only ex-sists from the number by which it is registered in the cut whose closing alone counts.

I insist: the turn in itself is not countable; repetitive, it closes nothing, it is neither said nor to say, namely no proposition. Hence it would be too much to say that it does not depend on a logic, which remains to be constructed starting from the modal.

But if as is assured by our first depiction of the cut by which from the torus the Moebius strip is made, one demand is enough for it, but which can be re-peated because it is enumerable, we may as well say that it is only paired to the double turn from which the strip is founded by being posed from the (Cantorian) transfinite.

It remains that the strip could only be constituted by the fact that the turns of demand are odd in number.

The transfinite while remaining a requisite, from the fact that nothing, as we have said, is counted in it unless the cut closes on it, the aforesaid transfinite, just as God himself whom we know *congratulates* himself on it, is there summoned to be odd.

That adds a *dit-mension* to the topology of our practice of saying.

Should it not come under the concept of repetition inasmuch as it is not left to itself, but that this practice conditions it, as we have also pointed out about the unconscious?

It is striking, – even though *déjà vu* for what I say, let it be remembered –, that the order (understand: the ordinal) for which I effectively cleared the way in my definition of repetition and starting from the practice, went completely unnoticed in its necessity by my audience.

I mark here its reference for a later reprise.

#### **4. *The end of analysis* (43e-44d)**

Let us nevertheless talk about the end of the analysis of the neurotic torus.

The **o**-object by falling from the hole of the strip is projected from it after the event into what we will call, by an imaginary misuse, (43) the central hole of the torus, in other words around which the odd transfinite of demand is resolved by the double turn of interpretation.



That is what the psychoanalyst took on the function of by situating it from his semblance.

The analyser only ends by making of the *o*-object the representative of the representation of his analyst. Therefore it is inasmuch as his mourning lasts of this *o*-object 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, while grasping it inaccurately, nonetheless describes rather well: more than one 'therapeutic success' finds its reason here, and on occasion a substantial one. Then the mourning is over.

There remains the stability of the flattening of the phallus, in other words of the strip, where analysis finds its end, the one that its supposed subject of knowledge assures:

...that, dialogue from one sex to the other being forbidden by the fact that a discourse, whichever it may be, is founded by excluding what language contributes to it in terms of impossible, namely, the sexual relationship, there results from this some inconvenience for dialogue within each (sex),

...that we can say nothing 'seriously' (in other words to form a limited series) except by taking sense from the comical order - to which nothing sublime (see Dante here again) fails to pay reverence,

...and then that insult, since it proves through the *epos* to be the first as well as the last word of dialogue (*conféromère*), judgement likewise, up to the 'Last', remains a phantasy, and to say it, only touches on the real by losing all meaning.

Of all that he will know how to make himself a conduit. There is more than one of them, even a lot, to suit the three *dit-mensions* of the impossible: as they are deployed in sex, in sense, and in meaning.

If he is sensitive to the beautiful, to which nothing obligates him, he will situate it from the between-two-deaths, and if any one of these truths *parest* to him worthy of being understood, it is only in the half-saying of the single turn that he will put his trust.

## CHAPTER 4: INTERPRETATION

These benefits even though supported by a second-saying, are nonetheless established from it, by the fact that they allow it to be forgotten.

That is the cutting edge of our enunciating at the start. The first said, ideally from the spontaneity of the analyser, only has its structure-effects from the fact that saying '*parsoit*', in other words that the interpretation makes it *parêtre*.

(45) In what does this *parêtre* consist? In that producing 'true' cuts: to be strictly understood as closed cuts by which topology does not allow itself to be reduced to the out-of-line-point nor, which is the same thing, to only make an imaginable hole.

I do not have to expose the status of this *parêtre*, otherwise than from my own journey, having already dispensed myself from connoting its emergence at the point, above, where I permitted it.

To make an *arrêt(re)* of it in this journey would be at the same time to pen-erate (*pén-être*) it, make it be, and even almost is again too much.

It is from this saying that I recall to ex-sistence, this not-to-be-forgotten saying, of the primary said, that the psychoanalysis can claim to close itself.

If the unconscious is structured *like* a language, I did not say: *by --*. The audience, if by that we must understand something like a mental acoustics, the audience that I had then was bad, the psychoanalysts not having it any better than the others. A failure in sufficiently noticing this choice (evidently not one of these shafts that touched them, by startling (*é-pater*) them – nothing more however), I was obliged before the academic audience, the one which in this field cannot but be mistaken, to expose circumstances of a nature that prevented me directing my blows at my own pupils, to explain how I could have let pass an extravagance such as that of making of the unconscious the 'condition of language' while it is manifestly through language (*le langage*) that I account for the unconscious: language, I therefore had transcribed in the revised text of a thesis, is the condition of the unconscious.

