

The Pair and the Couple:

Toward a Third Principle
of Mental Functioning

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Table of Contents

The Pair and the Couple: Toward a Third Principle of Mental Functioning

ATTENTION, PLEASE

THE OBJECT OF DISCOVERY

NO-THING AND NO-TIME

POSITIONS

THE COUPLE AND THE PAIR

PARAMNESIAS, PARATAXIAS, AND SCREENS

LINKS

ALTERNATION AND SELECTION

ARROWS AND CYCLES⁴

GREED AND APPETITE

CONSCIOUSNESS

FURNISHINGS OF THE CONSULTING ROOM-I

ACTIVE ANALOGUES

FURNISHINGS OF THE CONSULTING ROOM-II

GREEN-EYED

EARLY ENVY

MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS

THE CHOSEN ONES

MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS—AND HOSTILE TAKEOVERS

[FURNISHINGS FROM THE CONSULTING ROOM-III](#)

[ANAL APPREHENSION](#)

[PARTICLES AND WAVES](#)

[CHARISMA](#)

[VICARIOUSNESS](#)

[ANALYSIS WITHOUT EMPATHY](#)

[FEELING ANTSY](#)

[SPLITTING](#)

[HYBRIDS](#)

[THE AFFECTIVE EXPERIENCES](#)

[PARADOX UNBOUND](#)

[REFERENCES](#)

The Pair and the Couple: Toward a Third Principle of Mental Functioning

Two-fisted writers can write group theory with their left hand and individual theory with their right, and that I have been among these will be evident from the contents of this collection. However, certain of my patients have not accommodated to this split. And when I have run out of being able to offer them interpretive help drawn from the psychology of individuals as part and parcel of the couple, matters have gone from bad to worse. It was no use telling them they were stubborn, self-pitying, entitled, manipulative, or implacably hostile—about as much use as me telling myself that they were borderline, psychotic, or psychopathic and should have some other kind of therapy instead, or jail. The glaring fact was that my capacities were not up to snuff. I had either to leave the patient feeling a hopeless if triumphant failure or tell him or her that I had run out of inspiration. The more interesting alternative was for me to work out what was standing in our way.

There were patients, for example, who seemed to come about seemingly simple matters—hysterical phobias, classical compulsive rituals—and since the “linear B” of the Rosetta stone had long since been translated, it was easy enough to get at the meaning and function of these symptoms. But for some of these patients such progress only made matters worse. Where once there had been guilt, now there was dread. Where once the symptoms permitted a half-good life, now their entire lives were put into question. What had been obscured was that these people and others like them had been so seized by the idea that they must not survive and flourish that they made themselves small and sick and complaisant in order to escape sudden notice: “What are you doing here?!”

Technically speaking, this is not much of a problem for the analysis of the individual as part of a couple: one looks to survivor guilt, the success neurosis, secondary gain, internalizations by the self of others’ death wishes, (in the manner adumbrated by writers like Sullivan, Laing, and Klein) and into split-off hostility based on envy tending, chickenlike, to come home to roost. And indeed these do help. But then even interpretations based on the evidence of such feelings in the patients’ lives seem to leave matters—well, mezza-mezza; time has gone by; and I begin to think that maybe the posttermination work-through will consolidate the work done to date and help it take hold. The appeal of this supposition is that I don’t know quite what else to do.

But as one muses on the work, one can sometimes catch a glimpse of its orbit being askew, as if there were something more there to the experience, a hint of shadow underneath what one thought was the entire, suggesting an additional dimension. It isn’t in the data; if it exists at all, it is in how the data is looked at. One looks closely at a sock; it is a sock. Same thing inside out one supposes, or as much so as makes no difference except which way to wear it. And yet....

Having had the experience of working with individuals when they were feeling themselves to be part of a group and then seeing those selfsame people when the group aspect was recessive or dormant, it began to occur to me to ask where the stars went when the sun was up. If there were what Bion had been describing as Basic Assumptions Group, meaning what people seemed to act upon immediately when they took themselves to be in or at the edge of a group situation, as if rules inhered in the condition, what happened to these assumptions when the libido came up?

I went back over my work with patients past and present (how lucky Kohut was to see Mr. Z. again after Kohut had become Kohut!) and just to check on whether I was myself introducing a systematic bias outside of

being who I am, went over also some of the many supervisions I have done, and over the psychoanalytic literature and the poets, and I thought, Yes, perhaps there is something. Then I went back to scratch and started writing myself through that possible something to try and think it out. This essay represents one such thinking of matters out from scratch. It rests on the inferential chain presented in "Beyond the Reality Principle" and "Greed, Envy, Spite, and Revenge."

Although it is by way of being the epilogue of this particular book, it turns out to be prologue to the next book and the next after that.

Man seeks to form for himself, in whatever manner is suitable for him, a simplified and lucid image of the world and so to overcome the world of experience by striving to replace it to some extent by this image.

—Albert Einstein

Justice Abe Fortas spoke ruefully of what was for him the greatest difficulty of his Supreme Court judgeship. It was, he said, struggling against his need to begin every decision with the invention of money. As for myself, something of an addict to Originology,¹ doubtless an outgrowth of my deep and abiding love for Just So stories of every kind, I can certainly sympathize with the Justice in this respect. For several years now I have been writing on envy² and its various shapes and vicissitudes; yet it seems with each fresh attempt I must get farther back, as if to develop the speed and loff to get over the hurdle or extend the landing mark. Sometimes I can barely see the starting line. Where and when do people, psychologically speaking, begin? What has one to account for before one gets all the way forward to envy? Freud started with the concept of attention. His famous Chapter Seven of *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) outlined the dreamwork and the mechanisms by which attention was shifted and deployed to contrive images, representations, and symbols. But presently attention disappeared as a concept, reappearing rather as attention *cathexis*, as befits a psychology of the couple. What if, plucking a leaf from Bion's work, one wanders back to pick up a trailing thread?

ATTENTION, PLEASE

The quantity of attention is fixed. Aspects of mentation take place at one another's expense. To see what is in front of one's nose is not to see what is in one's mind's eye. Memory takes place at a cost to perception. As sensation gets occluded in the sensory deprivation chamber, hallucinations flood in upon the hapless mind. Most of us cannot dream while awake, as the psychotic can. As near-term memory decreases, longer term memory is refreshed. The poet writes of daybreak who cannot endure noonday, writes Wallace Stevens. The quantity of

attention is fixed.

THE OBJECT OF DISCOVERY

The discovery of the world of objects takes place, not prior to, but with, the discovery of relationships between objects. Things exist only incidentally—literally as incidents—until the pattern for them is established. The pattern, the relationship, is inborn; it is configured innately; it is as merciless to what might have been experienced as is the morphology of the retina or the range of what is auditory itself. We are bound to see a cat in the play of certain patterns of light upon the optic nerve, but we can never see the cat a cat sees. Things seen are as seen.

NO-THING AND NO-TIME

For some, at least, there is no such thing as nothing, only a no-thing where a something should have been. And there is no such thing as a no-space, only a hole or a blank or a piece of darkness where a something should have been. Black milk,³ where milk was to be. Black holes where time should have been. They will forever recur in the ambiguous undulations of life as dark encroachments of the original catastrophe, chaos in motion and not in motion, desire without an object of desire: the nothing that is not there and the no-thing that is always there.

Expectations are in the affirmative; as Freud showed in his (1925) essay on Negation, disappointments are also in the affirmative: “What is bad, what is alien to the ego and what is external are, to begin with, identical.” The object that is absent in time or space is a no-object; it suppurates no-ness.

But neither is anything truly present in its no-ness. Beyond the warp, beyond the moonmath, it exists as someone else’s affirmative: when the no-thing is my portion; the yes-thing is yours. If I see that the yes-thing is yours, while the no-thing is mine, I feel both envious and jealous. If I manage not to see that the yes-thing is your portion while mine is the no, the not, and the never, I feel merely envious. But always there is the dependence of opposites, for, of these, day and night, earth and air, chill and heat, neither can exist without the defining force of the other. Where is one without the other?

POSITIONS

A “two-position” relationship consists of me and you, and who has what. When it occurs that someone else is

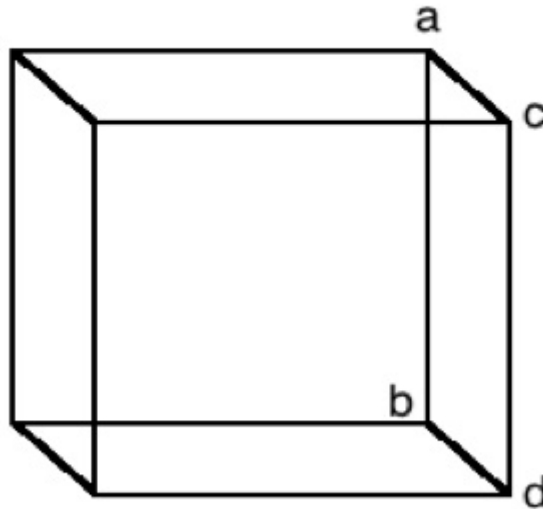
having it, everything goes into a relationship to someone else, and a triangular event comes into being. The Oedipus complex and Groups are such relationships, such events. They appear and disappear as first two-position, then three-position experiencing recurs and unoccurs.

These occurrences can be made to happen by fixing the fixed quantity of attention, now here, now there, now now, now then. The therapy of psychoanalysis requires a “psychophant” (Primo Levi’s apt word [1990]) whose divagations of attention to particular aspects of experience is displayed in front (or in back) of another person, whose own attention, although also fixed, is nonetheless free at once to follow these divagations and to note them even as they occur. For that other person to do this while the first does not requires of the analyst that he or she be able to form a PAIR rather than a COUPLE with the patient.

