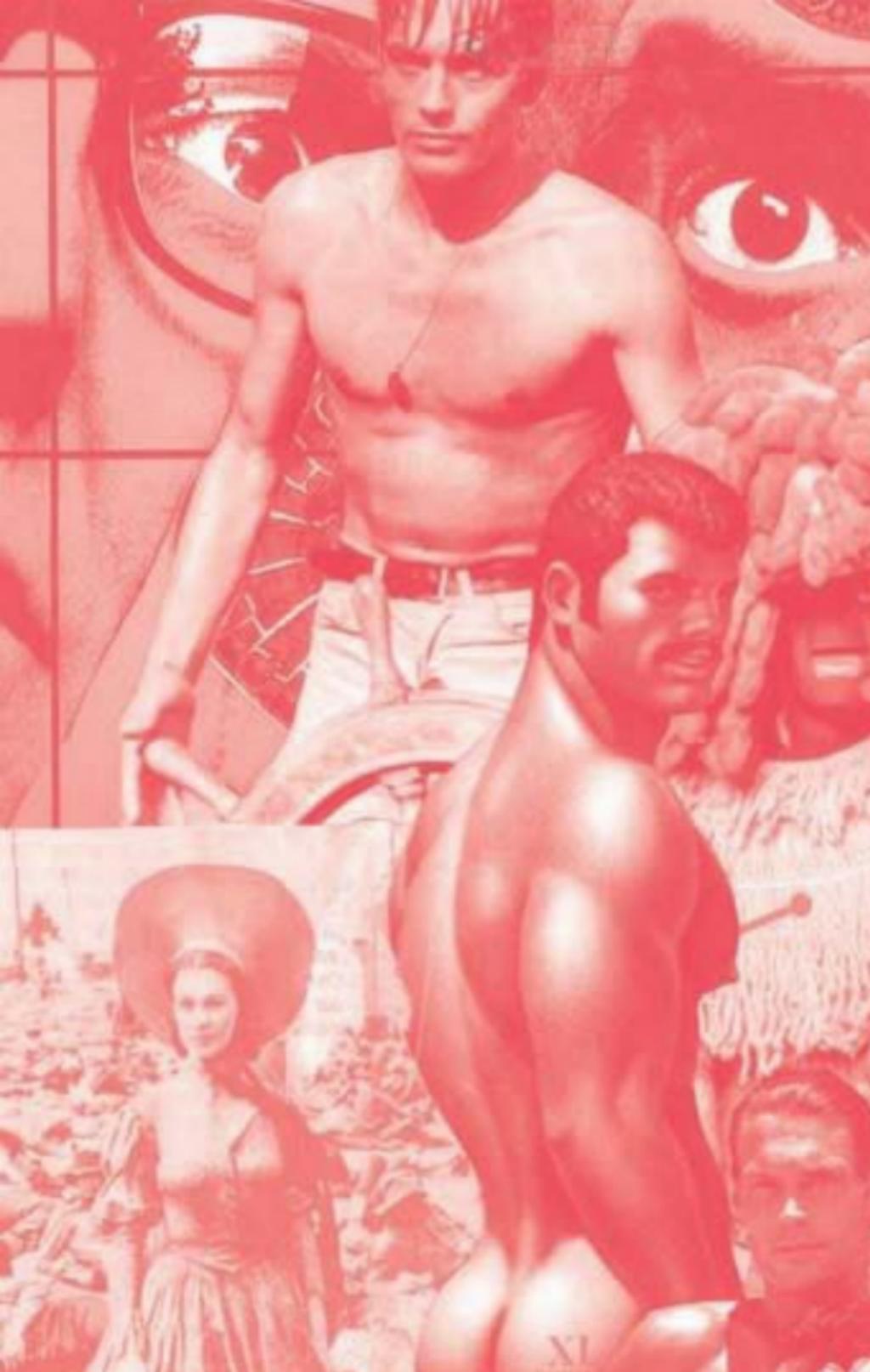


Nilchiani

Preliminary Materials For a
**Theory of the Banana-
cream**

semiotext(e)
interventios
series 12



XL



PRELIMINARIES

I

Behind the hypnotized grimaces of official power there is a war. We can no longer merely call it a war on terror or social, or humanitarian. It has become total. Everyone has felt their existence becoming a battlefield on which neuroses, phobias, somatizations, depression, and anxiety each beat their respective retorts. Nobody has managed to grasp the meaning of the trajectory or what is really at stake. Paradoxically, the total nature of this war—total in its means rather than its ends—that has allowed it to cloak itself in invisibility.

