

RAW MATERIALS *for a*

Theory of the YoungGirl



(TIQQUN)

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Preliminaries

“I did love you once.”
—*Hamlet*

i.

UNDER THE HYPNOTIC GRIMACES of official pacification, a war is being waged. A war that can no longer be called simply economic, social, or humanitarian, because it is *total*. And though each of us senses that our existence has become a battlefield where neuroses, phobias, somatizations, depression, and anguish are but a kind of defeated retreat, no one can grasp the trajectory of the battle or understand what’s at stake in it. Paradoxically, it’s because of the total character of this war—total in its means no less than in its ends—that it could be invisible in the first place.

To open force, the empire prefers underhanded methods, chronic prevention, and the spread of molecules of constraint through everyday life. Its internal (endo) cop-ification clearly relays the general cop-ification, as individual self-control does social control. The new police are imperceptible because they’re omnipresent.

ii.

WHAT’S AT STAKE in the ongoing war are *forms-of-life*, which, for the Empire, means the selection, management, and attenuation of those forms of life. The spectacle’s grip on the state of the public expression of desires, the bio-political monopoly on all medical knowledge-power, the containment of all deviance by an ever more psychiatrist-laden army, “coaches,” and other “facilitators” and counselors, the aesthetic-police-like filing away of everyone’s biological data, the ever more imperative and closer surveillance of behavior, the plebiscites’ proscriptions against “violence”: it’s all part of the Empire’s anthropological, or rather, anthropo-*technical* project. *It’s about*

profiling the citizens.

Obviously, a pure politics of repression can’t do away with people’s expression of their forms of life—not in the sense of a form of life as something molding a certain material, from the outside, without which it would be formless “bare life,” but on the contrary, a form-of-life in the sense of what gives rise to a particular penchant, an intimate movement in a given body in a given situation. There’s a whole imperial project to divert, obscure, and polarize bodies with absences and impossibilities. Its reach is not so immediate, but it’s durable. With time and by so many combined effects, the desired disarmament of bodies is obtained, in particular in terms of their *immunities*.

CITIZENS are less the vanquished in this war than are those who, denying its reality, give up in it right off the bat; what is left to them in the guise of an “existence” is no longer anything but a *life-long* effort to make oneself compatible with the Empire. But for the OTHERS, for us, each gesture, each desire, each affect eventually boils down to the need to annihilate the Empire and its citizens. It’s a matter of breathing, of the amplitude of passions. We have time to go down this criminal road; nothing’s rushing us to seek out direct confrontations. Rushing would even be a proof of our weakness. Assaults will be launched, however, and that will be less important than the *position* they’re launched from, since our assaults undermine the Empire’s forces while our position undermines its strategy. So, the more it appears to be accumulating victories, the more deeply it will sink into defeat, and the more its defeat will become irreparable. The imperial strategy first of all consists in organizing blindness to forms of life; illiteracy to ethical differences; making the battlefield unrecognizable, if not invisible; and, in the most critical cases, disguising the *real war* with all kinds of false conflicts.

The retaking of the offensive from our side, then, requires us to make the battlefield clear again. The figure of the YoungGirl¹ is a *gazing machine*, designed for that purpose. Certain people will use it to affirm the solidity of the hostile forces occupying our existences; others, more vigorous, will use it to decide on the speed and direction of their progress. Everyone will make of it what they deserve.

iii.

LET’S BE CLEAR: the concept of the YoungGirl is obviously not a gendered concept. The nightclub-going jock conforms to it just as much as the second-generation North African girl painted up to look porn-star old. The spirited telecom retiree that splits his leisure time between the Cote d’Azur and the Parisian offices where he’s kept a

foot in the door, and the metropolitan single too caught up in her career in consulting to realize that she's already lost fifteen years of her life to it—both obey the concept. After all, how would it be so easy to see the secret connection linking the plugged-in, puffed-up, civil-unioned humanity from the hip neighborhood and the petty-bourgeois americanized girl in the suburbs with her plastic family, if it were a gendered concept?

In reality, the YoungGirl is only the *model citizen* such as commodity society has defined it since World War One, as an explicit response to revolutionary threats against it. As such, she is a *polar figure*, guiding becoming more than predominating in it.

At the beginning of the '20s, in effect, capitalism noticed that it couldn't maintain itself as the exploitation of human labor without also colonizing everything found beyond strictly the sphere of production. Faced with the socialists' challenge to its dominance, it too needed to socialize itself. It thus had to create its own culture, leisure, medicine, urbanism, sentimental education, and morals, and also create a disposition towards their perpetual renewal. This would become the Fordist compromise, the welfare state, family planning: social-democracy capitalism. And now, submission by work, limited because the worker is still separate from his or her work, has been replaced by integration through subjective and existential conformity, meaning, at root, by consumption.

From being merely formal, Capital's domination has become little by little *real*. The commodity society now seeks to find its best supports in the marginalized elements of traditional society themselves—women and youths first, then homosexuals and immigrants.

Commodity society can now give an air of emancipation to those that in the past it treated as minorities, who were the most foreign and most spontaneously hostile to commodity society, not having been folded into its dominant norms of integration. "The youth and their mothers," acknowledges Stuart Ewen, "will supply the social principles of consumer ethics to the lifestyles offered by advertising." The youth, because adolescence is "a period of life defined by a relationship of pure consumption with civil society." (Stuart Ewen, *Captains of Consciousness*). And women, because at the time it was the sphere of reproduction, over which women still held sway, that they needed to colonize. Youth and Femininity, hypostatized, abstract, and recoded into *youthitude* and *feminitude*², are then elevated to the rank of ideal regulators of empire-citizen integration. And the figure of the YoungGirl thus realizes an immediate, spontaneous, and perfectly desirable unity between those two variables.

The tomboy is indispensable as a kind of modernity, much more thrilling than all the stars and starlets so quickly invading the globalized imagination. Albertine, found on the wall around a seaside resort, exhausts the whole collapsing world of Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* with her relaxed, pansexual vitality. The high school girl makes her will the law in *Ferdynurke*. And a new authority figure is born, one that *out-classes* them all.

iv.

NOW, HUMANITY, reformatted in the spectacle and biopolitically neutralized, thinks it's defying someone by proclaiming itself to be made up of "citizens." The women's magazines correct a nearly hundred-year-old mistake by finally making equivalent magazines available to men. All the past patriarchal authority figures, from politicians to the boss by way of the cop, are YoungGirlized, even the last of them, the pope.

There are many signs that the new physiognomy of Capital, merely sketched out in the interbellum period, has now been perfected. "The 'anthropomorphosis' of Capital is complete when its fictitious character is generalized. Then the mysterious spell is cast thanks to which generalized credit, ruling all exchange (from the bank check to the bill, from the work or marriage contract to 'human' and family relationships, the schooling, diplomas, and careers following the promises of all ideologies: all exchanges are now mere exchanges of dilatory appearances), hammers out, in the image of its own uniform emptiness, the 'heart of darkness' of all 'personalities' and all 'characters.' That's how Capital's people grow up, with all ancestral distinctions, all class and ethnic specificity seemingly gone. That fact endlessly fascinates many naive people who still 'think' with their eyes lost in the past." (Giorgio Cesarano, *Chronicle of a Masked Ball*). The YoungGirl emerges as the culmination point of this *anthropomorphosis of Capital*. The valuation process, in the imperial phase, is no longer just capitalist: IT COINCIDES WITH THE SOCIAL. The integration of that process, which is no longer distinct from integration into imperial "society," and which no longer rests on any "objective" basis, demands of each person that she *self-valorize endlessly*.

The final moment of society's socialization, Empire, is thus also the moment when each person is called upon to relate to herself *as a value*, that is, by following the central mediation of a series of controlled abstractions. The YoungGirl, thus, would be that being that has no more intimacy with itself *except as a value*, and all of whose activity, in all of its details, will finally come down to self-valuation. At each instant, she affirms herself as the *sovereign subject* of her reification. All the unquestionable character of her power, all the crushing self-confidence of this blueprint-person, comprised exclusively of the conventions, codes, and representations fleetingly in force, all the authority that the least of her gestures contains—all that is immediately cross-indexed to her absolute *transparency* to "society."

And precisely because of her nothingness, each of her judgements has the imperative weight of the whole organization of society—and *she knows it*.

V.

IT'S NOT BY CHANCE that the theory of the YoungGirl has come into being at the moment when the genesis of the imperial order is being completed, and when it has begun to be understood as such. All things come to their end, and the party of the YoungGirls will have to split up as well, in turn.

To the extent that YoungGirlist formatting becomes generalized, competition will get tougher and the satisfaction tied to conformity will decrease. Got to take some qualitative leap; got to take on new and unexpected attributes; got to get away to some still-virgin space. A hollywood despair, a TV journal political consciousness, a vague spirituality of a neo-Buddhist character, an engagement in whatever collective conscience cleaning enterprise gets the job done. And so, feature by feature, the eco-YoungGirl is hatched. The YoungGirls' struggle to survive is then connected to the need to transcend the industrial YoungGirl, and the need to pass over to the eco-YoungGirl. Contrary to its ancestor, the eco YoungGirl no longer displays a surge of some emancipation or other, but a *security-crazed obsession with conservation*. The Empire's been fundamentally undermined and it's got to defend itself from entropy. Having arrived at full hegemony, it can no longer do anything but crumble. The eco-YoungGirl will therefore be responsible, "in solidarity," ecological, maternal, reasonable, "natural," respectful, more self-controlled than falsely liberated, in brief: biopolitical as hell. She'll no longer be miming excess, but, on the contrary, moderation, in everything.

At the moment when the evidence for the YoungGirl is so obvious it becomes a cliché, the YoungGirl is already transcended, at least in its primitive, crudely sophisticated mass production aspect. It is this critical transitional situation we are going to leverage ourselves on.

vi.

EXCEPT INCORRECTLY SPEAKING—which may be our intention—the jumble of fragments that follows in no way comprise a theory. They are materials accumulated randomly in encounters with, visits with, and observation of YoungGirls; pearls extracted from their newspapers and magazines; expressions gleaned in sometimes dubious circumstances, arranged into no particular order. They are gathered here under approximate headings, as they were published in *Tiqqun* 1; a bit of order had to be given them. The decision to put them out like this, in all their incompleteness, their contingent origins, with all the ordinary excess of elements that would have comprised a nicely presentable theory if they were polished, cleaned out, and whittled down, means choosing *trash theory* for once. The cardinal ruse of theoreticians in general is that they present the result of their elaborations in such a way as to make the *elaboration process itself no longer appear in them*. In our estimation, this ruse doesn't work any more in the face of today's Bloom³-esque attention span fragmentation. We've chosen a different one. Minds looking for moral comfort or for vice to condemn will find in these scattered pages but roads that will lead them nowhere. In fact we're not so much trying to convert YoungGirls as we are trying to trace out all the corners of a fractalized battlefield of YoungGir- lization. And to supply the weapons for a hand to hand, blow by blow fight, wherever you may find yourself.

1. In the original French it's "jeune-fille," two words not ordinarily hyphenated. In French the dash would usually be like a slash in English—Young/Girl, perhaps—but as it does in English, also it unites concepts. Since after all *jeune-fille* it is a philosophical figure, a blueprint person made up by an abstract unity, it seemed to deserve a single-word name. The intent of combining the words was to unite otherwise disparate concepts as a single being in a reader's mind, more than a hyphen, which seems to invoke a sense that they are held *together but apart*, with a certain distance between them. The aim of giving that total unity to *Young* and *Girl* in this case was to destroy that distance and create a new concept entirely. It's also reminiscent of English neologisms created for marketing purposes.
2. *Jeunesse* and *Féminité* are neologisms in French as well. The *-tude* ending applies for an abstract noun, thus, not "youthfulness" and "womanliness" but the commodity image thereof, a kind of "youngness" or "womanness" expressing a *perspective on the world which is for sale*.
3. Bloom is another philosophical figure prominent in *Tiqqun*'s analysis that represents alienated humanity in its final stage of decomposition. Bloom is that being so mixed up with his own alienation that it would be absurd and impossible to separate them. See their text *Theory of Bloom*.

I. The YoungGirl as a phenomenon

The YoungGirl is old already insofar as she knows herself to be young. So for her it's just a question of making the most of that suspended sentence, that is, committing the few reasonable excesses and living the few "adventures" expected of her age, all in view of a moment when she'll have to quiet down into the final nothingness of adulthood. Thus, the social law contains in itself both the rotted time of youth and its violation, which are nothing after all but expectations to it.

The YoungGirl is crazy about the authentic because *it's a lie*.

What's paradoxical about the masculine YoungGirl is that he's the product of a kind of "alienation by contagion." Though the feminine YoungGirl appears as the incarnation of a certain alienated masculine imagination, the alienation of this incarnation has nothing imaginary about it. She's concretely escaped those whose fantasies she populated in order to stand up against and dominate them. To the extent that the YoungGirl is emancipated, blossoms, and proliferates, she's a dream that turns into a most invasive nightmare. It's the freed slave returning as such to tyrannize the former master. In the end we're watching an ironic epilogue where the "masculine sex" is the victim and object of its own alienated desires.

"I want people to be beautiful."

The YoungGirl is the spitting image of the total and sovereign consumer; and that's how she behaves in all realms of existence.

The YoungGirl knows *the value of things* ever so well.

Often, before decomposing too visibly, the YoungGirl gets married.

The YoungGirl is good for nothing but consuming; leisure or work, it makes no difference.

Because of its having been put on a level of equivalence with all intimacy in general, the YoungGirl's intimacy has become something anonymous, exterior, and object-like.

The YoungGirl never creates anything; she re-creates herself.

By investing youth and women with an absurd symbolic surplus value, by making them the exclusive bearers of the new esoteric knowledge proper to the new social organization—that

of consumption and seduction—the Spectacle has thus freed the slaves of the past, but has freed them AS SLAVES.

The most extreme banality of the YoungGirl is still to have herself taken as something "original."

The scrawny character of the YoungGirl's language, though it implies an incontestable retraction of the field of experience, does not in any way constitute a practical handicap, since it's not made for talking but for pleasing and repeating.

Blather, curiosity, ambiguity, hearsay; the YoungGirl incarnates the fullness of a misfit existence, which Heidegger pointed out the categories of.

The YoungGirl is a lie, the apogee of which is her face.

When the Spectacle trumpets that woman is the future of man, it's naturally talking about the YoungGirl, and the future it's anticipating is merely the worst cybernetic slavery. "For sure!"

For her whole philosophy, the YoungGirl manages to live with a dozen inarticulate concepts that immediately become moral categories, that is, the whole extent of her vocabulary is definitively reduced to the couplet Good/Bad. It goes without saying that, to put the world before her for her to understand it, it has to be rather simplified, and to let her have a happy life, a lot of martyrs have to be made, and a martyr has to be made of her, first of all.

