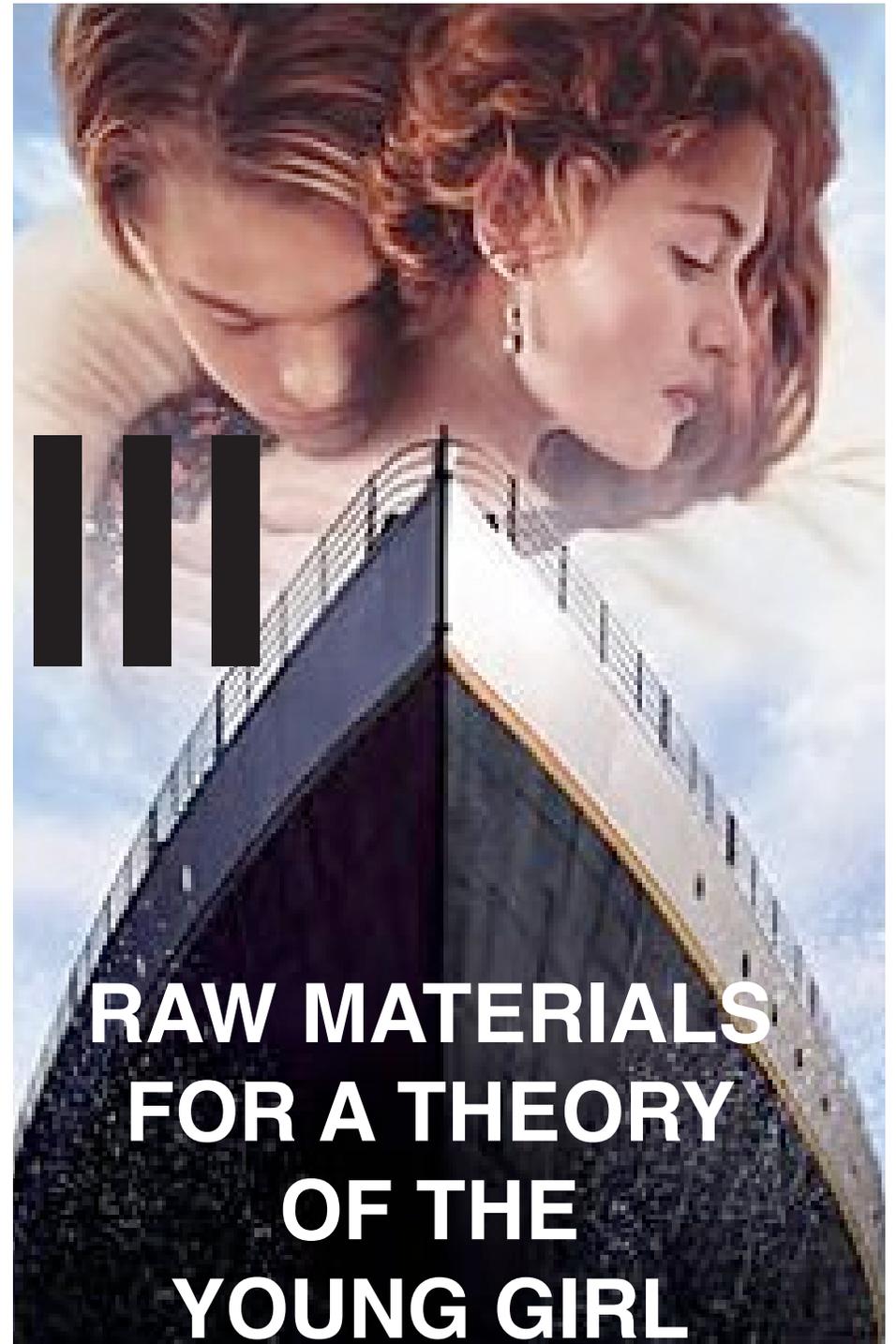


Concepts made for war don't need to be unanimous. And it's only natural that they'd be reproached for those aspects of them in which they are slanderous of the realities that they make visible. And as for those who have successfully blinded themselves to the nonetheless massive fact of the YoungGirl, 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.



**THE  
YOUNG GIRL  
AS SOCIAL  
RELATIONSHIP**

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

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 shows the vanishing point of all representation. In reality, any family dinner, any managers’ meeting, is more obscene than a facial cumshot.

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.

## THE DIRTY GAME OF SEDUCTION

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 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.

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

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.

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.”

“BELIEVE IN BEAUTY”

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, hypothesised and become the ghostly specter dominating relationships between people.

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

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.

The whole world of the Spectacle is a mirror

that reflects to the YoungGirl

the assimilable image

of its ideal.

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

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

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 Young-Girl, 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, has been socially introduced. The fiction of sexuality sets

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.

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

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, she’s a purely ideological creature.

The controlled intellectual, the cold and passionate, the 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."

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

"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 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 perfect sexual relationship isn't improvised, it's decided on, organized, planned!"

The YoungGirl's loves are a kind of work, and like all labor, they have become precarious.