



Psychoanalysis Against Fascism: Fascism, Terrorism, and the Fascist and Terrorist Within

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PSYCHOANALYSIS AGAINST FASCISM: FASCISM, TERRORISM, AND THE FASCIST AND TERRORIST WITHIN

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With the rise of frightening and public xenophobia, racism, and anti-Semitism; the ubiquity of terror; and the spreading, cold indifference of globalization, we must ask ourselves: What is the social role of private, individual psychoanalytic psychotherapy? In this paper, I explore both the psychic structures of sociopolitical fascism and terrorism as well as the structures of fascism and terrorism within our psyches. Through the work of Gilles Deleuze, Félix Guattari, and other theorists, interlinked with clinical vignettes, I explore the potential for the psychoanalytic session to generate a resistant, enlivening response to the violence of subjugating political-psychic systems.

Keywords: Deleuze, fascism, politics, schizoanalysis, terrorism.

I want to emphasize that everything, particularly in the field of practical psychiatry, has to be continually reinvented, started again from scratch, otherwise the processes become trapped in a cycle of deathly repetition. The precondition for any revival of analysis—through schizoanalysis, for example—consists in accepting that as a general rule ... individual and collective subjective assemblages are capable, potentially, of developing and proliferating well beyond their ordinary equilibrium. (Guattari, 1989/2000, p. 27)

With the rise of frightening and public xenophobia, racism, and anti-Semitism; the ubiquity of terror; and the spreading, cold indifference of globalization, we must ask ourselves: What is the social role of private, individual psychoanalytic psychotherapy? What is the ethical role of the psychoanalyst in the face of dehumanizing forces that work to colonize and annihilate our psychic lives? Fascist rhetoric and terrorist acts reach our hearts, shape our desires, and engender feelings of complacency. Apart from public outcry—of therapists and patients, as groups and as individuals in protest—how can we resist these forces in their micro-manifestations, their infiltration into our psychic and interpersonal spaces? How can private memories, experiences, and meanings resist the advance of fascism and terrorism into our social and psychic fabric? It is my hope that an analysis of the power of fascism and terrorism will allow us to resist and respond with a reinvented, enlivened, active, and political psychoanalytic psychotherapy. An appreciation of fascism and terrorism as symbolic structures, which destroy

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novel thought and unscripted imagination, points the way to the inauguration of a more subtle, poetic, powerful, and alive psychoanalytic psychotherapy.

The philosopher Gilles Deleuze and the psychoanalyst Félix Guattari together sought to position psychoanalysis as a social tool with social investments and social responsibilities. They wove together the theories of Freud, Marx, and Nietzsche to create a radical and revolutionary psychoanalysis, which they termed *schizoanalysis* (the term highlights the construction of a psychotherapy on the basis of marginal and uncoded experiences such as psychosis). In his preface to Deleuze and Guattari's monumental work, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, Michel Foucault (1972/1983) summarized the political and psychological force of schizoanalysis:

The major enemy, the strategic adversary is fascism. ... And not only historical fascism, the fascism of Hitler and Mussolini—which was able to mobilize and use the desire of the masses so effectively—but also the fascism in us all, in our heads and in our everyday behavior, the fascism that causes us to love power, to desire the very thing that dominates and exploits us. (p. xiii)

Foucault highlights here the impact of social forces on the psyche, as well as the potential for social resistance through a revolution within the psyche. Foucault's crystallization of Deleuze and Guattari's work as "an Introduction to the Non-Fascist Life" (p. xiii) is an ethical call-to-arms to activist-therapists. We are called upon to create a socially infused and activating psychotherapy—a truly *political* psychoanalysis (or schizoanalysis) that addresses these power dynamics directly.

Like Foucault, Deleuze, and Guattari, Fredric Jameson (1997) defined the political as the organization of our seemingly private, mundane lives, combined with either the limitation or liberation of the myriad possibilities we have for being human. Accounting for these two poles—the mundane and the possible—a fully active psychotherapy remains committed to the personal aspects of intrapsychic and intersubjective explorations but also focuses on the interlacing of the social and the private, the interplay between external and internal dynamics. A commitment to confronting these forces in psychoanalysis enables us to open new and lively possibilities in the topographies of our patients' lives as well as our own, thus spreading a sense of aliveness to the people around us. Where better to glimpse and resist fascism and terrorism than in the subtle introspection and intimate exchange of the analytic session? Where could it be worse to replicate these suppressive structures?

