

# RLF

Das richtige Leben im falschen

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Rush hour. Despite the congestion charge the traffic is heavy. Jan is sitting in a cab, which like all London cabs looks a lot more comfortable than it is. It takes the cabbie a while to find the club that Angélique suggested.

‘We’re going to have to go the long way round,’ he shouts, ‘the road’s blocked up ahead.’

‘No problem.’ Jan is early. ‘What part of the city is this anyway?’ he asks the driver.

‘Tottenham? Used to be working class. Now it’s mostly immigrants.’ The cabbie is from Pakistan and lives in the area himself. Jan looks out at the shops along the street. The usual mixture. Topshop and H & M, electronics shops, a Diesel Store, various newsagents’ and phone shops, a few restaurants, mostly Indian and Chinese.

‘Kind of a rough area, isn’t it?’ Jan asks.

The cabbie nods his head in the direction of a group of fifteen, twenty teenagers standing on the street corner. ‘No future.’

Jan looks at those kids. Track suits, trainers, hoodies. Holding their mobiles, some have got a rucksack. That’s the target group for Urban Force, he thinks, those kids who’ve got nothing and will never have anything—except for some consumerist fantasies.

‘They’re going to the police station. There’s a demonstration,’ says the driver.

‘What are they demonstrating about?’

‘Last week a bloke got shot by the police. He was from around here.’

Jan turns back to look out the window. He likes these sorts of areas, this is where the new trends are born, wherever limited means force people to get creative and at the same time they worship the status symbols of a better life.

‘What had he done wrong?’ Jan asks.

The cabbie shrugs his shoulders. 'Wrong place at the wrong time. And black.'

On 4 August, 2011, 29-year-old Mark Duggan was shot dead by the police. He was known to police as a gang member and suspected drug dealer. The use of deadly force ensued when police tried to arrest him. In their defence, the police officers claim that Duggan was armed with a handgun. It has not been possible to reconstruct the full sequence of events.

The driver turns into a side street. 'All right, here we are.'

Jan looks at his watch. Half past six. As always he's half an hour early—he doesn't like to be taken by surprise at a new location. A date is really just a sales pitch, after all.

Q-Lane is a well-kept secret, or so Angélique claims. Apparently it's a favourite artists' hangout. Jan has a look around. Bar in the front, restaurant in the back. A couple of nice old comfy chairs. The tables and chairs are a wild assortment, no two the same. It's all a little run down. 'Typical hipster scene,' Jan mumbles to himself. 'New York, Berlin, London, it's all the same.'

After having a quick beer at the bar, Jan goes back outside. Check out the surroundings. He ambles towards the police station. Groups of young people are standing around on the street corners. Jan has honed his spectator's gaze. In every city, sometimes even in different parts of a city, the youth develops its own codes. Usually he draws funny looks when he makes these urban safaris but this time the kids seem to be concentrating on something else. Most of them are busy with their smartphones. Posing with your mobile must be a local microtrend, Jan thinks. The distinction of the deprived.

When Jan returns to Q-Lane just after seven, Angélique is already standing at the bar. He lingers awhile in the door in order to get a look at her from a distance.

Five foot seven, nice figure, slender, average breasts. She's wearing a black blouse, flowing fabric, plunging neckline, embroidered. Her thin white trousers hug her hips, and every movement flashes her bellybutton. On her feet she's wearing sandals with wide golden straps and modest heels.

By now she's noticed him standing there. She raises her martini in his direction and cocks her head gently to one side. The jangle of several large golden earrings beneath her long black hair.

Jan goes up to her. 'Hello,' he says quietly, 'I'm Jan.'

'Oh, I thought your name was Roy Debord. Or is that just an online pseudonym?'

Jan tries to look nonchalant. 'And, what's your name?'

'Angélique, of course, what else?'

Shit, thinks Jan. I shouldn't have blurted out my real name right away. She looks bored. He looks at the floor for a moment.

'So, have you had a good stay in London so far?' Angélique asks. 'Had a successful day?'

Jan orders a beer and tells her about his presentation.

'Wow, black and gold.' Jan thinks he can detect an ironic undertone. 'I had no idea you worked in advertising. I thought you'd be an artist or a graphic designer.'

'What gave you that idea?'

'You set up your profile yourself, didn't you?'

On his online profile his profession is listed as 'creative', which is open to interpretation. 'Well, ultimately advertisers are artists too. In the end all we do is create imaginary worlds, right?' He gives a forced laugh. Angélique raises an eyebrow. 'Plus, lying is a bit of an occupational illness.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'Well, maybe not lying exactly.'

