

## By a Singular Logic

*Not every lover commits suicide.*  
- Roland Barthes

1

By a singular logic, the amorous subject perceives the other as one who produces in him an aesthetic vision. He praises the other for being perfect. He glorifies himself for having chosen a perfect other. He imagines the other wants to be loved as he himself wants to be, not for one or another of his qualities but for *everything*, and this *everything* he bestows upon the other who is thus adorable.

Adorableness means, that is my desire.  
I encounter millions of bodies in my life.  
Of these I may desire some hundreds. But of these hundreds, I love only one: this one.  
Hence a great enigma to which I'll never have the key:  
Why is it that I desire so-and-so?

2

I sometimes make love into a romance, an adventure, what may be called an historical hallucination.  
A dream of total union: everyone says this dream is impossible, yet I do not abandon it.  
As Wahl said, I am no longer myself without you.

*Act I.*

The instantaneous capture. I am ravished by an image,

*Act II.*

A series of encounters: dates, phone calls, brief trips during which I ecstatically explore the perfection of the loved being, i.e., the unhopd-for correspondence between the object and my desire. At any moment of the encounter I discover in the other another myself.

The encounter is radiant, a kind of verification of affinities, complicities and intimacies  
I imagine I will eternally sustain with the other.  
This is narrative bliss, both fulfilling and delaying knowledge.

*Act III.*

The encounter attains its sweetness from its opposition  
to the sequel memory supplies — the long train  
of sufferings, wounds, anxieties, distresses,  
resentments, despairs, embarrassments and deceptions.  
How many times will a lover commit suicide?