The Function of Fascism

Schizoanalysis tends to evade clearly delineated and stable representational definitions of its tools, terms, and targets, as rigid definitions may replicate the fascist structure. In line with Deleuze and Guattari's antirepresentational stance, this paper traces *functions* rather than definitions of fascism and anti-fascism. I am

looking for the resistant elements that form and leave open a terrain, rather than a map, of a psychoanalysis against fascism and terrorism.

Nonetheless, to start with some tentative, orienting components: *Fascism* may be regarded as the elevation of a group identity (the State, the global, but also psychoanalytic formulations such as the Oedipus complex) to an a priori axiom that is indifferent to variations in the lives of its group's members (Deleuze & Guattari, 1972/1983). At the level of the State, fascism pertains to the elevation of a narrow, naturalized, chauvinistic group identity (e.g., being a White American) to the exclusion—initially symbolic but inevitably violent—of any members of the group that may challenge this hegemonic identity (e.g., the myriad complexity of people living in America *and* the diversity within White Americans). At the level of the global, fascism pertains to colonizing countries and first-world nations setting a standard (of economy, of culture, of living well) that is predicated on the continued (and inevitably active) impoverishment of third-world countries. At the psychic level, finally, fascism pertains to the imposition, on the individual, of truncated concepts (e.g., any *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* diagnostic category), explanatory dynamics (e.g., any cognitive-behavioral therapy schema, but also many psychoanalytic explanatory metaphors), or processes (e.g., prescriptive notions of developmental health or pathology). These categories preexist the particular psychic qualities of the individual's life and resist being modified by the particular components of his or her psychic life (e.g., they ignore how *this* depression transforms the category of depression itself).

It is necessary to appreciate that although fascism is often violent, more importantly, it is foremost a form of passive coercion and cooption as it imperceptibly narrows the field of life's possibilities. When fascism takes hold of the imagination, one cannot be creative or think novel thoughts. We are left with two dominant possibilities. The foremost response to fascism is conformity—people whose lives are constricted by fascism but who love their roles and flourish in them. Should we challenge their conformity? The alternative response to fascism is terrorism—people who attempt to violently break with fascist reality or destroy reality itself. Can we resist their violence but also let ourselves be transformed by them?

The Case of Shine: Deadness and a Glimpse of the Fascist Within

In Lewis Carroll, everything begins with a horrible combat, the combat of depths: things explode or make us explode, boxes are too small for their contents ... Everything in depth is horrible, everything is nonsense ... Alice progressively conquers surfaces ... She creates surfaces. Movements of penetration and burying give way to light lateral movements of sliding. (Deleuze, 1997/1993, p. 21)

Fascism leaves no option but for us to desire against our interests (Buchanan, 2008). Deleuze and Guattari (1972/1983) argued that desire (the unconscious,

the id, drives) is *productive*, counter to the Freudian (Oedipal) and Lacanian models of desire, which hold that desire is inexorably linked to *lack*. Deleuze and Guattari asserted that desire is inherently free and undirected. Only under certain conditions, such as those of fascism (e.g., Oedipal binary family options of identification), is desire yoked to lack. Fascism ties our desire to interests that are not our own, that do not derive from our own spontaneous, materially sensible movements. Of course, it is relatively easy to surmise that a woman who supports a misogynistic president or an immigrant who supports a xenophobic government might (unconsciously) experience his or her desires as shackled to that of affluent others and want what is against their own interests. Their desires have been coopted and their spontaneous imagination collapsed by a fear of nonconformity and disenfranchisement. They regress to the mean, toward what is constantly withheld from them, and live out what Sartre (1948/1995) aptly described as the *culture of mediocrity*. Schizoanalysis enables us to bring to the fore and shed light upon these processes of cooption and collapse, not only in our overtly political choices but also as they occur in our daily lives where fascism often hides in plain sight.

Shine is the only one of my patients who responded to the recent presidential elections with indifference. She felt that her individual and family problems were more pressing and separate from her political concerns. Shine was recently devastated to discover that her husband had sustained a secret, parallel family life for the duration of their marriage. She was crushed and uncontrollably enraged when she first came to therapy. While Shine primarily wanted to process her shock and gain control over her fury, we also focused on helping her dismantle the disturbing feeling of contentment she had felt throughout her 40 years of marriage.

Her treatment has been productive in many ways: Shine is no longer depleted, she has perspective on recent events and on her life, she has insight into the conflicts that led her to accept her ghostly life over the past 40 years, and she is discovering her inner, true wishes and aspirations. However, I strongly feel that neither she, nor the parts of her that are also in me, nor the treatment, are alive in any radical sense. Of course, we could further explore how the deadness in the treatment is a reiteration of the terrorist actions of her husband and reflective of her father's acquiescence to her mother's break with fidelity. And so on. But this seductive series of metaphorically structured sensibilities, while tracing the displacements of deadness, does not address how *deadness*, as a quality of life itself, can become a property of her life or of anyone's life. What is the mechanism and function of deadness? What vibrancy and sense of aliveness would replace her slow and repetitive deaths?