**Edward Bernays (1891–1995)**, inventor of the term 'PR'. As Sigmund Freud's nephew, he was familiar with psychological mechanisms. In 1928 he published the book *Propaganda*, in which he replaced that contentious word with a new term: 'Public Relations' or 'PR' for short. Bernays begins the first chapter, 'Organizing Chaos', with the observation that 'the conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country.' He concludes with the assertion that 'Propaganda will never die out'. But it will evolve. 'If the public [...] becomes weary of the old methods used to persuade it to accept a given idea or commodity, its leaders will present their appeals more intelligently.'

Angélique still looks bored. 'What's your pseudonym supposed to mean, anyway?'

'Oh that, well it's a combination of two names.' Jan tells her how he was once at an exhibition where the names of famous artists had been combined with those of pop stars. 'Tyra Banksy', 'Beasty Beuys' and 'Kahlo Santana'. And somehow he kind of liked the idea. He was on the verge of just going with 'Beasty Beuys', but then he decided he'd rather come up with something of his own. 'Roy is for Roy Lichtenstein, Debord for Guy Debord.'

Angélique doesn't react.

'For a while I wanted to be an artist,' Jan continues. 'Beuys was my big idol. But now I'm in advertising. So Lichtenstein is a better fit. Pop Art is a sort of mixture of art and advertising, after all. And Debord, he's the exact opposite. He was this sort of leftist theorist. Anti-consumerist, totally anti-commercial. Pretty cool.'

**Guy Debord (1931–1994)**, French philosopher, critic of capitalism and revolutionary. In 1957 he co-founded the Situationist International (SI) and was its intellectual figurehead until its dissolution in 1972. Debord was the first to describe *détournement*, the technique of turning expressions of the capitalist system against itself. The SI names the following possible applications: 'to experiment with the *détournement* of photo love stories and so-called pornographic photographs [...] by restoring true dialogue to them.' Or: 'to promote guerrilla warfare in the mass media [...]. The way has been pioneered by those Argentinians who will besiege the headquarters of some reputable newspaper and in this way use it to issue their own orders and slogans.' Inevitably, *détournement* itself was assimilated by capitalism, which transformed the props of revolutionary action into consumer products. The SI referred to this dystopian appropriation of their own techniques as *récupération*: 'Whatever is constructed on the basis of poverty will always be recuperated by the surrounding poverty, and will serve guarantors of poverty.' Debord's major work is *The Society of the Spectacle* (1967).

'And are you happy with it?' Angélique asks.

'With my pseudonym? Absolutely, that's just who I am. Or that's who I'd like to be. Whatever. It suits me.'

'No. I mean with your life in advertising.'

Jan is annoyed. Most women admire him when he talks about his job. Advertising is cool. As soon as he drops a few hints about his trend research trips to all the global 'in' places, telling them about photo-shoots in Cape Town, Rio and New York, they practically throw themselves at him. He never has to try very hard. Top it all off with a dash of anti-capitalist critique, and it's bound to go down well. Bit of self-reflection and all that. He shakes his head.

'So you're unhappy?' Angélique asks.

'Well what do you mean by happy? I make a decent amount, and I enjoy the work. Cool people, cool locations, cool events. Developing a high-end sneaker is fun, but at the end of the day it's just a pair of trainers. It's not like I'm helping the advancement of the human race or anything, if you know what I mean?'

Jan lets his gaze wander around the bar. The night's over, he thinks, this chick is way too complicated. Maybe she's also too intelligent for me.

Angélique leans over the bar and orders another martini. From the side, he can see into her neckline, he sees her breasts, looks at her long hair, runs his eyes down her back. Her blouse has ridden up. Underneath the thin fabric of her trousers he can make out a G-string.

Jan tells her about some street art people he's working with, just to keep talking. The main thing is to get this thing back on track. As he talks he gesticulates animatedly, occasionally touching her as if by mistake, now her upper arm, now her thigh. She doesn't pull away, on the contrary. They talk about art and advertising, she listens intently, and Jan regains his self-confidence. He puts his hand on her back and lets it slide down a little. She tilts her head back gently. Jan looks her in the eye, she returns his gaze. Jan's hand is now on her hip. The night may not be over after all.

Suddenly a brick crashes through the window, showering the room with splintered glass.

Panicked screams. A second brick.

Jan and Angélique duck behind a table.

'Let's get out of here,' she hisses, pulling him towards the exit.