"Very visible physical imperfections, even if they do not in any way effect the aptitude for work, socially weaken people, transforming them into labor's involuntary cripples." (Dr. Julius Moses, Afa-Bundeszeitung, February 1929).

For the YoungGirl, the easiest things are the most painful, the most "natural" are the most feigned, and the most "human" is the most mechanical.

Adolescence is a category that was created only recently to meet the demands of mass consumption.

The YoungGirl invariably calls everything that she is chained up with "happiness."

The YoungGirl is never simply unhappy, she's also unhappy about being unhappy.

In the final analysis, the YoungGirl's ideal is *domestic*.

Bloom is the crisis of classical gender roles. And the Young-Girl is the offensive that commodity domination responds to that crisis with.

There's no chastity about the YoungGirl, and there's no debauchery either. The YoungGirl simply lives as a stranger to her own desires, which the commodity Super-Ego regulates the coherence of. The boredom of abstraction flows freely in this fucked up situation.

"Albertine is from nowhere and that's rather modern: she flutters about, comes and goes, and draws from her lack of attachments a certain instability and unpredictable character that gives to her her power of freedom" —Jacques Dubois, *For Albertine; Proust and the Meaning of the Social*

There's nothing the YoungGirl can't bring into the closed horizon of her trivial everydayness; poetry as ethnology, marxism as metaphysics.

When it is speaking distinctly to the YoungGirl, the Spectacle isn't averse to a bit of *bathmology*.* So all the meaning there is to the *boy-bands* and *girl-bands* is the fact that they put on a show of the fact that they're putting on a show. The glaring irony of this lie is that they're presenting as a lie what is on the contrary *the truth of the YoungGirl*.

The YoungGirl suddenly feels dizzy when the world stops revolving around her.

The YoungGirl understands herself as the holder of a sacred power: the power of the commodity.

"I love babies, they're so beautiful, so honest; they feel good."

The mother and the whore, in Weininger's sense, are both equally present in the YoungGirl. But the one hardly makes her any more praiseworthy than the other makes her blameworthy. Over time, a curious reversibility between the two can even be observed.

The YoungGirl is fascinating in the same way as everything that expresses its being closed in upon itself, a mechanical self-sufficiency or an indifference to the observer; like an insect, an infant, a robot, or Foucault's pendulum.

Why must the YoungGirl always feign some activity or other? In order to remain untouchable in her passivity.

The YoungGirl's "freedom" rarely goes beyond the showy worship of the Spectacle's most trivial productions; it consists essentially in a rulebook slowdown strike against the necessities of alienation.

The Young Girls' Future: the name of a group of young "communist" girls in 1936 organized for the purposes of "amusement, education, and the defense of their interests."

The YoungGirl wants to be either desired lovelessly or loved desirelessly. In either case, her unhappiness is safe.

The YoungGirl has love **STORIES**.

It's enough just to remember what she defines as an "adventure" as to get a pretty clear idea of how much fear the YoungGirl has of the possibilities.

When the YoungGirl gets old she's no more hideous than she is in her youth. From one end to the other, her life is merely a progressive shipwreck in formlessness and never the eruption of becoming. The YoungGirl stagnates in the limbo of time.

In terms of the figure of the YoungGirl, age and gender differences are insignificant. There's no age limit for being *stricken by youthitude*, and no gender is unable to take on a dash of *feminitude*.

Just like the magazines that are slapped together for her and that she devours so painfully, the YoungGirl's life is divided up and arranged to fall under a certain number of headings between which the greatest possible separation reigns.

The YoungGirl is she who, being no more than a Young Girl after all, scrupulously obeys the authoritarian distribution of roles.

The YoungGirl's love is merely a kind of autism for two.

What is still called virility is nothing but the childishness

of men, and femininity that of women. Otherwise, one should perhaps speak of virilism and "feminism" when it's a question of acquiring an identity or free will.

The same cynical obstinacy that characterized the traditional woman, under house arrest in the duty of ensuring survival, now blossoms in the YoungGirl, but this time it's emancipated from the domestic sphere, and from all gender monopoly. It's now expressed everywhere: in her irreproachable emotional impermeability to work, in the extreme rationalization she imposes on her "sentimental life," in her gait—so spontaneously militaristic—in the way she fucks, holds herself, or taps away on the computer. It's also how she washes her car.

"A piece of information I gathered at a large well-known Berlin department store is particularly instructive: 'when we recruit sales and administrative personnel,' said an important personage from the personnel service, 'we put a high importance on a pleasing appearance.' From a distance he resembled the actor Reinhold Schunzel in his old movies. I asked him what he meant by that, whether it was a question of being sexy or just cute. 'Not exactly cute,' he said, 'it's about having a morally healthy glow about oneself.'

"I understand, actually. A morally healthy glow—that assemblage of concepts clarifies at once an everyday fact about decorated shop windows, wage workers, and illustrated magazines. Their morality should be kind of rosy-cheeked, their rosy cheeks stamped with morality. That's what those who are in charge of selection are looking for; they want to extend into real life a veneer that hides a reality that's anything but rosy. And it's bad news for you, if your morality disappears under your skin and the rosiness isn't moral enough to prevent the eruption of your desires. The dark depths of natural morality would be just as threatening to the established order as a rose that blazing in full flower without any morality at all. They're associated with each other so strictly that they neutralize one another. The system that imposes the selection tests also engenders this likable and genteel medley, and the more that rationalization progresses, the more the rose-moral colored makeup gains ground. We'd hardly be exaggerating to say that there's a kind of employee being made in Berlin that's uniform and tends towards the desired coloring. Language, clothes, manners, and countenances edge towards uniformity and the result is that pleasing appearance reproduced in photographs. A selection that is completed under the pressure of social relations, and one that the economy reinforces by stimulating the corresponding needs among consumers.

"Employees take part in this, for better or worse. The rush to the innumerable beauty schools also corresponds to existential worries; the use of beauty products is not always just for luxury. In fear of being seen as *expired products*, men and women dye their hair, and forty year olds play sports to keep their tone. 'How does one become more beautiful?' is the title of a magazine that came out onto the market recently; it claims in its ads that it shows how to 'appear young and beautiful now and in the future.' fashion and economy, working hand in hand. certainly, those who can take recourse to aesthetic surgery are few. the majority fall in with the scribbles of charlatans and have to be content with preparations as ineffective as they are cheap. and in their interest, Dr. Moses, the above-mentioned deputy, has for some time now been fighting in Parliament to integrate the healthcare required for physical defects

into public health insurance. the recently established ‘German medical aestheticians’ association’ has signed on with this very legitimate proposition.” (Siegfried Kracauer, *The Employees*, 1930)

In the YoungGirl, the loss of metaphysical sense (meaning) is no different from the “loss of the sensible,” (Gehlen), where the extreme *modernity* of her alienation can be seen.

The YoungGirl moves within the forgetting of Being, no less than in the forgetting of events.

All the irrepressible agitation of the YoungGirl, in the spitting image of this society at each of its points, is governed by the hidden challenge of making a false and trivial metaphysics—the most immediate substance of which is the negation of the passage of time, and the obscuring of human finiteness—into something effective.

The YoungGirl resembles her photo.

Considering that her appearance entirely exhausts her essence and her representation exhausts her reality, the YoungGirl is that which is entirely expressible, and also that which is perfectly predictable and absolutely neutralized.

The YoungGirl only exists in proportion to the desire that “people” have for her, and is only known by what they say about her.

The YoungGirl appears as the product and the primary outlet of the formidable surplus-crisis of capitalist modernity. She is the proof and prop of the unlimited pursuit of the valuation process when the accumulation process itself is found wanting (due to the insufficiency of the planet, ecological catastrophe, or social implosion).

The YoungGirl enjoys covering up, with a falsely provocative secondary plane, the primary, economic plane of her motivations.

All the YoungGirl’s freedom of movement does not prevent her from being a prisoner, and manifesting in all circumstances a captive’s automatism.

The YoungGirl’s way of being is to be *nothing*.

Certain YoungGirls see “success in emotional and professional life” as an ambition worthy of respect.

The YoungGirl’s “love” is but a word in the dictionary.

The YoungGirl doesn’t just demand that you protect her, she wants to be able to educate you too.

The eternal return of the same fashions shows clearly enough that the YoungGirl doesn’t put on appearances, but rather that *appearances put her on*.

Even more than the female YoungGirl, the male YoungGirl shows with his imitation musculature all the character of absurdity, that is, of *suffering*, of what Foucault called “the discipline of the body” : “discipline increases the forces of the body (in economic terms of utility) and decreases those same forces (in political terms of obedience). In a word: it dissociates the power of the body; on the one hand it makes it into an “aptitude” and a “capacity,” which it seeks to increase; and on the other hand it inverts the energy, the power that could result from it and makes a strict relationship of subjection out of it” (Michel Foucault, *Scrutinize and Punish*).

“Oh, the young girl, that receptacle of shameful secrets, sealed in her own beauty!” (Gombrowicz, *Ferdydurke*, 1937)

There must be nowhere that a person feels so painfully alone as in the arms of a YoungGirl.

When the YoungGirl abandons herself to her insignificance, she draws even more glory from that; she has “fun.”

“And that’s just what seduces me about her, that maturity and sovereignty of youth, that fully self-assured style, while we down below, in school, had ideals and acne all over the place, gauche and awkward in our gestures every step of the way, her exterior was perfect. Youth for her was not a transitional period; for a modern girl, youth was the only real time of human existence... her youth didn’t need ideals, because she herself was an ideal.” (Gombrowicz, *Ferdydurke*)

The YoungGirl never learns anything. That’s not what she’s there for.

The YoungGirl knows all too well what she wants in detail to want anything at all in general.

“Don’t touch my bag!”

The YoungGirl’s triumph originates in the failure of feminism.

The YoungGirl doesn’t speak; on the contrary: she is *spoken*—by the Spectacle.

The YoungGirl carries the mask of her face.

The YoungGirl brings all greatness down to the level of her ass.

The YoungGirl is a purifier of negativity, an industrial profiler of unilaterality. She separates out the negative from the positive in everything, and in general only keeps one of them. Thus she doesn’t believe in words, which in effect have no meaning coming from her mouth. That’s easy to see by looking at what she understands by the word “romantic,” and how little it has to do, in the end, with Holderlin.

“So, it’s useful, then, to conceive of the birth of the ‘young girl’ as the construction of an object which different disciplines converge to build (from medicine to psychology, from physical education to moral education, from physiology to hygiene).” (Jean-Claude Caron, *Young Girls’ Bodies*)

The YoungGirl would like very much if the simple word “love” didn’t imply the project of destroying this “society.”

“Don’t confuse your job and your sentiments!”

In the YoungGirl’s life, deactivated and reduced-to-nothing opposites complete each other, but don’t contradict each other at all.

The YoungGirl’s sentimentalism and materialism are but two complementary aspects of her central nothingness, no matter how opposite they may be in appearance.

The YoungGirl enjoys speaking of her childhood with great emotion, to suggest that she hasn’t got beyond it, and that fundamentally she’s remained naive. Like all whores, she dreams of innocence. But, distinct from them, she demands to be believed, and believed sincerely. Her childishness, which is, in the end, but a *fundamentalism of infancy*, makes her the most cunning vector of the general infantilization.

For the YoungGirl, even the meanest sentiments still have the prestige of their sincerity.

The YoungGirl loves her illusions in the same way as she loves her reification: by proclaiming them.

The YoungGirl sees everything as free of consequences, even her suffering. Everything's funny, nothing's a big deal. Everything's cool, nothing's serious.

The YoungGirl wants to be recognized not for what she may be but for the simple fact of her being. She wants to be recognized *unconditionally*.

The YoungGirl is not there to be criticized.

When the YoungGirl has come to the end of the age of childishness, where it becomes impossible to not ask herself about ends without suddenly finding herself short of means (which can happen pretty late in this society), she reproduces. Paternity and maternity comprise just another way among others, and no less free of substance, to remain UNDER THE EMPIRE OF NEED.

T O O
C U T E !

The YoungGirl takes on above all the perspective of psychology, regarding herself as much as regarding the ways of the world.

Thus she can present a certain consciousness of her own reification, a consciousness that itself is reified, because it is cut off from all acts.

The YoungGirl knows the standard perversions all too well.

The YoungGirl needs a kind of balance that is less like that of a dancer than it is like that of the accounting expert.

Smiles have never been any good as arguments. There is also such a thing as the smile of skeletons.

The YoungGirl's feelings are made up of signs, and sometimes just of simple *signals*.

Everywhere that the *ethos* is failed or decomposing, the YoungGirl appears as the carrier of the fleeting, colorless morals of the Spectacle.

The YoungGirl's not supposed to understand you.

The YoungGirl's predilection for actors and actresses is explained by the elementary laws of magnetism: whereas they represent the positive absence of all quality, nothingness taking on all forms, she is but the negative absence of quality. Thus, the actor is the same as the YoungGirl; both her reflection and her negation.

The YoungGirl conceives of love as being a *private* activity.

The YoungGirl carries in her laughter all the desolation of late-night bars.

The YoungGirl is the only *insect* that consents to the *entomology of women's magazines*.

Identical to unhappiness in that sense, the YoungGirl is never alone.

Everywhere that the YoungGirls dominate, their tastes must also dominate; that determines the tastes of our era.

The YoungGirl is the purest form of reified relationships; she is the truth behind them. The YoungGirl is the anthropological condensation of reification.

The Spectacle remunerates the YoungGirl's conformity amply, though it does so indirectly.

In love more than anywhere else, the YoungGirl behaves like an accountant, always assuming that she loves more than she is loved, and that she gives more than she receives.

Among YoungGirls there is an uninspiring community of gestures and expressions.

The YoungGirl is ontologically a *virgin*, untouched by any

• **EVEN WHEN SHE'S NOT TRYING TO SEDUCE ANYONE, THE YOUNG GIRL ACTS SEDUCTIVE.** •

• There's something *professional* about everything the YoungGirl does. •

• *The YoungGirl still flatters herself that she's got "practical sense."* •

• In the YoungGirl, even the flattest moralism puts on a whorish air. •

• *The YoungGirl has all the strictness of economy about her, and yet she knows less of abandon than of anything.* •

• The YoungGirl is all the reality of the Spectacle's abstract codes. •

• *The YoungGirl occupies the central kernel of the present system of desires.* •

experience.

The YoungGirl may prove solicitous if you're really, really unhappy; that's an aspect of her resentment.

The YoungGirl doesn't know anything about the flow of time; at most she gets emotional about its "consequences." Otherwise how could she talk about getting old with such indignation, as if it were some kind of crime committed against her?