Each moment in therapy has the potential of bringing to the fore of Shine's life a particle of aliveness that is *ek-static*, that is, a particle of aliveness that stands radically outside the duality of fear-terror and comfort-control. When I glimpse such a particle, I encourage her to see it, to feel it, and to pause with it. We have

had many such moments together, including sharing events such as the birth of Shine's grandson and the death of her father, as well as the development of small life changes such as practicing yoga or starting the rainbow diet—all of which were lines of flight out of the grasp of fascism, in a manner particular to Shine. Most, though, were reabsorbed by the process of fascism, collapsed back into either fear or control. Often the fear of novelty, of becoming abjected from the grid of personal and social recognition, drove one or the other of us to seek refuge in the comfort of recognition and understanding. But on occasion, a moment erupted into a joyful and often fearful experience of stepping into an antiduallectical uncertainty.

This glimpse into the fascist within us goes beyond introspection and for that matter exceeds the extro-spection of the analyst's observations as well. It is perhaps best described as an ekstro-spection, a view from without, a glimpse of the forces that tunnel our desires and manifest not only in the content (conscious or unconscious) of the session but in the very limits of the fabric of our work. This glimpse must be complemented by a blind gesture, a pulling of the patient—and with her the therapist and the treatment and the world—to a place outside of our symbolic universe of common sensibilities.

This pull outside is set in motion by the therapist when he or she functions not as a knowing, reflective, or dialogical other but as an Other-function, whose role it is to pull the patients' gaze beyond the logic of the situation. This function of the therapist is emblematic of Deleuze's (1969/1990) notion of *the Other*.

The error of philosophical theories is to reduce the Other sometimes to a particular object, and sometimes to another subject. ... The Other is initially a structure of the perceptual field, without which the entire field could not function as it does. That this structure may be actualized by real characters, by variable subjects—me for you and you for me—does not prevent its preexistence, as the condition of organization in general. (p. 307)

When the therapist inhabits the position of such an *Other*, he or she becomes a function, a bend in the patient's sensibilities that pulls the patient's desires toward unimagined possibilities of life. This is the complementary inverse of Bion's (1967) "no history [memory] and no future [desire]" (p. 17), which is problematically politically neutral. I am not suggesting we confront our patients directly on their inner or overt fascism but rather reorient the therapeutic apparatus toward a horizon outside of the fascism of our common sense. This is a horizon of excess, discomfort, and overwhelm—or in other words (if we allow for some affirmative hope in dark times) a horizon of joy, excitement, and feeling alive.

Being an Other in this manner exceeds analyzing the way in which the patient is configured by a matrix of fascist reasoning and beyond recognizing the patient's undetermined possibilities. It is a mix of Tai-Chi and Alice in Wonderland—the patient, unbalanced, reaches out to grab you, with whatever intention, and you skillfully make yourself not there; she is not there and together

you stumble down the rabbit hole. It requires a level of skill I have not yet fully reached except in a handful of moments with each patient. At one such moment, with Shine, her resentment at having to pay for her missed sessions had built up:

“I didn’t know you could be cruel like that,” she says with a surprising energy of play and of venom. “I’ve become brave,” I retort with a smile, and add, with a certain tone of a defensive, pushing back. “You’ve taught me well.”

Bravery had been an often invoked concept in our sessions. Shine had been brave in leaving her mother’s home, brave in raising children as an immigrant, brave in asserting herself with her husband throughout their marriage, brave in confronting him in his infidelity, and was now in the midst of considering which would be braver, to leave him or to stay. It is our code for her agency and power. What makes my reiteration of bravery different? What makes it schizoanalytic and what makes my latter comment a collapse of that moment back into representations and metaphors?

The mention of bravery, colored by irony, was a moment in which we met around a concept that had been part of our shared language about Shine’s life. But suddenly—through irony, parody, or mimesis—we were untethered in our abilities to locate ourselves in the concept of bravery. My reiteration was playfully inserted at this moment in which she was exploding at me and being brave herself, initiating “horrible combat, the combat of depths.” I was suddenly brave too, but my bravery seemed new and strange. My bravery in this new configuration was so unstable, hovering between a reflection and a mirage, that it pulled her, and me with her, out of the clarity of the moment. This loss of locatability, if left to percolate, could have reverberated and reshuffled the entire series of bravery and with it the series of agency and power in our relationship. My comment pulled her into a surface realm that was, for both of us, new, undefined, nonsensical, and vast.