THE COUPLE AND THE PAIR

Relationships between objects exist in two forms—those obtaining to the COUPLE; and those obtaining to the PAIR. The experience of the relationship may be likened to the properties of a sock. The sock is the same sock, inside out or outside in; but different experiences are palpated when it is inverted. The relationship between state A and state B oscillates dialectically. —The one gives way to the other after each has been used for as long as it can hold; the state to which the one reverts then becomes primary for as long as it can hold. The duration of the holding or regnancy time is a function of the frustration of the particular wishes bound up in the paramount surface. Like nerve endings, each surface grows weary and needs to be refreshed by the substitution of the other. The alternation offered by dual surfaces allows the emerging self choice or the illusion of choice. For example, the wishes obtaining to the COUPLES’S state of mind have to do with the pleasure and pain of lust and desire; those flowing from the PAIR have to do with selectivity, identity, and hope or desPAIR. These twin states of mind offer alternatives for one another when the sock is in- or re-verted. Such reversion or inversion is as mass into energy, stars into black holes, and can be brought about by refixing—converting—the attention paid whichever state is previous.

The relationship may be analogized to the hollow, or Necker, cube (see Bion 1961, p. 86) in which sometimes line AB is forward and sometimes CD; the cube, like the Steinian rose, is the cube no matter.



PARAMNESIAS, PARATAXIAS, AND SCREENS

Thus when any one experience—that following from the experience of a two-position relationship or that from a three—proves intolerable, a shift in perspective or the refixing of attention can sometimes offer a relief. There is, then an experience and, again, an experience of the experience; and even if the former cannot be altered, the latter often can. Bion (1963 and more) refers to such a shift of perspective as K and $-K$ (minus K) where K stands for experiencing the experience or knowing what the experience is or was. By refixing attention, experiences can be KO'ed. Line AB is kayoed by line CD . That there has to be a CD if AB is to be subtracted out means that the quantity of attention is fixed; it can neither be increased nor shut down; it can only be displaced. Freud called this process the use of the screen: amnesias (repressions) are made possible by, but only by, the use of paramnesias. Perception can screen for memory; dreams for percepts, memories for dreams, fixed memories for spontaneous ones,

extractions for intractions, and so on. Can and must.

LINKS

Objects are experienced only as being in and belonging to a relationship. This provides several possibilities beyond AB, CD. For example,

$$X \leftrightarrow Y \leftrightarrow Z$$

can be altered by screening or substituting for X for Y and for either end of the arrow, or the arrow itself, linking X and Y, which is to say their relationship, X-Y here, is a two-position affair. A second arrow to Z puts many more variables into play. If the second arrow is a PAIRing link, a group mentality comes into focus; if it is a COUPLing link the Oedipus complex comes into focus. Who is doing what and with which and to whom is a question that sometimes has but one answer and sometimes too many—a patient remarks: “You left out how and for how much.”

If X and Y are breast and mouth and the arrow is the experience of nursing, that is one matter. If the arrow is the breast and the question is which way shall it point, which is to say, who, X or Y, shall own it and have it to give, that is quite another. Can the relationship between X and Y, that is the arrow linking mouth and breast, be both a matter of nursing and of ownership? Can it be both a matter of COUPLing and of PAIRing? Sometimes in a psychoanalytic session one feels one would have to send out if one wanted a responsible adult to give interpretations to: has the patient an agent or other representative? Very often in work with so-called training groups of psychologists or psychiatric residents this is so much the case that only when a beeper goes off do people look alive again. There has been a one-way arrow and no takers or only takers. In a psychoanalytic therapy the analyst wants to form a PAIR with which to study the COUPLE. In an infancy, the mother wants to form a PAIR in order to manage the COUPLing. Both the analyst and the Mother want to replace the sensual or coupling arrow at least partly with an arrow of identification, apposite to the PAIR. In the former relationship this is called fashioning an alliance; in the latter, socialization or acculturation. Is there a difference? The infant and the patient want to organize an arrow called identification such that the Other knows well enough how he or she is feeling to keep the arrow-as-conduit-for-provisions flowing. Is there a difference between patient and analyst or between mother and infant? What if there is no difference, and only the baby or the patient knows there isn't any difference?

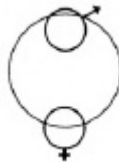
ALTERNATION AND SELECTION

Knowledge is a major item. It creates and destroys experiences of one's experiences: it fashions one's world of experience and the experiences from which one learns. Now an experience is this, now that, depending on how it is paid attention to.

Yet there is a paradox. The arrows of relationship in which the world is discovered are givens. When the COUPLE set of arrows are obtrusive, sensual pleasures, rooted in bodily experience, prevail: and to be lost in ecstasy is the direction of the arrow. And when the PAIRing mode is dominant, the sense of at-one-ment is paramount: and to be lost in rapture is the direction of the arrow. This is to say that, though there are built in alternatives for the fixed quantity of attention to focus upon, the alternatives themselves are also fixed.

One can discern the outlines of a curiously wrought design: the properties to an experience can be fixed providing that these properties so function as to be alternatives for one another. Thus two can make a COUPLE, with its (\leftrightarrow) properties, and two can make (\leftrightarrow) a PAIR with its, and three or more can make a triangle or a group, the rules (\leftrightarrow) for each being fixed and set, providing only that the rules, as represented by the arrows, can be seen now to imply a COUPLE, now a PAIR, now to represent this linkage, now that, with each object being different according to the rules that relate them. The knowledge to re-represent discovery through the introduction of invention gives to knowing and not knowing an unending source of power—as if, indeed, to compensate for the unforgiveness of the arrows. Thus $\♂ \leftrightarrow \text{♀}$ exists in a limited number of ways, but one can so contrive matters as to experience them in a far less limited set of ways, a more unlimited set.

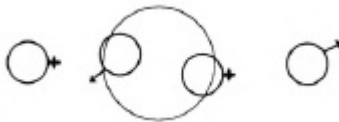
The \leftrightarrow of the PAIR is organized around identity and identification. It looks like this $O \leftrightarrow O$. The COUPLE is organized around differences. It looks like this: $\♂ \leftrightarrow \text{♀}$ The two situations lend themselves to a compromise formation, which might look like this.



Here, within the circle of PAIR or Group, commonalities are expressed: the differences useful for coupling are

being directed outside.

In



one can readily see that the “male” of the pair will be far more inclined to remain as part of the pair than the “female” of the pair because he is having rather better luck with his wishes to COUPLE than she is. If nothing better happens soon for her, she may begin, like Lot’s wife, to look back to him for COUPLing. And this is as true of objects and relations taken to be internal as it is of relationships in the interpersonal realm; it describes Ego’s relations with Superego in the COUPLing vein and Ego’s relations with Ego-ideal in the PAIRing mode.

ARROWS AND CYCLES⁴

In this movement between any one set of forces and any other, there is a dynamic: stasis/crisis/stasis. The concept of Regression provides a poor model, since it implies a set of movements that are more and less advanced in linear terms; this is a point of view emerging only from the PAIR: the COUPLE do not know forward and back, only back and forth. Relationships at rest tend to stay at rest—until a crux (as in crucible, crucial, and crossroads) is reached, whereupon a shift either takes place or it does not. It is a matter of the selfsame persisting, until—BOOM!—it shifts over to other. The word for this model might be crisis.

The initially expected relationship, moreover, not only remains in effect but also provides the template for other relationships, which are then, accordingly, perceived as analogous to the preconceived archetypical relationships—of which one obtains to the species, the other to the individual organism. One simple instance of this, already mentioned, is that the presence of three makes a triangle in the COUPLing modality and a group in the PAIRing modality. There is a ready capacity innately to divide by two—to split one into two or two again into four, eight, n objects. (Bion—1970—called a result that approached n , bizarre objects.)⁵ The reverse of this process is agglutination: it is the extrapolation of one to infinity, such that one is not merely one (one is one and only one and ever more shall be so) but the forerunner, symbol, or representative of all, ever, and everything. “God” has this

quality. So, sometimes, does “We.” Distinctions are not seen to betray differences: rather, they cumulate into an ever greater wholeness, through successive identifications of each with others. This is the modality of group formation, whereby the very differences and distinctions that interest those intent on coupling go unnoticed in the interests of agglutination. The shifts which take place between the one “model” and the other are akin to shifts in the perception of figure-ground relationships. But in the PAIRing mode what is generally called identification undoes divisibility and distinction reaching for more and *more* and MORE of the same. (Boris 1992).

GREED AND APPETITE

In previous communications (Boris 1976, 1986, 1988), I have described what I misthought to be an evolution of greed into appetite. Subsequent experience enabled me instead to surmise a dialectical process between the two, with Greed belonging in the pair dimension and appetite or desire to the COUPLE. Each represents a loss of a relationship so far as the other is concerned, and since objects do not exist, psychologically, outside of a relationship, each loss is tantamount to an object loss.

The appetitive breast is a loss so far as the wish to possess it is concerned, as is the breast gained by identification a loss so far as the appetites are concerned. If ♂ ↔ ♀ stands for the providing breast and O ↔ O for the owned breast, each is lost when the other is chosen. (The breasts are defined by the relationship: they are the same save that, as in the hollow cube, AB is recessive when CD is dominant. Thus each is “other” to the other; see Chapter 16. The breast is selected in the sense that it is selectively perceived or remembered or imagined as either ♂ or O at any given moment: in that way, if the infant has control of his mentation, he has control of the breast. But does he have control of his mental processes? This is a problem concerning consciousness and will.

CONSCIOUSNESS

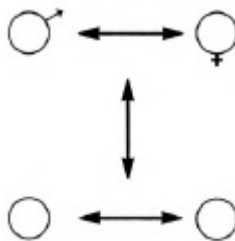
The question has arisen: of what use is consciousness to survival in the Darwinian sense? Such relatively “primitive” experiences of consciousness as pain, pleasure, hunger, thirst, and satiety may seem to facilitate survival behavior but are by no means necessary for it. Aversive reflexes without a corresponding conscious sensation of pain function adequately (it would seem) for organisms not thought to enjoy a brain, much less consciousness. Attraction responses, like avoidant or aversive ones, also do not require awareness.

Humans being social animals, it is clearly in the human interest to know something of how others feel, to put

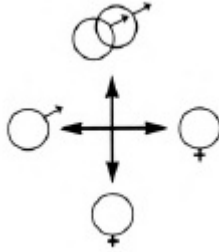
oneself in their shoes. Thus a capacity for identifying with the experience of others and relating it to self-experience would be valuable for social aspects of survival. But even this does not require consciousness, or self-consciousness; it requires merely a capacity to pick up signs and signals; no attribution of meaning, no interpretation, is required. Nothing need check in at the front desk.