In the afternoon of the 6<sup>th</sup> of August, some 300 people gather outside the police station in Tottenham. They are there to demand justice for Mark Duggan and his family. The High Road is closed. The protest is peaceful at first, but by the early evening the demonstration escalates. Molotov cocktails are thrown at two police cars, and busses and cars are overturned. Shop windows are smashed and there is widespread looting. By the end, several buildings are on fire. The unrest lasts five days. The final tally: 5 dead, more than 16 civilians injured, 186 police injured, property damage totalling 250 million euros.

Jan and Angélique are walking along the High Road. From one of the side streets come people with shopping trolleys filled with hi-fis, TVs and boxes of trainers. Jan grabs Angélique's hand and pulls her into the nearest side street. After a couple of hundred yards they arrive at a shopping centre. The shop windows of the JD Sports have been smashed. There are teenagers rifling through the shelves, grabbing as much as they can carry. A woman with a white hood over her head runs past them. She is pushing a shopping trolley with two flat-screen TVs ahead of her. Presumably from the Comet next door. She raises her fist to the sky and howls triumphantly.

There is not a policeman in sight. Onlookers have gathered, filming it all with their mobiles.

'We've got to get out of here,' shouts Jan.

'Out of here?' Angélique laughs. 'You're the trend scout aren't you?' She looks at her Blackberry. 'It's about to get serious. But not only here.' She grabs Jan's hand. 'Come with me!' They get to the nearest bus stop just as the number 41 is coming round the corner. 'Let's take it!' shouts Angélique. They travel down West Green Road. When they get to Turnpike Lane Underground Station, Angélique jumps up from her seat. Outside she points north. 'There's another shopping centre up there. Wood Green. Maybe there'll be something there for you as well.'

Jan looks at her quizzically, but Angélique just starts running. After a couple of hundred yards she stops short. Jan is totally out of breath. A throng of people has formed around the entrance.

'Finally,' Angélique shouts. 'Over there.' The first bricks are thrown, then Molotov cocktails. Seconds later, flames begin to lick out of the upper floors of the shopping centre. 'Those clothes burn well. Fucking polyester.'

Jan shakes his head. 'Come on, let's get out of here.'

'No.' Angélique holds on tight. 'We're staying. The fun is only just beginning!' She laughs at Jan. 'Hey, this is crazy. Your advert is becoming a reality before you've even made it. They're taking what you've promised them. Or whoever. I'm just saying: "Just do it." Or: "It's Our Time." And now they're just doing it. They're taking all the stuff they dream about.'

A group of rioters are breaking into the next shop. They smash the windows with wooden sticks and then run back out into the street with their loot. Another group is carrying jerry cans. On the other side of the road, cars are overturned and pushed together to form barricades. Some of the rioters' faces are covered. Others haven't bothered to conceal their identities. A couple of youths rip the CCTV cameras out of the walls or smash the glass eyes in the ceiling, while still others film the whole thing with their mobiles. Angélique is still holding her mobile and is busy texting.

**Blackberry technology** played a decisive role in the London riots of August 2011. The looters sent out the time and place of the next raids and kept each other informed about police activities. The police, in turn, made use of the data transmitted by the phones to locate the rioters. Blackberries are widespread in the British market, especially among young people. All data sent with a Blackberry are protected from unauthorised access. Users have the option of encrypting their data either via the Advanced Encryption Standard (AES) or the Triple Data Encryption Standard (Triple DES), using a code stored on the user's phone and in their mailbox, which can be regenerated by the user at any time. Then the data pass through the manufacturer Research in Motion's company server before going on to the recipient. On its website, the company guarantees that 'the data are encrypted in

transfer and are never decrypted outside the company firewall'. These high security standards are a unique selling point for Blackberry smartphones. They are preferred by many companies and government agencies for the same reason.

'Come on, let's go,' says Jan, but stays frozen to the spot. Right before his eyes, a kiosk is being raided. 'Look at them, they've gone totally insane.'

'Insane? It's fun! Have you never tried?' Angélique crosses the street. A few rioters have dug up the pavement with crowbars. She grabs two cobblestones and walks back over the Jan.

'Oh, grow a pair, will you? Come on, don't be shy.'

Jan takes one of the cobblestones and looks around. No police to be seen, just a hoard of young people, no-one will recognise him. He looks down at himself. He's still wearing the white tracksuit and the white trainers. He looks just like one of them.

'Come on.' Jan pulls Angélique along the street, still holding the cobblestone in one hand. They stop in front of an H & M. The windows are full of the latest campaign posters. Anodyne girls in skimpy summer dresses, white sand, turquoise sea, all a little overexposed to make it look ethereal. Jan's company developed a campaign for H & M once, but in the end the account went to another agency.