The latter comment about her teaching me well, which I immediately regretted, especially ruining the tinge of mastery in my tone, was fascism reasserting itself. The spontaneous, joyful excess was reabsorbed into a dialectic of power: a suggestion that I know what bravery is, and how it functions for Shine and, most regrettably, an assertion that Shine also knows what bravery is for her, for me, and in general. Irony turned into sarcasm, for if I had been brave enough to let go of the safety in the semblance of clarity of her past and our dynamics I would not have caught us both before we went tumbling into a wonderland, a place where this joy could have led to a sliding transformation of meanings.

Fascism as Structure

Fascism is still around us, sometimes in plainclothes. It would be so much easier, for us, if there appeared on the world scene somebody saying, “I want to reopen Auschwitz, I want the Black Shirts to parade again in the Italian squares.” Life is not that simple. (Eco, 1995, para. 53)

Two decades after Umberto Eco's preceding statement, we find it coming true—we live in the dawning of an era where the previously dormant Black Shirts are parading across the globe. Eco's analysis suggests that resisting fascism is not a question of *content* but of *form*, for fascism was always “a *fuzzy* [emphasis added] totalitarianism, a collage of different philosophical and political ideas, a beehive of contradictions” (para. 18). The power of fascism is predicated on its ambiguity, on its ability to keep its privileged social categories fuzzy and full of contradiction. This enables the elevated identity of the fascist to remain unchallenged.

Under fascism's terms, those in power have the (performative) semblance of being full and natural subjects; no one else can meet the criteria to be a full and natural subject without inherently failing to qualify. This criteria varies from regime to regime: For State fascism it is the value of the nation, beyond the people. For totalitarianism it is the centralization of leadership, beyond the party. For capitalism it is the force of capital, beyond the exchange of money. For globalism it is the flag of universality, beyond people. At the level of the psyche, this truth takes the form of what Eco (1995) called Ur-Fascism, the Eternal Fascism, Deleuze and Guattari's (1972/1983) *fascist within*.

Schizoanalysis argues that fascism not only overtly pressures our free desires but covertly *creates* desires that can be directed and steered by fascism. The psychoanalytic notion of fascism was most profoundly articulated by Wilhelm Reich (1933/1970), who introduced the paradigm of the masses, the *desire* for the fascism of the Nazi party, into the discourse of psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis, following Reich, leads us to believe that people under the influence of fascism desired Hitler and Stalin and still desire political embodiments of capitalism, totalitarianism, and globalization. But, Deleuze and Guattari (1972/1983) argued, fascism is not limited to the failings of the revolutionary party, nor to terrorist dictatorship, but rather functions more broadly and surreptitiously to arraign and arrange people's way of being in the world. At the level of the individual, fascism as the symbolic structure, alongside the State/global manifestation, creates an eviscerated subject who has a false sense of agency and whose desires are not his or her own.

The fascist within is not an internalization of objects or dynamics but rather the channeling and shaping of our micro, core desires in a manner aligned with the macro ideology of fascism. We can feel its work on us when we use hegemonic categories like American and Western but also when we use majoritarian concepts like *depression*, *trauma*, *family*, and so on, in a manner that communicates that we seem to know what we mean, when these terms seem to come from an abstract but solid (Platonic) world from which knowledge flows only outwardly and downward. It is the sense of confidence or unease we may have when we measure *this* person against an idealized subject whose qualities are seldom well articulated and are impervious to the immanent-material situation of this specific person.

The resonating structure of fascism at its different levels—global/state/capitalism and psyche—highlights the creation of a shared sensibility, a shared construction of our desires and worldview, by the mechanism of fascism at its different levels. It is important to note that neither Deleuze and Guattari, nor I here, are suggesting the simple equation of Hitler or Stalin with contemporary figures in world politics or economy. Nor would we reduce the horrors of the Holocaust or the Gulag by juxtaposing these with the capitalist frenzy of Black Friday. Nonetheless, a *structural* resonance does permeate these figures and events and determines a sensibility that is shared by those who democratically chose and continued to support the National Socialist German Workers' Party, those who fervently denounced their own family members in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics or the People's Republic of China, and those presently assaulting each other over discounted merchandise throughout the democratic world. State fascism, capitalism, and globalization elevate one concept (the State, capital, equivalency) while destroying all others (ethnicity, gender, family, kinship, friendship). Furthermore, these systems rely upon, maintain, and create economic poverty in order to shape our desires: in the case of the state, through war; in the case of capitalism, by taking our money, our minds, our time, our work, and our abilities and abstracting them as capital, into the market; and, in the case of globalization, by liquidating cultural differences under the sign of equality measured by a Western standard (Illich, 1973). This leads to a shared sensibility of hate and dehumanization between one who would shoot a fellow consumer to death for a parking spot on Black Friday and one who would target and assault a member of a racial minority. Life becomes abstracted as an inessential commodity value: of a fleshy body in war in the name of the state, of time in capitalism in the name of market freedom, or of a society's fiscal and cultural deficit in the hegemonic modernity of globalism. These abstracted sensibilities created by a *society of control* (Deleuze, 1992) can then easily slip into more concrete *societies of power* (Foucault, 1976/1990), which produce violence and death.