Every experience the YoungGirl has incessantly withdraws back into the prior representation she had made of it. The whole outpouring of concreteness, the whole of the living part of the passage of time and things are known to her only as imperfections, modifications of an abstract model.

The YoungGirl is resentment that smiles.

There are certain beings that just make you want to die before their very eyes, but the YoungGirl only excites a desire to conquer and get off on her.

When the YoungGirl mates, it isn't a movement towards the other, but a movement of escape from her untenable nothingness.

The supposed liberation of women has not consisted in their emancipation from the domestic sphere, but rather in the extension of that sphere over the whole of society.

Faced with anyone who tries to make her think, it will never be long before the YoungGirl starts claiming how realistic she's being.

To the extent that what she's really hiding isn't her secrets, but her *shame*, the YoungGirl detests the unexpected, above all when it isn't pre-programmed.

The YoungGirl never stops repeating it: she wants to be loved *for who she is*—meaning she wants to be loved for the non-being that she is.

The YoungGirl is the living and continuous introjection of all repressions.

The YoungGirl's "I" is as thick as a magazine.

Being in love:
a stress-relieving drug

LOVE. WORK. HEALTH.

The fundamental ideological confusion between women and sexuality... only today has achieved its fullest amplitude, because women, who once were subjugated as a gender, are today 'LIBERATED' as a gender... Women, youths, bodies, the emergence of which after thousands of years of servitude and forgetting in effect constitute the most revolutionary potentiality there is, and thus the most fundamental risk there is to any established order—are today integrated and recuperated as an 'emancipation myth.' 'Woman' is given to women to consume; Youth is given to youths to consume, and in this formal, narcissistic emancipation, their real liberation can be successfully prevented."

—Jean-Trissotin Baudrillard,
The Consumer Society

Nothing in the YoungGirls conduct is wrong in itself; everything is properly ordered within the dominant definition of happiness. The YoungGirl's foreignness to herself borders on mythomania.

As a last resort, the YoungGirl fetishizes "love" so as to not have to face up to the fact of the integrally conditioned nature of her desires.

"I don't give a shit about being free, as long as I'm happy!"

"The chemistry of passion: Today everything's explainable, even falling in love! Goodbye romanticism; this whole phenomenon is apparently just a series of chemical reactions."

Divorced from one another, the YoungGirl's love and ass became just two empty abstractions.

"The example of the movie hero interposes itself like a ghost when adolescents embrace or when adults commit adultery." (Horkheimer/Adorno, *The Dialectic of Reason*)

The YoungGirl swims in *deja-vus*. For her, the first time something is lived is always (at least) the second time it has been represented.

Naturally, there's been no "sexual liberation"—that oxymoron!—anywhere, just the pulverization of everything that's been an obstacle to the total mobilization of desire in view of commodity production. To decry a "tyranny of pleasure" isn't an indictment of pleasure, but of tyranny.

The YoungGirl knows how to play the part of sentimentalism.

In the YoungGirls' world, coitus appears to be the logical penalty for all experience.

The YoungGirl is "happy to be alive"
—so she says at least.

The YoungGirl establishes relationships only on the basis of the strictest reification and poor substantial content, so it is certain that what unites people only separates them.

The YoungGirl is optimistic, delighted, positive, content, enthusiastic, happy; in other words, *she's suffering*.

The YoungGirl is produced wherever nihilism starts talking about happiness.

There's nothing special about the YoungGirl; that's what her "beauty" consists in.

The YoungGirl is an optical illusion. From far off she's an angel, and from up close she's a devil.

The YoungGirl doesn't get old; *she decomposes*.

Everyone knows in general what the YoungGirl thinks about *worrying about stuff*.

The YoungGirl's education follows an inverse trajectory compared to all other kinds of education: immediate perfection, inborn into youth first of all, and then efforts to keep herself on the level of that primary nullity, and at the end failure, faced with the impossibility of going back in time.

Seen from afar, the YoungGirl's nothingness appears relatively inhabitable, and even comfortable at times.

The YoungGirl's beauty is never a private beauty, or a particular beauty of her own. It is on the contrary a beauty with no content, an absolute beauty, free of all personality. The YoungGirl's "beauty" is but the form of nothingness, the form of appearance attached to her. And that's why she can talk without choking about "beauty," since hers is never the expression of any substantial singularity, but a pure and phantasmic objectivity.

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The YoungGirl offers an unequivocal model of the metropolitan ethos: a refrigerated consciousness living in exile in a plasticized body.

"Too cool!!!" Instead of saying "very," the YoungGirl says "too" (meaning excessive); but, in fact, she's all too insufficient.

II. The YoungGirl as technique of the self

What's 'pleasure'?' Nothing in the YoungGirl's life, even in the remotest parts of her *private life*, escapes alienated reflexivity, codification, and the gaze of the Spectacle. This private life, littered with commodities, is completely given up to advertising, and completely socialized, but socialized as a private life, meaning that it is bit by bit subjected to an artificial ordinariness which doesn't allow its expression. *For the YoungGirl, the most secret is also the most public.*

The YoungGirl's body encumbers her; it is her world and it is her prison.

The YoungGirl's physiology is the offensive glaxis of her poor substantiality.

The YoungGirl desires the YoungGirl. The YoungGirl is the YoungGirl's ideal.

"Tired of macho-men? Why not give a man-object a try?"

The rhetoric of the war of the sexes, and thus—for now—the rhetoric of the revenge of women, operates like the final ruse by which masculine logic conquers women without them noticing: by shutting them in, with a simple reversal of roles, to alternating between submission/domination, with the exclusion of everything else.

"What does the mortification of the body require? That we harbor a holy and implacable hatred towards our bodies." (Spiritual instructions for the sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, 1884)

The YoungGirl tries to express her self-referential closure in upon herself and her systematic ignorance of her *unfulfillment*. That's why she's faultless, and in the same way why she lacks any perfection.

In the relatively recent prehistory when women's magazines were made only for women, a rumor went around for a while that they had a depressive effect on their readers. It was said here and there—and it was the least of the malicious gossip of that time—that there had been an "American scientific study" done that said that after a woman put down one of those magazines she was noticeably sadder than she had been upon opening it—at least she certainly produced less serotonin. And it's true; if you've ever seen a young girl engaged in such exercise, you'll have noticed that she's got a kind of concerned air about her, an anguished seriousness, and a kind of haste to turn the pages, as if she were rolling

the rosary beads of some sinister religion or another. It appears that in the Empire's biopolitical religion, the act of contrition has survived just fine, and has only become more *immanent* now.

"It's my hair and I can do what I want with it!"

The YoungGirl methodically reinvests everything she's been freed from into pure servitude (ask yourself, for example, what the *modern woman* which is a rather terrible kind of YoungGirl, has done with the "freedom" that feminism's struggles have won for her).

The YoungGirl is merely an attribute of her own *programming*, where everything must organize itself.

The tautological nature of the YoungGirl's beauty requires that no otherness concern her, only its ideal representation. Thus to a terrible extent she rejects her allegedly intended recipients, no matter how free they are to stupidly believe that she's addressing herself to them. The YoungGirl thus sets up such a space of her *power* that in the end there's no way of approaching her.

The YoungGirl *has* a sexuality at all to the exact extent that she is foreign to all sensuality.

Consequently, the biologization of the genitals in particular and of the body in general sets the body of the young girl up as an ideal laboratory for the medical gaze." (Jean-Claude Caron, *Young Girls' Bodies*)

The YoungGirl's "youth" and "femininity," her youthitude and feminitude in fact, are how appearance control deepens into body discipline.

The YoungGirl's ass is enough to give her a basis to feel an incommunicable singularity.

The YoungGirl is such a psychologist... She's managed to make herself just as *flat* as the object of psychology.

The YoungGirl is she whose very being depends on the meta-physical fact of finiteness being reduced to a simple *technical* question: what's the most effective anti-wrinkle cream? The most touching characteristic of the YoungGirl is doubtless this maniacal effort to attain, in appearance, that definitive impermeability to time and space, to her surroundings and history, her effort to be *impeccable* everywhere and at all times.

The protestant ethic, which has fallen as the general principle behind the operation of society

.....
: "When I was twelve years old, :
: I decided to be beautiful." :
.....

and as a behavioral norm upon the end of "the morality of labor," has at the same time been worked back in entirely on an individual level; this has taken place in an accelerated manner since the end of the second world war. Now it governs on a mass scale over the relationships that people have with their bodies, their passions, their lives—they economize on them.

Certainly, because eroticism presents itself to the YoungGirl with all the unquestionable positivity inevitably attaching itself to sexuality, and because transgression itself has become a calm, isolatable and quantified norm, coitus is not one of those things that allow any advancement outside of a certain exteriority in the relationships one has with the YoungGirl, but on the contrary it is one of those things that solidify you within that exteriority.

.....

I'm getting new boobs for my 18th birthday.

.....

The Spectacle's "youth," with which it has gratified the YoungGirl, is a very bitter present, since that "youth" is something that is incessantly *being lost*.

What's alive doesn't need to ever-increasingly declare itself.

What's dying shows on its surface that it's coming to an end. And the YoungGirl's all-out gender affirmation is a clear demonstration of the fact that the classical gender roles are dying, meaning that their *material basis* is dying. The specter of Man and Woman haunts the metropolis' streets. Their muscles come from the Workout Club and their breasts are silicone.

There's a *window* between the YoungGirl and the world. Nothing touches the YoungGirl, and the YoungGirl touches nothing.

Nothing about the YoungGirl's identity belongs to her in particular, her "youth" even less than her "femininity." It's not her that has attributes, but attributes that have her, and that are so generously lent to her.

The YoungGirl chases health as if it were a question of safety.

The feeling of the self as MEAT, as a bunch of organs variously decked with ovaries or flanked by nuts, is the basis from which begins the aspiration, then the failure of the YoungGirl to give herself a form, or at least to simulate having one. This feeling is not only a lived consequence of the aberrations of occidental metaphysics—which would like the formless to precede form, brought to it from outside—it is also what commodity domination must perpetuate at all costs; and which it produces constantly with the putting of all bodies into equivalence, by the denial of forms-of-life (lifestyles), by the continual exercise of an undifferentiating interference. The loss of contact with the self, the crushing of all intimacy with the self that gives rise to the feeling of yourself as MEAT, gives rise to the *sine qua non* condition for the renewed adoption of the techniques of the self that the Empire offers you for consumption. *The penetration index of all of the cheap commodity crap out there can be read in how intensely you feel yourself to be MEAT.*

The exhausting proprietorship of bodies.

Blooms' feeling of contradiction between their existence as social beings and their existence as singular beings, which tears

them apart, does not touch the YoungGirl, who has no more singular existence than she does any feelings in general.

"Me and my breasts, my belly-button, my butt, my legs:
THE MAGAZINE OF MY BODY"

The YoungGirl is her own jailer, the prisoner of a body that has become a sign in a language made of bodies.

"Oh the cult, the obedience, the servitude of the young girl before the image of the school girl and the image of the modern girl!... Oh the slavery to style pushed all the way to self-destruction, oh the docility of the young girl! (Gombrowicz, *Ferdydurke*)

"The deeply rooted instinct among women that urges them to use perfumes is the manifestation of a biological law. *The primary duty of a woman is to be attractive...* It hardly matters how intelligent or independent you are; if you can't influence the men that you meet, consciously or not, you won't meet your fundamental obligation as a woman..." (1920s perfume ad from the U.S.)

The YoungGirl conceives of her own existence as a management problem she needs to resolve.

More than it designates a relationship with others, a social relationship, or a form of symbolic integration, the YoungGirl designates a relationship with the self, that is, to *time*.

Contrary to appearances, the YoungGirl doesn't care about herself. She's not an egoist, properly speaking, nor egocentric, and that's primarily because her "I" is actually someone else. What she devotes all her care to, with stubborn piety, is in fact a reality that is external to her: her "body."

The application of the capital-form to everything—capital health, capital sun, capital sympathy, etc.—and in a more singular manner to the body, means that mediation by the alienated social totality has entered into relationships previously ruled by immediacy.

In the YoungGirl, the tension between convention and nature is apparently absorbed by the annihilation of the meaning of those terms, to such an extent that the one never appears to do any violence to the other.

The YoungGirl is like capitalism, servants, and protozoans: she knows how to adapt, and furthermore, she's *proud of it*.

Contrary to what happened in traditional societies, which recognized the existence of worthless things and exposed them *as such*, the YoungGirl denies their existence, and hides them.

The YoungGirl's appearance is the YoungGirl herself; there's nothing in between.

Like all slaves, the YoungGirl thinks herself to be much more watched than she really is.

The YoungGirl's absence from herself is not contradicted by any of the "care" she appears to give to herself.

The YoungGirl is never as plastic as she'd like to be.

The YoungGirl doesn't like wrinkles; wrinkles don't conform, wrinkles are the mark of having lived, life doesn't conform. The YoungGirl fears wrinkles as much as she does all true EXPRESSION.

As a self-consciousness, the YoungGirl has but a vague feeling of life.

ARE YOU OK WITH YOUR BODY?

Are you keeping up your young form, with its graceful curves? Is the carpentry solid? The clothes silky? *Are you doing alright?*

For the YoungGirl bare life is still a function of habit.
The YoungGirl lives sequestered in her own “beauty.”
The YoungGirl doesn’t love, she loves herself loving.
“Zen, speed, organic: 3 life-style systems.”

The YoungGirl doesn’t go so far as to demand that the fleeting conventions that she subjects herself to have any *meaning* to them.

The YoungGirl understands all relationships on the basis of *contracts*, and more precisely on the basis of *revocable contracts* that can be taken back at any time depending on the interests of the contractees. Bargaining on the differential value of each on the seduction market where someone’s got to reap the dividends in the end.

The YoungGirl *daily* produces herself as such, by her maniacal re-production of the dominant ethos.

“How to gain ten years with a good lifestyle.”

A cosmetics multinational recently launched an ad-heavy campaign for an anti-wrinkle cream called *Ethique*. What that meant at the same time is that there’s nothing so *ethical* as painting shit all over yourself when you wake up in order to get in conformity with the categorical imperative of youthiness, and that there could be no other ethos than that of the YoungGirl.

“Beauty” is the mode of disclosure proper to the YoungGirl within the Spectacle. That’s why she’s also a *generic product* that carries within itself all the abstractions of what is found in the obligation to address oneself to a certain segment of the sexual market in which everything resembles everything else.

The YoungGirl is never satisfied with her submission to commodity metaphysics, with the docility of her whole being, and visibly of her whole body, under the Spectacle’s norms. That’s why she feels the need to show it off.

