

## **Narrating Bion and further Narrating Bion, on and on**

*written by Christian Eigner*

It was a ridiculous picture of war. A genuinely ridiculous picture of war. A dented piece of aluminum was lying in a front yard, critically eyed by a few men. This was the result of the Indian counter-attack on Pakistan, which brought the two nuclear powers to the brink of war. It might as well have been the image of a bike accident on the edge of a park, with the men being park rangers cleaning up. Or the aftermath of a garden party that had spiralled out of control.

*Who needs such nonsense? We should celebrate Freud's birthday differently!*

The old man stood on the railing of the terrace, wearing his robe, stirring his coffee, and looking at the screen in front of him.

*Wh-what, wh-what are you talking about?"* Stephen replied, stammering. *"How-what would that have to do with Freud's birthday? So-So-Sometimes your ideas are utterly stupid.*

*Nothing happens by chance, at best it happens unconsciously,* the old man replied, still stirring his coffee. *Today is May 6— it definitely has something to do with Freud's birthday.*

*B-but nothing relevant. Y-Y-You're just projecting.*

Stephen was sitting next to me, right next to the sliding door through which you could step outside onto the terrace. Unlike the old man who reminded me of Buck Mulligan, *the* Buck Mulligan, Stephen was lean.

A moment of silence. *Y-Y-Your turn*, Stephen suddenly whispered to me.

*With*

*what?*

*With*

*talking.*

*I'm not projecting*, the old man suddenly started again. *YOU'RE PROJECTING!* he shouted, pointing at the screen. *Or are you trying to convince me, Stephen, that this is a picture of war?*

*O-O-Of course not!*

*This is fear, fear of war, and denial of the fear of war. Projected onto a photo!*

*On any photo! Blindly spewing out fear!*

*N-N-N-Now he's about to start with his b-b-be-beta elements again*, Stephen whispered to me. But the old man didn't say anything. He had probably heard Stephen, though, so after a short pause he said:

*I am no longer talking about beta elements!*

*H-H-He's gone g-g-grammatical lately*, Stephen stuttered quietly. I didn't say anything in response. And the old man didn't say anything either; nobody said anything in response.

*Y-Y-Your turn*, Stephen whispered to me again.

*With*

*what?*

*With*

*talking.*

*But what should I talk about?*

*Something grammatical*, the old man said unexpectedly, who now turned away from the screen and looked in my direction. *Say something grammatical.*

*A-A-As I told you. H-H-He's been grammatizing lately*, Stephen whispered to me again, almost conspiratorially this time.

*But how could I say something non-grammatical?"* I finally asked, a little confused.

*Of course you could!"* the old man shouted, taking two steps towards me.

*I-I-Indeed you could!"* Stephen agreed.

*And how?*

*Let's meet tomorrow at noon down at the castle park, I'll explain it to you.*

*Where exactly?*

*We will find each other.*

//

It was a beautiful midday and for a Friday, the castle park was extremely busy. This was mainly due to the big exhibition that had recently opened and was called *Ambition and Illusion*. For me, for Daddy, for Christian-Winfried, for *Winfried*, this title was almost absurd; after all,

the palace had always been financed by speculation; through the famous *tulip mania* of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, from which the Eggenbergs would have made millions in profits. Through an *ambitious illusionary business*, that is, which was now bluntly put on display. .

Winfried walked along the long gravel path towards the castle. It was a wide path, cutting through meadows in which ancient trees were growing. On the mighty trumpet tree he could already see the white blossoms that gave the tree its name, and the first fresh red leaves were growing on the unusually tall copper beech. In front of the castle, the path turned into a gravelled square, a semicircle in front of the baroque façade containing three rows of windows on a white background and a mustard-colored portal, which was accessible via a small bridge. There were benches at the edge of the square where Winfried expected to find the old man. At the end of the path he turned to the right and observed the people on the benches, all placed a few meters apart from each. On one of them, two elderly women were chatting; on the second, a couple was busy attending to their two small children. On the third, a young couple was kissing.

Winfried almost ran into the person in the wheelchair as he walked across the square while simultaneously keeping an eye on the benches.

*Sorry...* he started to say automatically, but stopped because he saw that the man in the wheelchair was the old man from yesterday. He was wearing a straw hat and

green shorts that covered his knees. His outfit was completed by long green socks. The old man was pushed by Stephen who was wearing a white nurse's coat.