So what can we do?

The Case of Glossy: Antirepresentation and the Concept

Post-industrial capitalism ... tends increasingly to decentre its sites of power, moving away from structures producing goods and services towards structures producing signs, syntax, and ... subjectivity. ... It is no longer possible to be opposed to capitalist power only from the outside, through trade unions and traditional politics. It is equally imperative to confront capitalism's effect in the domain of mental ecology in everyday life: individual, domestic, material, neighborly, creative or one's personal ethics. (Guattari, 1989/2000, pp. 32–33)

The fantasies of a natural resistance from the outside and the freedom to choose are hallmarks of capitalism, which hide the evaporation of all personal creativity and ethics produced by this fascist system. Schizoanalysis advocates a resistance from within

capitalism: The schizoanalytic solutions are transcendental empiricism, repetition of difference, becoming, killing metaphor, antirepresentationalism, and hypercapitalism. In short: bringing the disintegrating process of capitalism (all concepts are tentative) to bear on the process of elevating concepts (all concepts become capital)—to collapse the fuzzy duality of fascism so that life, novelty, and hope can materialize in the cracks (from within, as it were)—a between-the-spaces at the level of *the concept*, not the subject. This process allows for fascistically determined concepts (delineated categories, emotions and processes attributed to an individualized self, moral and ethical preconfigurations) to collide with vibrant concepts (singular, chance, idiosyncratic moments). Each grouping or category is then modified by each additional member of the group, or instance of a category. In this process we change through an open and surprising becoming, not through resolving our issues and grouping them into necessary qualities and categories.

Why do we desire against our interests? Because our lives, our thinking, our wishes, our feelings are hierarchically grouped by fascism. Deleuze and Guattari (1980/1987) proposed organizing the elements that comprise our lives as a myriad of vibrant concepts. Vibrant concepts are concepts that have no external goals, focal points, or constraints. They traverse the private and the political—linking both and privileging neither—but also open up this space for novel possibilities of private-political life. We must “think afresh the concepts of the political, that is, create them, outside politics” (Villani, 2006, p. 241). Linking the private and political in the treatment room requires our attention to float across both the flow of our own and our patients’ private lives and their political reappropriations. To achieve the vibrancy of private-political notions we must promote concepts that arise spontaneously from the fabric of the ideas themselves and promote aliveness in the lives of the analyst, the patient, and people in the world at large. Schizoanalysis is a no-person psychoanalysis in the sense that the true object of analysis is the vibrant concept, not the subject, and in that it includes the world and the transformation of the world as part of the intersubjective field. The focus is on vibrant concepts (often in the form of transformational nouns such as becoming water, becoming pain, becoming curiosity, becoming sadness) that come up in treatment out of the lives of the analyst/patient/world and that avoid preorganizing concepts (in the case of psychoanalysis, adjectives such as developmental, pathological, relational).

Glossy came from an immigrant family, the grandchild of four Holocaust survivors. Throughout her childhood, her grandparents’ experiences of fear, death, and loss were frequently retold and relived; but, although their terror was alluded to, its immediacy was covered over by a fragmented narrative and repetitive performances of muffled sadness, leaving Glossy feeling disconnected from vibrant memory and frustrated in her mourning. Glossy’s parents had experienced a childhood saturated with these subdued recollections and had

become numb and indifferent to the sufferings of others, including that of their two daughters.

Glossy's elder sister had protected and enlivened her in their shared childhood years. They moderated through play their parents' self-involved, indifferent aggression and depression. Eventually, however, Glossy's sister escaped down the path of least resistance, which in her case meant following her parents' normative expectations of college, marriage, children, and a dispassionate life. Glossy, who longed for the truth of the heroics and suffering of her grandparents' past and subsequently searched for it down the path of most resistance, was left on her own. As she recalled this loneliness to me, terror seemed frozen in her body, and while crying softly, she struggled to access the terror of being left alone with her parents' deadness.