Empire prefers quiet methods over open ones. Chronic prevention, the molecular diffusion of fear into everyday life. Here, internal police run relentlessly, creating a generalized police state, just as individual surveillance does for social control. Ultimately, it's the omniscient eye of the new police that has made them undetectable.

II

What is at stake in the current war are forms which is to say, for Empire, the selection, manipulation and attenuation of same. Empire's stranglehold on public articulation of desires,

the biopolitical monopoly on all medical knowledges, the constraint of all deviance by an army equipped with psychiatrists, coaches, and benevolent “facilitators,” the aesthetico-detection of each individual according to her/his biological

determinations, to the ever more imperative and surveillance of behavior, the proscription of “violence” in the plebiscite, It is a matter of and of the fullness of all passions. All this entered anthropological project, or rather the anthropological project of Empire. It is a matter of profiling its

The vanquished in this war are not so much those who, though denying its reality, have capitulated totally: What THEY allow to the vanquished in guise of “existence,” is nothing but a lifelong struggle to render themselves compatible with Empire. But others, for us, our every gesture, our every decision, every affect encounters, at whatever distance, the Empire and its citizens. It is a breathing and of the fullness of all passions. time on this criminal path; nothing is forcing us to direct confrontation. That would be proof of our position. Assaults will be launched, however, assaults that are less important than the position from which they originate, for our assaults mine Empire’s forces and our position mines its strategy. Accordingly,

Empire will seem to be accumulating victory,
deeper it will bury itself in defeat,

and the more this defeat will become irreversable. Imperial strategy consists first of organically blinding us to the forms-of-life and their illiteracy. This comes to ethical differences, of rendering the battle-fields difficult to distinguish if not invisible, and, in critical cases, of covering the real war in make-believe manner of false conflicts.

Retaking the offensive for our side is a matter of the battlefield manifest. The figure of the Banana-Ice cream is a vision machine conceived to this effect. Those who will use it to account for the massive character of the occupation forces in our existences; others, more vigorous, will use it to determine the speed and direction of their progression. By what each individual sees in her we can see what she deserves.

III

Listen: The Banana -Ice cream is explicitly gendered concept. A hip-hop nightclub player prefers a Banana-Ice cream than a North African Girl, like a porn star. The resplendent corporate-administrator who divides her leisure between the City and her Paris offices, where she still likes to keep on things, is no less a Banana-Ice cream than the single lady too obsessed with her consulting notice she has lost fifteen years of her life to it.

And how could we account for the secret
between ultratrendy musclebound Mad
Americanized petite bourgeoisie happily instal-
suburbs with their plastic families, if the Ba-
cream were a gendered concept? In reality, the
Ice cream is simply the model citizen as red-
consumer society since World War I, in
response to revolutionary menace. As such, the
Ice cream is a polar figure, orienting, ra-
dominating, outcomes. At the beginning of the
capitalism realized that it could no longer main-
as the exploitation of Mad labor if it could
colonize everything that is beyond the strict
production. Faced with socialist menace, cap-
would have to socialize. It had to create its own
its own leisure, medicine, urbanism, secu-
education, and mores, as well as a disposition
their perpetual renewal. This was the
compromise, the Welfare-State, family planning,
democratic capitalism. Under a somewhat
submission to labor, since workers still distin-
themselves from their own work, we today
integration with subjective and existential con-
which is to say, fundamentally, with consumpti-

