

WE ARE ALL WHATEVER SINGULARITIES

A love that does not die has its reasons rooted more often in the past than in the present. Certainly this is because love has less a sense of reality than it has a sense of the possible and it is closely related with the future and with the unhappened. That we love communism - and that we love it still - means for us the future exists and is not the private property of today's or tomorrow's dominants. This means that the love that allows the passing of time, that makes projects and memories possible, is not possessive, jealous, indivisible, but collective; it means that this love doesn't fear neither hate nor rage, it does not hide unarmed at home, but runs the streets and opens all closed doors.

One believes today that the affects are a private and personal matter, whereas they are the site that global government has chosen to colonize through merchandise, or terror. We all have desires and fears that we do not accept or wish to acknowledge, since they come from obligations made upon us and not from our own liking. And for example, all those other, terrible bodies of strangers who surround us, what could they share with us if not just streets, shops, and public transportation? Yet at the end of the day a possibility lies dormant at our tired fingertips, in the restless glances out of the window at cars stalled in traffic under the metropolitan sky. It is the possibility to discover that we are all whatever singularities, equally lovable and terrifying, prisoners in the meshwork of power, waiting for an insurrection that allows us to change ourselves.

That we love communism, it means we believe our lives, impoverished by commerce and information, are ready to rise in a wave that retakes the means of production of the present.

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