*Oh, there you are," Winfried exclaimed. "I've been looking for you! What happened?*

The two men looked at him in silence.

*Excuse me,* Stephen said, not stammering at all.

*Do we know each other?*

Winfried gave Stephen a puzzled look. Then he looked at the old man. *Well,* he finally answered, *I think we were up on the terrace together yesterday.*

*Maybe,* Stephen replied soberly. *Now we're down here on bumpy gravel ground. What can we do for you?*

Winfried wondered what to say next. All of this seemed rather absurd as he was perfectly aware of who he had almost run into, but he decided to play along.

*Let's introduce ourselves,* he said. *I'm Winfried. I'm Stephen,* the other replied, *and this is Mr. Wilfred.*

*Interesting,* Winfried thought to himself, but said nothing of the sort. Instead, he asked politely:

*Does Mr. Wilfred not know how to speak?*

*Who knows how to do that,* Stephen replied curtly.

At that moment, the old man, who had his hands on the side rests of the wheelchair, began to stretch his body; like a baby that wants to sit up but can't quite yet.

*Excuse me*, said Stephen, *please step aside*.

Winfried took a step back, and Stephen began to push the wheelchair. The old man stretched again and again, whereupon Stephen pushed faster. As he made no signs of wanting to turn back, Winfried followed the two of them. Slowly at first, then faster and faster to catch up with them.

*What are you doing?*" he finally asked once he had caught up with Stephen and Mr. Wilfred.

*I'm pushing Mr. Wilfred*, Stephen explained calmly.

*I can see that*, Winfried replied. *So the stretching was his sign?*

*Not at all. It was just a diffuse tension. Some sort of exclamation, a cry without words. Maybe I was supposed to pull Mr. Wilfred backwards. It wasn't that clear.*

*Why did you start to push him then?*" Winfried asked.

*To give the tension a form. To make at least some kind of signal out of it. To turn it into the signal that it basically already is. Do you understand?*

No, Winfried admitted openly. *I'm a little confused right now.*

Stephen stopped and turned his head towards Winfried. They had now left the square and entered the spacious park with its many circular paths behind the castle.

*You see, Stephen began, a signal only becomes a complete signal when it is related to a grammatical or quasi-grammatical structure.*

Stephen pushed the wheelchair again.

*I interpreted Mr. Wilfred's striving, his tension, as a forward movement; I could also have called out Okay, forward! I could have shaped this signal. And since we were still moving forward, this didn't seem to be the worst formation.* They continued calmly along the tree-lined path that started at this point in the park. Winfried was obviously busy trying to make sense of what he had just heard; *I understand*, he would have liked to say to Stephen, but there was still some irritation that he couldn't quite grasp. Finally, he gave it a try:

*But wasn't that simply an emotional reaction that Mr. Wilfred just showed earlier? Shouldn't we ask ourselves what kind of emotional experience he has just had?*

Stephen stopped again. He turned his head towards Winfried.

*But are emotions different from signals?* he asked. *Something*

*other than indicators that only take shape in a universe of discourse? What does the diffuse tension of pressure at the edge of the dark forest tell you if old pictorial experiences or your conceptual world do not first turn it into a fear of demons, robbers, or predators? This also shows that emotions are nothing more than a structure of information, a signal-like display. And like all information, it is therefore also relational and relative. Do you understand? I think so,* Winfried replied and started to walk. *This way I avoid the basic error of psychologism, that is, tending to see emotions as a force in their own right and consequently overestimating them.*

At that moment, Mr. Wilfred began to stretch again, only this time he groaned and didn't let himself fall back into the wheelchair. Stephen pushed the wheelchair forward, which did nothing to change the situation, just as pulling backwards or turning in circles did nothing.

*Perhaps we can grasp this tension when we translate it into the linguistic form of a Stop! Enough! Quiet! Shut up at last!"* Winfried thought somewhat aloud, loud enough for Stephen and Mr. Wilfred to hear.

**EXCELLENT!**

Suddenly, Mr. Wilfred jumped up from the wheelchair and stood in front of Winfried like an officer with his hands clasped behind his back.