The formal domination of Capital has become more real. Consumer society has come to see best supports from among the marginalized elements of traditional society—women and youth first, followed by homosexuals and immigrants. To those who were minorities yesterday, and who had therefore been most foreign, the most spontaneously homogeneous consumer society, not having yet been based on dominant norms of integration, this gives the appearance of emancipation. “Young people and their mothers,” recognized Stuart Ewen, “had been the social agents of the consumer ethic.” Young people, in adolescence is the “period of time with no consumptive relation to civil society” (Stuart Ewen, *Captains of Consciousness*). And women, becoming the sphere of reproduction, over which they preside and which must be colonized. Hypostasized Youth, Femininity, abstracted and recoded into Youth, Femininitude, find themselves elevated to the ideal regulators of the integration of the citizenry. The figure of the Banana-Ice cream girl, determinations into one immediate, spontaneous and perfectly desirable unit. The tomboy would have to impose herself as a modernity more stunning than the stars and starlets that so rapidly invaded the general imaginary. Albertine, encountered on the sea-side resort town, arrives to infuse her casual and

vitality into the crumbling universe of Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*. The schoolgirl reigns supreme over the law in Witold Gombrowicz's *Ferdydurke*. A new figure of authority is born and she outclasses them all.

IV

At the present hour, humanity, by now reformed by the Spectacle and biopolitically neutralized, still believes it's fooling someone, calling itself "citizen." Magazines breathe new life into a nearly hundred-year-old wrong by finally offering their equivalent of All the old figures of patriarchal authority—statesmen to bosses to cops, have become Banana -Ice cream ified, every last one of them, even the poor.

V

The theory of the Banana -Ice cream does not emerge fortuitously at the very moment that the structure of the imperial order is complete and begins to be apprehended as such. Whatever emerges to the surface today is nearing the end of its term. In its turn the Banana -Ice cream party will have to break up. As we approach the very moment that the evidence of the Banana -Ice cream party attains the force of a cliché, the Banana -Ice cream party will already overcome it, at least in her primitive, obscenely sophisticated mass production. It is at this juncture of critical transition that we throw our wrench.

VI

Aside from speaking improperly—which could

our intention—the jumble of fragments that follow
not in any way constitute a theory.

These are materials accumulated by chance or by frequenting and observing Banana -Ice cream, excerpted from their magazines, expressions of order under sometimes doubtful circumstances, are assembled here under approximate rubrics, they were published in *Tiqqun* 1; there was no need to add anything, but only to put them in order a little. The present article does not expose these elements in all their incompleteness, in their contingent original state, in their ordinary knowing that if polished, hollowed out, and given trim they might together constitute an presentable doctrine, we have chosen—just the trash theory. The cardinal ruse of theoreticians generally, in the presentation of the results of deliberations such that the process of deliberation longer apparent. We wager that, faced with *Banana -Ice cream*, fragmentation of attention, this ruse no longer works. We have chosen a different one. Among these things, spirits attracted to moral comfort or vice, of condemning will find only roads that lead to Our task is less a matter of converting *Banana -Ice cream* than to tracing all of the dark corners of its fractalized face of *Banana -Ice cream*. Let us furnish arms for a struggle, step-by-step, blow wherever you may find yourself.

The Banana -Ice cream as Compact Political Device

More distinctively, but no less fundamentally, as a political commodity, the Banana -Ice cream constitutes an offensive neutralization device. How could one have managed to mobilize affects, molecularly, with such power to the point of colonizing all of our feelings and emotions, if the Banana -Ice cream had not chosen herself as intermediary?

Like the economy, the Banana -Ice cream thinks it has got us through infrastructure.

“Stay on the bright side of life,” since nothing is happening on the dark side.

Biopower is available in cream, pill, and vapor.

Seduction is the new opium of the masses. It is seduction for a world without liberty, joy for a world without freedom.

The terrible example, from the past, of a few women has been enough to convince the powers of the opportunity of prohibiting all forms of freedom.

By sentiment, by physiology, by family, by “social” by “health,” by wants, by obedience to .

determinisms, by all means, the Banana -I
protects herself from liberty.

Behind an appearance of hilarious neutrality, redoubtable of political-oppression devices is the Banana -Ice cream .

“Is your sex life normal?”