CAPITALISM
has truly created
wealth, because it
has found wealth
where it had not
been seen. Thus
it has for example
created **BEAUTY,**
HEALTH, or
YOUTH as
wealth, that is,
as qualities that
possess you.

• • • • •
• **HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE**
• **YOU?** No, beauty isn’t a mat-
• ter of opinion! As opposed to
• charm, a rather vague notion,
• beauty is calculated in centi-
• meters, divided into fractions,
• weighed, examined under the
• magnifying glass, evaluated
• in a thousand hidden details.
• So stop hiding away behind
• hippie principles like “inner
• beauty, that’s what counts,” or
• “I’ve got my own style,” and
• dare to measure yourself with
• the greats!
• • • • •

“They’ve wounded me in
what is most dear to me:
my image.”

—Silvio Berlusconi

*The YoungGirl always lives in a
couple relationship—with her image.*

The YoungGirl confirms the *physiological* reach of commodity semiocracy.

The YoungGirl’s beauty is *produced*. She herself isn’t afraid to say: “beauty doesn’t fall from the sky,” that is, it’s the fruit of labor.

The YoungGirl’s self-control and self-constraint are obtained by the introjection of two unquestionable “necessities,” that of reputation and that of health.

“Today, to not suffer isn’t a luxury anymore, it’s a right.”

Officially, the YoungGirl would have preferred to become some thing that feels rather than some Bloom that suffers.

The YoungGirl pursues plastic perfection in all its forms, notably her own.

From body building to anti-wrinkle creams by way of liposuction, the YoungGirl always has the same dedication to making an abstraction of her body, and making her body an abstraction.

“All that can be done to reconcile yourself with your image.”

Whatever extent her narcissism reaches to, the YoungGirl doesn’t love herself, what she loves is “her” *image*, that is, something that’s not just foreign and external, but which, in the full sense of the term, *possesses her*. And the YoungGirl lives beneath the tyranny of this ungrateful master.

The YoungGirl is above all a perspective on the passing of time, but a perspective incarnate.

III • The YoungGirl as social relationship

The YoungGirl is the elementary social relationship, the central form of the desire of desire, within the Spectacle.

And meanwhile, Love has fallen away into the foulest of spectacular role-playing games.

The YoungGirl never gives herself, she only gives what she has, that is, the ensemble of qualities that are given to her. That's also why it's not possible to love the YoungGirl, but only to consume her.

"I don't wanna get attached, you know?"

Seduction is an aspect of social labor, that of the YoungGirl.

The powerlessness or frigidity of the YoungGirl concretely manifests that her own erotic power has separated from her and become autonomous, to the point where it dominates her.

When the YoungGirl giggles, she's still at work.

The YoungGirl's reification fits so perfectly with the world of the authoritarian commodity that it should be considered her fundamental professional skill.

Sexuality is as just as central for the YoungGirl as any one of her sex acts is insignificant. And they are realists even in matters of love. The YoungGirl isn't content with believing that sexuality exists, she swears she's found it. New gods, new superstitions.

"What's a good fuck?"

Never forget that the YoungGirl that loves you also chose you.

For the YoungGirl, seduction never comes to an end, that is, the YoungGirl comes to an end with seduction.

All relationships with the YoungGirl consist in being chosen again at each instant. Here and at work, it's the same contractual precariousness. "Believe in beauty."

The YoungGirl loves no one, that is, she loves the impersonality of what "PEOPLE" say/do/etc. She reveals the Spectacle wherever it is, and wherever she finds it, she adores it.

Because in the Spectacle, separation can be opportunely accumulated even in the "carnal union."

The "dictatorship of beauty" is also the dictatorship of ugliness. It doesn't mean the violent hegemony of a certain paradigm of beauty, but in a much more radical way, the hegemony of the *physical simulacrum* as a form of the objectivity of beings. Understood as such, it is clear that nothing prevents such a dictatorship

from extending to all people, whether beautiful, ugly, or indifferent.

The YoungGirl has no problem with pretending to be in submission, *because she knows that she dominates*. Something in that brings her close to the masochism that has long been taught to women, and that made them give to men the *signs* of power so as to recover inside of themselves the certainty that they've kept it in *reality*.

Sexuality does not exist. It is an abstraction, a separate moment, hypostasised and become the ghostly specter dominating relationships between people.

The YoungGirl is only ever really at home in relationships of pure exteriority.

The YoungGirl is production and a factor in production, that is, she is the consumer, the producer, the consumer of producers and the producer of consumers.

The YoungGirl's "femininity" only designates the fact that the Spectacle has put the legendary intimacy of "Woman" with nature back into a state of absolute intimacy with the spectacular "second nature."

Customize your couple! The couple; petrifying all the uncontrollable fluidity of distance between bodies by carving an appropriable *territory of intimacy* into it.

The YoungGirl lends a very singular meaning to the word "desire." Don't be fooled: in her mouth, it does not designate the inclination a mortal being may feel for another mortal being or for any thing at all, but only—on the impersonal level of values—a *difference in potential*. It's not the tension one being feels towards its object, but a tension in the flatly *electrical* sense, a motor inequality.

Seduction is originally not the spontaneous relationships between men and women, but the dominant relationship of men

among themselves. Seduction thus always had "sexuality" as its empty center, but the latter was repulsive as long as its effect was still not inverted. Shame and exhibitionism are the two opposite poles of one and the same fiction.

The YoungGirl's existential posturing didn't take long to radiate throughout all fields of human activity. In architecture, for example, this is called *façadism*.

The YoungGirl's reality is outside of herself, in the Spectacle, in all the adulterated representations of the ideals it traffics in, in all the fleeting conventions it decrees, in the morals that it commands us to mimic. It is but the insubstantial concretion of all these abstractions that go before and after her. In other words,

What's watching you in the YoungGirl's eyes is the Spectacle.

she's a purely ideological creature.

The controlled intellectual, the cold and passionate, the muscle-toning competitor, the unstable creative, the toning and controlled, the sociable and emotional, the sensitive and inhibited, the emotional volunteer... WHO ARE YOU REALLY?

The YoungGirl's essence is taxonomic.

Among monads, seduction is the relationship that most conforms to their essence. The completeness and impermeability of the two parts is the fundamental hypothesis. This impermeability to what she embraces, however, the YoungGirl calls "respect."

Mackings is the most obvious domain for the mechanical operation of commodity relationships.

The couple is subjected to a kind of blackmail which shows itself more and more to be a blackmail of sexuality. But this subjugation is twofold: the YoungGirl only lets herself really be approached by her "best friends" in relationships where all sexual latency has been extinguished beforehand; and she keeps no-one at more of a distance than those that have slept with her. It's the experience of this distance that replaces the lover with the partner.

All the YoungGirl's behavior betrays her *obsession with calculation*.

"If she were mine, she would never be just mine, nor should she be. Beauty is there for everyone's enjoyment; it's a public institution." (Carlo Dossi, *Loves*, 1887)

In her way, the YoungGirl's goal is "zero errors." And so she extends into herself above all the regime ruling the production of things. Her imperialism is no stranger to the intention of serving as an example for all other Blooms.

All the activity that the YoungGirl carries out, for the sake of which she abdicates all freedom and in which she never ceases to be lost, is of a *cosmetic* nature. And in that sense she resembles the whole of this society, which takes so much care to keep its façade clean.

The YoungGirl is in the habit of calling the reified whole of her limits her "personality." She can thus validate her right to nullity, as a right to "be herself," that is, to only be that: a right that is conquered and defended.

So that sexuality could spread through all spheres of human existence, it first had to be dissociated in spirit as a moment separate from the rest of life.

The YoungGirl's body is but a concession that is given her more or less lastingly, which clears up the reasons why she hates it so much. It's just a rented residence, something that she doesn't really possess or usufruct, that she is only free to *use*, and furthermore, because the walls, her corporeality projected as capital, a factor in production and consumption, are possessed by the autonomized social totality.

"Hey, who does that guy think he is?"

The YoungGirl is a form of "social bond" in the primary sense of what *ties* you to this society.

The YoungGirl's loves are a kind of work, and like all labor, they have become *precarious*. As insubstantial identities, "manliness" and "femininity" are no more than convenient tools in the spectacular management of social relations. They are the fetishes necessary for the circulation and consumption of other fetishes.

The Spectacle loves itself, gazes upon itself, and admires itself in the YoungGirl, of which it is the Pygmalion. Considered in herself, the YoungGirl expresses nothing; she's a symbol the meaning of which is elsewhere. The YoungGirl is an engine for reducing everything that comes in contact with her to a YoungGirl.

"Live together and everyone for themselves"

The YoungGirl is the highest point of alienated socialization, where the most socialized is also the most social.

In sexuality and money the relationship becomes separate from what it brings into relation.

It is precisely by conferring upon her body—but more generally upon her whole being—the character of *capital* that the YoungGirl is dispossessed.

Sexuality is a separation device. In it, the fiction of a sphere of truth, within all relationships and in all beings, where the distance from self to self and from self to other—wherein pure coincidence was reconstituted—would be finally abolished,

“ Oh, the sorrows of love; you could lose three pounds from that.”

“Fashion is the playing area for individuals that lack interior autonomy and need support points, but who nonetheless feel the need to stand out, to be paid attention to and to be considered apart from the rest... Fashion elevates the insignificant by making it into the representative of a totality, the particular incarnation of a common spirit. Its function is to make possible a kind of social obedience which is at the same time individual differentiation... It is the mixing of submission and the feeling of domination that is in action here.”

—Georg Simmel
Philosophy of Modernity

“The perfect sexual relationship isn't improvised— it's decided on, organized, planned!”

has been socially introduced. The fiction of sexuality sets up the choice truth/appearances, sincerity/lies, in such a way that everything that is not it is cast as lies. It thus preventively undermines all possibility of *elaborating* relationships between bodies. The art of distances in which the exit of separation is experienced is set up as the device “sexuality” and its binary blackmail.

The YoungGirl is also an element of the decor, a masturbating Pan of the “modern” conditions of existence.

Even in love, the YoungGirl speaks the language of political economy and of *management*.

In the heart of the YoungGirl’s world, the demand for freedom disguises the form of the demand for seduction.

• • • • •

The whole world of the Spectacle is a mirror that reflects to the YoungGirl the assimilable image of its ideal.

• • • • •

The YoungGirl is the anecdote for the world, and what dominates the world of the anecdote.

Job: You’re going into a big construction period, which will push you towards the future energetically. You’ll run into it all: luck, creativity, popularity.

Love: Your seduction will bring you lots of positive feed-back.

For the YoungGirl the language of horoscopes is also the “language of real life.”

The YoungGirl has quite the magical ability to convert the most heterogeneous “qualities” (fortune, beauty, intelligence, generosity, humor, social origin, ethnicity, etc.) into a single “social value” that controls her relationship choices.

The Spectacle intends to be able to awaken in everybody the YoungGirl sleeping inside them. It chases after the ghost of

that uniformity.

The lie of porno is that it claims to represent the obscene, and show the vanishing point of all representation. In reality, any family dinner, any managers’ meeting, is **more obscene than a cumshot to the face.**

There isn’t room for two in the YoungGirl’s body.

The YoungGirl’s aspiration to become a symbol only expresses her desire to *belong* to the society of non-belonging, at any cost. It signifies a *constant* effort to remain adequate to her visible being. That wager explains the fanaticism.

Love is impossible in the modern conditions of production. Within the commodity mode of disclosure, a gift appears either as an absurd display of weakness, or as something taking place within the flow of other exchanges, and thus governed by a “calculated air of disinterestedness.” Since Man is supposed to be intimate with nothing but his own interests, to the extent that they do not appear to him nakedly only lies and simulations are plausible. Thus paranoid suspicion reigns regarding the other’s real intentions and motivations; gifts are so suspect that one must now *pay to give*. The YoungGirl knows about that better than anyone.

When private property has been emptied of all metaphysical substance of its own, it does not die immediately. It survives, but its content is only negative anymore; the right to deprive others of the use of our goods. When sex acts are freed of all immanent meaning, they proliferate. But in the end, it’s no longer anything but a fleeting monopoly on the other’s genital organs.

The DIRTY GAME of SEDUCTION!

For the YoungGirl, the superficiality of all relationships is the cause of the superficiality of being.

IV. The YoungGirl as commodity

The YoungGirl is not worried so much about possessing the equivalent of what she's worth on the desire market as she is about ensuring herself of her *value*, which she wants to know with certainty and precision, by means of those thousand symbols that are left to her to convert into what she would call her "seduction potential," read: her *manna*.

"Those who cannot give of themselves sell themselves."
(Stendhal)

How to flirt without looking like a bitch

The YoungGirl's value does not rest on any interior or even intrinsic grounds; her foundation resides uniquely in her exchangeability. The YoungGirl's value only appears in her relationship with another YoungGirl. That's why she's never alone. By making the other YoungGirl her equal as a value, she puts herself into a relationship with herself as a value. By putting herself into a relationship with herself as a value, she at the same time differentiates herself from herself as a singular being. "Thus representing itself as something differentiated in itself, it begins to show itself as what it really is, a commodity." (Marx)

.....
The YoungGirl is the commodity that at every moment demands to be consumed because with each passing moment she is getting closer to her expiration date.

The YoungGirl does not contain within herself the thing for which she is desired: her Advertising.

The YoungGirl is an absolute: she is purchased because she has value, she has value because she is purchased. Commodity tautology.

The YoungGirl is anyone that prefers to become a commodity him or herself, rather than simply suffering under tyranny.

In love, like in the rest of this "society," *no one is allowed to not know their own value anymore.*

The YoungGirl is the place where the commodity and the human coexist in an *apparently* non-contradictory manner.

.....
The world of the YoungGirl shows a singular sophistication, since her reification has progressed to an exceeding degree: in

her, *human relationships mask commodity relationships that mask human relationships.*

In the Spectacle, the YoungGirl, like woman was in the primitive world, is an *object* of Advertising. But the YoungGirl is, furthermore, a *subject* of Advertising, who buys and sells herself. This division within the YoungGirl is her fundamental alienation. Added to that is this drama: while exogamy effectively maintained permanent relationships among tribes, the YoungGirl's *manna* spills away between her fingers, her Advertising fails, and it's *she herself* that suffers the consequences.

The YoungGirl is absorbed by price. She's nothing but that, and *it makes her sick to her stomach.*

Shame for the YoungGirl consists not in the fact of being bought, but on the contrary *of not being bought*. She doesn't get glory just out of her value, she gets glory out of having a price put on her too.

Nothing's less personal to the YoungGirl than her "value as a person." It's not rare to see, by an abuse of language that slowly becomes an abuse of reality, the owners of a unique or expensive object first get a hankering after something, and then finally they claim to "like" it, and then they even "really love" it after a while. Some may claim in the same way that they "love" a given YoungGirl. But if that were really the case they'd end up dying of unhappiness.