*Excellent*, he repeated, *excellent*, *Winfried, you understand SIGNNAR!*

Winfried said nothing for a moment. *What a fuss*, he thought to himself, but just calmly explained:

*It's the two of you after all; of course it's just the two of you....*

*....we are the two that we become in relation to you*, Mr. Wilfred interrupted, *and yesterday you wanted us to be non-grammatical thinkers.*

*Not really*, Winfried countered. *I only asked how to say something non-grammatical...*

*....and the best way to do this is to have someone who does it and demonstrates it. And that's how you made us who we are now, or at least who we were until now.*

Mr. Wilfred continued to stand in front of him like an old officer with his hands clasped behind his back. Winfried took a step backwards and turned so that he could see Mr. Wilfred and Stephen. At the same time, he also clasped his hands behind his back.

*In my opinion, you didn't say anything*, he began, *neither anything grammatical nor anything non-grammatical. You simply acted with tension...*

*....and what is this other than setting a sign? Everything is a sign, everything is information; and a tension, a striving is merely a*

*special sign. Just a signal, an indication, a groan, a cry that only diffusely marks a state. This is more elegant and more accurate than beta elements, although the latter, with their elemental character reminiscent of chemistry, already point in this direction. After all, when we think in terms of elements and elemental relationships, we are always already thinking in terms of signs and related signs, as Charles S. Peirce already understood.*

Stephen had said nothing since Mr. Wilfred had jumped up. Now he came close to Winfried's side and began to whisper again, pressing his head onto Winfried's ear.

*H-H-He h-h-h-has read Peirce and has been pointing it out lately, he whispered. This is why everything has been g-g-grammatical. Mr. Wilfred wants to complete his thinking with P-P-Peirce.*

Winfried said nothing in response and Mr. Wilfred paid no further attention to Stephen. Instead, Mr. Wilfred continued without changing his pose:

*Everything in life begins with signals of tension that find their first form in screaming and in scenic conditions that are also provided by others. This could be described as proto-grammar, but I prefer to speak of signality and signnar in order to emphasize the difference to the complex sign act as it then takes place in grammar.*

Winfried just looked at Mr. Wilfred. *What's the point, he finally asked, and is a signal act actually different from a complex grammatical statement act?*

*Of course!* Mr. Wilfred exclaimed. *A signal act is primarily*

*an indicator that marks an event, a place and, above all, itself. An act of statement, on the other hand, is a complex movement that produces different types of signs in their interaction. Only when we recognize this can we understand the roots of people's problems.*

*H-H-He means the so-called p-p-psychological problems,* Stephen looked at him and tried to whisper to Winfried again. He was still standing there like a mirror image of Mr. Wilfred, just looking at him. Now he just listened and tried to process what he had heard while keeping the conversation going as best he could. *To what extent do we only understand the psychological problems then?* he asked in an academically professional manner.

*T-T-Think of the g-g-grid,* Stephen immediately began to whisper. *I'm only finishing what was already planned in the grid,* Mr. Wilfred interrupted him. *The grid is already about the genesis of complex sign processes,* he continued. *Even if I still call them alpha elements and associate them with an alpha function. However, it is more elegant to see this dimension of the grid as an attempt at a system of sign and grammatical unfolding.*

Winfred gave Winfried a scrutinizing look. *Do you understand?"* he finally asked. He just nodded and said, *"I think so,"* and then clarified: *"But please finish. Well, Mr. Wilfred began, the indigestible, i.e., the beta elements, and its projection are the silent theme of the grid; i.e., the*

*question of how to move from unhealthy projection to healthy alpha-like processing of experience. Or now, following the new semiotic taxonomy, how to organize the relationship between signnar and grammar. Do you understand?*

Go on," Winfried replied.

*Good. Signals are not something indigestible, but merely something that first has to find its form. The signal – at least for us humans – is already dependent on the grammar or the grammatical acts of other speakers; it is only through them that a tension finds its way at least into a scene – mom and dad bring a bottle – or into a simple exclamation like Maamma!!!!*

Mr. Wilfred paused briefly. His eyes rested on Winfried. He continued:

*It is only through this formation that real signality or signnar arises. This is also the basis for a person's independent grammatical action. However, all signnar is still primarily the formation of tension; and therefore, if there is a strong tension, what a person says or does will be more signnar than grammar. Which is why the psychoanalytic question then wraps around organizing the relationship between signnar and grammar, or perhaps even repairing it. Do you understand?*

*I-I-I don't think so,* Stephen said, turning away from Winfred and looking at Mr. Wilfred.