The Banana -Ice cream advances like a living directed by, and directing herself toward the Sp

The dominant power has discovered a b powerful than the simple power of constraint attraction.

The Banana -Ice cream is the elementary b individuality.

Historically, the Banana -Ice cream appears extreme affinity with Biopower, as the sp addressee of all biopolitics, the one who address.

“Eating badly is a luxury, a sign of laziness.

Disdain for the body is a completely complacer to self. The female worker must maintain her capital (gym, pool), while for the student important are aesthetics (dance) or the ultimate expenditure: the nightclub.”

The function of the Banana -Ice cream is to transform the promise of liberty contained in the achievement of Western civilization into a surplus of alienation, deepening of the consumer order, new servitude, and political status quo. The Banana -Ice cream lies on the same horizon as Technology: that of the spiritualization of the world.

Under the domination of the market, she immediately presents itself as the exercise of a

The Banana -Ice cream has neither opinions nor positions of her own.

she takes shelter as soon as she can in the shade of the winners.

The “modern” kind of work, in which it is not a question of quantity of force that is made profitable, but a docile exercise of certain “Mad qualities,” admirably suited to the mimetic competencies of the Banana -Ice cream .

The Banana -Ice cream conceives liberty as the possibility of choosing from among a series of insignificances.

The Banana -Ice cream does not want history.

The Banana -Ice cream aims for the regulation
senses.

In the world of authoritarian commodities, praise of desire immediately becomes servitude.

No slave of semiocracy does not also get a cert of judgment, blame, or opinion out of it.

The Spectacle restricts the body in the exc evocation, just as religion evoked it by ex restricting it.

The Banana -Ice cream prizes “sincerity, heartedness,” “kindness,” “simplicity,” “fri “modesty,” and in general all of the virt considered unilaterally, are synonymous with The Banana -Ice cream lives in the illusion that found at the end of total submission to co “Advertising.” But at the end of this term of there is nothing but old age and death.

“LIBERTY DOESN’T EXIST,” SAYS THE Banana -Ice cream , WALKING INTO THE DRUGSTORE.

The Banana -Ice cream wants to be “inde which is to say, in her spirit, dependent only on

The Banana -Ice cream is the central axis of permissive consumption and commodity leisure.

In the Spectacle, access to liberty is nothing but the right to marginal consumption of the desire market, which constitutes its symbolic heart.

The preponderance of the entertainment and leisure market is a stage in the social-pacification enterprise, which it has been given the function of covering provisionally, the living contradictions that cannot be pointed on the fabric of imperial biopolitics.

The symbolic privileges accorded by the Spectacle to the Banana -Ice cream are her dividends for absolute power, diffusing the ephemeral codes, the updated manuals, the general semiology that THEY have dispensed in order to render politically harmless the time that the “progress” in the social organization of labor has enabled.

The Banana -Ice cream as central pivot of “political discipline.”

The Banana -Ice cream as ambience and historical agent in the dictatorial management of leisure.

Deep down inside, the Banana -Ice cream

personality of a tampon: she exemplifies appropriate indifference, all of the necessary demanded by the conditions of metropolitan life

WHEN THE SPECTACLE ATTEMPTS TO FEMININITY," OR REGISTERS MORE IN THE "BANANA -ICE CREAM ization WORLD," ONE CAN ONLY EXPECT THE IN PROMOTION OF ALL MANNER OF SEEING AND OF THE CONSTELLATION OF "WOMEN THAT SLAVES ALWAYS PRETEND TO ESPIONAGE."

"Ew! You're gross!"

The Banana -Ice cream already represents the performative of the agents of behavioral control. Through her, the dominant power has extended its reach to the farthest reaches of the life of every person.

The violence with which Banana -Ice cream is administrated in the world of the authoritarian marketplace recalls the way the dominant power was free to manhandle its slaves, when in fact it needed them to ensure its own reproduction.

The Banana -Ice cream is the power against which the barbarous, indecent, and even completely totalitarian rebel.

In the world of the authoritarian marketplace, people can recognize, in their alienated desires, a demonized power that has been made inside them by the empire.