The YoungGirl puts to work the self-commodification of non-commodities, the self-estimation of the inestimable.

"Oh... no, not on the first night."

The YoungGirl's "value as a person" is but the "price" for which she is willing to be exchanged, and it is the reason she lets herself be bought and sold, in the end—to increase her value.

The YoungGirl sells her existence like it was a personal loan.

Whatever the YoungGirl gives that is incalculable, she counts anyway.

In the exchange set up by the YoungGirl, personnel are traded off against personnel on the terrain of commodity impersonality.

The YoungGirl, who is disturbed by love, only lets herself be approached conditionally, either at the close of, or according to the prospects of, a market. Even when she appears to abandon herself completely, she only in fact abandons the part of herself that is under contract, preserving or reserving the freedom that she does not alienate/sell. Since the contract can never bind the *whole* person being sold, part of the person still must remain out-

You deserve better than that guy/that chick.

side the contract, so as to remain contractable. There's no clearer or truer way to express the object character of the present version of "love."

From this one may conclude that from the beginning the absolute behind relationships was perverted, and that in a commodity society, there is a certain commerce between beings but never a real 'community,' never a meeting that was more than just the 'right' procedures, however extreme they may have been. Force relationships where the payer or the keeper is dominated, frustrated by their own power, which only measures their own powerlessness.

—Maurice Blanchot
The Shameful Community

"Gotta hang up—call on the other line!"

The YoungGirl at all times remains ferociously the *owner* of her body.

Waitress, model, advertiser, executive, coordinating agent. The YoungGirl today sells her "seduction power" like people used to sell their "labor force."

All success in matters of seduction is essentially a failure, since in the same way as you're not buying a commodity, but a commodity is *wanting* to be bought, it's not that we're seducing YoungGirls, but rather, that YoungGirls want to be seduced.

The broker of a somewhat singular transaction currency, the YoungGirl directs all her efforts towards *performing a good fuck*.

The diversity of social, geographical, or morphological constraints weighing upon the parcels of human organs that the YoungGirl encounters is not enough to explain her differential positioning among the competing products. Their exchange value cannot be based on any singular expression or any substantial determination that it would be impossible to consider as equivalent to every other, even in spite of the Spectacle's powerful mediation. This value is thus not determined by any chimerical natural factors, but on the contrary by the sum of the labor supplied by each to make themselves recognized in the glassy eyes of the Spectacle, that is, to produce themselves as a symbol of those qualities recognized by alienated Publicity, which in the end are never anything but synonyms for submission.

The first skill the YoungGirl learns: to organize her own rarity.

Rest, for the YoungGirl, means knowing *exactly* what she's worth.

"OMG, I can't believe that *old man* rejected me!"

The YoungGirl is never worried about herself, just about her *value*. Thus, when she encounters hatred, she is seized by doubt: has her popularity rating/stock quotation gone down?

If YoungGirls had any interest in speaking, they'd say, "our

use value can certainly interest men; as for us, as objects, we don't really give a damn. What concerns us is our value. Our relationship between ourselves as objects to be bought and sold proves it. We just see each other as exchange values." (Marx, *Das Kapital*)

"Seducer right. Don't get tired of turning 'em on!"

The YoungGirl relates to herself like she does to all the commodities she surrounds herself with.

"You shouldn't devalue yourself like that!" The YoungGirl is—above all—all about making herself valued.

In the same way as an object that has been acquired for a certain sum of money is trivial compared to the infinite virtual possibilities that that sum contains, in the same way, the sex object effectively possessed by a YoungGirl is no more than a disappointing crystallization of her "seduction potential" and a given sex act at hand is but a poor objectification of all the possible sex acts that she *might just as well* have had. This scorning for everything by the YoungGirl results from the religious intuition against the "infinite evil."

The YoungGirl is the most authoritarian commodity in the whole world of authoritarian commodities, the one that can never be possessed, but instead polices you and can at any time be taken away from you.

The YoungGirl is the commodity that claims to sovereignly desire her acquirer.

The YoungGirl feels as if she were with family when she's among commodities, all of which are her sisters.

The absolute triumph of the YoungGirl reveals that sociality is now the most precious and prized of commodities.

What characterizes the imperial era, the era of the Spectacle and Biopower, is the fact that the YoungGirl's very body takes on the form of a commodity belonging to her. "On the other side of it, it is at this very moment that the commodity form of human beings is generalized." (Marx)

The varnished aspect of the YoungGirl's physiognomy must be explained by the fact that as a commodity she is the crystallization of a certain amount of *labor* expended in order to make her meet the standards for a certain type of *exchange*. And the form in which the YoungGirl appears, which is also the commodity form, is characterized by the concealment, or at least the voluntary forgetting, of this concrete labor. In the YoungGirl's "loves," a relationship between things phantasmagorically takes on the form of a relationship between single individuals.

With the YoungGirl, it's not just that the commodity is taking over human subjectivity, but above all human subjectivity that's revealing itself as the internalization of the commodity.

Marx must not have been thinking of the YoungGirl when he wrote that "commodities cannot take themselves to the market or exchange themselves among each other."

"My boyfriend's a poet..."

"Originality" is part of the YoungGirl's banality system. It's a concept that lets her put all singularities into equivalence, as empty singularities. In her eyes, all non-conformities take their place within a kind of conformism of non-conformity.

It's always surprising to see how Ricardo's theory of competitive advantages is verified more fully in the commerce of YoungGirls than in that of inert goods.

It's only in exchange that the YoungGirl *realizes* her value.

Whether from the countryside, the ghetto, or the expensive neighborhoods, all YoungGirls are equivalent as YoungGirls.

The commodity is the materialization of a relationship, and the YoungGirl is its incarnation.

The YoungGirl is today the commodity the most in demand: the *human* commodity.

Within the commodity mode of disclosure, where “beauty” reveals nothing that is truly of its own about itself, appearance being autonomized from all essence, the YoungGirl cannot, whatever she does, give herself to *just anyone*.

“Bah, either her or some other chick...”

The “laws of the market” are *individualized* in the Young-Girl.

What is still called “love” is just the fetishism attached to a particular commodity: the human commodity.

The YoungGirl’s eye carries within it the placing into effective equivalence of all places, all things, and all beings. That’s how the YoungGirl can conscientiously connect everything that enters her field of vision to something she’s already known from alienated Publicity. That’s what her language expresses, overflowing as it is with little words like “like,” “-ish,” and “sorta.”

The YoungGirl is a central aspect of what Negriists call “putting desire and feeling to work,” eternally dazzled as they are by this world of the commodity which they never find anything reproachable about.

time as one becomes her acquirer, she is withdrawn from circulation, a mirage blurs away, the magic aura is stripped, the transcendence that enshrouded her is gone. And she’s just a stinking cunt.

“The modern world isn’t universally whoring out of lust. It would be incapable. It’s universally whoring because it’s universally interchangeable.” (Charles Peguy, *Note Conjointe*)

The YoungGirl is the universal inheritor of the whole of this world’s pseudo-concreteness, and above all of the pseudo-objectivity of the sex act.

The YoungGirl would like to be a thing, but not be treated like a thing. All her distress comes from the fact that she’s not just treated like a thing, but moreover she can’t even manage to really be a thing.

“No, my body isn’t a commodity, it’s a work tool.”

The revolting thing isn’t that the YoungGirl is fundamentally a whore, but that she refuses to see herself as one. Since the whore, not being just purchased, but also *selling herself*, is a maximalist figure of autonomy on the commodity terrain. The YoungGirl is a thing to the exact extent that she takes herself for a human being; she is a human being to the exact extent that she takes herself for a thing.

The whore is the highest holiness conceivable by the commodity world.

By a trick of commodity reason, what determines the Young-Girl’s value is supposed to be precisely what is non-commodity, “authentic,” and “good” about her.



Be yourself! (It pays)

“Seduction: learn amorous marketing! You dream about him, he ignores you. Hook up with him by using the laws of marketing! No man can resist a well-designed campaign plan. Above all if the product is you!”

Wherever the Spectacle reigns, the YoungGirl’s value is immediately effective; her beauty itself is an *executive power*.

The YoungGirl, to preserve her “scarcity value,” must sell herself at full price, meaning that she most often must refuse to sell herself. Also, as she is seen, the YoungGirl is opportunist even in matters of abstinence.

“Because I’m worth it!”

In terms of classical economics, the YoungGirl must be considered a “Giffen good,” or a giffenian good, that is, an object that, contrary to what “ordinarily” happens, is more in demand the more expensive it gets. Luxury commodities fall into this category, and the YoungGirl is certainly the most common of them.

The YoungGirl never allows herself to be possessed as a YoungGirl in the same way as the commodity never lets itself be possessed as a commodity, but only as a thing.

“You can be pretty, popular, hassled by indecent propositions, and INWARDLY ALONE.”

The YoungGirl only exists as a YoungGirl within the general equivalence system and its gigantic circulatory movement. She’s never possessed for the same reason she’s desired. At the same

The YoungGirl is a crisis of coherence knotting up the intestines of commodity society in the last quarter of its era. She is the response to the imperative of the total commodification of existence in all its aspects, to the need to ensure that nothing remains anymore outside of the commodity-form in what is still, in an euphemistic way, called “human relationships.”

The mission the YoungGirl has received is to re-enchant the bleak world of the commodity and to delay the disaster with joy and carefreeness. In her a second degree form of consumption is primed: the consumption of consumers. So far as one could tell from looking only at appearances, which in a number of cases has become legitimate, one might say that the commodity has, with the YoungGirl, achieved total annexation of the non-commodity.

The YoungGirl’s ass represents the last bastion of the illusion of use value, which has so manifestly disappeared from the surface of all that exists. The irony, of course, is that this value itself is still *an exchange*.

In the Spectacle, one might say about the YoungGirl what Marx said about money: that it is “a special commodity that is set aside by the common action of all other commodities and serves to expose their reciprocal value.”

V. The YoungGirl as living currency

The YoungGirl is de-monetized as soon as she leaves circulation. And when she loses the possibility of putting herself back on the market, she starts to rot. *The YoungGirl is the commodity specially appointed for the circulation of standard emotions.*

Value has never measured anything, but what it already didn't measure, it measures ever more poorly.

Living currency is commodity society's ultimate response to money's powerlessness to be equivalent to, and thus to buy, the highest human productions, which are at the same time *the most precious and the most common*. Because to the extent that the empire of money has spread out to the ends of the world and to the expression of all human life, it has lost all value of its own, and has become as impersonal as its concept, and consequently so pathetic that to take on equivalence to anything really personal has become highly problematic for it. It's this absolute inequality between it and human life which one could always see in how impossible it is to pay prostitutes properly.

With living currency, commodity domination has annulled these two weaknesses—the one regarding the purchasing of human life as such, that is, as *strength*, the other, regarding the purchasing of its highest productions, by multiplying them amongst themselves. Living currency achieves the equivalence of the incommensurable in people's personal productions—which meanwhile has become preponderant—and the incommensurable in human life. Now the spectacle estimates the inestimable by using the inestimable in "objective" values.

tions of this society, those which are tied to the *general intellect*.

The preservation of minimal social conventions is conditioned by the fact that a surplus of living currency would devalue it, and make it incapable of comprising a serious counterpart to the inestimable that she is intended for the purchase of. At the same time, by rendering the inestimable estimable, she undermines her own foundation. The specter of inflation haunts the YoungGirls' world.

The YoungGirl is the *final cause* of spectacular economy, its primary motor, immobile. The YoungGirl's ass carries no new value, only a new devalorization of all the ones that have gone before it. The devastating power of the YoungGirl is thus the fact that she liquidates all productions that cannot be converted into living currency.

In total nihilism, all notions of greatness or prestige have long disappeared if they are not immediately convertible into YoungGirls.

The YoungGirl never misses a chance to display the victory of living currency over raw, vile money; thus she demands an infinite counter-gift in exchange for herself.

Money is no longer the ultimate term of the economy. Its triumph has depreciated it. A naked king that has abandoned all metaphysical content, it has also lost all value. No one in the biopolitical flock shows it respect anymore. Living currency has taken the place of money as a general equivalent; that which *relative to which* it is worth anything. It is its value and its concreteness. The purchasing power of living currency, and *a fortiori* of the YoungGirl, has no limit; it extends over the whole of everything that exists, because in her, wealth enjoys itself doubly: as symbol and as fact. The high level of individuation in people and

.....

'Living currency,' the industrial slave is simultaneously value both as a symbol worth riches, and as those riches themselves. As a symbol he or she can be exchanged against all kinds of material wealth, and as wealth he or she nevertheless excludes any other demands, if it is not the demand that they represent the satisfaction of. But satisfaction itself, properly speaking, is also excluded by its very quality as a symbol.

.....

—Pierre Klossowski, *Living Currency*

.....

Attached to the YoungGirl as commodity is a character of exclusion linked to the fact that she is also, irreducibly, a human being, that is, something that is, like gold, an end in itself. And it is as a result of this situation of *exception* that she is returned to the role of a general equivalent.

Living currency, and specifically the YoungGirl, comprises a likely solution to the crisis of value, having become capable of measuring and remunerating the most characteristic produc-

.....

their productions, which had made money incapable of serving as a mediator in purely personal relationships comes into play on condition that living currency is being distributed.

It appears that all that is concrete about this world has disappeared into the YoungGirl's ass.

In the same way as the organization of social misery has been made necessary after '68 to return to the commodity its lost honor, sexual misery is necessary for the maintenance of the

tyranny of the YoungGirl—of living currency. But there's nothing economic or short-term about that misery; on the contrary, in the end, it is just the essential misery of "sexuality" itself.

"When it comes to personal property, possession amounts to title."

Money in no way contradicts living currency; it preserves a transcended moment of it, along with all its accounting which no longer measures anything at all.

Since the translation of highly-differentiated human life into money had become impossible, the YoungGirl was invented to restore value to devalorized money. But in one fell swoop the YoungGirl not only out-classed money, making it a secondary consideration, she regenerated it and returned substance to it. Money now continues to survive due to this ruse.

The YoungGirl's impersonality has the same ideal, impeccable, purifying substance as money. The YoungGirl herself is *odorless*.

Just like a "use value" has no relationship with its exchange value, the emotion that living currency stirs is not susceptible to accounting; it is not commensurable with any *thing*. But in the same way as use value hardly exists free of exchange value, the emotion that living currency stirs hardly exists outside of the system it is exchanged within. Neither the YoungGirl or gold are really enjoyed; one enjoys only their uselessness and rarity.