But a moment's reflection indicates that the value of consciousness is precisely that, in given circumstances, *it can hinder* the aversion-attraction reflexes, and the signal function of social stimuli, and thereby go on to provide the possibility of contra-reflexive behavior. Thus when I know that the flame hurts my hand, I can save my endangered child; I can anticipate an end to pain, or its diminution: I can plan: I can choose. "Human mensura requires staffing," as Beckett remarked. The quantity of consciousness is fixed, but we are free to embrace now this, now that, in the very special regard of conscious consideration. However, you can't not choose, and you can't choose nothing.

An experience either chooses us or we it. A loud, sudden report, for example, chooses us: it has a demand quality not to be gainsaid. Driven, in the couple mode, by hunger, thirst, or sexual desire, it is difficult not to see mirages; otherwise unattractive objects look very desirable indeed. Driven, in the pair mode, by hope or expectation, it is difficult not to see events in terms other than good, better, and best; or if by despair, in terms of bad, worse, and worst; features become flaws. Consciousness gives leeway to the demandingness of these driving forces: it allows us to choose what we experience.



might express the relations between thinking and thoughts or knowing and experiences before choice is made, while



might represent matters after choice is made. Certain choices in thinking or knowing have become objects themselves, nearly congruent with the objects they represent. In the vernacular, one can think about men and women in a masculine sort of way, a feminine sort of way, or not at all. One can think of the breast as if one were its owner, as if one were a renter, or as if it didn't exist. One can think of the relations between objects as if they PAIRED or as if they COUPLED by thinking of them in a PAIRing sort of way or in a COUPLing sort of way. The process of mentation comes to represent the relationship between objects, and thoughts and percepts become (as if) objects in the sense that things are objects.

FURNISHINGS OF THE CONSULTING ROOM-I

P: Were you anxious to be rid of me Tuesday? I thought you turned away quickly. I felt spitted or spit out—whichever it is. Which is it? You're not going to tell me. Why won't you tell me? Can't you tell me? Were you mad at me? Why did you spit me out?

Ψ: Such a spate....

P: Yes. What had you said?

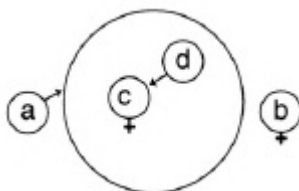
Ψ: You spat it out.

P: I said, "At least in a nothing-life like mine there can't be any emergencies." And you said, "You're saying a mouthful." Is that what you said? Did you say that? Is that you? Did you say that? Am I imagining that? Tell me! Why won't you tell me?

Ψ: You have the idea that in a no-thing devastating can happen anymore, since it already happened. You need to keep your no-thing safe from becoming something. You are spitting up what could stay and happen.

ACTIVE ANALOGUES

In the manner of the words lies the action. The analogies in mental activity to other relationships become persuasive. One and one make two: is this the primal scene? Penetrating thoughts, encompassing perceptions, long memory, soft ideas, hard data, openness to ideas, hard-assed attitudes—are these merely figures of speech? Why is certainty so frightening to those who feel “uneasy lies the head that wears the crown”? There is something imperial in five-star generalization: From the reviewing stand one sees only masses of faceless others all swathed in anonymous uniformity. Quite the opposite of seeing or being seen as a One and Only, unique, distinctive, one of a kind.



In this diagram, *c* and *d* are having intercourse inside the psyche and to the dismay of *a* and *b*, who are excluded from this primal event. If *a* or *b* were a psychiatrist, he or she might be asking: Are you hearing something—some voice other than my own? If the intercourse is not satisfactory, presently each of the partners to the coupling, *c* or *d*, might find him- or herself drifting like an errant schoolchild in the hot flybuzz of springtime, to thoughts of *a* or *b*. But if *c* does this, *d* might be jealous and make such a headache for *c* that he or she might be unable to even concentrate! O, what greater fury greater than that of a superego spurned?⁶ Today I woke up and it has been all black rain. I could barely get out of bed. I don't know how I made it to the session.

FURNISHINGS OF THE CONSULTING ROOM-II

P: [Heavily ironic]

Ψ: It is difficult to know what you mean, if you mean.

P: Yes, well, words are a debased currency. Linear bits, two dimensional.

My irony is intended to be three-dimensional—but you, you never get it. I put together a multimedia event—or would, except your technique allows only of words. When I hear what you hear of what I say, it makes me desPAIR of talking altogether, and now you are complaining of my irony.

Ψ: If I understand, your irony is intended to add a dimension, to at least season the degraded words on which I insist....

P: Words. Mere words. Suppose people dealt in other dimensions?

Ψ: Suppose people wanted *lingus*, not language.

P: I am trying to convey more than that, but words don't serve, and you insist on words.

Ψ: Using words, I think it is as if you try to convey a lovely three-dimensioned breast, and when it is reconstituted by me from your transmission, it is shit.

P: Yes! Do you understand that? [This appears to sound odd to P] I mean, does that make sense to you? [*Silence*]

Ψ : [*Silence*]

P: Anyway...

Ψ: Private thoughts, no use to say—language not *lingus*.

P: [Tells thoughts. These concern a friend who has offered to return a borrowed chair, which P declined to have returned.]

Ψ: And when you were thinking that, I was thinking this; "No you want to convey more than the breast, you want to inseminate: to bring into me a baby. Or who should have the baby and who make it? [This appears to be a fairly shameless appeal in behalf of the value of language.]

P: [*Weeps, broken-heartedly*] There is a space where good times were, a *Space*, and it can only be conveyed as a space. It is architectural. It is a space where things were and people try to fill it with words. But the space is the space, it doesn't close around words and get filled.

Ψ: It is the space where the breast was and isn't and where the baby was meant to be and wasn't. And rather than have it filled with words, you want it saved. As virgin woods or as a memorial to what wasn't.

P: It is difficult for me to let your words sink in, but I think what you say is so.

Ψ: Words should not be allowed to occupy the space left for the breast or the baby?

P: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Shit!

Ψ And this is what happens to you in me, when you hear yourself back: no breast, no new baby: shit. That's all I have made of your insemination.

P: My mother—[*Weeping afresh, a 'line' now of further associations, in words.... But later:*] It is no good. The point is, things were there even when people left. The chair bears witness. She sat in it, and it was there even after she left. The, the architecture, the building contains the events. Words are just bits and streams: they are nothing. Why should I expect you to understand? I have to talk to you in words, but I think in images. [*Silence*]

Ψ: I have already said about milk turned into urine versus the breast and the penis as semen, but as these are words they are of

no use. Worse, they are all you get from me, yet again. My talk will seem as if I have failed to feel bad at your reproaches, and you will yearn for something bigger and more dimensional than language to make me take your idea. Maybe that's why you did not tell me your images but employed silence instead.

P: Is one ever doomed to be a helpless, furious infant?

Ψ: Can making babies now ever be like making them then?

GREEN-EYED

“I have turned into a big glass eye and a big glass ear,” says a child of a physician, one of whose remembered nightmares is an oscilloscope screen gone wild. “And you are some kind of one-celled creature under a microscope. What if the analysis is ready to end, would you tell me?”

“Whose were my legs over your shoulders?” asks Phillip’s wife in Roth’s novel, *Deception*.

Why are you feeding me with my breast?

Look, d’ya want to nurse or don’t you?

That’s mine.

You can use it if you want, but make up your mind, I don’t have all day.

I’m not hungry. Furthermore, I shall never be hungry—not for that, not if that’s yours. I have one of my own I can use. And I do have all day and all night—and all everything.

Look—here, take Mommy’s nipple, and don’t fuss so.

Let go my breast! Take your big mitts off my hand!

The particular thrust and vengeance of envy is to get one’s *own* back.

EARLY ENVY

The experience of envy is of no particular bother when one feels able to acquire something just like or just as

good as what is envied. The trouble arises when one feels that one cannot, because what it is that rouses the envy is beyond one's hope of acquiring it. Such a juncture creates a crux, for either one must give up the wish and one's hope for it or boldly create a scenario in which acquiring what one envies will be possible under a fresh set of circumstances.

Thus of penis envy Freud wrote that the little girl may hope either later to acquire the penis (it may grow inside out from within) or symbolize it such that it can be represented by a baby or something else. The little boy may tell himself that the problem is but a matter of time and that some day he may acquire a penis the equal of his father's—and then his mother will succumb to his ardor and his charms. And in fact under favorable circumstances these scenarios may get the children through long enough for them to value the *Ding an sich*. The woman the little girl grows up to be may be so delighted with her baby that its symbolic function is shed off, and so far as the penis itself is concerned, it is very nice when it is pointing inward. The little boy may, to his surprise, so fall in love with a woman other than his mother, that her pleasure in his penis gives him the pleasure he has been waiting for; and that same woman may be wonderful enough to make even the mother on whom he so wished to bestow his penis now rather a moot quantity.

These happy outcomes seem simple enough, but in fact they depend on a number of factors.

One of these has to do with the particular analogue that is constructed or found for the envied object—in the example above, the penis. Suppose the analogue is found in the fecal stool? Or in the size of the breasts?

Another is the time span allotted for the assuaging of the early envy: Can it wait for the actual conception and birth of a baby or for the love of a woman who takes pleasure in one's penis? Or must it happen by the time the next sib is born or “due” to be born?

A corollary consists in the help the child is able to receive in giving up enough of the wish and hope in the present tense—to postpone its longings—to make the use of future possible. Or is time used merely to procrastinate in?

This factor is part of the larger relationship in which the initial envy takes place. Is there help with the disappointment, consolation for what the child aspires to but cannot have? Do the parents find appeasement for their own envy in seeing the child being envious? Are they so out of touch with their envy, that they cannot bear to


recognize envy when they see it?

Another factor is the capacity for symbolization available to the child as he or she tries to establish the scenario. Early in life there is a more limited range of analogues, and what there is is tied more firmly to the grotesqueries of the imagination. Envy of the breast and nipple, for example, may not find a great deal of analogization. The boy may end up simply needing to have something a boy like him likes to suck. The girl may also wish to have a suckworthy penis, since her envy has been such as to have made her need to disparage the value of the breast.

MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS

Vive la difference! cry the COUPLE, *italically*; More of the Same! cry the PAIR in plain language. The COUPLE and the PAIR are envious of one another. Fundamentally they exist at one another's expense.

The COUPLE love their differences: they are the source of endlessly renewed gratification. But these very differences are what separate the PAIR from their at-one-ment. O O comes an Object. Oo-o, how do you want me, it asks?

♂ ♀ says the Copulator,  says the one of a kind, looking to draw to a pair (or three or four of a kind) like a gosling encountering Konrad Lorenz's Wellington boots. Whichever prevails—Oh-Oh!—draws the other's envy. Come with me and make One. Come with me and make one more. How to choose?

Envy is endemic. The self gets beside itself with greed. Can it take less than it wants? Can it choose the one breast and stand to relinquish the other? Is the breast in hand worth the other two in the bush? Each configuration of the self envies the other. Inevitably each must also envy the object. The good object allays envy insofar as goodness consoles; the bad object allays envy in so far as its badness assuages envy. But there is no gainsaying that each must be chosen to have its effect.

THE CHOSEN ONES

Meanwhile a person needs not merely to choose but to be chosen. Ecology winnows the species. Out of the

array of characteristics, some endure, others fail to last. “We don’t die—we multiply,” says a black comedian, sketching a silver cusp around black pain. Blacks are sent to early death by neglect and warfare. Internally they bleed black rain, as do all those who are also not chosen. But people also choose people, and only the select are permitted to survive, let alone to take their DNA forward a generation.

Narcissism has meant the fascination of the self with the Self before the Other is encountered—primary narcissism, oecumene. Then it has meant the retreat to self from the heartbreaks⁷ inescapable in loving others. Kohut marks out a phasing—the selfobject. Like finds like. Like likes like. Like likening unto like. Liking and likening like is the self becoming pair and Group—ultimately, the Species. It expresses and makes manifest identity and identifications. Its language is vicariousness. Like me, like my kind. Narcissism in this sense means being and doing one’s best for Us. Being chosen means having the right to endure and survive.

Is this warmed-over sociobiology? But—count the dead.

An unselfish team player must step aside, so that the greater good may prevail. How young must people be before they know this? Is survival to be understood as an unending rivalry for psychological and generational Lebensraum? Not on the individual level. The victor and the vanquished know one another. They have signs, signals. The victor knows the spoils, the vanquished knows his role. A relationship brings them together to the top of the hill, and the same relationship takes them separately away. Individuals contest within the rules of the group. The rules for selection do not always require contest and competition; indeed, sometimes they require just the reverse: they require ascension and submission, dominance and recession.

This acceptance of relegation is, of course, of keen value to the group, subspecies, and species. It allows specialization based on a division of labor, role, and function. Whatever envy an individual player may feel of others given different treatment, he is expected to redeem in the success of his group relative to that of competing groups. This keeps the number eight hitter from taking his bat to the number four hitter. Blood-lust, like glut-lust, is to be gratified outside the precincts of the group.

But how does one know who he or she is to be and which of these positions to assume? How does a cat know what background against which to crouch? How a dog its size? Is this in the eye of the beholder, or is the beholder’s eye the one in which one chooses look to? Or is it one’s own? Or a desperate respite from one’s own? Who weighs us in the balance?

“I will try briefly and in broad terms, to name some of the more easily defined forms of this experience,”

Vaclav Havel (1990)⁸ says:

One of them is a profound, banal, and therefore utterly vague sensation of culpability, as though my very existence were a kind of sin. Then there is a powerful feeling of general alienation, both my own and relating to everything around me that helps to create such feelings, an experience of unbearable oppressiveness, a need constantly to explain myself to someone, to defend myself, a longing that increases as the terrain I walk through becomes more muddled and confusing. I sometimes feel the need to confirm my identity by sounding off at others and demanding my rights. Such outbursts are quite unnecessary, and the response invariably fails to reach the right ears, and vanishes forever into the black hole that surrounds me... I would say that everything I have ever accomplished I have done to conceal my metaphysical sense of guilt... to vindicate my permanently questionable right to exist.

MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS—AND HOSTILE TAKEOVERS

Such riffs up and down the scales when suffered (as contrasted with being treated with emotional anodynes), can, as in Havel’s case, give rise to the determination not to Stay Quiet in so Dark a Night and so lead to actions, which, however improbably, may lead one from jail to the presidency.

Ownership! cries the one; E PLURIBUS UNUM; (“Una cum uno” were Freud’s [1921] words for describing this). Propagate to Amalgamate! The more the better! More of the Same! The state of mind of the PAIRing mode is toward addition, Plus.

Divide! cries the one. E uno plurimus. Out of one, make two. Then we can coup-u-late and propagate. Then I can select the you I want. The state of mind of COUPLing is toward subtractions and divisions, by two.

Both of these are innate states of mind owing to the fact that attention is delimited. Were it expansible, were attention able to fly at will, soar forever and visit any and every place in the universe, these mathematical devices would not be required. But in order to gain respite from the utter impress of experience, the mind has to be able to add and divide, amalgamating one element to another, or splitting asunder what the instant before seemed whole.

As goes the mind, so goes the interpersonal psyche. It too is endowed with the right and the necessity to select. As the mind rummages among perceptions, memories, ideations and the like, cutting, pasting, editing, assembling—composing the experience that is to be experienced from among the potential of the elements available to it, condensing or expanding time, broadening, narrowing, or dimensionalizing space, until it gets the “reality” it wants out of these borrowings from Peter and these payings of Paul, so does the interpersonal unit. It sees now a

part-object, now two, now a part and a whole, now two wholes, now a self and an other, now a self and two others or more, now everyone alike, now everyone distinct.

FURNISHINGS FROM THE CONSULTING ROOM-III

P: It is an agony to enter this room each time. I feel somehow singled out. This is how I felt as a child, when anyone called me by my name. Named and singled out. Unbearable. I always hung my head. I was careful never to catch anyone's eye. There was a little boy down the street, whom I liked. Sometimes I would go to the door of his house and whisper his name. Over and over, of course, because I could only whisper it so that no one heard me, or if they did, it mightn't have been a whisper, but something else, a breeze or a sound from the street...

Now I feel as if I—you see? I have to do it—have to put my hands over my head and protect it. You are going to hit me. I mean, I know you're not, but you are. Since I came in, it's all been me, me, me. "Who does she think she is, what does she think she is doing?" You tell me this is my voice, me about someone—my brother, my father. But I can't put that to what I am feeling now. This is coming at me. I didn't turn this spear and arrow around, as you say I do. This is, "Now who is this one? Who does she think she is?"

Ψ: I am the mother here. I am the father here. Step down. Take your place among the others, among the other children. Who do you think you are? We are the children here, we are one another's sisters and brothers, we know what we are. There is no who here, no I here, only a what, and the what is us, the children of this mother and father.

In the psychology of the COUPLE, one might correctly think that the conscious fear represents the unconscious wish—to be singled out, to be the one and only, oedipus triumphant, rampant! And so, I think, it does. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," *Ψ* might with justice observe; Laius lives at this crossroads; like Hamlet's father, he is not quite dead yet, but a much perturbed spirit, a Commendatore.

Regarding, however, the psychology of the PAIR, of the Group, *Ψ* would have to say: Do you then single yourself out from us? For he who is not of us is food and drink for us, he is the repository for our wastes,⁹ he is the object of our lusts and blood lusts? Are you ready for this? Is this what you want? The conscious fear represents the unconscious hubris of being among but not of the Others. Who does she think she is? When the blacks, the jews, the wogs are subspecialized, let them beware. For they are whom we think they are.

P: I am thinking of my dream—the one with the oscilloscope that went wild?

Ψ Are you considering oscillating now, as you did when you had the dream as a child? Whom shall I count as my peers? Shall I be child, here, or wife? But for the moment the wild breaking of the received light is only a dream. What would Mother think, what would We, the kids, think?

Freighted with DNA. needing to be selective, yet selected, where does one look? Where does one go to be

looked at?

The two persons P knows to have/be the Right stuff are the Founders, they who gave up being of a pair with the Western Lord God to COUPLE one with the other. So that's easy. They are it, they are the right choice—or one of them is. P knows that when a man or woman doesn't choose her, but rather chooses another, that man or woman is probably the one for her. And when, in time, that man or that woman does choose P, she knows what it means when people speak of fulfilling one's destiny.

But, if that man or woman not only chooses her, but continues to choose her—Bleep. Uh-oh, mistake somewhere. This person does not resemble template. Bleep. This person is member of club who would have you, bleep, and that is wrong club, bleep for PAIRing purposes. “Oh, you know Sally, never did know her place, too bleeding good for her own kind's what I say, 'scuse my French.”

Freighted with DNA, P wants to make the right mating, even if she doesn't want to. As we have seen, she is a bit of a renegade. But how is she to know what her DNA has in mind? It doesn't have a mind. She seems to feel that having a mind of its own and yet not having a mind to mind it with, borrows her mind, sending her oscilloscope into chaos. But how does it access her mind?

Fortunately, Ψ , whatever his (or her) other limitations, seems to be able to entertain such notions in his mind. He seems to know that the oscilloscope of her childhood was so perfect an objective correlative for her dilemma of receiving instructions from her genes that she seized upon it as a symbol the moment she Aha-ed it. How do ideas of the Right thing come to one? No use saying they're taught, though of course they are, because one has also to feel them. It is possible to imitate the group, wear what they wear, scope things as they do, talk the same language in both senses; but that's being an imitation person. The point is that no one has the same genes. Indeed that is what P seems exactly to be saying: is there a category, somewhere between the You and I and the Us, for her alone? Another patient says: “I feel as if I am riding a bus, which is me, that is heading straight for a crash. I got off—long ago.”

It is difficult for her because she is experiencing a strong species push: Go thee forth and multiply; but she is feeling the pull of “And remember that those to whom you give life from between your loins must be of the face and to the glory of god. Our God.”

