

During the Easter holidays my mother and I were sitting on the couch, when she said she was an anti-globalist. She looked at me and said that for some reason people seemed to have been happier having had nothing. You know before, when she was still living in communist Poland.

(...)

And we are all running. Running away.

When has it become fashionable to call yourself an anti-globalist or a globalist? When has it become a thing to “be busy” or “be mindful?” To welcome refugees or to make them a scapegoat, to be for or against life in a city, to protest abortion, to be unable to form relationships, to constantly be looking for something else, to want or not to want children, to not owe anybody anything, to welcome digitalization or to delete your Facebook account, to vote or to stay in your local café posting your café latte on Instagram thinking that everything will be fine, anyway. When has it even become a choice to be a “globalist” or an “anti-globalist”. You can not always choose.

(...)

She had to think of him. And the moment in which he said that he doesn't feel anything anymore. She was sure now, that he actually just felt too much.

I can't deny that there is a certain notion of unhappiness, uneasiness. A certain “weltschmerz”. I can't deny that there is as good as no permanent employment possible anymore. I can't deny that I myself was among three hundred other applicants for the apartment I finally got and I can't deny that I can't really afford it while I'm being called a yuppie by the punks. I can't deny that I wonder what friendship actually feels like or that I have troubles looking someone in the eye having a conversation. I can't deny that it takes me a few months to finish a two hundred pages long book. I can't deny that Tinder was the low point of my life and I can't deny that the world is small and it is open to me. And I can't deny that precisely this all just too much. Sometimes.

He said it would all fall into place eventually. I just needed to — relax.

Anyway, my mother said she was an anti-globalist. Well then, was she also anti-me?

I am connected globally. I know no borders. I consume globally. I love globally. I fight globally. My politics are global. My sexuality is global. My privacy is global. My data is global. My reality is a global reality. My identity is a global identity. Everything is connected.

(...)

1. “Listen to your heart”, Roxette, Single, 1988, EMI Records