*Come over tomorrow at noon, Mr. Winfried, then you'll get your finishing touches,* Mr. Wilfred explained in a military tone. He turned around and walked away.

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Next day at noon, Winfried went back up the long staircase of the house, which was built into the hillside behind the castle. From below, it felt like climbing into the forest, because there was a forest right behind this residential complex, behind the floors which were accessible from the staircase to the left and right. *There is also an e-e-elevator,* Stephen had explained to him prior to his first visit about 10 days ago, but it often gets stuck, resulting in rescue operations, *so it's wiser to use the stairs.* At the top, right at the first line of trees, which was formed by shrubs and a mesh fence overgrown with vines, Winfried turned left into the open hallway that led like an open tunnel to the front doors of the apartments. He rang the doorbell at the last front door, just before the end of the tunnel.

Stephen opened and stuck out his head.

*Ah, it's you,* he said, *Unfortunately, Mr. Wilfred is asleep.*

Winfried was neither surprised that Mr. Wilfred was asleep at the agreed time, nor that Stephen was no longer stuttering. He just looked at Stephen, waited for a moment, and then he said, *"Do you want me to leave?"*

*That would probably be best,* Stephen replied, who continued to just stick his head through the open door, which he was probably holding with his left hand on the inside while with his right he was holding on to the doorframe at chest height.

*No problem,* Winfried replied, but he didn't walk away. Instead, he looked at Stephen and said:

*May I ask you something else?*

*Sure.*

*Why do you stutter at times?*

Without changing his stance, Stephen answered calmly:

*Well, that's quite simple, Mr. Wilfried often unsettles me massively when he becomes absolutely present.*

*And yesterday he wasn't at first, and he isn't again now?*

*Exactly.*

*And why is that?*

*Well, Wilfred thinks it's got to do with my father,* Stephen began to explain, without moving at all. *He was a typical alcoholic, often shouting and smashing things for as long as I can remember. Naturally, I don't remember how I experienced this as a baby, but I do remember as a very small child experiencing a tense menace that was somehow always there, tightening my throat and mouth. And I also remember how I connected it with my father at some point. I*

*gave it his face, Wilfred always says. It gave my fear a form, a fatherly form. Yes, this is how it became an actual fear in the first place.*

Stephen paused briefly but did not change his position except that he was now not looking directly at Winfried but more towards himself.

*Strictly speaking, it's not a fatherly form, he continued, but the image of a scene with an older man with a pronounced bald head and a moustache. The initial tension, which I still vaguely remember, has long been inextricably linked to this scene, including the tight feeling in my mouth and throat.*

Stephen now redirected his attention back to Winfried.

*Wilfred thinks that this created a concrete signal of fear, which then became even more grammaticalized, i.e., it incorporated grammar moments, which is why a pseudo-concept of the older threatening man exists today...*

*Why pseudo-concept?"* Winfried interrupted him.

*Because it is not a real concept, Stephen continued; not an attempt to represent something, but only the continuation of this initial tension and scenery. If I use this concept, I only continue to act out this signality. Yes, I am still not in grammar, but in signnar.*

Again, Stephen paused. Then he said:

*However, my father was not entirely monstrous, I also have good*

*memories of him. At times he was able to calm me down and made me relax. That's why this concept of the older, dangerous man is always there, making sure that signality or signnar grammar interferes, but then I can always look and recognize very well what the reality...*

*Stephen?*

Mr. Wilfred shouted from somewhere behind Stephen who didn't change his leaning posture, but quickly turned his head back to the right.

*Y-Y-Yes?*

*What are you doing at the door?*

*I-I-I'm talking to W-W-Winfried. I-I-I thought you were asleep.*

*You were hoping that I would be asleep! I bet you'd prefer me sleeping all day!*

*//*

*Wonderful, now you've learned a lot about the relationship between signnar and grammar!*

Just like two days ago, Mr. Wilfred was standing at the railing stirring his coffee. Today he was wearing the white doctor's coat that Stephen had worn yesterday. He looked in Winfried's direction, who was again sitting at the entrance of the terrace and had just been joined



by Stephen who sat down on a big leather chair from inside. Mr. Wilfred then turned away and began to walk up and down the spacious terrace. In his background, the blue sky was glowing and, in the distance, the skyline of the new district appeared over to the right.