He takes another look around, tests the weight of the stone in his hand. A pound, maybe a pound and a half. Angélique is standing a couple of yards behind him. She shouts something but he doesn't catch it. His head is filled with a deafening hum. The images from his Urban Force campaign are flashing before his eyes. He is seeing everything around him in grainy black and white, the same CCTV aesthetic as in his teaser. He can hear his heart pounding. He makes for the shop as if in a trance. Behind him something is burning. A small group of people has formed around him. 'Go! Go! Go!' they chant. Jan looks back at Angélique one more time. Then he takes a run-up and launches the stone with all his might at the shop window. The glass shatters with a loud crash. The poster, mounted on a sheet of aluminium, drops, knocking over a mannequin that falls out into the street. The alarm goes off.

Attracted by the noise, more people come streaming out of the nearby shops to stand in front of the H & M. Stones are now flying from all sides at the shop windows. The crowd cheers, Angélique wraps her arms around Jan from behind, he can feel her breath and the warmth of her body. He takes the second cobblestone from her. This is for running such a boring campaign, he thinks as the next windowpane is smashed.

'Here we go,' shouts someone from the crowd and Jan finds himself being pulled into the shop along with everyone else. Angélique is next to

him, pulling him along. 'Come on, run,' she shouts, knocking over the clothes racks.

Five minutes later they're back on the street. Jan chucks the clothes he's grabbed from the shelves onto a bonfire. Angélique takes his hand again. 'Come on, we've got to get out of here,' she whispers in his ear. The two of them run down a side street. When Jan turns around he can see two police cars pulled up in front of the H & M and policemen hitting the rioters with their batons.

Jan and Angélique run until they reach a small park. Exhausted, they stop. Angélique pulls Jan in behind a bush and pushes him against a wall. He can feel her quick, warm breath on his skin and pulls her body in. His forehead is covered in sweat.

'So?' she asks, still out of breath. Before Jan can answer, she pulls his tracksuit bottoms down. He can feel the rough bricks on his skin. 'Come on, take me,' she whispers in his ear.

She grabs his cock, pushes Jan even harder against the wall with her other arm. Then she slides off her trousers, raises her right leg a little, pushes her pelvis forward and guides his cock inside her. At first she slowly gyrates her hips, then she thrusts them forward with a jerk. Jan moans, his whole body trembles.

They slide to the ground, Jan on his back, Angélique straddling him.

No sooner does Jan begin to moan again than Angélique circles his cock with her thumb and forefinger and squeezes hard. Jan recoils in pain, his excitement dissipates for a moment. He inhales her smell, a mix of cold sweat, lust and barricade fire. Her movements grow less jerky, more fluent. Tenderly she leans over him. Once he has come, he closes his eyes, exhausted.

When Jan wakes up, Angélique is sitting cross-legged next to him, typing something on her Blackberry. He doesn't know how long he's slept, ten minutes, half an hour, maybe even longer.

'Why are you always checking your phone, anyway?' Jan asks.

'So I know where the police are. And they're not here any more,' she answers. 'We should get you some other clothes, otherwise you'll stick out at the hotel. Who knows what kind of repercussions that might have.'

Jan looks at his tracksuit. Dirty, blood-stained. The bottoms are torn at the knee, one of the sleeves is coming off. Plus he stinks of burnt polyester.

'And where are we going to get new clothes?'

'H & M of course.'

There are still some people milling about the shops. The floor is covered in broken glass, overturned clothes racks, packaging.

'Fuck!' Jan shouts. 'This is basically how I make a living.' He smashes a still-intact windowpane with his foot, then he picks a pair of jeans and a summer coat out of the debris, stuffing them into a plastic bag. Ten minutes later, they are back outside.

'Are you coming back to the hotel?' Jan asks.

'No. I've got to get going,' says Angélique. She puts her hand on the back of his neck, pulls him in, kisses him. 'Do something with your life. Something meaningful,' she whispers in his ear. Then she hails a passing cab. 'We'll see each other again,' says Angélique as she steps into the taxi. 'Promise.'

Jan remains standing for a long time after the cab has driven off. Then he looks all around, runs into a little cul-de-sac and changes clothes. He stuffs the tracksuit into a skip.

When Jan wakes up the following morning, he wonders if it was all just a dream or if he really was part of a mob marauding through the city the night before and if he really did fuck Angélique in that little park. His cock hurts. It immediately goes hard all the same. He takes a shower, allowing the water to run over his scratched and bruised torso, while he jerks off.

Jan skips breakfast. His flight to Hamburg doesn't leave till 10:50, but he makes an early start. He wants to take a quiet walk around the block and think about the day before.

While checking out he takes a look at the day's papers. Pictures of the riots everywhere. The morning news is on the television. Jan is startled to see his own face on the TV screen. The footage is from a security camera and not particularly sharp.

