

Eternity through the Stars, 2012

by Jeronimo Voss

Space is infinite, without boundaries and undividable, like a circle whose center is everywhere, and its outline nowhere.

There, in the rear of depths, the telescope catches sight of the nebulae, small accumulations of whitish dust. Here begins the theater of great revolutions.

Within this infinity, the theater of great revolutions must repeat itself endlessly. Countless Earths rotate in stable revolution around their suns. And with them, every possible event revolves in innumerable variations.

The medium distance in meters to the next repetition of the world known to us would be calculable in a sum of 1180 digits. This distance leads us to a point well outside our visible sphere.

Billions of editions of analogous Earths. Further billions of emerging similarities, hundreds of billions of the follies and crimes of humanity. And billions of billions of individual possibilities.

But nowhere do those duplicates cause a throng. In fact they are very rare, yet innumerable many. Our telescopes, which need to scour a considerable area, do not detect a single one of the editions of our planet.

Among a thousand million planetary systems, it is questionable if a single reproduction of our group, or parts thereof, would be detectable. But nonetheless, their number is infinite.

Within infinity, every decision made on our planet, is being made differently, somewhere else. Every second a crossroad. And for every path, every possibility, endless numbers of Earths do exist.

All that is new to us can be found long gone by on uncountable other worlds. And somewhere everything old appears as the new. In the theater of great revolutions there is no progress – Even if billions of Earths do exist on which life must seem better to us than in our own world.

Nature cannot distinguish between better or worse. It acts without intention. It destroys, creates, and transforms, based on a uniform and fixed plan.

We remember the revolt of the Paris Commune as a historical attempt. But also this event exists as much in the past, as it exists in the present, and the future, in countless variations.

Endlessly many of these variations begin as did the one that we know. They begin with history-making beings leaving their gravitational orbits around the centers of the reigning order. Thus it is their many hands and heads that not only produce history but also have to answer for it.

They form their Commune from the city councils, chosen by universal suffrage in the various local districts. These are responsible and can be discharged any time. Instead of continuing to be the agent of the Central Government, the police is at once stripped of its political attributes, and turned into the responsible, and at all times revocable, agent of the Commune.

Not only municipal administration, but the whole initiative hitherto exercised by the state is laid into the hands of the Commune. They end the struggle between debtors and creditors by declaring void all debt. On the day of the Commune's proclamation, they drive out the last representatives of the old regime from their hiding place in Versailles.

They expropriate the means of production and turn them into instruments of free and associated labor. Beyond their own city borders they proclaim the free federation of all communes. And where their order of things reaches neighboring cities, even in the furthest provinces, the old centralized government is replaced by the new self-government of the producers.

The children of this Commune's descendants group together the stars and novae, the iridescent interstellar gas clouds, the pulsars and red giants, to form gardens and parks. No sentient being will ever have to feel thirsty again. Nothing will cower in the dark through fear of being hit or bawled out. No one will be left alone, stonewalled, or suffer answerless neglect.

This Commune may exist endlessly and eternally within the theater of great revolutions. Yet, its progress remains unreachable, encapsulated in each of these many distant worlds.

The revolutions of stars are calculable, ever obeying the same nature. They don't know history; all they know is continuous repetition of the ever same laws. The history of the Commune, however, is unpredictable yet plannable, because its laws are negotiated by the Commune.

Meanwhile, we arrive. Among these innumerable Earths, we now see a complete example here. Things and persons, not a pebble, not a tree, no brook, no animal, no human, not one event that did not find its place and its minute within this duplicate.

It is an exact copy of our current planet, a veritable double Earth; at least to the present day. Because tomorrow decisions and events will make their way.

The future, as well as the past, will change its course million-fold. And somewhere in this infinity, all events of this globe find their counterpart. All struggles lost here are being won – in this very second, endlessly.

(Based on the astronomical hypothesis *L'éternité par les astres* (1872) by Louis-Auguste Blanqui)

Inverted Night Sky, 2016

by Jeronimo Voss

What really is the Milky Way? Exactly speaking, it is a phantom, of so wonderful a wealth of structures and forms, of bright and dark shapes, that, seen on dark summer nights, it belongs to the most beautiful scenes which nature offers to our eyes. It is true that its glimmer is so faint that it disappears where the eye tries to fix upon it, perceived only by the rods, not by the cones of the retina, hence is seen only by indirect vision; yet, its gravity pulls the Sun around its center in almost circular orbits.

Absolute time is pure, repetitive, abstract and mathematical time. It flows equably without relation to anything external. Minutes, seconds, hours, days, are effectively interchangeable; one minute lasts exactly the same duration as any other minute, regardless of the time of day. Every day has twentyfour hours, and every hour sixty minutes. Each minute in turn has sixty seconds, and all of these remain invariable quantities. Once one minute is over, another begins, and once an hour has passed another has started. Such is the nature of absolute, cyclical time.

Life, instead, has regularities of its own, the beat of the pulse, the breathing of the lungs, these change from hour to hour with mood and action.

Leisure is freedom. True wealth is silence of time; it won't fail over the question of who cleans the kitchen.

All economy ultimately dissolves in the economy of time. Annoying tasks should be accomplished – if at all – with least expenditure of time. On the basis of communal production, timelines mark necessary activities that we need to get rid of.

Just as a map fixes and makes intelligible to everyone the connections of a complicated totality, so here the schedule of affairs, at every moment, in all its developments is rendered visible by adequate representations.

Staying up all night merely feels like minutes, after accounting for the hours of separation – for its days are numbered.

(Based on the Milky Way research of Anton Pannekoek, published in 1927, Leiden).