The enlivenment of these recollections did not last long. After several similar sessions, Glossy became bored with the repetition of the same sadness. Would it have helped her at these moments to ground herself in her body, in the deep sadness that her crying seemed to signify, and through this lead to grief and mourning? Would it have helped for me to witness her sadness and align with the respectful listening with which she sustained her relationship with her grandparents? Would Glossy have been able to reconnect with her feelings if she gained insight into the transgenerational impact of her grandparents' loss and the generational inability to truly and not just theatrically mourn? While Glossy's patterns of terror could be traced to her personal/familial past, I believe that creating depth by grounding in her, me, or our relationship would only have displaced the inquiry into the function of such loss, the narrow subject it produces, and the radical subject it hides, and therefore would have pulled us away from the repeated structure of deadness.

Deleuze (1968/1994) reversed the temporality of repetition so that we are not looking for an element that was suppressed and then repeatedly expressed through a repetition compulsion. Rather each repetition is an attempt to create a novel difference, one that would reverberate *through the future and then back through time* and transform the entire series of repetitions. In Glossy's case it is becoming dead in the session that binds the repetitions of deadness in her childhood, then with her parents, then with her grandparents, then in the Holocaust and across space and back through time. The challenge is not to glean the novel difference hidden in the series and aspire to a future without repetitions (which leaves past repetitions intact) but to find the difference that is and was folded into all repetitions and that once released reverberates throughout the series and radically enlivens all past instances. Glossy's challenge and my challenge with her is not to enable her to be alive in a way that was not possible until now but rather to discover with her an aliveness that would deconstruct the structure of deadness itself, and the aliveness in her and her family's past.

I encouraged Glossy to recall her myriad experiences of deadened repetitions as a list of images while suspending her interpretations and judgments as to

what deadness might be. Among other moments, Glossy remembered flipping through television channels on Holocaust Memorial Day in Israel. She recalled becoming averse to yet another horrifying and incomprehensible black-and-white attempt to represent the impossible. She recalled her stomach turning at the masquerade of memory and seemingly effortless depiction. She recalled trying to hold on to the duality of terror and denial that such portrayals, she felt, were trying to dismiss and flee. I remembered my own experience of having read through the newspaper's depiction of international terror, only to discover it was not today's paper—perhaps yesterday's, perhaps from years ago. I felt the nausea of history's endless repetitions.

Glossy's experience of her family was one instance in which everyday terrors pass as acceptable. Her sadness in the session with me was that of disconnection itself, the structure of the doubly disavowed banality of death and of simultaneously having to move on. Glossy recalled her sister telling her—both empathically (trying to mitigate her suffering) and dejectedly (sharing in her own exhausted frustration)—not to take pity on herself; there were people worse off than they. This statement struck down Glossy's feelings and foreclosed her attempts to validate the shared matter of their history. This, we discover, is the *ideological style* of her dissociation. This is not her psychopathology but her deadness in a world of endless equivalences.

This mundaneness of terror, this acquiescence to terror, and this exhaustion of resistance are all symptoms of fascism as it narrows our world and makes us conform to the world we are re-presented and re-present. George Bataille (1995), in "Accounts Given by the Residents of Hiroshima," addressed the desensitization to the violence of fascism that conditions our collective choice of war and terror. Bataille argued that not only has terror become paralyzingly mundane but also that fascism encourages us to desire and consume terror. Bataille (1947/1995) went as far as to argue that it is when we elaborate terror narratives with emotions that we may dive deeper into a reflection on the event that hides its meaning, "so much so that feeling cannot be the point of departure for action" (p. 228). Our task, rather, is to follow the path of most resistance, as Glossy had done as a child and as we did in treatment together, and pursue the horrible truth behind the manifest terror.