The little boy who lived down the lane, who was he? He was a boy, to be sure, and a stranger, and she felt shy. And as an envious and sometimes spiteful child, she was parsimonious about how much love-calling she would allow him. And the return of this made her fear rejection. But by now Ψ and P have been through these portions of the experience (which have to do with the COUPLE) and the same incidents and stories have taken on a new cargo. They are now contemplating the fact that the little boy was an Other. Was he what she had in mind for her DNA? Many are called, but few are chosen. How then was she to call him without at the same time choosing him? She whispered. An Indian-giver Love Call, eddying Ooo and Oh-oh in counterpoint. Should we divide, agglomerate? Shall you be my other or my other half? Shall you be on my side and at my side, in the manner that we face each other in groups, or shall we make the beast with two backs? (P has often felt restive about lying recumbent on the couch.) DNA—is it what we call the chemistry of what draws people to one another? That mysterious glue? That “I don’t see what she sees in him, but they say, don’t they Sally, that love is as blind has a bleedin’ bat.” And what is called the aesthetic impulse, or the aesthetic response? That chemical compote that is DNA cannot surely say what is beautiful—that will belong to the tutelage of the group and to what is available for aesthetic contemplation—but just as surely it can tell us what beautiful is. What we have an eye for must precede the delight it gives us: somewhere when the neonate sucks faster when it is given its mother’s voice to hear is a sign of recognition of the us, the true and the beautiful. The ready eye must precede the trained eye.

Well, if it doesn’t work through Hope, say, or some other future-tilted emotion, how do we know when to abandon hope and COUPLE and when to hope on and hold out for better and for more? Good gets in the way of better, better in the way of good. “Hope makes a good breakfast,” observed Bacon, “but a poor supper.”

P: I cannot believe how hard it is to begin today. Of course it begins as it always does with a thought I had when I walked in that I cannot possibly say. I would die....

Ψ: The replacement child. [In P it is perhaps more obvious than in others, for P was born on the anniversary of the death of a child of a younger sister of her mother.]

P: You looked preoccupied. I thought it was with the patient prior to me. I felt like throwing myself on top of you, crushing you. Your chest. Of course [*bitterly*], I can never say such things when they occur. On days when there is no space before me, it is easier. I don’t feel like such an... an... On the other hand, I hate it. I can’t say this either, but I like the feeling that you’re—Oh no. God... Now this I definitely cannot say, not ever... I thought of you with, Oh God, an erection. [*P writhes in an agony of embarrassment.*]

Ψ: Perhaps Papa’s penis, perhaps Mommy’s all ready nipple and swollen milkbreast ready for Blakely [a younger sister].

ANAL APPREHENSION

In the face of a nameless dread, even something so otherwise dire as catching on to specific anxieties and particular defenses is an attractive alternative. Indeed, even to merge the dread natural to the pair and the group with anxieties inhering in being a member of a couple and so with specific libidinal interests, may seem to a child quite helpful. A phobia and counterphobia may seem more manageable than a dread, in much the same way a no-thing may seem more helpful than a nothing.

One such possibility for transfiguration of the experience of dread—of something being out of one's control and quite possibly arriving with the speed of an express train—is provided quite early on in life in form of the question: Who controls defecation—the fecal mass, or the sphincter? However, the many other issues contingent for people in this regard, may well obscure this one. Those are, first, the use of the anus as a prehensile organ in quest of recapturing the absent or fickle nipple; and second, the excited embattlement in the interpersonal aspects of the training situation over penetration, possession of product and production, rights of access and the terrain for deposit. (A flurry over the “paper-work” is usually a sure sign of this last conflation.)

However, the alarm that, in one's identification with the White hat of the sphincter one may not be able to control and manage, the Black hat of the feces is for some people an anxiety paramount over the others. Spontaneity of bodily functions is associated with being subjugated, and every effort is made to quell the natural rhythms and activities of the body. The peristaltic inexorability that brings the mass to the point where it must be evacuated seemed accordingly persecutory in the extreme. It seemed to rule them, as self and alive, with its relentless time and tide. And when it did, it was they who felt like so much shit and their feces were rampant and triumphant.

As this issue comes into the transference, it bears a particular characteristic—a two-position situation: either the patient is in control or the analyst is: either he or she feels like shit and the analysis is a vast intestine which will deposit the patient out no matter when, or the analyst is shit and they are in control. There are no two ways. Patients otherwise frugal found it at these times no expense at all to come irregularly or late, for if he or she could not control the end of the session (as one who suffered anorexia put it to me), she could at least control the beginning. For the analyst to accept such treatment is worrisome to his patient, a matter of agreeing to be treated like shit, and thus a source of great guilt, which could only be compensated for by alleging that the analyst is treating the patient like shit. Not to take such exercise in dominion, however, seems a palpable indication that the struggle for hegemony is indeed interpersonal.

The difficulty arises in the tendency for the infant and young child to treat the feces as if it were a person, to have and to hold or to evacuate and to discard, until death do them part. This means that the feces are considered to have a potential life of their own, and that they can and may (comes the revolution) reverse the designs of the sphincter. Some children lose interest in their feces as their interest in other people grows, and thus the object relationship gravitates to the Other as object. But other children absorb themselves with their feces, and employ them as a transitional object—and sometimes, in service of envy, as an object from which there will be no transition. Endgame.

Ordinarily when matters are drawn into such enduring and particularized struggles, the struggle is a counterfeited one, mobilized to keep the real tensions from finding their way into the analysis or the analyst and patient from noticing them. This struggle, however, only counterfeits being counterfeited. It is fake in that the analyst has to impersonate a part of the patient, while being made to seem (and feel) like another person—the bad intrusive mother—in the matter. But the deep sense of aggrievement and hatred are not counterfeit. Rather careful sorts of interpretation are necessary to return the conflict to its base point—the patient’s fears of and alienation from his or her own natural processes.

The mind, or more narrowly the ego, comes into being to interpose direction and will to the impulse life. Slowly but inexorably, by a series of comparisons and contrasts, it draws an I-ness to it, for example from the dual sensations of the self touch or the thumb suck as contrasted with the monosensate touches of the other. These distinctions are not so easily made as to withstand much confusion; the baby nursing and twirling its mother’s hair may so well correlate these experiences as to make a “constant-conjunction” between them (this is Bion’s term—1962); moreover the discovery of what is mine and what thine produces a sorting that is not necessarily a popular one, giving rise to impulses to redraw the boundaries through gerrymandering. Whatever the case, powerful tensions are drawn to the boundaries, and it is with some tension that the boundary, not of the sphincter, but of the rectum lining itself, becomes identified as an external/internal boundary.

Thus the idea arises that the sphincter is but the gateway to a colonic inner world, in which the feces dwell, alongside of the three little pigs, Billy Goat Gruff, and the rest of the gang. The image is that of a colon like a sock or a Santa sack, and in this everything valuable is held and kept. And released on parole. And withdrawn back into. Should a bowel movement occur unwanted, it is like the banks failing, or being peeled from the inside out. It is as if the skin that was isn’t any more, and boundaries are made of water and identity is hopeless to try to maintain.

Moreover, it is as if all one's possessions, people and their parts preeminent, took on a life of their own, like a nightmare Nutcracker, and an exhalation of absolute desPAIR is all that is left. This puts people in a suicidal mood: the only thing left is to follow, at least one can do that of one's own volition! And it puts people in a "homicidal" mood, only the life they wish to take is not that of the other; it is still their own. Such, then, is life in the COUPLE.

In the PAIR we share. "We don't die—we multiply!" Private ownership gives over to communal ownership. We agree on what waste is and where it is to be disposed. How horrified (as well as annoyed) New Jersey is to have New York's rubbish fetch up on its beaches: are we not one of us? Isn't there a not-us place? What ever happened to Guyana?

PARTICLES AND WAVES

Of what does matter consist? Waves, particles, energy, mass? People have been evolving for some time now and they "know" how supra-micro and sub-macro bodies behave. They have no reason to "know" how atomic or cosmologic bodies behave; these defy expectations perfected over the eons based on middle-sized bodies. (Middle-sized bodies behave in language; those bigger and smaller behave only in mathematics.)

To speak of people comprising simultaneously a COUPLE and a PAIR is like speaking of matter as being at once a wave and a particle. Yes—but what do I do with that? How's that supposed to explain anything? A clock cannot tell its own time. It is not self-referential. The PAIR doesn't know about the COUPLE, nor the COUPLE about the PAIR. For the moment each is regnant, the point of view is such as to belong wholly to it. It sees itself through its own eyes. This is like the stories of the multiple personalities, who, we are told, know not of each other. It is staggering—the first encounter. Here am I with an image of myself. It is a natural image projected from the back, like a rear-projection TV, onto the center of my mental retina. I know who I am the way a dog knows its size—or a cat its figure and what backgrounds it blends with. When I look into a mirror I see a baby. Hello Baby. Until one day, staggeringly, that baby is... Me!... Myself? Yes.... I? Yes.... My God.

I am puffed with pride and desolated with shame. I strut; I cringe. I make faces and try on peoples' hats and shoes. I see, for the first time, my person, place among my species. For ever after, I will appear in the third person singular in my dreams and my memories. I will see myself as a figure among other figures in the rooms in which I

sit. Now I know myself from the other creatures, not only of the sea and air, the pasture and forest, but among my own kind. I know comparison and contrast, I know good and bad—better and worse. I know good and evil. I have bitten the apple: I have acquired self-reference. I will never be the same.

If and when, however, the analyst begins to interfere with this, as of course sooner or later he must, it may precipitate the break-off of the analysis, losing him not only the opportunity of being of further use to the patient, but that of coming to understand in depth the ingredients to such negation. It stands to reason that envy of the psychoanalyst may be at its most virulent in those people who in an active way decline to avail themselves of any analysis whatsoever. It is one thing to see a patient, such as a man who came first to see me reelingly drunk and was out of the consulting room within minutes of arriving; his envy was at once apparent and open to interpretation when I prevailed upon him to return. But it is quite another to encounter people who are having an ongoing fantasy in which they are refusing to see an analyst.

Such refusal expresses itself in an analysis which has begun when the patient begins acting in ways we are accustomed to call “entitled” or “narcissistically entitled.” Freud drew attention to this in his paper on *Some Special Types*, of which he accounted Shakespeare’s vision of Richard III one. Freud saw the humpback Richard was born with as implying to Richard that something special was due him as a result of that curse—that he might count himself as an exception to the norms and rules of ethical behavior to the precise measure that nature had made him an exception to its general rules for masculine beauty.