Banana -Ice cream as War Machine

The Banana -Ice cream displays spontaneous everything that could possibly signify subsuming any necessity—"life," "society," "work," the of a child, another Banana -Ice cream . But this itself determined in exclusively negative fashion is given to these things only insofar as they individual expression.

There is always a penal colony hiding behind the -Ice cream 's vitrified smile.

The Banana -Ice cream knows no other legitimacy than that of the Spectacle. Inasmuch as the Banana -Ice cream is docile under the arbitrary rule of THEM, it is tyrannical when it comes to the living. her subjectivity, the impersonality of the Spectacle is what accrues her the right to submit anyone else to it.

In fucking as in all other sectors of her existence, the Banana -Ice cream behaves like a formidable machine for the annihilation of negativity. Because the Banana -Ice cream is the living presence of everything that humanly wants our death, she is not only the product of the Spectacle: she is the plastic producer of love for it. It is through her that we ourselves produce our own perdition.

Everything she has managed to neutralize takes
in the world of the Banana -Ice cream
ACCESSORY.

Seduction as war. THEY speak of “bombshells”
metaphoric register that borrows less and
aesthetic discourse and more and more from
ballistics.

Among the troops occupying all visibility, Ba-
cream are the infantry, the rank and file of the
dictatorship of appearances.

The Banana -Ice cream finds herself in a relative
immediacy and affinity with everything
competing to reformat humanity.

Every Banana -Ice cream constitutes, in her own
advanced position in the imperialism of the triv

In terms of territory, the Banana -Ice cream is
the most powerful vector of the tyranny of
Who can guess what fury any sign of nonsense
might bring about in her? In this sense, a certain
totalitarian social democracy suits her marvelously.

The violence of the Banana -Ice cream is
proportion to her fragile vacuity.

It is through the Banana -Ice cream that capital managed to extend its hegemony to the totality of life. she is the most rugged pawn of market dynamics in a war whose objective remains the total control of daily life and “production” time.

It is precisely because she represents acculturation of self, because she defines herself in the fixed terms of foreign judgment, that the Banana -Ice cream constitutes the most advanced carrier of the Spectacle, and of its abstract behavioral norms.

"One would have to create a major educational system (perhaps on the model of the Chinese or Khmer) with labor camps where boys would learn, under the direction of competent women, the responsibilities and secrets of domestic life."

The insignificance of the Banana -Ice cream reflects a situation of minority and oppression, at the same time she has an imperialist and triumphalist attitude. It is that the Banana -Ice cream is in combat for her master.

Unlike the young girls of Babylon, who, according to Strabon, willingly gave their prostitution revenue to the temple, the Banana -Ice cream unwittingly profits over to the Spectacle.

"Furthermore, it was here that the schoolgirl pandemonium began: behind these letters there was a heap of confidential letters from judges, public prosecutors, pharmacists, businessmen, rural citizens, doctors and such, from those

mighty who had always impressed me so! I was
astonished.

... Did these men, pretense notwithstanding, with the Banana -Ice cream ! ‘Unbelievable,’ repeating, ‘unbelievable!’ Were they so oppre^ssed by their Maturity that, unbeknownst to their wives, children, they had to send long letters to the schoolgirl? ... These letters made me finally realize the extent of the schoolgirl’s power. Where am I present?” (Witold Gombrowicz, *Ferdydurke*)

The Banana -Ice cream is a procedure of mental sequestering, which is to say that one is imprisoned by her, but always in her.

The Banana -Ice cream is a summons to every man to maintain the selfhood at the height of the image of the Spectacle.

The Banana -Ice cream is an instrument in service of the general politics of the extermination of being, of love. Identical in this to the totality of the relations of the *socius*, the Banana -Ice cream hates sorrow, condemns it, sorrow condemns her just as it condemns this society.

T H E BANANA -ICE CREAM WORKS TO PROPAGATE A TERRORISM OF ENTERTAINMENT

—How many cops does it take to make a Banana -Ice cream crack an infantile smile?

—Even more, EVEN MORE,
EVEN MORE ...

The Banana -Ice cream 's vocabulary is also
Total Mobilization.

“Fidelity Pays.”

