Sociology of Communism

-110 OIL

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Communism as an ideology

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Kundera The Joke

- * A sense of history as myth.
- * Falling back beyond history into myth.
- * Seeing to shape the future or to recapture the past.
- * A nostalgia for human solidarity, some common past which is an amalgam of truth and legend.



Ideology and the Political

- * The distinction between friends and enemies.
- * Enemy-constructs.
- Collective identity.







Communism as a movement

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From utopia to revolution

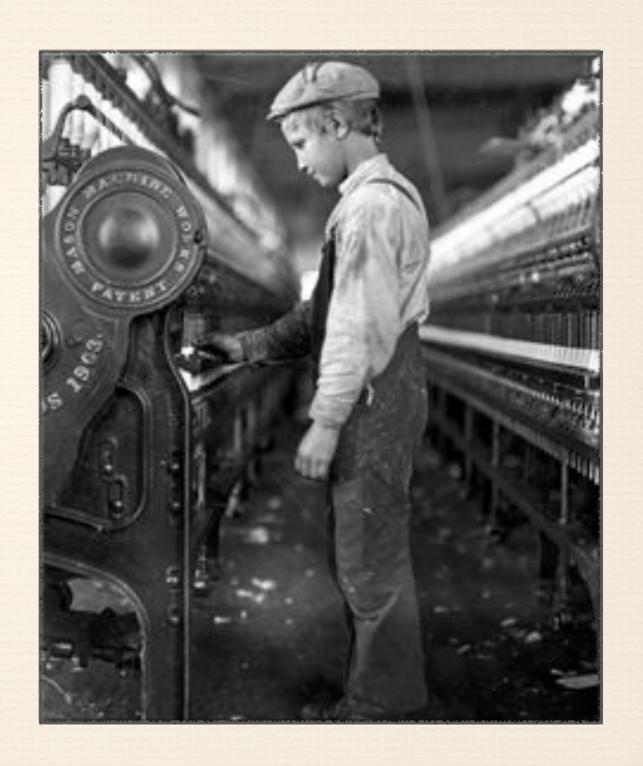
- * The passive acceptance of decisions made by legitimate experts.
- * The ruling class does not only rule but also leads.
- From a true-false dichotomy to the distinction between domination and emancipation.





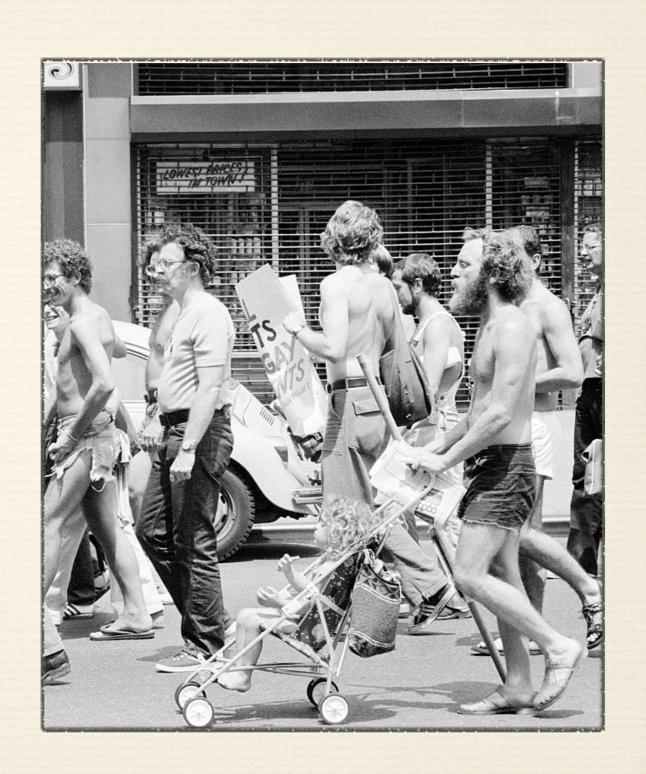
Class-consciousness

- * Georg Lukács: To destroy the fiction of the immortality of capitalism.
- * The process of modern rationalisation: people do not go beyond correct calculation of possible outcomes of their action.



Revolutionary praxis

* Who will be able to recognise the totality of society and break through the reification-structure?





Communism vs. Fascism

- * The party of a new type.
- * The militant rhetoric of struggle.
- * The methods of mass-mobilisation.





Communism as a social reality

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Political mobilisation

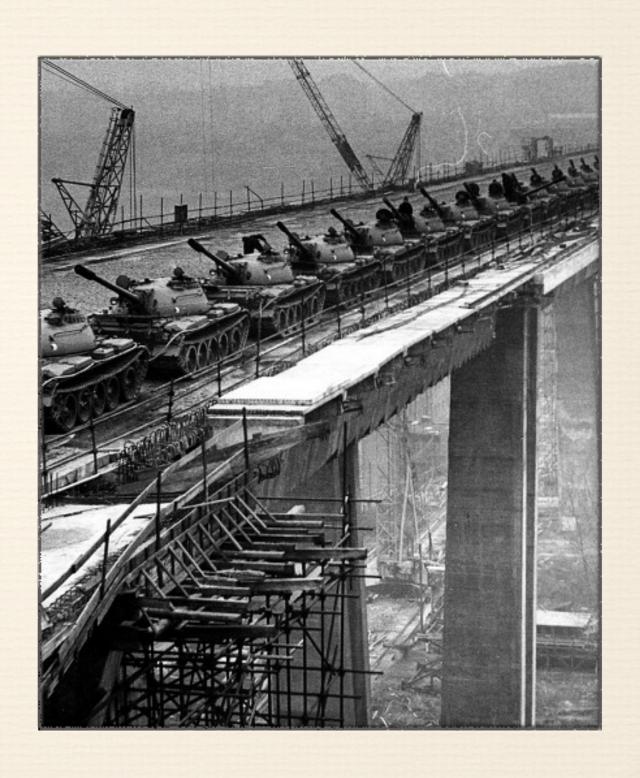
- * Youth: the capacity for enthusiasm
- An imaginaryVolksgemeinschaft





Totalitarianism

- Everything is possible and permitted.
- * To transform human nature itself.
- Human beings as dispensable resources.



Authority and its legitimacy

- * The historical narrative of emancipation
- Institutional performativity





"Suddenly I saw it all clearly. People willingly deceive themselves with a double false faith. They believe in eternal memory (of men, deeds, things) ... and in rectification (of deeds, errors, sins, injustice). Both are shams. The truth lies at the opposite end of the scale: everything will be forgotten, and nothing will be rectified. All rectification will be taken over by oblivion. No one will rectify wrongs; all wrongs will be forgotten."



"We managed to forget what was going on around us and create a magic circle of music; it was like being walled off from the drunks in a glass cabin at the bottom of the sea ... I felt happy inside of the songs ... where sorrow wasn't playful, laughter wasn't mocking, love wasn't laughable ... where love is still love, pain, pain and values free from devastation."



"I was equally aware that my home was not of this world ... that everything we sang and played was only a memory, a monument, a recreation in images of something that no longer was, and I felt the firm ground of my homeland sinking under my feet, felt myself falling ... into the depths where love is love and pain, pain, and I said to myself that my only real home was this descent, this searching eager fall, and I gave myself up to it, savoring the sensuous vertigo."