*Let's summarize, he said, impulses, strivings or tensions are signs of their own, signal signs, but like all information they are relative and relational, and thus only find their forms in already existing structural or grammatical structures, and thus begin to function as signals. Does this make sense?*

Yes, Winfried replied, who felt that he was the one being addressed, while Stephen should have already been more than familiar with all of this.

*Good. Our grammar, on the other hand, unfolds in terms of perceptions and thus perceptions that can be easily understood: Complete sentences generally serve to represent and explicate places, circumstances, courses of action and much more; even if it is an exclamatory sentence such as Help me, please! Does this also make sense?*

Yes, Winfried replied again.

*Although we all start with signal signs, we are also introduced to perceptual signs or concepts from the very first beginning.*

*Parents do this automatically with their babies by saying simple sentences like "Where is my darling? In psychological terms, this could be described as the implantation of an alpha function.*

*Ultimately, however, it is the pre-practice and establishment of a grammar that is linked to a complex and inward-looking approach. Still making sense?*

*Yes.*

*Babies now live primarily from their signaling and therefore cry and tense up. Grammar, and thus the establishment of grammar, docks onto these signals; e.g., when parents ask "What's up, darling, are you hungry? This not only forms the signal, it also turns it into a quality – hunger— to which grammatical representational operations – Daddy, hungry! – can follow. However, this example also shows how signaling, exclamation, signnar and representation, grammar, flow into each other. Making...*

*I understand, Winfried stifled Wilfred's repeated question.*

*Good, Mr. Wilfred replied; N-N-Now it's getting s-serious, Stephen whispered into Winfried's ear at the same time.*

*The transition from signnar to grammar is therefore a highly sensitive matter, Mr. Wilfred continued. If babies are not well-soothed or, on the contrary, even traumatized, the signal signs or signnar will be overly important, because then there will be a high level of tension, which will be expressed in signnar, namely in a signnar that literally pushes itself forward and hijacks grammar with its*

*representing.*

Mr. Wilfred paused briefly in his back-and-forth-movement at the railing and looked at Winfried. He just nodded, which is why Mr. Wilfred continued:

*Stephen has already described a weak hijacking to you, hasn't he, Stephen?*

Again, Mr. Wilfred stopped for a moment and looked in the direction of the two sitting men. Stephen also nodded, which is why Mr. Wilfred immediately continued.

*In Stephen's case, signnar, that is, a signal sign, is embedded in grammar and repeatedly clasps perception signs, that is, icons or indices. In other words: As in a mathematical term, the "Bad-DaddyMan" signal is then placed in front of the "man" icon, which is then placed in a bracket, and therefore also determined by it. This causes Stephen to react somewhat allergically, or rather: hysterically, to men like me. In this case, Stephen, you are always communicating a tension that has long eluded you, but which you are now aware of. Right, Stephen?*

*T-T-That's exactly why I'm now stuttering less and less,* he replied, looking at Mr. Wilfred benevolently, almost lovingly. Mr. Wilfred paused his walking and talking for a moment, looked at Stephen and smiled back. Then he continued. *But it can get much worse,* Mr. Wilfred said, looking at the floor.

*This is the case when signnar grammar not only grows through and produces embraces, but when signals literally take the place of icons and indices, that is, the place of perceptual concepts. Or when entire pseudo-concepts do this, which are basically just formations of tensions. Does that still make sense to you, Winfried?*

Mr. Wilfred stopped, turned in Winfried's direction and looked at him sternly. Then he walked quickly towards him, grabbed an armchair that was standing on the terrace, heaved it onto the floor just in front of Winfried, threw himself onto it, slid forward, put his forearms on his thighs, leaned forward, placed his head just in front of Winfried's and glared at him.

*Should I show you, Winfried, what it would be like if Stephen had not also been calmed down, but had only received his father's hatred and was therefore in constant tension and had therefore not only developed a "bad daddy man" signal but – out of that, out of sheer tension – also a "bad people" signal and, finally, a "hostile world" concept? Do you really want me to show you that, Winfried? But why should I show you that, Winfried, why should I show a guy like you anything at all; why should I show anyone anything at all? I should ignore a guy like you, even if he's bleeding on the floor in front of me; I should ignore everyone, what do you all have to do with me, you motherfuckers and bitches who have no idea about life, about my life?*

*You really want me to show you, Mr. Winfried, what it's like when signality takes the place of perceptual signs, when whole concepts do that; should I show you or did I make my point?*

*DID I MAKE MY POINT?*

Mr. Wilfred almost hissed the last words, then he became quiet, leaned back, crossed his legs, and looked at Winfried.

