The Session is a Dream About the Hour

An Abstract

By

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His fingers barely brush the toy rocket ship on the shelf. He says something I can’t hear. We are silent for a long time.  The silence acquires a strange elasticity; reaching toward an anticipated end in eventual conversation while drawing back into an ever fuller nothingness.  Touching the toy releases every object in the room to its infinite anonymities, and time neither stops nor continues according to our familiar definitions.

Our being together is a movement of gathering and dispersing, of coming and going,  a turning and a rhythm of perpetual displacement. The session is a dream about the hour.

It is no longer simply a matter of asking how one writes about our time with patients but an invitation to recognize that writing has always been a movement without origin or direction. The event is already a writing, which is also always an event. Whoever we think we are when we meet in our consultation rooms comes down to how we put words together somewhere else.  Whatever lines we compose have come and gone before, undoing the relevance of the idea of a ‘before.’ If writing departs from itself, exchanging voice, tense, author, and reader for an “infinite conversation” (Blanchot), is ethics then a question of poetics and poetics a theory of time?

This proposed contribution to the seminar, which I am calling, ‘The Session is a Dream About the Hour,‘  is a coming together and wandering off of clinical details and theoretical speculations on time and writing.