This seems accurate. But I think it has a more general source. I think it arises when an infant believes that his psychological existence hangs by a thread. How many infants are born into an existential crisis I do not know. But I should hazard more than we might expect. I think the crisis comes about when the infant doesn’t know when to be a part of a COUPLE and when a part of a PAIR. Or it comes about when the infant starts rocketing back and forth between trying life as a member of a COUPLE and then of a PAIR, hoping each will save him from the demons and perils of the other, unable long to choose which before zooming off again to the other. This sets up what I believe to consist of as a case of extreme envy, and that envy then further interferes in the infant’s willingness to make or sustain a choice. For the infant won’t take and then the infant won’t give himself, out of the fear of being taken (it was not just Bamum who believed a sucker is born every minute).

Such a crisis of envy seems to set the infant apart from those who feel that life is a natural pastime, in a

fundamental way to be taken for granted, the only remaining issues being how to pass the time happily and meaningfully. And so his envy is geometrically increased to the point eventually when the nameless dread with which he began is exponentially increased.

Such infants look for guilt as a way out: sin names the dread and makes it feel less helpless making. Please, please what is it I have done wrong. Please, please criticize me—for when you do, I can assimilate into myself your hope that I can improve and hence be worthy to survive.

But such docility does not come cheap. It is the moral equivalent of the humped back. It entitles one to something for which one's pain and doubt and dread have already paid. No one can frighten one any more than one has been frightened, or can they? Let's see. Prepaid, one is now entitled. Why should others get away with feeling so smug about life?

P: There is a gravestone on the Isle of Shoals which bears the inscription: "I have paid my debt to life; Now must you too."

The path from dread passes through guilt, masochism, and complaisance to entitlement: that enraged triumph over a dread that once was without either name or measure.

From the careless, reckless, insufferable analytic patient, for whom nothing is enough or good enough (the food was lousy and the portions were too small), who has already done too much, indeed several lifetimes of work before he or she arrived in the analysis, peeks the gaunt victim of a private holocaust, who hasn't even the words with which to tell of the horrors except in some exaggerated way, which no one can believe, about small pains that most others shrug off

CHARISMA

The charismatic leader is ambiguous in nature; he seems to abide in paradox. He is open to readings, to interpretations.

"The World... is a Bell," said the dying Rabbi to his grieving congregation, throngs of whom surround him extending in all directions to the reaches of the horizon.

"What? What does he say?" asks the crowd of one another. People repeat to those further away. Leaders

expound.

But one man says “A bell? Nonsense!” This too races from ear to ear through the multitudes.

“What are they saying?” asks the Rabbi. Those closest to him look anxiously at one another.

“One man says ‘Nonsense’ about the bell,” his daughter reluctantly tells him.

“Nonsense? Uhm... possibly,” says the Rabbi, “but right now I don’t have a good state of mind in which to think.”

The choice he exacts in being allowed his charisma he repays by his ambiguities: he has made a choice, but, in his ambiguities he contains the possibility of many more choices, all as yet unspent. It is a pyramid scheme.

Unlike the instrumental leader who defines choice and makes the choice realizable (Moses was such), the charismatic one opens out options where none were espied: he proliferates centrifugally, whereas the former narrows, shapes, and defines centripetally.

As such the instrumental leader leads the COUPLE: he or she knows how to bring things about: they get things done: they achieve the orgasm and the baby, whether it is the baby who was myself or the baby who is to be my son or daughter. The instrumental leader deals in repletion.

The charismatic leader leads the PAIR—and what Bion (1961) called the “basic assumption PAIRing group.” He is none of us in this room, but a source of access to the yet to be. He is the Messiah. He was Christ. He deals in possibilities of completion. But as Kafka (1935) wryly noted (in his Parables), “The Messiah will come only when he is no longer necessary; he will come only on the day after his arrival; he will come, not on the last day, but on the very last” (p. 81). Bion remarked (1961); “only by remaining a hope does hope persist” (pp. 151-152). The born baby is a nonstarter in his odds of being the Messiah. Snake oil is far and away the best emolument for the abrasive nature of what is.

The body, and that portion of the psyche which is devoted to it, being guided by the pleasure-unpleasure principle, looks to its sensual nature and determines what frustration is and what gratification. The polymorphous perversity, of which Freud spoke, makes people adventitious, opportunistic, adaptable. A simple change of aim or

object or direction or mode—and Voila!

But the selection principle is something else again. It cannot make up its mind. Hope is easily raised but difficult to satisfy. Lust wishes to gaze on his beloved's face: Helen is enough to launch its thousand ships; Gretchen was enough for Faust to cry out, "Stay, Moment! Thou art so fair!" But hope gazes rather at him who has a thousand faces; he who got the seas parted, climbed the Mount, got the tablets (which none could swallow, so according to apocryphy went back and came down with this time only ten), was sore wroth when he saw the shenanigans with the golden calf were people turning religious on him? After all he did, instrumentally, to help? What was wrong with his realizations that now all of a sudden people were back doing hope?

VICARIOUSNESS

Experiencing events vicariously is the language of the PAIR: it is what binds the species and makes it possible not to have every and ail of the experiences oneself. We put ourselves in one another's shoes, see matters from one another's viewpoint. This is the beginning of empathy. It requires the understanding that you and I are as much the same as different: in Sullivan's (1953) words, "More human than otherwise." (To understand being part of the COUPLE, we need to understand each of us is as different from the other as day from night.)

In the quest to approach and approximate whatever the species is "supposed" to be, people search for what is larger and finer than life. We look for heroes; we live through them vicariously. Their fortunes, their visions, are ours. In living through them we begrudge less of what we shall not be or do or have for our individual and private selves. We thereby extend our personal mortality. Otherwise how could we live and let live? Our wakeful, brooding envy would murder the sleep of others, not to say their lives and loves.

But not *just* heroes. We live through one another—provided they are part of us. Through the successes of our brothers, through the experiences of our sisters, and perhaps most of all, through our children's first tooth, first haircut, good marriage, children and their children. In this way our life is extended, but also to a degree consoled. If our children "do well," we do, and we graze on their successes vicariously, though we always may, with Shaw, feel our children's lives and opportunities are wasted on them—and that we would like to recall them and have them once more for ourselves.

Indeed, too much envy turns about and ruins the very vicariousness that informed it. Me, it cries, Me! I don't

want to know about you. Who are you? And in that ruination, in that severance of the bonding link, it loses much of its own capacity for vicarious gratifications. It is only content with scenes from *Oh, How the Mighty are Fallen*, with victories by scores of 97 to 3.

The sociopaths, so called, the delinquents, or the psychopaths are justly deemed dangerous because they have lost or maimed their capacity to know how the rest of us live. They know only how their half lives; they don't know that when we say Ouch, we are feeling pain. And to an extent, they are correct; for those who can accept that they will feel pain, the pain comes only as hurt and not also as insult and injury, or something (no-thing) filled with intimations of malicious or sexual intent. Suffering, of this sort, as Bion remarked time and again, for the distinction was central to his philosophy, is quite different from pain because it permits the offsetting of painful experience with pleasurable ones. We who can, then, suffer both pain and pleasure are different from those who are ruthless in a dumb, blind way, devoid of information about and therefore unmodified by fellow feeling. (Winnicott often points to that moment when the baby turns the spoon and presses it instead toward his caretaker's mouth, when the Depressive position has begun.) But when, intermittently, they sense our capacity to receive and to suffer but, out of their greed and envy, cannot give us solace or reparation for it, their potential for shame and guilt is such that they destroy our own fellow feeling as best they can. Where once the milk of human kindness first ran, then caked, in our breast, now there is only hatred and rage. And with this we join a world reassuringly familiar to them, and we no longer seem implicitly and forever reproachful—empty mouths to feed with supplies from a cupboard locked by greed or spoiled by envy.

Vicariousness involves transmissions to a set of receptors that I do not believe are as yet well understood, partly because those used in the COUPLE are quite possibly different from those used in the PAIR. We have recoiled so far from the loss of distinction imposed on us by reductionistic theoreticians as between ourselves and others with whom we may have shared our phylogeny that we may overly assert what makes us unique. But the PAIR and the group may well employ signals and signs that do not check in at the self-referential front desk of consciousness or even preconsciousness before entering its specialized set of receptors. Nor can we readily convert such information-bearing signals to consciousness¹⁰ even after they have arrived, especially with therapies or other formats for investigation oriented toward studies of the individual as a member of a COUPLE or in his COUPLE-orientation relationship to groups of others.

For example, we are rather more familiar with the questions of now and later that are frequently disputed and

sometimes resolved in the COUPLE. But the PAIR harkens to another signal, called After. Where does later end and after begin? (See “About Time,” in *Envy*, Boris 1994.) People may differ, as they do in so many other respects—for example, on who is chosen or redeemed and who is the anti-christ—but the fascinating (and sometimes appalling) thing is that no one disagrees that categories exist. My soon, next, later, after, surely differs from yours, if only because I am older or younger than you; but we share the adjectival categories, as do others in other cultures. Somehow people seem to need to discover and signal when later turns into after, so that they can tell then from later and later from too late.

Some people hear voices I do not. I can get by quite nicely with a set of Bose’s lower in fi than others require. I also know people whose hearing is such as to hear voices or who see auras, even visions, not apparent to me. In my turn, I have “sensitivities” to other people which enable me to be quick on the uptake; but I have only to read Sullivan or Fromm-Reichman or Winnicott to know what such sensitivities really are. I believe that there is a tilt to the receiver apparatus that enables people to hear not merely differently because of their make-up and apperception characteristics, but different things quite from the start, which stimulate different apperception modalities and even character qualities. The idiot-savant is a grotesque example; people who have perfect pitch a more ordinary one.

Such differences are bound to create different attunements and different registrations of the music of the spheres, but since we only know intake when it is put out again, we can only surmise what Mozart heard from what he composed or played. But surely the two are not identical.