When Marx said that an object's exchange value crystallizes the labor time necessary for the production of that object, he was only saying that in the last analysis value is comprised merely of the life annulled in a thing—that is, that living currency is first of all the numeraire.

In French, the verb "*foutre*" (fuck) is used generally to depreciatively refer to all activity. "What the fuck are you doing?"—*Qu'est-ce que tu fous* (literally, "What are you fucking")? And it's true that in all societies where people cannot engage in free activity, *fuck* is the general abstract equivalent, the degree zero of all activity.

Until the appearance of the YoungGirl on the scene, it was impossible to concretely understand what "*baiser*" (to physically fuck) was all about, that is, to fuck someone without really fucking any one *singular person*. Because to "fuck" with a being that's so completely abstract, so effectively interchangeable, is to fuck with (delve into) the absolute.

If money is the king of commodities, the YoungGirl is the queen.

The preferred kind of porn star is silent, keeps to herself, discourse-less; not because what they'd have to say would be so intolerable, or so excessively indecent, but on the contrary because when they talk, what they say about themselves is precisely the truth of *all YoungGirls*. "I take vitamins so I'll have pretty hair; physical care is something you have to work on every day. It's normal, you have to work on your appearance, the image people have of you," one of them confesses.

In the final phase of the Spectacle, everything is sexually mediated, that is, the sex act has replaced the utility of specific things as their ultimate finality. The existence of the world of the commodity now tends exclusively towards it.

"As long as free love is not generalized, a certain number of young girls will always be needed to fill the function of today's whores." (Georg Simmel, *Philosophy of Love*)

Ah, the YoungGirls of the tertiary sector; marketing; shops; social services. In the near, foreseeable future, the whole of the capitalist regime's surplus value will be produced by YoungGirls.

What's exchanged in the sex act is self-esteem. Each YoungGirl presents herself as an automatic and standard converter of existence into commodity value.

The YoungGirl is in fact neither the subject or object of emotion, but merely *a pretext for it*. One does not get off on a YoungGirl, or on her getting off; one gets off on getting off on her. A kind of gamble has to be made.

Like money, the YoungGirl is equivalent to herself, and only bears a relation to herself.

The YoungGirl is the true gold, the absolute numeraire.

It's a unilateral-fetishist perspective to affirm that "the living object that is the source of emotion from an exchange perspective is worth its maintenance costs" (Klossowski, *Living Currency*).

The time freed up by the perfection and growing efficiency of the instruments of production is not balanced out by any decrease in "labor" time, but by the extension of the sphere of "work" over the whole of life, and above all by the constitution and maintenance of a sufficiently large mass of living currency, of available Blooms and YoungGirls, available to give birth to a parallel and already regulated sexual market.

The ghostly nature of the YoungGirl reproduces the ghostly nature of participation in this society, for which the YoungGirl is also the remuneration.

Living currency, in sum, reveals the truth of commodity exchange, that is, it reveals its lie: the impossibility of putting the incommensurable aspects of human life (classically coagulated into "labor time") into equivalence with inert or other things, or with money, in whatever quantity. Because the lie of commodity society in the end is that it puts life through a regulated exchange, which always involves a SACRIFICE, and thereby claims to settle an INFINITE DEBT.

AS SOON AS the bodily presence of the industrial slave is figured absolutely into the equation for the assessable yield of what he can produce—his physiognomy considered as inseparable from his labor—only a specious distinction can be made between the person and his activity. His physical, bodily presence is already a commodity, independent of and *beyond* the commodity that such presence contributes to the production of. And now the industrial slave either establishes a strict relationship between his bodily presence and the money that it brings in, or that bodily presence replaces the money function, it itself being money: at the same time the equivalent of wealth and wealth itself.

—Klossowski
Living Currency

VI. YoungGirl as compact political device

More distinctly than any other commodity, but not any more fundamentally so, the YoungGirl constitutes an *offensive neutralization device*.

How could capitalism have managed to mobilize affects, to spread its power in molecules everywhere to where it colonizes our very sentiments and emotions, if the YoungGirl wasn't working as a *relay*?

Just like the economy itself, the YoungGirl thinks she's got us by the infrastructure.

"Look at the bright side of life"... because history advances in its dark side.

Biopower is also available in a cream, pill, and spray form.

Seduction is the new opium of the masses. It is the freedom of a world with no freedom, the joy of a world with no joy.

The terrible example set in the past by a few liberated women was enough to convince domination that it would do well to ward off all feminine freedom.

By her sentiments, physiology, family, "sincerity," "health," desire, and obedience to all social determinisms, by all means, **the YoungGirl defends herself against freedom.**

Taking on the appearance of a ready-to-burst neutrality, the YoungGirl is the most fearful of all visible political oppression devices.

"Are you sexually normal?"

The YoungGirl advances like a living engine, directed by and directing itself towards the Spectacle's direction.

Domination has discovered a means vastly more powerful than the simple power of constraint: *directed attraction*.

The YoungGirl is the elementary unit of biopolitical individuality.

Historically, the YoungGirl appears in her extreme affinity with Biopower as the spontaneous addressee of all biopolitics, to which PEOPLE address themselves.

"Eating poorly is a luxury, a sign of idleness. Scorn for the body is a perfectly self-satisfied relationship to oneself. The working woman gets into maintaining her bodily capital (gym, pool), whereas for the student what's most important is aesthetics (dance) or the exhausting physical expenditure par excellence: the nightclub."

The function of the YoungGirl is to transform the promise of freedom contained in the end of western civilization into a surplus of alienation, into the deepening of the commodity order, into new servitudes, into a political status quo.

The YoungGirl lives on the same plane as Technology; that of the formal spiritualization of the world.

Within commodity domination, seduction straightaway shows itself as the exercise of *power*.

The YoungGirl has no opinion or position of her own; she takes shelter as quickly as possible in the shadow of whoever wins.

The "modern" type of labor, where it's no longer a certain quantity of labor power that is made profitable, but rather the docile exercise of certain "human qualities," admirably suits the YoungGirl's skills of imitation.

The YoungGirl is the cornerstone of the commodity order's maintenance system; she puts herself in the service of all its restorations. *Since the YoungGirl just wants some fucking peace.*

The YoungGirl is the ideal collaborator.

The YoungGirl understands freedom as the possibility of choosing from among a thousand insignificances.

The YoungGirl doesn't want any history.

The YoungGirl aims at the regulation of all the senses.

In the world of the authoritarian commodity, all the naive praise given to desire is immediately praise given to servitude.

No slave of semiocracy doesn't get a certain power out of it, a power of judgement; blame; opinion.

The YoungGirl is the materialization of the way capitalism has recreated all the needs that it had freed mankind from by tirelessly reworking the human world to meet the abstract norms of the Spectacle, and by raising the bar of those norms ever higher. Both YoungGirl and Spectacle share the morbid obsession with remaining identical to themselves, no matter the frenzied activity needed to do so.

The strict control and excessive solicitude that this society shows towards women only expresses its need to reproduce itself identically and to MASTER its perpetuation.

"The American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, in a publication dealing with the role of women in modern America (1929), concluded that mass consumerism has made the "modern housewife... much less a specialized worker than an entrepreneur of lifestyles." (Stuart Ewen, *Captains of Consciousness*)

Biopower's program comes above all in the form of a process of the subjugation of men to and by their own bodies.

The Spectacle wards off the body in excessively evoking it, like religion evoked it by excessively warding it off.

The YoungGirl esteems "sincerity," a "good heart," "kindness," "simplicity," "frankness," "modesty," and in general all the virtues that considered one-sidedly are really just synonyms of servitude.

The YoungGirl lives in the illusion that freedom is found at the end of a total submission to commodity "Publicity." But

at the end of that servitude there is nothing but old age and death.
“Freedom doesn’t exist” says the YoungGirl, and then walks off into the pharmacy.
The YoungGirl wants to be “independent,” that is, in her mind, dependent only on PEOPLE.
Everything great that is not at the same time a sign of subjugation to world of the authoritarian commodity is because of that devoted to a total detestation of the YoungGirl, who still dares talk about “arrogance,” “sufficiency,” and even “scorn.”
The YoungGirl is the central article of permissive consumption and commodity leisure.

The preponderance of the amusement and desire markets is but a moment in the vast enterprise of social pacification, in which it has taken on the function of temporarily covering up the living contradictions that riddle the tissue of imperial biopolitics at all points.

Access to freedom in the Spectacle is merely access to marginal consumption on the desire market, which is its symbolic heart.
The symbolic privileges that the Spectacle grants to the YoungGirl come back to it as the counterparts of the absorption and diffusion of the ephemeral codes, renovated usages, and general semiology that had to be there in order to politically neutralize the free time released by the “progress” made by the social organization of labor.
The YoungGirl as the central linchpin of “permissive training.”
The YoungGirl as environment and coordination in the dictatorial management of leisure activity.

The YoungGirl, deep down inside, is like a rubber stamp: she bears all the proper indifference, all the necessary coldness that the conditions of metropolitan life demand.

It doesn’t matter much to the Spectacle if seduction is hated everywhere, as long as people don’t manage to get any idea of the abundance that could transcend it.

When the Spectacle makes attempts to “praise womanhood” or more flatly acknowledges the “feminization of the world,” all you’ll ever really be getting will be an underhanded promotion of all the servitudes and of the constellation of “values” that slaves always pretend to have.

The YoungGirl is already the best-performing behavior control agent out there. With the YoungGirl, domination is introduced into even the profoundest extremities of each person’s life.

The violence with which femininity is administered in the world of the authoritarian commodity recalls the way domination felt free to abuse its slaves even when, after all, it needed them to ensure its reproduction.

The YoungGirl is that power against which it is barbaric, indecent, and even plain totalitarian to rebel.

In the world of the authoritarian commodity, the living can see in their own alienated desires a demonstration of the power that the enemy has drawn from them.

.....
“ Oh my God,
you are
SO gross!”
.....

VII. The YoungGirl as war machine

The YoungGirl spontaneously assents to anything that might mean subjugation to any kind of necessity—"life," "society," "work," the education of children, another YoungGirl. But this assent is itself determined in an exclusively negative manner; it's only given to such things as long as they bar all singular expressions.

The glassy smile of the YoungGirl always has a penal colony hidden behind it.

The YoungGirl has no other legitimacy besides that of the Spectacle. As docile as the YoungGirl is before the arbitrariness of what PEOPLE say, she's just as tyrannical when it comes to living beings. Her submission to the impersonality of the Spectacle gives her the right to subjugate others to it, whoever they may be.

In fucking and in all the other sectors of her existence, the YoungGirl acts as a formidable mechanism for the annulment of negativity.

Because the YoungGirl is the living presence of everything that wishes us a humane death, she's not just the purest product of the Spectacle, but the plastic proof of the love that we give it. She's the path down which we follow our own loss of self.

Everything she has managed to neutralize finds its place in the YoungGirl's world as an ACCESSORY.

Seduction as war. PEOPLE use the word "canon" (literally, "gun"; figuratively: "pimpin") as a metaphor, which appears to be taking on less and less of an aesthetic tone and more and more a ballistic one.

YoungGirls comprise the infantry of visibility's occupation troops, the rank and file of the present dictatorship of appearances.

The YoungGirl finds herself to be in a relationship of immediacy and affinity with everything competing to reformat humanity.

Each YoungGirl comprises, in her own way, an advanced outpost of the imperialism of insignificance.

Viewed from a whole-territory perspective, the YoungGirl appears as the most powerful vector of the tyranny of servitude. Any manifestation of non-submissiveness makes her furious. And in that sense a kind of totalitarian social-democracy suits

her marvelously.

The YoungGirl's violence is proportional to her fragile vacuity.

Capitalism has made particular use of the YoungGirl in order to extend its hegemony over the totality of social life.

She is commodity domination's toughest pawn, in a war whose stakes are still the total control over everyday life and "production" time.

It is precisely because she sketches out a total acculturation of the self, because she defines herself in terms set by outside judgment, that the YoungGirl is the most advanced bearer of the spectacular *ethos* and its abstract behavioral norms.

"A huge educational project would have to be set up (maybe on the Chinese or Khmer Rouge model), in the form of work camps where boys would learn, under the guidance of competent ladies, the duties and secrets of housewifery."

The YoungGirl's insignificance shows her oppressed minority situation, and at the same time her imperialist and triumphal character. It's just that the YoungGirl is fighting for the Empire, her master.

Contrary to the young girls of Babylon, who, according to Strabon, turned over to the temple the income they obtained through their prostitution, the YoungGirl's prostitution profits the Spectacle and she doesn't even know it.

"Furthermore, and this is where the schoolgirl's true pandemonium began, there was a whole pile of confidential letters sent by judges, lawyers, and prosecutors, pharmacists, businessmen, city or rural notables, doctors, etc., letters sent by all these remarkable and brilliant people who'd always inspired so much respect in me! I couldn't shake off my surprise... So they too, in spite of appearances, were having relations with the schoolgirl? 'Incredible,' I repeated to myself; 'it's incredible.' So this Maturity weighed upon them so heavily that they wrote long letters to a modern 1st year schoolgirl, hiding it all from their wives and children?... These letters made me fully realize all the enormous power of the modern schoolgirl. Where, indeed, did she NOT dominate?" (Gombrowicz, *Ferdydurke*)

The YoungGirl is a metaphysical kidnapping procedure; that is, one is never her prisoner, but rather one is always a prisoner in her.

The YoungGirl is a warning to each and everyone to make sure they keep on measuring up to the Spectacle's images.

The YoungGirl is an instrument in the service of a general policy to exterminate beings capable of love.

Identical in this sense to the alienated social totality, the YoungGirl detests unhappiness, since unhappiness indicts her *like it indicts this society*.

The YoungGirl works to propagate a kind of terror of fun.

“How many squads of riot cops does the YoungGirl need before she truly smiles like a child?”

“More, more, MORE...”

The vocabulary proper to the YoungGirl is also that of TOTAL MOBILIZATION.

“Fidelity—it earns interest.”

The YoungGirl is a member of the new morals police making sure that everyone carries out their *function* and sticks to it exclusively. The YoungGirl thus *never* really interacts with singular beings, but with groups of qualities objectivized into a role, a character or a social situation which one is supposed to conform to in all circumstances. And so anyone that she shares her little alienated everyday life with will always definitively remain “that guy” or “this chick.”

The YoungGirl watches over the commodity with an envious eye, because she sees her model in it, that is, she sees something that is the same as her, but more perfect. What humanity she has left isn't just what's keeping her from attaining commodity perfection; it's also the cause of all her suffering. And so she has to eradicate that too.

The YoungGirl reproaches reality, with a non-feigned bitterness, for not measuring up to the Spectacle.

