

The Patient Comes to Love the Therapist and the Therapist Goes on to Write

An abstract
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Is it imaginable that the contact we seek with each other is ultimately to be found in the spaces we can create only on the page? One boy spends several minutes turning himself over and around on the couch until the movement seems to have little to do with sitting. Another arrives with a small blue Lego gem which he leaves on the table next to us while we begin to play a different game. Both events invite a certain inversion: the inconsequential becomes the ground and as such is outside our capacity to speak of it. What are we to do with language when it is no longer the instrument of our exchanges? When we find ourselves unable to speak of something we discover a writing that precedes language. What happens cannot be written but within writing itself something happens.

We meet the patient in conversation but these are always set in the larger, perpetual movements of language. Events like turnings and tiny blue gems invite us toward ways of writing as well as to certain writers. In this proposed contribution I write in order to meet the patient as well as the thoughts of Maurice Blanchot on the subject of writing itself. Writing is not a recounting nor a conjuring but the only way other meets other.