

Proposition VI

On the one hand, we want to live communism;
on the other, to spread anarchy.

Scholium

WE ARE LIVING through times of the most extreme separation. The depressive normality of the metropole, its lonely crowds, expresses the impossible utopia of a society of atoms.

The most extreme separation reveals the content of the word “communism.”

Communism is not a political or economic system. Communism has no need of Marx. Communism does not give a damn about the USSR. And we could not explain the fact that every decade for fifty years they have pretended to rediscover Stalin’s crimes, crying “look at what communism is!”, if they did not have the feeling that in reality everything prompts us in that direction.

The only argument that ever stood against communism was that we did not need it. And certainly, as limited as they were, there were still, not so long ago, here and there, things, languages, thoughts, places, that were shared and that subsisted; at least enough of them to not fade away. There were worlds, and they were inhabited. The refusal to think, the refusal to ask the *question of communism*, had *practical* arguments. They have been swept away. The eighties, the eighties *as they endure*, remains the

traumatic indicator of this ultimate purge. Since then all social relations have become suffering. To the point of making any anaesthesia, any isolation, preferable. In a way it is existential liberalism itself that pushes us to communism, by the very excess of its triumph.

The communist question is about the elaboration of our relationship to the world, to beings, to ourselves. It is about the elaboration of the play between different worlds, about the *communication* between them. Not about the unification of world space, but about the institution of the sensible, that is to say the plurality of worlds. In that sense communism is not the extinction of all conflict, it does not describe a final state of society after which everything has been concluded. For it is also through conflict that worlds communicate. "In bourgeois society, where the differences between men are only differences that do not relate to man himself, it is precisely the true differences, the differences of quality that are not retained. The communist does not want to create a collective soul. He wants to realise a society where false differences are scraped. And those false differences being scraped, open

all their possibilities to the true differences.” Thus spoke an old friend.

It is evident for instance that the question of what I belong to, of what I need, of what makes up my world, has been reduced to the police fiction of legal property, of what belongs to me, of what is *mine*. Something is proper to me insofar as it belongs to the field of that which I use; and not out of any juridical title. In the end, legal property has no other reality than the forces that protect it. So the question of communism is, on one hand, to do away with the police, and on the other, to elaborate modes of sharing, uses, between those who live together. It is the question that is eluded everyday with “give me a break!” and “chill out!”. Certainly, communism is not given. It has to be thought out, it has to be *made*. Almost everything that stands against it boils down to an expression of exhaustion: “But you’ll never make it... It can’t work... Humans are what they are... And it’s already hard enough to live your own life... Energy has limits, we can’t do everything.” But exhaustion is not an argument. It is a state.

So communism starts from the experience of sharing. And first, from the sharing of our needs.

Needs are not what capitalist rule has accustomed us to. *To need is never about needing things without at the same time needing worlds.* Each of our needs links us, beyond all shame, to everything that feels it. The need is just the name of the relationship through which a certain sensible being gives meaning to such or such element of his world. That is why those who have no worlds – metropolitan subjectivities for instance – have nothing but whims. And that is why capitalism, although it satisfies like nothing else the need for things, only spreads universal dissatisfaction; because to do so it has to destroy worlds.

By communism we mean *a certain discipline of the attention.*

The practice of communism, as we live it, we call “the Party.” When we overcome an obstacle together or when we reach a higher level of sharing, we say that “we are building the Party.” Certainly others, who we do not know yet, are building the Party elsewhere. This call is addressed to them. No experience of communism at the present time can survive without getting organised, tying itself to others, putting itself in crisis, waging war. “For the oases that dispense life vanish when we seek shelter in them.”

As we apprehend it, the process of instituting communism can only take the form of a collection of *acts of communisation*, of making common such-and-such space, such-and-such machine, such-and-such knowledge. That is to say, the elaboration of the mode of sharing that attaches to them. Insurrection itself is just an accelerator, a decisive moment in this process. As we understand it, the party is not an organisation – where everything becomes insubstantial by dint of transparency – and it is not a family – where everything smells like a swindle by dint of opacity.