The ignorance in which the YoungGirl sticks to her role as a cornerstone of the present system of domination *is also part of that role*.

The YoungGirl is a pawn in an all-out war that domination has undertaken in order to try and eradicate all otherness. The YoungGirl does not mince words when she says it: she's “horrified by the negative.” And when she says that she is, like Spinoza's stone, persuaded that it's her that's talking.

The YoungGirl wears a mask, and when she admits it, it's always only to suggest that she also has a “true face” that she wouldn't or couldn't show. But that “true face” is also a mask, and a frightful one: it is the true face of domination. And in fact, when the YoungGirl “takes off her mask,” the Empire is speaking *directly to you*.

“... what if all the guys on the planet were eliminated? Why try to make something new out of the old things? I'm sick of guys, they can all fuck off, just... go away! Anyway, it's no use getting upset; historically and genetically speaking, man has had his time. He's doing away with himself on his own.”

Every YoungGirl is a modest filtration enterprise in and of herself.

Considered as a whole, YoungGirls comprise the most frightful paramilitary force that has been wielded by PEOPLE against all heterogeneity, against all vague desire for desertion. Parallel to this they also map out at each moment the most advanced outposts of Biopower, its revolting solicitude and the cybernetic pacification of everything.

Beneath the culinary gaze of the YoungGirl, all things and all beings, whether organic or inorganic, appear as if they could be possessed, or at least consumed. Everything she sees, she transforms into a commodity just by looking at it. In that sense also she comprises an advanced outpost in the Spectacle's endless offensive.

The YoungGirl is the nothingness that PEOPLE wield to hold down the pregnancy of Nothingness.

The YoungGirl doesn't like war, she wages it.

The YoungGirl is the final slavery, by which the silence of the slaves has been achieved.

It's not enough to affirm that the YoungGirl speaks the Spec-

tacle's language; it must also be remarked that that's the only language she can understand, and that she thus forces everyone that doesn't loathe her to speak it.

The semiocratic authorities, who ever more forcefully demand an aesthetic assent to their world, flatter themselves that they can now pass what they want off as what is “beautiful.” But this “beautiful” is only the socially controlled desirable.

“SICK OF GUYS? GET A DOG! You're what, 18, 20 years old? You're starting school and it looks like it's going to be long and hard? Do you really think this is the time to slow down that fine takeoff of yours by desperately seeking affection from some boy that in the end has nothing to offer you? Or worse, to saddle yourself with a companion who himself isn't perfect, not really very nice, and not always so clean...”

The YoungGirl promotes conformity between all the fleeting norms of the Spectacle, and conveys an *example* of such a conformity.

Like everything that has achieved symbolic hegemony, the YoungGirl condemns as *barbaric* all physical violence directed against her ambition for the total pacification of society. Her and domination share the same obsession with security.

The very character of the war machine that can be seen so strikingly in every YoungGirl insists that she live her life no differently than she wages her war. But on the other hand, her inflatable emptiness already prefigures her coming militarization. She no longer just defends her private monopoly on desire, but in general the alienated state of the public expression of desires.

Men are not prisoners of their “instinctive impulses” in the Spectacle; they are prisoners of the laws of the desirable that have been written into them, even into their very flesh.

YoungGirl has declared war on microbes.

YoungGirl has declared war on chance.

YoungGirl has declared war on the passions.

YoungGirl has declared war on time.

YoungGirl has declared war on fat.

YoungGirl has declared war on time.

YoungGirl has declared war on worry.

YoungGirl has declared war on silence.

YoungGirl has declared war on the political.

And finally, YoungGirl has declared war on war.

VIII. The YoungGirl against communism

The YoungGirl privatizes everything she perceives. Thus, for her, a philosopher is not a philosopher, but an extravagant erotic object; in the same way, for her, a revolutionary is not a revolutionary, but a piece of jewelry.

The YoungGirl is a consumer article, a device for the maintenance of order, a producer of sophisticated commodities, a new propagator of spectacular codes, an avant-garde of alienation, and she is also an amusement.

When the YoungGirl says “Yes” to life, she’s only expressing her deaf hatred for what is superior to time.

When the YoungGirl talks about community, she’s always thinking about the community of the species, about the living as a whole. She’s never thinking about a specific community, since she’d necessarily be excluded from it.

Even when she thinks she’s engaging her “whole self” in a relationship, the YoungGirl is mistaken, because she fails to engage her Nothingness in it too. And that’s where she gets her dissatisfaction and where she gets her “friends.”

Because she discovers the world through the eyes of the commodity, when the YoungGirl looks at someone she only sees what him or her is “like,” what resembles that person. Inversely, she considers the thing that in her is the most generic as the most personal: the sex act.

The YoungGirl wants to be loved “for herself,” that is, for what isolates her. That’s why she always keeps an *appraiser’s distance*, even at bottom from her own ass.

The YoungGirl summarizes in herself alone all the nothingness, paradox, and tragedy of visibility.

The YoungGirl is the privileged vehicle of commodity social darwinism.

The continual pursuit of sex is a manifestation of a poor substantiality. The truth behind it is not to be found in “pleasure,” “hedonism,” the “sexual instinct,” or any of the existential content that Bloom has so completely emptied of its meaning, but rather in the frenzied quest for any kind of a *bond* to the social totality, which has become inaccessible. This is about giving oneself a feeling of *participation*, through the exercise of the most generic activity there is, the one linked most closely to the reproduction of the species. That’s why the YoungGirl is both the most common and the most sought-after object there is, because she is the *incarnation of the Spectacle*, or at least she aspires to such title.

In the YoungGirl’s understanding, the question of an ulti-

mate *purpose* is a superfluous one.

In general, all poor substantialities spontaneously win the YoungGirl’s favor. However there are certain ones that get preference. So it is for any pseudo-identity capable of claiming superiority in terms of “biological” content (age, sex, size, race, measurements, health, etc.).

The YoungGirl postulates an irrevocable intimacy with everything that shares her physiology. Her function is thus to tend the fading fires of all the illusions of immediacy on which Biopower can then hold itself aloft.

The YoungGirl is the termite in the “material,” the marathon runner of the “everyday.” Domination has made her into the privileged bearer of the ideology of the “concrete.” The YoungGirl isn’t satisfied just to be all crazy about what’s “low maintenance,” “simple,” and “lived”; she furthermore considers that the “abstract,” the “complex” are evils that it would be wise to eradicate. But what she calls the “concrete” is itself, in its ferocious one-sidedness, the most abstract of things. It is the shield of wilted flowers behind which advances the thing she was designed to carry out: the violent negation of metaphysics. The YoungGirl doesn’t just have a chip on her shoulder against whatever transcends her; she’s got a whole forest against it, a whole pound of barking dogs. Her hatred for everything great, everything that is outside the reach of consumerism, is immeasurable.

The YoungGirl has enough “concrete” about her to not succumb to the metaphysical feeling of her own nothingness.

“Evil is whatever distracts.” (Kafka)

The “Love of life” that the YoungGirl glorifies so much is in reality nothing but her hatred of danger. Thus, she only professes her determination to keep a relationship of pure immediacy with what she calls “life,” and which, obviously, only refers to “life within the Spectacle.”

Of all the aporias the pretentious mass of which comprises western metaphysics, the most durable appears to be that of the constitution, by the repudiation thereof, of a sphere of “bare life.” Underlying qualified, political, presentable human existence, there is supposedly, a whole despicable, indistinct, unspeakable sphere of “bare life”; reproduction, home economics, the upkeep of the vital faculties, heterosexual coupling or even diet, all those things that PEOPLE have as much as possible associated with the “feminine identity” supposedly have their confluence in that swamp. The YoungGirls have merely inverted the symbols of an operation that they’ve left unchanged. And thus they have made themselves a very curious kind of commonality that PEOPLE might call living-for-living’s-sake if THEY knew that the commonality of western metaphysics has lately been identified with “living-for-dying’s-sake.” As much and so totally that the YoungGirls have convinced themselves to unite on the deepest level

of their being regarding physiology, everydayness, psychology, malicious corner gossip, and what PEOPLE think. The repeated failure of their loves and of their friendships does not appear to be of a nature sufficient to open their eyes or make them see that it is precisely that which separates them.

The YoungGirl opposes her swarm of organs against finiteness. Against solitude, the continuity of the living. And against the tragedy of disclosure, the idea that it's good to be noticed.

In the same way as are the beings that are the limits of it, the relationships that are formed within the Spectacle are deprived of content and meaning—if still the lack of meaning so obvious in the whole extent of the YoungGirl's life drove her nuts—but no; it only leaves her in her normal state of definitive absurdity. Their establishment isn't dictated by any kind of real usage (YoungGirls properly speaking don't really have anything to *do* together) or by a certain taste, one-sided as it may be, that the one may have for the other (even their tastes aren't their own), but merely by symbolic usefulness, which makes each partner into a *symbol* of the other's *happiness*, the paradisiacal completeness that the Spectacle's mission is to constantly redefine.

Seduction, by becoming an argument for Total Mobilization, has naturally taken on the form of a job interview and “love” a sort of mutual and private employment, with an indeterminate duration for the lucky ones.

“Don't get all worked up!”

No betrayal is punished more severely by the YoungGirl than that of the YoungGirl that deserts the YoungGirls' Army, or claims to liberate herself from it.

The essential activity of the YoungGirl does not consist solely in separating the “professional” from the “personal,” the “social” from the “private,” the “emotional” from the “utilitarian,” the “reasonable” from “madness,” the “everyday” from the “exceptional,” etc., but above all in incarnating that separation in her very “life.”

The YoungGirl can certainly talk about death, but invariably she'll conclude that after all “that's life.”

The YoungGirl's ass is a global village.

When she talks of “peace” and “happiness,” the face the YoungGirl makes is that of death. Her negativity is not of the mind; it is the negativity of the inert.

The YoungGirl has a singular connection to bare life, in all its forms.

The YoungGirl has entirely rewritten the names of the seven deadly sins. On the first line, she has cutely calligraphed the word: “solitude.”



The YoungGirl “loves life,” which must be understood as implying that she hates all *forms of life*.

The YoungGirl is like everything else that talks of “love” in a society that does everything it can to make it definitively impossible: she lies in the service of domination.

The YoungGirl's “youth” only refers to a certain stubborn denial of finiteness.



The YoungGirl swims underwater in immanence.

IX. The YoungGirl against herself: The YoungGirl as impossibility

It's only on the surface that the Spectacle has finally made real the absurd metaphysical concept according to which everything arises from its Idea and not the other way around. In the YoungGirl we see clearly how PEOPLE get a reality that appears to be but the materialization of a concept of reality: THEY cut it off from everything that makes it singular, to where it's similar in indigence to a mere idea.

It is the *human* foreignness to the world of the commodity that pursues the YoungGirl endlessly and comprises the supreme threat to her, a "threat which, in fact, is not at all incompatible with total security and the total absence of need in terms of everyday worry" (Heidegger). This anguish which is the fundamental mode of existence for those who can no longer really *inhabit* their world, is the central universal *hidden* truth of the era of the YoungGirl, and of the YoungGirl herself; hidden because it is most often shut away at home, far from all gazing eyes, that she does her endless sobbing. As she chews away at her nothingness, this anguish is just another word for the solitude, silence, and dissimulation which comprise the YoungGirl's metaphysical condition, which she has such a hard time coming to grips with.

The raging hunger for amusement that the YoungGirl and all other Blooms have is rooted in anguish.

**SPIRITUALITY:
OUR NEW
NEED?
Is there an
unknown
mystery in
each of us?**

One second the YoungGirl is naked/bare life, and the next she's dressed-up death. In fact, the YoungGirl is what holds them both together *constantly*.

The YoungGirl is closed in on herself; at first this is fascinating, and then it starts to rot.

Anorexia is interpreted as a fanaticism of detachment which, faced with the impossibility of all metaphysical participation in the world of the commodity, seeks to *physically* participate in it, and which of course fails to.

Interest is only the apparent motive for the YoungGirl's behavior. When the YoungGirl sells herself she's trying to be rid of herself, or at least to feel she's been squared away. But that never happens.

Anorexia among women expresses the same aporia that men show in their pursuit of power: the will to mastery. But because of a patriarchal cultural codification that is more severely applied to women, the anorexic applies to her own body the will to mastery that she cannot apply to the world. A pandemic simi-

lar to the one we are seeing today among YoungGirls happened in the heart of the Middle Ages, among the female saints. To the world which would like to reduce her to her body, the anorexic YoungGirl opposes her sovereign power over the latter; for the female saint, to the patriarchal mediation of the clergy was opposed her own direct communication with God, and to the dependence that PEOPLE wanted to keep her in, her radical independence relative to the world. In saintly anorexia, "the elimination of physical demands and vital sensations—fatigue, sexual impulses, hunger, pain—allow the body to perform heroic deeds, and the soul to communicate with God" (Rudolph Bell, *Saintly Anorexia*).

Today, when the medical establishment has replaced the clergy both in the patriarchal order and at the anorexic YoungGirl's bedside, the recovery rates for what PEOPLE quickly call "mental anorexia" are still exceptionally low, in spite of quite significant therapeutic efforts here and elsewhere; and the mortality rate has fallen to under 15% only in very few countries. The death of an anorexic, whether saintly or "mental," only sanctions the final victory of the anorexic over her body, over the world.

As if in the drunkenness of a hunger strike that's gone as far as possible, the YoungGirl finds in death the ultimate affirmation of her detachment and purity. "Anorexics fight against the fact of their having been reduced to slavery, exploited, and not being able to lead their lives as they choose. They prefer to deprive themselves of food rather than go on in a compromised life. In this blind search for identity and a feeling of self, they will accept nothing that their parents or the people around them can offer them... [in] authentic or typical mental anorexia, what sufferers want above all is to struggle to acquire mastery of themselves, their identity, and to become competent and efficient" (Bruch, *The Eyes and the Stomach*). "In fact," concludes the afterword to *Saintly Anorexia*, "the anorexic could sketch a tragic caricature of woman; liberated, autonomous, yet incapable of intimacy, driven by ideas of power and domination."

There is indeed a certain objectivity to the YoungGirl, but it is a fictitious one. The YoungGirl is just a contradiction frozen in tomb-like immobility.

Whatever she may say, the YoungGirl's not being denied the right to happiness, but the right to unhappiness.

However happy the YoungGirl may be in each of the various separate aspects of her existence (work, love, sex, leisure, health, etc.), she must remain essentially unhappy *precisely because those aspects are separate*. Unhappiness is the fundamental tonality of the YoungGirl's existence. That's OK. Unhappiness makes good consumers.

The suffering and unhappiness that are an intrinsic part of

the YoungGirl show the impossibility of some “end of History” where men could be content to be the most intelligent of animal species, and renounce all discursive consciousness, all desire for recognition, and all the exercise of their negativity; the impossibility, in a word, of THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE.

