

Just as total war renders ethics derisory, consumer society annihilates the horizons of authentic experience. God, the State, Father: abysses for the erasure of thought, until the only idea of which we are capable is a *permitted* one. The unconscious is a battlezone of images, brands, consumption algorithms. Ideology is repetition, a recording surface for lies which grows deeper and more complex with each iteration; the con, however, is always the same: alone we are nothing, we must unite with power to stand, to be able. The subtlety here lies in the more-or-less explicit coup d'état of individual desire; corporate life makes the public individual a double-agent between himself and his secret desires.

Simulated faces, simulated worlds: the invisible lines connecting our fates together slowly grind us into grains, instants, monads, image-fragments, partial objects. The geometric exponentiation of desire is also the micro-isolation of the infinitesimal partial object, the human subject. We are only able to simulate love for what the object is or what it does; thus love becomes currency. From the perspective of desire, the future is the possibility of authentic life, of a total human being both spiritual and material; from the perspective of power, the future promises only tighter integration, further submersion into semiotic networks — until the human being is indistinguishable from a commodity.

Power sacrifices only in exchange for order. The force (or threat) of violence geometrizes subjects, inserts them into a metaphysical-symbolic order from which escape is a legal and logical impossibility. Power doesn't just corrupt; it dissolves, imprisons, and erases lines of flight. The disintegration of human possibility has finally overtaken the reification of the human face (and the hand and the mind...) Technology has become an Idea, a Form: it has moved even beyond power, to become energy and ordering-force. The splintered geometry of power relations weaves a tarantula's web around the globe, and within our hearts. Instead of hope, I desire subversion. Instead of metaphysics, instead of morality, I want to destroy capitalism. The awakening of revolutionary possibility is necessarily individual, a kind of spontaneous poetry; a transgression without victimization, a violation of power by erotic desire (with or without violence.) Hope is the capitalist's lure; it is the old con about better tomorrows, greener fields, a bright future. I assert there is no future; there are many futures — not just many possibilities — but many actual temporalities waiting to be infected by creative energy. We cannot 'skip' capitalism, it can only be worked through, accelerated, transversalized. Deconstruction is deterrence; we ought rather to begin reconstructing the world. Only then will we be *able* to see real change.

The degeneration of the spectacle makes roles interchangeable. The proliferation of unreal changes creates the preconditions for a sole real change, a radical change. The weight of inauthenticity eventually elicits a violent and quasi-biological reaction from the will to live.

- Raoul Vaneigem (*The Revolution of Everyday Life*, 131)