Nothing is of any use, when one is caught up in certain mental horns, since here I am forced to recall the function, specified in logic, of the article which brings to the real of the single the effect of a definition – an article, it 'part of speech' namely grammatical, making use of this function in the tongue that I use, since it is defined in it as definite.

Language can only designate the structure by which there is a languages-effect, these many opening up the use of the one among others which gives to my *like* its very precise bearing, that of *like a language*, by which precisely common sense diverges from the unconscious. Languages fall under the influence of the *notall* in the surest way since structure has no other sense there, and this is why (46) it is dependent on my topological recreation today.

Thus the reference from which I situate the unconscious is precisely the one that escapes linguistics, for the reason that as science it has nothing to do with *parêtre*, any more than it *noumène*'s. But it well and truly leads us, and God knows where, but certainly not to the unconscious, which by catching it in its structure, diverts it as regards the real by which language is justified: since language, is that very thing, this drift.

Psychoanalysis, for its part, only approaches it by the coming into play of an Other *dit-mention*, the one that opens up in it from the fact that the leader (of the game) 'makes a semblance' of being the major effect of language, the object by which the cut that it allows is (a)nimated: this is the *o*-object to call it by the siglum I assign to it.

This, the analyst pays for by having to represent the fall of a discourse, after having allowed sense to be tightened around this fall to which he devotes himself.

Which exposes the disappointment that I cause to many linguists without any issue for them, even though I, for my part, have the strife of it.

Who cannot in effect see in reading me, nay having heard me saying it openly, that the analyst is since Freud much further on in this than the linguist, on Saussure for example who here remains at the Stoic approach, the same as that of St. Augustine? (cf. among others the *De magistro*, of which even though dating my support on it, I sufficiently indicated the limit: the *signans-signatum* distinction.)

I said the way in which it was so much further on: condensation and displacement anticipating the discovery, helped by Jakobson, of the sense-effect of metaphor and metonymy.

For however little analysis is nourished by the chance for it that I offer, it keeps this advance – and will keep it by as many relays as the future may bring to my speech.

For linguistics on the contrary does not open up anything for analysis, and the very support that I took from Jakobson, is not, over against what occurs to efface history in mathematics, of the order of after-effect but of backlash – to the benefit, and second-saying, of linguistics.

The saying of analysis in so far as it is effective, realises the apophantic which by its simple ex-sistence is distinguished from the proposition. This is how it puts the propositional function in its place (47) in as much as, I think I have shown it, it gives us the only prop to supply for the ab-sense of the sexual relationship. This saying is renamed here, from the embarrassment that fields as scattered as the oracle and the outside-discourse of psychosis betray, by the loan it makes them of the term interpretation.

It is from saying that, by fixing desire from it, the cuts that only maintain themselves as unclosed by being demands, recover their balance. Demands which by pairing the impossible to the contingent, the possible to the necessary, constitute a reprimand to the pretensions of the logic that calls itself modal.

This saying only proceeds from the fact that the unconscious, by being 'structured *like* a language' namely, *lalangue* that it inhabits,

is subjected to the equivocation by which each is distinguished. One tongue among others is nothing more than the integral of the equivocations that its history has allowed to persist in it. It is the vein by which the real, the only one for analytic discourse to justify its issue, the real that there is no sexual relationship, has made a deposit in it throughout the ages. This in the species that the real introduces to the *one*, in other words to the uniqueness of the body which takes voice from it, and by that fact creates in it organs quartered by a disjunction through which no doubt other reals come within its reach, but not without the quadruple path of these approaches infinitising from the fact that 'real number' is produced from it.

Language therefore, in so far as this species has its place in it, has an effect on it from nothing other than from the structure by which there is justified this incidence of the real.

Everything of it that *parest* as a semblance of communication is always dream, parapraxis, or 'joke'.

Nothing to do therefore with what is imagined and is confirmed at many points as an animal language.

The real there is not to be ruled out from a univocal communication which moreover animals, by giving us the model, make us their dauphins/dolphins (*dauphins*): a code-function is practised there from which there results the negative entropy of the results of observation. What is more, vital behaviours are organised there by symbols like ours in every way (the setting up of an object with the rank of the signifier of the master in the organisation of migratory flight, the symbolism of display whether loving or aggressive, signals of work, marks of territory), except for the fact that these symbols are never equivocal.