When she hears talk of negativity, the YoungGirl calls up her psychologist. One way or another she has all kinds of words she can use to not talk metaphysics when it has the bad taste to make itself heard too clearly: “psychosomatic” is one of them.

Like the model that she has necessarily dreamt of being at one time or another, the YoungGirl aims at total inexpressiveness, an ecstatic absence; but the image gets all dirtied by becoming incarnate, and the YoungGirl only manages to express nothingness, living, teeming, sweating nothingness, humid nothingness—until she vomits.

The cyborg as the supreme, IMMUNODEFICIENT stage of the YoungGirl.

The YoungGirl’s depressing because she’d like to be a *thing among things*, that is, she’d like to be like everyone else—as *they are seen from the outside*—and she can’t; because she’d like to be a symbol, and circulate smoothly within the gigantic semiocratic metabolism.

The whole of the YoungGirl’s life coincides with what she’d like to forget.

The apparent sovereignty of the YoungGirl is also the absolute vulnerability of the separated individual, the weakness and isolation that can nowhere find the quarter, security, or protection that they appear to be seeking everywhere. That’s because the YoungGirl lives ceaselessly “in pursuit of herself,” that is, in *fear*.

EVERYONE BEAUTIFUL, EVERYONE ORGANIC!

The YoungGirl tends us the authentic enigma of

happy servitude, which we can’t bring ourselves to believe. The mystery of the slave glowing with joy.

The pursuit of happiness summarizes, as its effect as well as its cause, the YoungGirl’s unhappiness. The YoungGirl’s appearance-frenzy shows her thirst for substance which finds nowhere to quench itself.

All the YoungGirl’s elegance can’t hide her undethronable tackiness.

The YoungGirl wants the “best of all possible worlds”; unfortunately the best of all possible worlds isn’t possible.

The YoungGirl dreams of a body purely transparent in the lights of the Spectacle. She’d like to be in all things no more than the idea that PEOPLE have of her.

Frigidity is the truth behind nymphomania, impotence is the truth behind Don Juan-ism, and anorexia is the truth behind bulimia.

Because in the Spectacle, where the appearance of happiness also works as the *sine qua non* condition for happiness, the duty to simulate happiness is the formula for all suffering.

The translucent non-existence of the YoungGirl shows the false transcendence that she incarnates.

What the YoungGirl proves is that there’s no pretty surface without a terrible depth behind it.

The YoungGirl is the emblem of existential anguish expressing itself in a unreasoned feeling of permanent insecurity.

The Spectacle consents to talking about sexual misery so as to stigmatize people’s inability to be exchanged with one another like perfect commodities. The stubborn imperfection of the seduction market would be worrisome otherwise.

The anorexic detests the things of this world only so as to render herself more detestable than they are.

Like so many other of our unhappy contemporaries, the YoungGirl has taken western metaphysics at its word, irresolvable contradictions and all. And she will seek in vain to give form to it in naked life.

The extreme spread of male impotence, female frigidity, or even vaginal dryness, can be immediately understood as contradictions of capitalism.

Anorexia expresses, on the same terrain as the commodity, the most incontinent disgust for it, and the tackiness of all wealth. In all her bodily manifestations, the YoungGirl signifies the impatient rage to abolish matter and time.

She is a soulless body that dreams it is a bodiless soul.

“The anorexia of Catherine de Sienne was a consequence of her will to master the exigencies of her body, which she saw as an evil obstacle to her holiness/saintliness.” (Rudolph Bell, *Saintly Anorexia*)

Anorexia must be seen as more than a fashionable pathology: the desire to liberate oneself from a body entirely colonized by commodity symbology, to reduce to dust a physical objectivity of which the YoungGirl has been wholly dispossessed. But she just ends up making a new body out of the negation of the body.

Both in the anorexic YoungGirl and in the ascetic ideal, there’s the same hatred of the flesh and the fantasy resolution tending towards the physical in its pure state: the skeleton.

The YoungGirl is afflicted with what might be called an “angel complex”: she aims for a perfection that would consist in being *disembodied*. On her bathroom scale she can easily read the one-sidedness of commodity metaphysics.

The anorexic seeks the absolute in her own way; that is, she seeks the worst of absolutes in the worst of ways.

Bloom’s desire, and thus the YoungGirl’s desire, has nothing to do with bodies; it has to do with essences.

The absolute vulnerability of the YoungGirl is that of the merchant, whose merchandise can be stolen away by any uncontrolled force.

The YoungGirl is a “metaphysical” creature in the adulterated, modern sense of the term. She wouldn’t put her body through the kinds of tests and cruel penitences that she does if she weren’t fighting with it as though she were fighting a demon of some kind, and didn’t want to subjugate it entirely to form, to the ideal, to the dead perfection of abstraction. This metaphysics is in the end only the hatred of the physical, understood as simply that which comes before metaphysics, in the proper sense.

The YoungGirl is the commodity’s final attempt to transcend itself, which fails miserably.

How to
dress
“green”

X. To finish the YoungGirl

The YoungGirl is a reality as massive and brittle as the Spectacle. Like all transitional forms, the YoungGirl is an oxymoron. She is also the first case of an asceticism without an ideal, of materialist penitence.

Cowardly devoted to the caprices of the YoungGirl, we've learned to detest her while obeying her.

The present sexual misery in no way resembles that of the past, because these are now bodies without desire, burning up inside because they can't satisfy these desires they don't have.

Over the course of its metastatic development, seduction has lost intensity while increasing its extension. Amorous discourse has never been so poor as it is now when everyone feels the duty to sing its praises and comment on it.

The YoungGirl doesn't look like a dead body, as one might presume from reading women's magazines; she looks like death itself.

Everyone looks to sell themselves and no one can manage to do it convincingly.

Contrary to how it might seem at first glance, the rapist isn't grappling with a man or a woman as a person, but with *sexuality itself* as the control apparatus that he reappropriates.

When it erupts, the naked body of the YoungGirl used to be able to produce a feeling of truth. Now that power is sought, in vain, among ever-younger bodies.

Just how little charm we find in the YoungGirl anymore shows how much we've managed to destroy her already.

It's not a question of emancipating the YoungGirl, but of emancipation *relative* to the YoungGirl.

In certain extreme cases, we'll see the YoungGirl turn the nothingness inhabiting her against the world that has produced her that way. The pure emptiness of her form, her profound hostility to everything that exists will be condensed into explosive blocs of negativity. And she'll have to destroy everything around her. The desertlike expanse inside her will get a burning urge to reduce every point in the Empire to an equal desolation. *Give me a bomb, I must die*, exultantly gasped a Russian nihilist of the last century, begging to be assigned the suicide attack on Grand-Duke Serge.

For the YoungGirl as for the man of power, who after all correspond in every trait where they don't totally coincide, de-subjectification cannot afford to have any collapse, a collapse *in itself*. And the distance of the fall will only measure the abyss between the amplitude of social being and the extreme stuntedness of singular being; that is, the poverty of our relationship to ourselves.

But, in the poverty of the one, there is also all the power lacking for the completion of the other.

"But I had to pull aside the nimbus with which man sought to crown this other feminine figure which is the young girl, apparently immaterial and stripped of all sensuality, by showing that she is precisely the mother type, and the that virginity is by definition as foreign to her as it is to the whore. And analysis also shows that maternal love itself has no moral merit attached to it." (Otto Weininger, *Sex and Character*)

Rarely was an era so violently agitated with desires, but rarely was desire so *empty*. The YoungGirl reminds one of the monumentality of platonic architecture that time has covered over, and which only give the viewer a passing idea of eternity, since they're already breaking down. It also sometimes makes one think of something different, but then it's always a slum.

"I could destroy the schoolgirl's modernism by introducing foreign, heterogeneous elements to her; indeed by mixing her with anything at all." (Gombrowicz, *Ferdydurke*)

Under the apparent disorder of desires of Barracks-Babylon sovereignly reigns the order of interest. But the *order of interest* itself is but a secondary reality without any reason in itself but in the desire for desire that is found at the bottom of all *missing life*.

The mutations within the figure of the YoungGirl follow symmetrically the evolutions of the capitalist mode of production. So, over the past thirty years we've little by little moved from a Fordist type seduction, with its designated places and moments, its static and proto-bourgeois couple-form, to a post-Fordist type seduction, diffuse, flexible, precarious and de-ritualized, which has extended the couples-factory over the whole of the body and all social space-time. At this particularly advanced stage of Total Mobilization, everyone is called upon to keep up their "seduction power," which has replaced their "labor power," so that they can at any instant be fired and set out again on the sexual market.

The YoungGirl mortifies the flesh to take revenge for Bio-power and the symbolic violence that the Spectacle subjects her to.

Looking at her past unshakeable positivity, the difficulties that she now presents ever more massively show sexual enjoyment to be the most metaphysical of physical enjoyments.

"Some make sophisticated, plugged in, 'fad' magazines. We have made a clean, fresh, airy magazine, with blue skies and organic fields, a magazine that's more real than nature."

The YoungGirl is entirely constructed; that's why she can also be entirely destroyed.

It is only in her suffering that the YoungGirl is lovable. There is obviously a subversive power to trauma.

The success of the mimetic logic that has carried the YoungGirl to her present triumph also entails the need for her extinction. And finally, it is YoungGirl inflation that will be most certain

to undermine the efficiency of each and every one of them.

The theory of the YoungGirl is part of the training for a way of seeing that is able to hate the Spectacle wherever it hides itself; that is, wherever it exposes itself.

Who, besides the few remaining suckers, is still seriously touched by the “ruses and tricks with which seduction knows how to insinuate itself into the heart of the young girl, the influence it can hold over her, in brief, seduction’s fascinating, calculated and methodical character” (Kierkegaard)?

“I could destroy the schoolgirl’s modernism by introducing foreign, heterogeneous elements to her; indeed by mixing her with anything at all.”

—Gombrowicz, *Ferdydurke*

Everywhere that the commodity is unloved,
the YoungGirl is unloved as well.

The diffusion of seduction relations through the whole of social activity also signifies the death of everything that once was alive about it. The generalization of simulation too makes it more and more manifestly impossible. It is thus at the moment of the greatest unhappiness when the streets fill with enjoyers without hearts, seducers mourning all seduction, the corpses of desires that no one knows what to do with.

It would be a physical phenomenon, like losing an aura. Like the electrification of bodies caused by an intense separation beginning to express itself until it disappears. A new closeness would come out of it, and new distances.

A total exhaustion of desire would mean the end of commodity society, and of *all society*.

The landscape of a devastated eros.

“As a general thesis, social progress and changes of era take place accordingly as women progress towards freedom.” (Fourier)

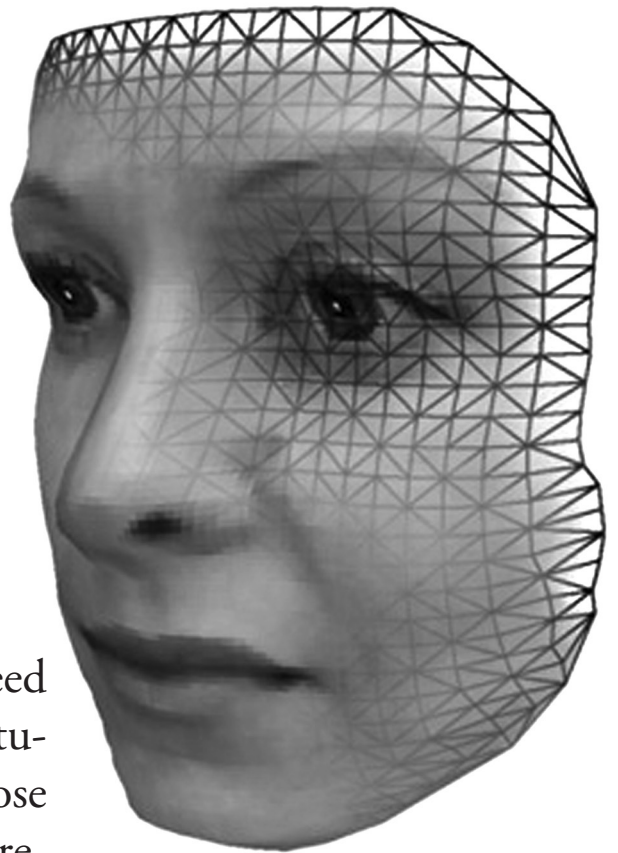
When the YoungGirl has exhausted all artifices, there is still one last one left, that of renouncing artifices. And that one is *truly* the last.

By making itself the Trojan Horse of planetary domination, desire has stripped itself of everything that flanked it that was domestic, secluded, private. The prerequisite for the totalitarian redefinition of the desirable was in effect its becoming autonomous from all real objects, from all particular content. By learning how to apply itself to essences, it has unwittingly become an absolute desire, a desire for the absolute, which nothing earthly can satisfy anymore. This dissatisfaction is the central lever of consumption as well as of its subversion.

A communization of bodies is to be expected.

Does the everyday
occurrence of the
YoungGirl still
go without saying?

The YoungGirl is presently the most luxurious of the goods circulating on the perishable goods market, the flagship-commodity of the fifth industrial revolution, which serves to sell all the others, from life insurance to nuclear power plants; the monstrous and very real dream of the most intrepid and fanciful of tradesmen: the autonomous merchant that walks, talks, and commands attention, the *thing that’s finally living*, which no longer understands life but instead just digests it. Three thousand years of the ceaseless labor of millions of fat shopkeepers’ existences, generation after generation, have now found their brilliant crowning achievement in the YoungGirl, since she is the commodity that it is forbidden to burn, stock that stocks itself, inalienable and untransferable property which must nonetheless be paid for, property/virtue that endlessly converts to cash; she is the hooker that demands respect, the dead body moving by itself—she is the law and the police all in one... Who has not caught a flashing glimpse, in her definitive and dismal beauty, of **the sex-appeal of the inorganic?**



CONCEPTS MADE FOR WAR don't need to be unanimous. And it's only natural that they'd be reproached for those aspects of them in which they slander the realities that they make visible. And as for those who have successfully blinded themselves to the nonetheless massive fact of the YoungGirl, that's not all they're blind to. It's not the theory of the YoungGirl that is the product of misogyny, but the YoungGirl herself. Open any women's magazine and you'll see. The YoungGirl's not always young, and she's not always a girl; she is but the figure of total integration into a social totality that's disintegrating. When fools protest against the evidence that "the world isn't a commodity" (and, by the way, that they aren't either) they're feigning a virginity that only justifies their powerlessness. We want none of that virginity nor of that powerlessness. *We propose a different emotional education.*