The Party is a collection of places, infrastructures, communised means; and the dreams, bodies, murmurs, thoughts, desires that circulate among those places, the *use* of those means, the sharing of those infrastructures.

The notion of the Party responds to the necessity of a minimal formalisation, which makes us accessible as well as allows us to remain invisible. It belongs to the communist way that we explain to ourselves and formulate the basis of our sharing. So that the most recent arrival is, at the very least, the equal of the elder.

Looking closer at it, the Party could be nothing but

this: the formation of sensibility as a force. The deployment of an archipelago of worlds. What would a political force, under empire, be that didn't have its farms, its schools, its arms, its medicines, its collective houses, its editing desks, its printers, its covered trucks and its bridgeheads in the metropole? It seems more and more absurd that some of us still have to work for capital – aside from the necessary tasks of infiltration.

The offensive power of the Party comes from the fact that it is also a power of production, but that within it, the relationships are just *incidentally* relationships of production.

Through its development capitalism has revealed itself to be not merely a mode of production, but a reduction of all relations, in the last instance, to relations of production. From the company to the family, even consumption appears as another episode in the general production, the production *of society*.

The overthrowing of capitalism will come from those who are able to create the conditions for *other types of relations*.

Thus the communism we are talking about is strictly opposed to what has been historically caricatured as “communism”, and that was most of the time socialism, monopolist state capitalism.

Communism does not consist in the elaboration of *new relations of production, but indeed in the abolition of those relations.*

Not having relations of production with our world or between ourselves means never letting the search for results become more important than the attention to the process; casting from ourselves all forms of valorisation; making sure we do not disconnect affection and co-operation.

Being attentive to worlds, to their sensible configurations, is exactly what renders impossible the isolation of something like “relations of production”.

In the places we open, the means we share, it is this grace that we look for, that we experience.

To name this experience, we often hear about everything being “free” in the sense of “free shops”, “free transport”, “free meals”. We would rather speak of communism, for we cannot forget what this “freedom” implies in terms of organisation, and in the short term, of political antagonism.

So, the construction of the Party, in its most visible aspect, consists for us in the sharing or communication of what we have at our disposal. Communicating a place means: setting its use free, and on the basis of this liberation experimenting with refined, intensified, and complexified relations. If private

property is essentially the discretionary power of depriving anyone of the use of the possessed thing, communisation means depriving only the agents of empire from it.

From every side we oppose the blackmail of having to choose between the offensive and the constructive, negativity and positivity, life and survival, war and the everyday. We will not respond to it. We understand too well how this alternative divides, then splits and re-splits, all the existing collectives. For a force which deploys itself, it is impossible to say if the annihilation of a device that harms it is a matter of construction or offence, if seizing sufficient food or medical autonomy constitutes an act of war or subtraction. There are circumstances, like in a riot, in which the ability to heal our comrades considerably increases our ability to wreak havoc. Who can say that arming ourselves would not be part of the material constitution of a collectivity? When we agree on a common strategy, there is no choice between the offensive and the constructive; there is, in every situation, what obviously increases our power and what harms it, what is opportune and what is not. And when this is not obvious, there is discussion, and in the worst of cases, there is the gamble.

In a general way, we do not see how anything else but a force, a reality able to *survive* the total dislocation of capitalism, could truly attack it, could pursue the offensive until the very moment of dislocation.

When the moment will come, it will be a matter of actually turning to our advantage the generalised social collapse, to transform a collapse like the one in Argentina or the Soviet Union into a revolutionary situation. Those who pretend to split material autonomy from the sabotage of the imperial machine show that they want neither.

It is not an objection against communism that the greatest experimentation of sharing in the recent period was the result of the Spanish anarchist movement between 1868 and 1939.