Bataille (1947/1995) insisted that rather than shake our head at how mundane terror has become and insist on the terror of terror, we must resist the underlying investment of fascism in creating a system so hermetically closed that terrorism seems the only equivalently powerful counterresponse. Bataille wrote that "the tens of thousands of victims of the atom bomb are on the same level as the tens of millions whom nature yearly hands over to death ... horror is everywhere the same" (p. 228). Bataille's difficult words are not intended to produce indifference but rather highlight the politics of terror, war, and violence as they hide systematic investments in suffering by pretending that all terrors are

representable. In line with Bataille, schizoanalysis suggests that it is the promise of the representability of terror that encourages our desire for terror. Such representation offers the false lure and comfort of intelligibility seducing us into believing we can contain the unimaginable. Representation hovers like mirrored specter to horror. It is a doubling of dissociation. Baudrillard (2002/2012) explained that

in the Enlightenment, universalization occurred by excess, in an ascending course of progress. Today it occurs by default, by a flight into the lowest common denominator. This is how it is with human rights, democracy, and freedom: their explanation corresponds to their weakest definition. (p. 68)

Is this not what happens when we meet our patients' horror with a semblance of recognition? Are we not then assuming to be able to represent horror? In effect, by offering to witness our patients' terror, we are collapsing horror to its lowest common denominator, a flight into the weakest generalities. Baudrillard went on to argue that the obscenity of globalization, "the global diffusion of anything and everything over the networks [of universal values]" (p. 68), puts an end to universality. There are no more values that are not equally everywhere exchangeable in the global, capitalist market, and nothing is then particularly obscene.

The Case of Matte: One Among a Thousand Vibrant Forms of Love

No longer can we rely on the safeguarding role of the limited scope of our acts: It no longer holds that, whatever we do, history will go on. For the first time in human history, the act of a single sociopolitical agent effectively can alter and even interrupt the global historical process. (Žižek, 2007, para. 3)

If we accept the insight that our desires and representations are already coopted by fascism, what will sustain the power of a single sociopolitical agent when he or she is free? Deleuze and Guattari (1980/1987), alongside others (see, e.g., Baudrillard, 2002/2012; Culp, 2016; Edelman, 2004), suggested that in escaping the social-symbolic hegemony we are, like terrorists, risking death: We destroy or fall out of the symbolic matrix that keeps our subjectivity acceptable to those who would safeguard our humanity. Nonetheless, these same theorists insist that relinquishing the conditions of this matrix is the only adequate response to hegemonic globalization if we want to live and be free. But does the death of the imagination—inaugurated and spread like a plague across our psychic and physical universe by fascism, globalization, and terror—necessitate an equally forceful and total response? Must we save ourselves from death by risking death, terrorizing globalization back? Is death the only singularity? The all-out risk of death feels to me to be tainted by individuality and abstraction—hallmarks of fascism. But if one feels responsible for *specific* others, particularly younger than

oneself (with more future than oneself, I dare to hope), this could potentially protect against fascist abstraction, protect against the privileged sacrifice of others in the name of revolution. Perhaps we do not have to destroy each other or the world with us, but to hate its hateful parts and gently risk going beyond survival into *love*.

Love, however, is often coopted by fascism, particularly when it takes the form of recognition. Recognition of subjectivity, like the representation of horror, assumes an elevated subject that can recognize, and an elevated qualification of what it means to be a subject. Only the recognizer fully holds this power, even if the recognizing subject is dependent on the recognized (this is the heart of Deleuze and Guattari's, 1972/1983, critique of the Hegelian slave–master dialectic). For love to escape the dialectics of fascism, Deleuze and Guattari (1972/1983) as well as Baudrillard (2002/2012) suggested that it must take a form of reciprocal giving in which both people are radically transformed as subjects. This radical transformation, like the Deleuzian other, is a mutual pulling of each person beyond themselves. Love, then, is not a recognition of the other, nor an experience of the self, but an *experimentation* where both self and other become something less individual and more singular (Protevi, 2003). Deleuze and Guattari wrote the following on love:

What does it mean to love somebody? It is always to seize that person in a mass, extract him or her from a group, however small, in which he or she participates, whether it be through the family only or through something else; then to find that person's own packs, the multiplicities he or she encloses within himself or herself which may be of an entirely different nature. (Deleuze & Guattari, 1972/1983, p. 35)

To love is to release the other from his or her servitude to pre-scribed categories and concepts and allow him or her to become vibrant multiplicities. To love is an anti-fascist transformation. This transformation pertains to both lover and loved, allowing the other's transformations to transform me, "to join them to mine, to make them penetrate mine, and for me to penetrate the other person's ... multiplicities of multiplicities" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1972/1983, p. 35). Love requires, as Baudrillard emphasized, a truly reciprocal exchange.

An example of reciprocal exchange of transformative love can sometimes be found when parents give love to their children. This giving can be endless in scope but is always reciprocal if the parents are also synchronically transformed into parents. It is not the giving of gifts, emotional or material, that is love but rather the transformation of the lover. It is for this reason that Baudrillard (2002/2012) insisted that money is not symbolic and cannot balance love. Our patients cannot balance our love for them in this manner. To enable reciprocity, it is our responsibility, as therapists, to become profoundly and unexpectedly transformed, become a radically new kind of subject, by each and every patient we love.