When the capacity to hear PAIR signals on the one hand and COUPLE messages on the other is considered, it should be borne in mind that PAIR signals are probably only fully evident to those mutually attuned.

As an observing adult, I cannot expect to hear or see what the mother-infant PAIR I am observing hears or sees or smells. Are there, as crazy people have long alleged (cf. Tausk’s *The Influencing Machine* [1919]), chemicals in the mother’s breast milk that not only provide the infant immunity, as has been long established, but those which convey additional or even contrary messages, or information conveyed by their absence?¹¹ Perhaps three months later the baby can no longer register certain signals from his being, as organism, which are instructing his body how and where to multiply and specialize. Could he ever? Bion certainly thought so: quoting Freud on the latter’s thinking about the caesura of birth, Bion cautioned that we may take birth too much as the read beginning, whereas there may have been much more registration previously, in utero, than we are accustomed to think. Research on

newborns' responsiveness to stories subsequently read again to them after their birth suggests a recognition response. Is the information also freighted with PAIR messages?

ANALYSIS WITHOUT EMPATHY

Few analysts, I would guess, would like, if they could help it, to do analysis by the book, without either empathy or intuition. I say this because I don't think that one goes from medicine or psychology or other backgrounds into conducting the therapy of analysis if one doesn't have a disposition canted toward fellow feeling. For much of our work, this capacity, this receptive function, this toleration of living vicariously, helps the analyst lose himself in the process—that essential prerequisite to finding one's self anew. The capaciousness and profundity of our ability to absorb the patient's redistribution of self and boundaries and his rearrangements of their contents—intentions and attitudes—will in most cases be the determining factor in what the patient can regain and realign on the way back and out. We are ready to be whatever he is not and cannot stand to be, while he, a believer in the conservation of matter and energy, deals the entirety this way and that. Perhaps, with good luck, a time comes when some of what greed or envy says could-be-must-be can be relinquished, and substitutes accepted, or let go altogether; and the analysis is, as a result, increasingly less root-bound with excess. For example, information can be given by the patient (P) or analyst (Ψ) without it being freighted with anything more or other than meaning: the earlier need to use information to induce or impose change being now much diminished.

But along the way to such an outcome so filled with amenity, the very capacity which, on Ψ's part, makes it possible, is in acute or chronic danger of being destroyed.

For there comes a time when the receptive capacity of the breast is connected up with the mother in the PAIR mode, just as the providing aspect of it is discovered in the COUPLE mode, and greed to have it and own it inevitably accompanies such discovery in the one as in the other. When this is repeated in the transference, the empathy and intuition of Ψ become targeted. P wants to have these qualities for himself. Often he displays them in a bouquet of thoughtful and sensitive acts in Ψ's behalf. I have been the recipient of the latest news broadcast on the patient's car radio; of the newspaper, which had been carelessly or belatedly delivered; or of expressions of sympathy for how hard the patient himself (or the person preceding or succeeding him) has been on me. Ps, otherwise early or surly, make efforts; they find lovely purview outside or lovely objects inside. These are sometimes the providing, sometimes the receptive, elements of Ψ as object.

But then these kindlinesses cannot last; indeed they often signal trouble to come. Envy reasserts itself over admiration or gratitude (the other two legs of the stool), and the patient not only no longer feels appreciative and, in his turn, responsive (which makes him feel quite awful and afraid) but now, to equalize matters, must begin systematically to destroy these very qualities in the analyst. Unable to feel he can live (or love) up to Ψ , P must bring the latter down. The ultimate way of doing this is to quit the analysis with the proclamation that he has gotten nowhere. Penultimately, however, the patient may see an opportunity of eviscerating and denuding Ψ of the latter's best traits. The patient in pain is bound to envy the Ψ 's capacity to suffer, sensing that it is that capacity—to endure—that diminishes the amount of and occasions for pain.

P may, for example, do what Ψ describes to sympathetic colleagues as “going on and on.” Being thus in danger of being bored to death, Ψ will soon begin to evince the very irritation and boredom and impatience that P will presently allege. If Ψ then attempts guiltily to conceal his irritation, P will find vindication in his discovery that Ψ is no better as a cover-up artist, when it comes to pretending at empathy and fellow feeling, than P is. P may then encourage Ψ to believe that he can fool P, which will free P in part of the need of finding ways to fool Ψ 's perspicacity, now trammelled. (If Ψ is in supervision and thereby free of the sterile and stultifying emotional climate woven by P, S may detect all sorts of interesting things in P's associations, leaving Ψ to feel that he, Ψ , is worse even than he thought he was. S can then help P to go from the penultimate to the ultimate escape from the envy Ψ 's intuition and empathy arouse in P, for by now Ψ , under siege in two directions, will be very glad to get shed of P.)

The mother's receptive function is symbolized by her fecundity: she makes something truly grand out of something truly grand, which is father's penis, or out of nothing, which is father's penis whited out. In the analysis P is pouring him/her self out (into) Ψ , and Ψ is making nothing out of it but murmurs and mutters. The consulting room appears to be filled with stuff hostile to progeneration and birth; contraception is everywhere. The patient appears to himself to be fated yet again to be unable to give to mother and create with her a baby; he is still filled only with bad matter or grossly ineffective matter. Even now that he is big, having waited so long to be big, his seed falls at his feet or is ejaculated into hostile, even murderous, ground. This Ψ of his seems to feel that getting and giving an ah-ha or an oh or an oo-o or an uh-oh is somehow sufficient: to put a stop to that, P goes to the source and dries up this instead-of-a-baby stuff Ψ is palming off on P, as before Ψ mother and father did. A dry-titted, womb-wizened, penis-shriveled Ψ can hardly now stand being with P: surely this is not what Ψ became a therapist to feel like? But what did P become a P for? Is it possible for just one moment for me vicariously, empathetically and intuitively, to be you without at the same time destroying either you or myself? Can I tolerate the barrier that

divides us into separate beings long enough to form a COUPLE with you? Surely if your greatest pleasure and freedom is in apprehending me, then mine must be in the freedom and excruciating pleasure of making myself scarce.

You are all I needed!

FEELING ANTSY

For me to say that the human organism, qua organism, or an ant colony, is analogous to a human PAIR or group system would be a most misleading and unfortunate reification. But what if I say that people *act as if* or *feel as if* the social order recapitulated something in phylogeny that they could only understand by the witting or unwitting application of such analogies?

It is said, for example, that ants and cells contain a latent nature, a set of potentials, which develop in particular particularities in chemical allegiance to signals they are provided: “Individuals can be induced by specific signals to develop into particular types” (Smith 1990, p 37).

But the bits of us that make us more human than otherwise must cry out against so reductionistic a metaphor. Even at the cell level, it is possible to tell the so from the specious. So we don’t want to be con-fused or confused; such confusion leads to the mis-conceptions that occur when species try to reproduce with other species: indeed the operational definition of a species is those whose members can reproduce with one another. What else makes us specifically human: the only tool-using animal? The only animal capable of semiotic language? The only self referential animal? Or the only animal that can reproduce with humans?

In Darwinian terms species descend by happening to use reproduction strategies that turn out to be successful. What those strategies might be is a throw of the cosmic dice, unknown to the forebear. And indeed even such clever animals as Homo Evolutionary Biologosus don’t know what these strategies are, only that strategies, like other traits, also evolve selectively, and different creatures may possess one or more and by mutant chance add another to their reservoir.

The general notion of success is numerical: the more made, the more preserved, chancewise. The more chances one has, the better his chances. But quantity and quality can be seen to share this trait: More is tantamount to better. The transformation of one strategy into another would hardly have to travel any distance at all.

Alongside the one-to-one competition, cooperation of a sort seems to be bred into species. It is said (Smith 1990), for example, that it behooved male lions to cooperate with one another, because it often takes two, working together, to hold a pride; each gives up some reproductive selfassertion to assure the remainder of it. This concept of cooperative strategies has been challenged because it doesn't always make sense, even in the some-is-better-than-nothing sense for the lion. For example, the sterility of some social insects, as among the ants, gives up individual chances for asserting reproduction entirely. Is this purblind altruism? Or is it something else? In man one might wonder a bit about the capacity for living and reproducing vicariously. But in any case, there is bound to be a limit to this cooperation.

Self-preservation knows only one boundary: the production and perpetuation of progeny. The COUPLE knows only one boundary: the PAIR. And the PAIR knows only one limit: the COUPLE.

If people say jump, do I jump? If people say, well, you don't have to jump, but you must at least feel ashamed if you don't, do I have to?

My survival is necessary insofar as it affords me reproductive success. But after that? And what if I live at the expense of my children or they of me, as we are bound to do? At the crossroads between Thebes and Corinth, who gives way? Laius, having heard the prophecy, ordered the baby Oedipus put to death; but he was not. Later he comes to the crossroads; once again Laius requires him to make way. Once more he does not. The prophecy is bound to out: Oedipus does slay Laius. And he reproduces with Jocasta. The sphinx, that creature par excellence of hybridization, takes a dive; Oedipus, it turns out, knows the riddle about generations, as any man lamed by his father's wish to enjoy exclusive generative success with his own wife might well do. Is the prophecy, as Freud thought, in the genes?

The genes are giving us muddled messages, perhaps even double-binded ones. Our heads are cocked to listen, but what do we hear? Are we signaled by signal A speaking to receptor A—B to B; or does A speak both to receptor A and B?

Where *is* Godot, anyways?

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪. Maybe next year.

SPLITTING

Splitting is a form of proliferation. Its opposite is identification in the interests of conglomeration and cohesion. In the COUPLE modality, splitting is employed to manufacture additional objects with whom to COUPLE. In the PAIR it is used to increase the number or extent of the species or group. As people cohere in a group situation, they begin to need to split off objects differentiated enough to COUPLE with. They also need to create differences, which they can then employ to effect specializations and other divisions of labor. People in a PAIR or group or species need to be clear about which is what: the second baseman is not to COUPLE with the shortstop: they are to perform the double play. On the other hand, with whom may they COUPLE? This is what the other team is for and what the fans are for.