*That's what happens when signnar grammar dominates, he explained calmly; then it becomes personality-disordered and psychopathic. But not because something genuinely psychological is happening here, but because a type of sign shifts to a place where it doesn't belong. It may begin with tension and a lack of reassurance – the problem in the end is a structural or semiotic one. Or to put it another way: What really constitutes psychopathy as an act is an effect of a semiotic-structural disorder; in other words, a grammatological problem, as it were, which can also only be solved grammatologically.*

Mr. Wilfred put his hands together on his lap and remained silent. The other two men were silent, too, because there was nothing else to say now as it was so obvious what Mr. Wilfred meant. Even the slightest comment seemed unnecessary. The silence, however, seemed to bother Stephen; not that it worried him, but he seemed impatient somehow.

*E-E-Explain the rest to him*, he said after a while and, like the listener of a lecture, pressed himself curiously and tensely onto his

*armchair. E-E-Explain what it's like when the t-t-tension is always searching for form.*

Mr. Wilfred looked at Stephen, but said nothing. Then he continued to say nothing, but seemed more and more absent. He was still looking in Stephen's direction, but at the same time his gaze seemed to tilt into him and focus on something that no one else was seeing, and perhaps not even he himself was seeing it, but nevertheless it attracted attention. Winfried was fascinated by this event, by this subtle disappearance of the reference, and just silently formulated to himself: *"He's doing really well.* Suddenly Mr.

Winfried then took the floor:

*What is there to say about it? Even if there was a lot to say about it, because you do great things and only really understand a lot of things in the process; because you only really understand the pooping of the pigeons when they strut and then suddenly push something out of themselves...*

*You know, Winfried, Wilfred continued, talking faster and faster, the pigeon shit is an art, namely an art of chastisement, and so they chastize me, us, all of us, when they strut behind me on the railing in the morning and poop, poop again, want to defile us and force us to muck out, and then we can only muck out the Augean stables....*

*But I don't want to do it again, Mr. Wilfred started again, talking faster and louder, I don't want to do it again, because I could do it much better myself, this strutting and pushing.*

*One day I will do it, and then my chastisement, my pigeon chastisement, will come upon you all!*

Mr. Wilfred's gaze was now directed at Winfried and at the same time, above all, it was directed towards himself. But then he began to remain silent and the longer he remained silent, the more his gaze returned as it were. When he finally looked at Mr. Winfried again, he began to speak quietly.

*That's what Stephen would have become if his father had raged even more and the already existing basic tension had become so great, had fixed him so firmly, that he wouldn't even have found the time and space to give it a fatherly form or any other form. Do you understand, Winfried?*

*I'm not sure*, he said this time.

*Then I'll tell you, Winfried. Sometimes signals do not even become functioning signals; instead, they remain a kind of raw data, that is, a tension with a certain tendency that continuously tries to find a form in the field of grammar: in the perceptual signs, in the perceptual terms and their derivations; in entire concepts.*

*A minimal overlap is enough to initiate a formation; the pushing-out of a pigeon's feces, for example. Because a blurred tension that goes in the direction of anger is also full of pressure, it can then find its form in a series of pigeons. And it's even easier with abstract concepts, which is why we end up talking only about gods and powers and punishments and whatever else. Do you understand, Mr. Winfried?*

*T-T-That's important*, Stephen added.

*I can follow all that*, Winfried simply replied.

*Then you will understand the rest*, Mr. Wilfred continued. *In this case, signality not only permeates grammatical structures or occupies or replaces their perceptual terms and the derivations from them; where signals can take hold and spread almost at will, grammar is de facto ruined. It could still sound like talking, but it is merely the proliferation of a signnar that has not even developed properly into a signnar.*

Mr. Wilfred paused. He obviously wanted to give Winfried a chance to catch his breath. This was well-received by Winfried, who for this reason said nothing and instead just looked at Mr. Wilfred in silence. As if looking at a familiar symbol, all the things Mr. Wilfred had said in the last 10 minutes began to present themselves again. Once again, Mr. Wilfred hissed close to Winfried's face, *DID I MAKE MY POINT?*; and once again, Mr. Wilfred sank into himself and let a defecating pigeon speak for him; and once again, Winfried heard Mr. Wilfred say *then the grammar is de facto ruined. Yes, you know all that*, Winfried said to himself. And *yes, everything is probably just grammar and the disruption of grammar*, he then said to the other two; and Stephen immediately agreed with him.