It is the unwillingness to be transformed by the other that is fascist. This is true not only in the sense that the fascist refuses to remedy the pain of the disenfranchised but more profoundly that this rigidity was the original producer of the subject in need. If we are not transformed, we leave those we recognize, however well meaning we are, with no choice but to reverse the humiliation and threat of recognition through a terrorist resolution. In treatment this can take the form of resignation or revolt, through the patient's own (symbolic or real) death, the death of the treatment, or the death of the therapist (in termination or the collapse of the therapist's humanity and the therapeutic bond into a cold professional-commercial function).

Matte grew up in an insular Ultra-Hassidic community. His adherence to his family and community's cultural and religious beliefs and practices were reinforced by rigid surveillance and even violence. Despite his community's continuous rejection of his own diverging interests and differing style of belief, he continued to attempt to be present and expressive. While Matte was given to by his family and community, through their violent colonization of his mind and heart, they would not be changed by his singularity, would not allow him to give to them.

In our first session, Matte recounted his prolific understanding of and experience in psychotherapy and pressed me to tell him what I foresaw as the outcome of our work. I fumbled in the conundrum of articulating something I believe should be unique and unrepresentable, fumbled between my wish to be clear for Matte and avoid abstracting and generalizing our future work, and fumbled between my affection for his vulnerability and my annoyance with his condescension. In a moment between overwhelm and dissociation I told him that the goal of our treatment would be "a life amazing!" He teared and expressed that this "life amazing," so evocative and open, so pulling of him (and myself) outside of his depletion and depression, was his deepest and most frightening wish and hope. "A life amazing!" became our mantra throughout the treatment in dark times when we were both ready to either give in (to fascism) or give up (succumb to terrorism).

I find it easy to love Matte, who is, inspiringly, a profoundly kind person. It is, of course, a great joy for me to be transformed by Matte into an even kinder person. Trouble begins between us as soon as either of us resists the fascism of being wholly characterized as a giver. In our sessions Matte resists my love through attempts to elevate himself and belittle me as a therapist (or belittle me as a person and see me as merely a therapist). He is extremely resilient and bright and speaks down to me in the name of his knowledge of different therapeutic modalities, in light of which my contribution is always dim. He is then able to give (knowledge of therapy) to me but subsequently feels utterly lonely and destroyed. It seems that in this area in which I am supposed to be the subject that knows, I am mostly reluctant to be given to by him. We do recognize each other's vulnerabilities at such moments, but still transformation is mostly foreclosed. Like his parents, we both become transfixed.

Baudrillard (2002/2012) suggested one possible line of flight from the dialectic of fascism-terrorism that resonates with my work with Matte:

We should try to get beyond the moral imperative of unconditional respect, for human life, and conceive that one might respect, both in the other and in oneself, something other than, and more than, life (existence isn't everything, it is even the least of things): a destiny, a cause, a form of pride or of sacrifice. (p. 53)

We must get beyond our resentment of the pains of life and open ourselves, as therapists, to the terrors and joys of the world, which the patient brings in. This allows for a mutual discovery of how we—the patient, the therapist, and the world of people—find something more than our individual lives as they are currently set.

Yeshayahu Leibowitz (1997) explained that to be Hassidic means “to do those things that a person is in fact not commanded to do and is not obligated to do, but the person obliges himself or herself to do” (p. 454; my translation). Leibowitz clarifies that a Hassidic person is one who gleans God's intention, and through introspection into his own being extends in all directions and exceeds obligations, in actions and in love. We can think of being Hassidic as an attempt to render equal the symbolic exchange with God. God's excess is met with the Hassidic excess. Matte's excess is met with my excess and together we must find an excessive kind of love, an impersonal but powerful love—of God or of the transcendental social.

This love, this excess, this life amazing, this vibrant concept, and this moment of aliveness are all unique to the meeting of each patient–therapist–world. They are singular precisely because, in that they are completely political, they escape a very particular political determination. This is what Deleuze and Guattari (1972/1983) meant when they asserted that “schizoanalysis *as such* has strictly no political program to propose” (p. 380). For this reason, it is much easier, though it requires a tremendous effort, to see when we are in the hold of fascism than it is to see when we are outside of it. Outside of fascism we see, we are not blind, but seeing (or for that matter writing) schizoanalytically, without the filters of fascism, is an experience of difference and, so, an almost unrepeatable experience. These singular experiences open our psychotherapy and our lives and extricate us from the cycle of deathly repetitions that is the impasse of fascism and terrorism.

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