In the COUPLE, frustrations, if they are not to eventuate in mutual destruction, require, as Freud noted, alterations in mode, direction and/or aim of the urges, possibly because of the polymorphous and perverse adaptability of the wishes to COUPLE. But each member of the COUPLE can work his or her will on the other by employing a member of a PAIR he or she belongs to to help out. A rather simple example is, "Just wait until your father gets home." Or, "I'm going to tell Mommy (or the police)." Such PAIRing works against internalized objects with whom the self is not at one. Objects brought "in" for purposes of access are often easily aroused to jealousy, envy, and other dangerous feelings toward or about the self. These can be stilled, at least until the still, small hours of the night, by reference to members of a PAIR. Sullivan (1953) was especially emphatic about how the latency or teenage peer group could sometimes even forestall the mad, doublebound configurations of the Parent.

But with each addition to the PAIR, a COUPLE possibility is lost. Groups who have COUPLED with one another (e.g., USSR and the U.S.), when the balance shifts from coupling to PAIRing soon find they need new objects. With each addition to the COUPLE, possibilities for the PAIR and group and the there and then are lost. To rectify this, similarities are noticed where previously only differences were seen. Efforts on the part of the Other to maintain his or her status as part of a couple are rebuffed; the other is awarded only a specialized one-of-us, more-of-the-same status, in which differences of degree are accepted, but not differences of kind.

On this re-rendering of differences, envy and greed thrive, for only besting and worsting remain as the operative distinctions, and these, it is felt, can be bridged by further PAIRing, so that if I cannot be as good as you, perhaps till of us can be as good as all of you.

You and me, kid—

I'm not your kid, I'm your wife!

HYBRIDS

Allocations between the PAIR and COUPLE points of view are common, insofar as they do not need to be used as alternatives for one another but can be relinquished and the loss of each mourned and so tolerated. The child who would be his own creation because he cannot allocate to others a role in his status attributes himself to causes beyond his parents' intercourse and fertility, reincarnation being one such. This gives rise to the evolution of postures from fixations and to lunatic, raucous magisterial creations by the Creator Self in (and out of) his refusal to pay homage to his own creators, whose existence is to be left without a trace. In this regard, Bion has remarked of the liar that he wishes to be necessary for his interlocutors' perceptions, the idea being that they could not reach those percepts without him as intermediary. This is surely the case with any creative artist whose originality brings out what was not evident before his work. The difference between the liar and the artist consists perhaps in where the work is thought to reside: the liar is more likely to regard himself as his work, the artist something outside of himself.

P: I am a survivor of incest, an incest-survivor.

By this P means to say that she has been sexually used by various of her stepfathers. Does she also mean to say that her experiences with these men, and not her mother, who did not intervene, are what has made her who she is today? Will she be able to let her therapy "work"?

THE AFFECTIVE EXPERIENCES

If what makes the world go round for the couple is love and lust and the hatred and fear of frustration, what makes the world spin for the pair can be thought of, perhaps, as the *élan vital* of which Henri Bergson (1920) wrote. This is an unsensuous emotion, one not COUPLED to the sensual experiences of the soma for stimulus or receptor registration, and not one determined by the "economic" ideas of discharge or homeostasis. The *élan vital*, or life force, will take as its object what will gradually be defined and redefined as the self, but from the beginning will include imaginative reference to the thrust of the Selection forces, such as possessiveness, belonging (e.g., fusion),

premonition, and hope. It will include a different sense of time, one that goes beyond now and again to something approximating later and even after, and time will modify the experience of experience. Ecstasy in the COUPLE is matched by rapture in the PAIR; fear, by dread, guilt by shame, anxiety by anticipation. Insofar as the two converge, emotions like bliss and sheer happiness emerge.

PARADOX UNBOUND

The entirely unembarrassable man has freedoms denied the rest of us. We can be checked in midsentence with a cough; cut off when some in our audience start looking at their watches. We sense that we are not wanted and yearn toward the nearest exit. Such things do not trouble the man impervious to obloquy. He cannot conceive how one could be fettered by blushes. He has no inner brake that others might activate.

The Greeks thought such a person lacked “aidos” (respect for others’ respect). Thersites, the ignoble warrior in the *Iliad*, became the shameless person (“anaides”) par excellence. Nothing could shut him up in council, not even the threat of Odysseus to strip him to his shameful parts (“aidoia”). Odysseus finally had to punch him into silence.¹²

—Garry Wills

Big thinkers are subject to big obsessions. Their eyes are fixed on the positive evidence. Their busy minds expand theories, extrapolate hypotheses, and invent logical structures perhaps scenarios, even plots, at stroboscopic speed Paranoia [becomes] the only secure guard against delusion... a double focussed awareness of symbol.¹³

—Robert Adams

Humans are big-brained creatures, and big brains probably require special conditions. One such is the opportunity for a slow ontogenetic elaboration, secure, more or less, in a period of dependency and interdependency on the adults of the species. Another may be the interposition of mind between brain and activity. Mind, like its own attributes—consciousness and unconsciousness, thought, emotion, and so on—is an inference: all we can see there is brain. But the moment we see brain at work, with its synapses and electrical and chemical signals, we see, in that sense, more than is there. The leap to “mind” is not, after that, especially great.

Mind seems to introduce something like opportunity for choice: an agency or repository (or both) for selecting from among what presents itself, whether what presents itself is an external experience or an internal one—and indeed, which, “internal” or “external,” an experience is construed to be. This opportunity for making choices

beyond mere reflex, habit, or training, requires, of course, that objects to choose among are perceived or created. So one could say that man is in first measure a choice-bearing creature—destined to make choices from among determined choices. We choose from among things that come to mind—from among things that *could* come to mind; though we cannot, as yet, choose what things occupy us, because we are in the very first instance chosen by our heritage to be human and not otherwise, so to dwell among our sort of landscapes.

Nature seems not to be done with any of her creatures; all seem as yet to be evolving toward a presumable state of no-further-evolution-required called survival-for-continual-evolution—or is it *devolution*? In any case, we are all midstream and imperfectly done. Mind seems to be one of those ideas that enable what Lysenko could not—namely, changes effected in one generation to be carried forward to subsequent generations. Some experiments seem to suggest the chemical traces of learning themselves can be transplanted from one creature to another, leading the recipient to “know” what the donor has learned from experience. But because we don’t know how quite to do this, or even if it is possible, each of our generations needs to teach the next: and so I write this.

Among the characteristics of our big brain seems to be a commensurate need for experiences with which to feed or occupy it—curiosity is a nice enough word for this. And in the interests of provender for curiosity we seem to be quite omnivorous as to our intakes and generative productions. This means not only a hefty degree of chaff, but some seriously painful encounters. It is imperative that the mind can have some say in what the mind experiences, so that these can be undone, if only retrospectively. It is imperative that the mind be a self-deceiving experiencer, able by ruses and sleights, so simple that a child can perform them, to give itself an alternative, sidereal world when it needs one. And equally necessary that it not discern it when so doing. When it creates illusion or truth by attending selectively, it must also not attend to its selectivity.

When, by sleights of mind, the mind can deceive itself it can survive what otherwise might well be too painful to bear. And when it can shuttle, faster than the blink of an eye, between one way and another of organizing experience, as between that endemic to the COUPLE and that to the PAIR, it gains for itself respites, each from the other in having precisely that choice.

This is why choice is at once so urgent and so frightening to spend: each choice leaves one poorer of choice, if richer in what is chosen.

In presenting this strobe light for what I think I have come to know by organizing my experience with others

and myself in the ways that I have, I make no claim for it being better or more accurate (those PAIR-generated “er-ier” words) than any other. It is a way of thinking that, with luck, leads further towards what we do not know we don’t know.

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Notes

[1](#) Scholars of Bion will know what the “O” in originology stands for; Laing called it Om. Klein might have seen in it the Breast. It often refers to the fantasy that one can get to a source, a font, that exists beyond the Mother and is not therefore possessed by her, a dubious idea to atheists, but a compelling one to those who have known envy.

[2](#) *Envy*. Northvale, NJ: Jason Aronson, 1994.

[3](#) The phrase “black milk” is from Paul Celan: Schwartze Milche der Fruhe wir trinken sie abends/ wir trinken sie mittags und morgens/ wir trinken sie nachts/ wir trinken und trinken. Celan (“Todesflug [“Death Fugue”] in *Poems: Persea* (1989) uses the phrase to describe what the Nazis “gave” the Jews and Gypsies in the Holocaust. It is so poignant in that connection that one hesitates using it to express what a person “gives” himself.

[4](#) With thanks or apologies to Stephen Jay Gould (1987).

[5](#) When I first asserted this ready and innate capacity, it was an inference: one had to infer such a capacity, else the untutored infant could not effect what psychologically he does effect in the processing of experience. Since this was written, data have come out along the following lines. At three months, infants shown an object that is then placed behind a masking curtain evince surprise if, when the curtain is lifted, the object is not there. If that object and another are placed behind the curtain, the infant is as surprised to see still one as it is to see three objects. When one is removed from three, the infant evinces surprise if there are not two remaining... and so on. This is not division or even, properly speaking, mathematics, but as well as demonstrating innate expectations about relationships among objects, it shows what infants can answer if asked with sufficient respectful ingenuity. (Study by Karen Wynne, as reported in *The New York Times*, August 27, 1992.

[6](#) See Chapter 13, “Torment of the Object” (1988), for a study of a bulimic’s relations with her internal objects.

[7](#) The mind breaks to save the heart; deception and delusion rescue the aching heart.

[8](#) At Hebrew University, accepting an honorary degree: quoted in *New York Review of Books*, September 27, 1990, p. 19.

[9](#) Even in such dire circumstances as the appallingly overcrowded refugee conditions occasioned by the exodus from Kuwait and Iraq, toilet facilities were separated as to national origin.

[10](#) Indeed my goal in writing this epilogue is to provide a kind of stain that will allow other workers to see the tissues of the PAIR and tell them from the integuments of the COUPLE.

[11](#) What was the message conveyed when the Nestle Corporation distributed formula to countries whose populace could not then afford to buy more of it?

[12](#) Garry Wills, "Nixon Therapies." *The New York Times*, April 8, 1990, p. A19.

[13](#) Robert Adams, "Juggler." Review of Umberto Eco's *Foucault's Pendulum*. *New York Review of Books*, November 9, 1989.