Mr. Wilfred, however, took his time before finally taking the floor.



Yes, he said, *no matter what the biological event of psychosis may be: viewed structurally – and possibly therefore even primarily – it is a semiotic event that is based on a disruption of the relationship between signnar and grammar, in the course of which grammar ceases to function as grammar entirely or at least in phases. In other words, as an order of perceptual signs and concepts and their derivatives, which, like an echo, ensures that the world can continue to be written in us and therefore with us.*

The scene from earlier was now repeated; Mr. Wilfred paused again, Winfried was to have a breather again, the latter therefore said nothing again.

However, he was now already well-immersed in Mr. Wilfred's discourse, *inscribed*, which is why, conversely, Mr. Wilfred's discourse began to continue independently in Winfried. *From a structural point of view, the psychosis is a semiotic event*, it was written in Winfried, who then began to say louder and louder: *...which is based on the disruption of the relationship between signnar and grammar, during which grammar ceases to function as grammar entirely or at least in parts.*

*Thus, he continued after a short pause, signnar destroys precisely that, namely grammar, the representation of perceptual concepts, which not only protects against the psychotic, but can also ward off and repair the beginnings of it. If this is the case, it leads to the fixation that all too often characterizes schizophrenia. Consequently, there is no escape from signnar and one rotates in it.*

Both Mr. Wilfred and Stephen silently looked at Winfried . But it was a look of approval and silent agreement that met Winfried's eyes. *Good*, Winfried thought, *good*, he repeated aloud, *I see I've understood so far*.

Mr. Wilfred and Stephen continued to silently look at Winfried. Which didn't bother Winfried; as if looking at a familiar symbol, all the things Mr. Wilfred had said in the last half hour simply began to present themselves again; the stuttering Stephen, the hissing and then the inward-looking Mr. Wilfred, that is, the degrees of signnar's penetration of grammar. *I see I have understood so far*, Winfred said aloud again. But both Mr. Wilfred and Stephen continued to silently look at Winfried. This didn't bother Winfried, but perhaps it was beginning to irritate him, at least a little. Nevertheless, he didn't want to do anything about it for the time being; *perhaps they were up to something again*, he thought to himself.

Mr. Wilfred and Stephen continued to look at Winfried blankly, which of course didn't bother him, but created an unpleasant pressure, an unpleasant tension that Winfred knew from similar situations. It had something to do with *having to be intellectual*; with *being clever*; with *being educated*. He felt as if he was now expected to question and discuss all of this; and of course, he could have remarked that it all reminded him of Derrida; of his conception that everything

is written; that everything is just text and that there is nothing outside of text and that it was therefore only logical to interpret beta elements as a form of sign, of writing. And that it was therefore just as logical to interpret alpha elements as a form of sign, of writing. And that this, of course, raised the question of how these signs or moments of writing are connected. And what problems there are in these contexts or what problems can arise. But why repeat something or debate something in a chiseled way that was already there? What was outlined *well enough*? Therefore, Winfried said nothing further, and Mr. Wilfred and Stephen said nothing either, and so the pressure and tension remained, and even increased a little when no one said anything. Which is why Winfried did say something after all.

*Such moments are always difficult*, he said, *because there is pressure to say something, even though everything important has actually been said, and I am under this pressure right now. It's actually some kind of social tension that goes in the direction of having to be clever, having to be academic, which I know, but which I decide against because I think everything has been said well enough.*

**EXCELLENT!**

Mr. Wilfred had suddenly jumped up, stood upright in front of Winfried and clasped his hands behind his back again.

*Excellent*, he repeated, *excellent, Winfried, you also understand GRAMMAR!*

Winfried looked up at Mr. Wilfred questioningly.