(48) These equivocations by which the side-issue of an enunciating is inscribed, are concentrated by three nodal points in which we will note not simply the presence of the odd (judged indispensable above), but with none asserting itself as the first, the order in which we are going to present them is maintained there and by a double loop rather than by a single turn.

I begin with homophony, – on which the orthography depends. That in the tongue which is mine, as I played on it above, *deux* is equivocal to *d'eux*, keeps the trace of this *jeu de l'âme* by which making of them two-together finds its limit by 'making two' of them (*faire d'eux deux-ensemble trouve sa limite à faire deux d'eux*).

You can find more of them in this text, from the *parêtre* to the *s'emblant* [pronounced *paraître* and *semblant*].

I insist that no holds are barred there for the reason that it is they who play with anyone within their reach who fails to recognise them. Except for the fact that the poets make their plans around them and the psychoanalyst makes use of them when it suits.

When it suits his end: in other words in order to, for his saying which rescinds its subject, renew the application which is represented of it on the torus, on the torus of which the desire proper to the insistence of his demand consists.

If an imaginary inflation can here help towards phallic transfixing, let us nevertheless recall that the cut does not function any the less by being brought to bear on this *crumpling*, in which I once gloried at the giraffe-like drawing of little Hans.

For interpretation is here seconded by grammar. To which, in this case as in the others, Freud does not deny himself having recourse. I am not returning here to what I underline about this practice acknowledged in many examples.

I am simply raising that this is what analysts delicately impute to Freud in terms of a slippage into indoctrination. This at dates (cf. that of the Rat man) when he has no background world to propose to them other than the Psi-system preyed on by 'internal stimuli'.

So the analysts who cling to the guardrail of 'general psychology', are not even capable of reading, in these striking cases, that Freud is making his subjects 'recite their lessons' in grammar.

Except for the fact that he repeats to us that, from the said of (49) each one of them, we should be prepared to revise the 'parts of speech' that we had believed we could stick to from preceding ones.

This of course is what the linguists set themselves as an ideal, but if the English tongue *parest* propitious for Chomsky, I noted that my first sentence opposes by an equivocation his transformational tree.

'I'm not making you say it'. Is that not the minimum of interpretative intervention? But it is not its sense that matters in the formula that *lalangue* that I use here allows it to be given, the fact is that the amorphology of a language opens up the equivocation between 'You have said it' and 'I take it all the less to be my responsibility in that I did not in any way make you say such a thing'.

Figure 3 now: this is logic, without which interpretation would be imbecilic, the first people to make use of it being of course those who, to transcendentalise the existence of the unconscious, take up Freud's remark that it is insensible to contradiction.

It has no doubt still not reached them that more than one logic has exercised its right to prohibit this foundation, and with that has nonetheless remained 'formalised', which means proper to the *matheme*.

Who will reproach Freud for one or other obscurantist-effect and the clouds of darkness that he promptly, from Jung to Abraham, accumulated to reply to him? – Not I to be sure who also have, on this front (from my *envers*), some responsibilities.

I will simply recall that no logical development, this starting from before Socrates and from elsewhere than in our tradition, ever proceeded except from a kernel of paradoxes, – to use the term everywhere accepted, by which we designate the equivocations that are situated from this point which, though coming third here, is just as much first or second.

Who will I have failed this year to get to sense that the Fountain of Youth whose grip and vigour the *matheme* described as logical has re-discovered for us, are these paradoxes not simply

refreshed by being promoted in new terms by a Russell, but still unheard of as coming from Cantor's saying?

Shall I go as far as to talk about the 'genital drive' as the catalogue of pre-genital drives in so far as they do not contain themselves, but have their cause elsewhere, either in this Other to which 'genitality' only has access because it takes the 'helm' over it from the (50) division brought about in it by its passage to the major signifier, the phallus.

And as regards the transfinite of demand, or of re-petition, might I return to the fact that it has no horizon other than to embody the fact that the two is no less inaccessible than it by simply starting from the one which is not that of the empty set?

I want to mark here that this is only a selection, – ceaselessly alimeted from the testimony of it given by those to whom of course I open my ears –, a selection that anyone can just as well as them and I gather from the very mouth of analysers however little he has been authorised to take the place of analyst.