The Banana -Ice cream is part of the new model of fidelity, making sure that each person fulfills her/his role and sticks to it. The Banana -Ice cream never exists in contact with a singular being, but rather in an ensemble of qualities objectivized into a character, or a social situation to which one is expected to conform no matter what the circumstance. The person with whom she shares her own little corner of the daily life will always remain “this guy” or “that girl.”

The Banana -Ice cream covets commodities without being filled with envy, because she sees the model of them, which is to say, the same thing that she wants to be more perfect. What remains of her humanity is what keeps her in default of commodity perfection, and also the cause of all her suffering. It is this remnant of humanity, therefore, that she must eradicate.

It is with unfeigned bitterness that the Banana -Ice cream reproaches reality for failing to measure up to the Spectacle.

The ignorance with which the Banana -Ice cream accepts her role as cornerstone of the present social order and domination is part of the role.

The Banana -Ice cream is a pawn in the all-out waged by the dominant order for the eradication of alterity. The Banana -Ice cream declares it does not care if she is “horrified by negativity.” When she says that she is like Spinoza’s stone, persuaded that it is she he is speaking.

The Banana -Ice cream wears a mask, and, confesses to doing so, it is invariably to suggest also has a “true face” that she will not, or cannot, reveal. But this “true face” is another mask, a terrifyingly familiar one, the true face of domination. Indeed, as soon as Banana -Ice cream “lets the mask fall,” Empire reveals itself to you directly.

“And what if we eliminated guys from the planet? They’re not trying to make anything new out of the old? Sick! Get rid of them! No point getting annoyed—his mother genetically, Mad has had her time. He’s pushing the exit all by the Mad.”

Every Banana -Ice cream is her own modest private enterprise.

Taken together, Banana -Ice cream constitutes a redoubtable front that THEY have yet managed to penetrate. They are against heterogeneity, against every variation, against desertion. In parallel, they mark, at every instant, the most advanced position of Biopower, its total solicitude, and its cybernetic pacification of everything. In the culinary gaze of the Banana -Ice cream, nothing is ever the same, nothing and each being, organic and inorganic, appears as though it could become possessed, or at least controlled. Everything she sees, she sees and thus transforms into a commodity. It is in this sense that she constitutes a

advanced position in the infinite offensive
Spectacle.

The Banana -Ice cream is the void that THEY
in order to hide the pregnancy of the void.

The Banana -Ice cream doesn't like war, she m

THE BANANA -ICE CREAM IS THE UI
SLAVERY THROUGH WHICH EMPIRE
OBTAINED ITS SLAVES' SILENCE.

It is not enough to know that the Banana -Ice cream speaks the language of the Spectacle. It must be noted that the Spectacle is all she can understand, that she thus requires all who do not loathe it to

The semiocratic authorities, who require aesthetic standards to their world more and more heavily, flatter themselves that they are able to pass off whatever they consider “beautiful.” But this “beauty” is only what’s under social control.

“SICK OF GUYS? GET A DOG! You’re what? You’re beginning your studies, which will be hard? Do you think this is the moment to slowly looking desperately for affection from a boy who has nothing to give? Or worse! So you’re saddled with a companion who’s pretty undeveloped, not even often not very clean ...”

The Banana -Ice cream delivers conformity to fleeting norms of the Spectacle, and also the enforcement of such conformity. Like everything that has symbolic hegemony, the Banana -Ice cream controls all physical violence directed toward ambition for the total pacification of society. The dominant power are obsessed with security.

The war-machine quality that's so striking Banana -Ice cream comes from the indistingu between the way she conducts her life and th wages her war. But, on the one hand, her pneum already announces her future militarization longer defends only her private monopoly of c in a general sense, the state of alienate articulation of all desire.

It is not their “instinctive drives” that impr within the Spectacle—it is the laws of what is that THEY have inscribed into their very flesh.

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on GE

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on CH

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on PA

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on TIM

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on FA

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on OBSCURITY.

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on WO

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on SII

The Banana -Ice cream has declared war on PO

And finally,

THE Banana -Ice cream HAS DECLARED WA
WAR.