*Well, he replied, you speak grammar and bring grammar and signnar into exactly the right relationship, because that's when all is right with the world, when you do what they have just done.*

*What have I just done?*

*You have just complied with Master Kung!*

*Hmmm?*

*H-H-He means C-C-Confucius, Stephen murmured in Winfried's direction, while he himself looked up at Wilfred.*

*According to Confucius, the world is in balance again when the round is round and the square is square, Mr. Wilfred said. In your case, the pressure was just a pressure and the social tension was just a social tension. This is how signals, how signnar should interact with grammar; as something that comes to representation, and that in and with this representation allows a quality, qualia, to emerge. For example, an urge to have to be clever; that is a qualia around which you can think something.*

*Stop, Winfried said. So whoever was calmed down to some extent as a baby, , whoever does not have an overwhelming signal, will manage to say their signal signs with the means of grammar, which can also unfold with these signs?*

*T-T-That's exactly what Stephen said, and that's exactly what Mr. Wilfred said, a-a-and these signals can then be called fully formed signals or emotions or simply a-a-as Q-Q-Qualia,*

Stephen then continued, *because grammatologically o-o-or s-s-semiotically they are nothing other than qualia or Q-Q-Qualia s-s-signs.*

Suddenly, Mr. Wilfred turned to the side, then again, looking towards the railing. *You see, that's what it comes down to in the end,"* he said, stomping off towards the edge of the large terrace. *You see, that's what it comes down to in the end; the reasonably cured people take the word out of your mouth.*

Again, Mr. Wilfred began to walk up and down in front of the glistening blue sky, again, nobody said anything at first. *But that's how it should be, right?* Winfried wanted to say; just as something is on the tip of your tongue when the content of a symbol touches you and continues to write itself in your own universe of discourse. And subsequently continues to do so until something formulates itself and then articulates itself, which is an extended progression, a real progression. *But that's how it's supposed to be at the end of a cure, right?* came out of Winfried, which is why a *"I speak with a different mouth than at the beginning"* flowed out.

*Grammar should flow and one should finally speak, finally speak at all,* it flowed out of Mr. Wilfred, *instead of shouting or signaling forever and turning everything into signals until everything is just shouting and screaming like on a battlefield or like in the everyday life and used language of most people. I've already told Rosemary that and I've already told Alice that and I've already told Roland that,*

*and then the Memoir of the Future wrote itself, then it surged forward and upward, and the machine gun fire faltered and died.*

*You see, Winfried, psychoanalysis is learning to speak, actually learning to speak; psychoanalysis is becoming a grammarian and learning to free grammar from signnar, with which one also learns to narrate, actually narrate. But when I say that, I am talking about the future, telling stories about the future, recalling a future that is perhaps being buried underneath a new barrage of machine gun fire. But at least I am telling, or letting grammar tell and grammar itself lead to the next glances and symbols, to its own next acts, and I am probably more reminiscent of Buck Mulligan than of Freud, because psychoanalytic storytelling itself may need to be purged of Freud and his infatuation with signnar, but....*

... But by then Winfried was no longer listening but wondering whether someone had just thrown him into a *Ulysses* and since *Stephen Dedalus* was sitting next to him and since *Buck Mulligan* was almost escalating again in front of him, in front of this glistening blue sky that was as glistening as the one on his own terrace. And maybe he had just been sitting on his own terrace the whole time anyway, but telling stories and letting grammar flow and thus allowing aesthetics to emerge; because aesthetics always emerge when textures rule and their relations complement and break and create rhythms and sequences; create sequences of meaning. *T-T-Then grammar wins a-a-against all a-a-attacks of signnar*, Winfried made Stephen say in response;

and *only in storytelling do we become truly free*, Mr. Wilfried added; *in grammatically driven seeequeenzing, which is modern storytelling*. But then Winfried, or Wilfred, said, who can tell when the storytelling is flowing; when *new psychoanalytical storytelling* is flowing and the sun is glistening through the windows; glistening on the play mat on which Ezra and Tim are crawling; crawling towards the light, because Dane had said, *Take them, I want to sleep some more*. Then Tim was already hopping on his lap as he, as I, I, slowly wrote these last lines with one hand. Or grammar does that; does it through me. *Hop Hop Hop*. Good job, darling, Tim.

*Oh, is all I can say, thank you, Wilfred.*

*Thank you, Wilfred Rupert Bion, for turning me into a wild ass.*

*And for your transformations, your memoirs, that are the zoo in which I find a place.*