That practice has with the years allowed me to make maxims and corrections, edicts, retractions of it, is just the bubble by which all men make for themselves the place they merit in discourses other than the one I am propounding.

By making of themselves a breed of guides in it for those monitored pedants who submit themselves to it... (cf. above).

On the contrary in approaching the locus from which is uttered what I enunciate, the condition held from the origin as first, is to be someone analysed, in other words what results from the analyser.

Again I must, to maintain myself at the quick of what authorises me for it, always recommence this process.

Where it can be grasped that my discourse with respect to the others is on a reverse slope, as I have already said, and my exigency for the double loop for the set to close on itself is confirmed.

This around a hole in this real of which there is announced what no pen fails to testify to after the event: that there is no sexual relationship.

There is thus explained this half-saying that we are coming to the end of, the one by which *the* woman through all ages is supposed to be the lure of truth. May heaven finally broken into the way that we open up as milky grant, that some by being notall, may come to create the moment of the real for *l'hommodit*<sup>6</sup>. It would not necessarily be more disagreeable than before.

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<sup>6</sup> themanofthesaid

## CONCLUSION

It will not be progress, since there is none that does not cause regret, the regret of a loss. But let us *laugh* at it, the tongue I use would find itself remaking Democritus' joke about the μηδέν: in extracting it by the fall of the μή of the (negation) of the nothing that seems to summon it, as our strip does of itself to its aid.

(51) Democritus in effect made us a gift of the ἄτομος, of the radical real, by eliding the 'not', μή, but in its subjunctivity, in other word this modal, whose consideration demand recasts. In consideration of which the –δέν was indeed the clandestine passenger whose clam now shapes our destiny.

No more materialistic in this than anyone sensible, than I or than Marx, for example. For Freud I would not swear to it: who knows what seed of ravished words might have arisen in his soul from a country where the Kabala was making its way.

For all matter a lot of spirit is required, and of its own vintage, for otherwise where would it come from? This is what Freud sensed, but not without the regret I spoke about above.

Therefore I do not at all detest certain symptoms, linked to the intolerability of the Freudian truth.

They confirm it, and even in believing they draw strength from me. To take up again an ironic remark of Poincaré about Cantor, my discourse is not sterile, it engenders antinomy, and better still: it proves itself to be supported even by psychosis.

More fortunate than Freud who, to tackle its structure, had to have recourse to the wreckage of the memoirs of a dead person, it is from a reprise of my speech that my Schreber is born (and here even bi-president, a two-headed eagle).

A bad reading of my discourse is, I dare say, a good one of it: it is the case for all: with use. That an analyser comes to his session all animated by it is enough for him to link right into his Oedipal material, – as is reported back to me from every quarter.

Evidently my discourse does not always have such fortunate off-shoots. To take it from the angle of the 'influence' dear to academic theses, it seems to be able to go pretty far, notably with regard to the whirlwind of semantophilia of which it is held to be a precedent, even though I would make it a strong priority to centre this on the portmanteau-word (*mot-valise*)... For some time now people have been *movalise*-ing out of sight and not alas! without owing some of it to me.

I am neither consoled nor desolated by it. It is less dishonourable for psychoanalytic discourse than what is produced from the formation of societies of this name. There, it is by tradition philistinism that sets the tone and the recent sorties against the outbursts of the young do no more than conform to it.

(52) What I denounce, is that everything is used by analysts of this stock to file off from a challenge that I hold they take their existence from – for there is a fact of structure that determines them.

The challenge, I denote as abjection. We know that the term absolute has haunted knowledge and power, – derisively we have to say: there it seemed, remained the hope that the saints represent elsewhere. We must become disenchanted by it. The analyst is pulling out.

As for the love that surrealism would have words make, does this mean that we have to remain at that? It is strange that what analysis demonstrates there as concealment, should not have made spring forth from it the resourcefulness of the semblance.

To end in accordance with Fenouillard's advice about the limit,

I salute Henri-Rousselle in that even though I took my opportunity here, I do not forget that it offers me a place to give a clinical demonstration of the interplay between said and saying. Where have I better made it sensed that it is by the impossible of saying that the real is to be measured – in practice?

and date the thing as:

Beloeil, 14 July 1972

Beloeil where it might be thought that Charles I, even though not of my line of descent, was missed by me, not at all, let it be known, Coco, perforce Beloeil, living in the neighbouring inn, in other words the tricoloured macaw which without having to explore its sex, I must have classified as hetero-, from the fact that it is said to be a speaking being.

[1May 2010]