

AN ETHIC OF UNCERTAINTY

To tie yourself to something: an orchard, a forest, a plant, a word

Tie yourself to something that has roots so as not to get lost.

Some people, when their lives are disarmed, return to their parents' house. Others have
nowhere to return.

I went back to the camp (...)

Time without narratives, without stories. The time of the plain

Federico Falco. The plains

I quote this Argentine author, who this way ends the narrative of how he dealt with the grief:

He rented a house in a semi-depopulated place of the Llanura Pampeana. There he set up an orchard and kept a diary of his vicissitudes: failures, progress, uncertainties, learning.

Once I accompanied a traveler on his first visit to the Argentine pampas. I remember his stunned expression by the silent and almost unpopulated immensity... the continuous horizon... like a sea... That's how our immigrant grandparents must have felt. I wonder if that feeling of oceanic orphanhood had to do with the prodigality with which our country embraced psychoanalysis. Could it be that this forced uprooting and this desert immensity made the difference?

Those of us who dedicate ourselves to this job of analyzing know of this instance as difficult as it is unavoidable: That circumstance of accompanying a subject in his confrontation with the fall of those certainties that sustained his life. There are those who confront the razing of the nothingness of the Other at the origin of their existence or at very early age. Others, on the other hand, are caressed with their desire until a certain urgency of life confronts them with it. There will be, therefore, diverse clinics of that encounter with the real. Clinics that

challenge us to maneuver the transfer between the place where the subject recognizes himself as gentle and that other where he appears as pure waste.

There is the overwhelming pain, that irreducible pain of those who feel thrown into an existence in which knowledge is not enough and that makes a question possible. That question that can lead us to renounce being support for the Other.

What about the nature of that pain? It could be said that it is about the irremediability of knowing that we will never be the right object that blocks that primordial lack, even with the sacrifice of the body. We will never be what was expected of us in the origin. We'll never be up to that... Among other things, because that hope was nothing more than the result of a scam, an effect of the friendly lies of the Other. And if for a moment we could put on that place, it would not be without resigning what we are not willing to resign ... That, after all, for that had its reason for being the symptom.

The primitive condition of the human new born radically links it to the one who took charge of its survival... Later, with the psychic act that founds narcissism, the subject cuts a body; a first One that separates him from the world and, in underpinning that Other, offers an image that brings confidence to that first belief.

But that condition of the signifier of not being fully one, of not signifying oneself and of referring to another and another always, disrupts that belief, giving the subject the possibility of not being everything for the Other. The object, then, which is neither one nor the other, is offered for that hole-place of existence; place to be questioned again and again in an analysis.

In the construction of the transference, the subject places his trust, makes a bet that consists of supposing knowledge to the one who listens to him. The subject of the unconscious is the effect of the analyst's intervention that marks, underlines, scans and rearranges. It is then that the analytical act can question the subject's involvement with respect to the place of

object to which he feels thrown. Here, the desire of the analyst is what drives the work. What happens when at the end of the trip the analyst falls?

It is necessary *"to bring about the fall of the imaginary guarantees of reason and meaning. (...) Lose the pleasant wrappings"*, Blaise Pascal told us, thus shedding narcissistic atavism.

Jacques Lacan points to Pascal as a milestone in Western thought because he distances himself from the Cartesian cogito, opening a new direction of the spirit that points to existence. Before the Cartesian method he vindicates intuition. Lacan tells us that Pascal manifests the structure of the subject because he disbelieves in reason to confront the real; But nevertheless, he bets. It discards the guarantor God, Descartes' absolute reason. He cannot certify certainty of its existence but *as I do not know, I bet*, he says. To bet a movement is necessary: To hold the object, but not to shore our being in the ghost, but to, admitting it as lost, put it in cause. To do something with the object, it is necessary the turn that takes it out from under the bar and puts it in the place of the agent.

It is necessary to put aside the certainties and put the contingency first, because we have the lack. If we manage to distance ourselves from the silly fantasy repetition, one discovers certain titles to invent something different from it and thus reinvent oneself. Because those titles are the effect of confrontation with a vacuum. It is a different position regarding castration in the Other: From not having the phallus and that there is no one who has it, I do something with that nothingness.

An analysis is a course from the Other, with great capital letters, to the other, companion of living; that process that goes from the affirmation of the Father's power, which leaves the subject impotent, to the confrontation with the impossible. But that cannot be a sterile confrontation. It must open the way for us to something possible. Without certainties, without guarantees, but with an ethical commitment that bets on desire, that which the subject has to cut from the desire of the Other to appropriate it. And it is in this act that those who are by our side in life, in the family, in the community can acquire a new relevance. Since there is no

sexual intercourse, the possibility of an encounter with one's fellows that is of another kind, distinct from completeness and masses, is available. We therefore bet on a psychoanalysis that has effects on the social bond.

I do not want to dwell on devastating diagnoses. It is very evident that the post-pandemic has accentuated the most oppressive and selfish of neoliberal capitalism: the hyper-push to consumption with its false illusion of omnipotence, the gloating in ignorance sustained in media numbness, contempt for human suffering sheltered in an increasingly cynical discourse. Faced with all this, psychoanalysis must bet on its heretical role: to challenge subjects to disbelieve what civilization imposes on them in order to dare to choose.

Haeresis was the name that the Church assigned in the Middle Ages to any movement that dared to postulate something different from what was instituted by the doctrinal canon. It means "to choose", and at that time, choosing something different could cost the lives of entire villages. Today there is no necessarily blood in the face of heresy, but we would be naïve if we did not recognize other forms of sanction for the transgression of the norm of the system that is imperative of enjoyment.

The work of the analyst will then be to accompany the subject in this confrontation with his determinations, with the particularity of his position before the demands of the Other, decomposing him in the labyrinths of meaning. Accompany him, at last, in the confrontation with the uncertain as the only framework for an act of his own; but always distancing himself from the Cartesian place of the guarantor.

An analysis is a contingent option without guarantees. Mario Benedetti, the Uruguayan poet spoke of *defending the joy of certainties and the pain of being absurdly joyful*. If analysis is a bias to live better, it will be about defending a better life from the dangers of stupidity. Hopefully we are on that path.