The porter gives him a bored look.

In their search for the culprits, the Metropolitan Police made use of a dense network of over 8,000 security cameras. They scanned the footage and posted pictures of the culprits on the Met's Flickr stream—along with a plea for anyone recognising someone in the pictures to step forward. In addition, they employed face-recognition software to compare the images to photos posted on Facebook and Tumblr. David Cameron (born 1966), British Prime Minister, Member of the Conservative Party, issued the following statement on 10 August: 'Picture by picture, these criminals are being identified, arrested and we will not let any phoney concerns about human rights get in the way of the publication of these pictures and the arrest of these individuals.'

The minute he's out of the hotel he goes to the nearest newsagent's and buys all the newspapers he can lay his hands on. No pictures of him. Besides, he's not in any British police file and doesn't meet the search

criteria. Even so, he's nervous when he arrives at the airport. But there are no problems at passport control or at security.

Jan is relieved once he is finally sitting in his comfortable Business Class seat. He orders two cups of black coffee. His neighbour is talking with indignation about the previous night's unrest, complaining about the anti-social lower-class losers responsible. 'I hope Cameron really cracks down on them. Good thing Labour aren't in power any more.' Jan turns to look out the window, but the guy keeps talking to him. 'Who knows where this will lead. It could spread like wildfire through all of Europe. Riots everywhere. You've got to nip it in the bud. France, Spain, Greece, it's all brewing down there.'

'Yes, I read the paper,' says Jan. 'But I had a hard day yesterday. And all I want now is some peace and quiet. OK?'

His neighbour apologises and immerses himself in his paper. Jan looks out the window. Nothing but clouds. And suddenly he realises why he feels out of sorts. What's bothering him about the thing the day before. And it's not that he's cheated on his wife again. It's something else entirely that's giving Jan pause. He's never felt as free as he did in the midst of that mob. He was totally high even though he hadn't taken any drugs. A total trip, completely liberating. He'd been himself. And that was a feeling he'd never had before.

Tiredness overcomes him and he slips into a wild dream. He's the hero of a street fight, driving his Porsche through Tottenham, smashing shop windows. He has sex with Angélique in a burning shopping centre and in the end he blows up his own house.

'Hey, we've landed.' His neighbour is tapping him on the shoulder.

The trip is over.

He's back in Hamburg.

Back to reality.

**Close-up. Handheld camera. Light from the right.**

A man, mid-fifties, tanned face, glasses. Chin-length thinning hair. Some wrinkles. Lacoste polo shirt.

The man speaks loudly and clearly and seems very relaxed. Every now and then a smile flits across his face.

No background noise.

**Voice, off-camera:** 'Harald Welzer. Social psychologist. Born in 1958 near Hannover. In addition to his academic work, he is the

director of the Futurzwei foundation. Harald Welzer, does Adorno's oft-quoted statement that "one cannot live truthfully in the midst of falsity" still hold true today?'

**Harald Welzer:** 'It wasn't true even at the time. Just because Adorno said it doesn't mean it's true. I don't think society works that way. Obviously, there are some changes in a society that are wrong. But they don't constitute a totality. In other words: in every form of social change, there will be niches, sets of social relations, where people are doing the right thing, even though everything else is wrong.'

**Voice, off-camera:** 'Many people believe that the system we are currently living under is wrong. Is it possible to beat capitalism at its own game?'

**Harald Welzer:** 'No, not really, but capitalism also isn't identical with society. I think that the society we live in today represents a very high standard of civilisation because it's a free and democratic society. The question we should be asking, it seems to me, is: is it possible to sustain freedom and democracy under capitalism? To which I would say: not in the medium term. And it's impossible to reform capitalism because it's so incredible adaptable. It can assimilate everything, even the most determined counter-movement. That's why it won't destroy itself, and it can't be abolished through reform.'

**Voice, off camera:** 'But what can be done, then? You yourself are an actor in this system.'

**Harald Welzer:** 'Yes, of course. Nor am I of the opinion that it would be a good idea to bring about radical systemic change. I would argue for operating within the system, which I consider to be emancipatory and expandable

in terms of its political constitution, and, because I do not consider economy and society to be identical, attempting, at a social level, to establish a different economic system.'

**Voice, off camera:** 'But that's still a long way off. And the supposedly free society we live in is responsible for a great deal of deprivation in a global context.'

**Harald Welzer:** 'When I say that we are a free and democratic society, I am referring to the constitution of that society, not its empirical state. That's an important distinction to keep in mind. The problem we all face—to a far greater extent than in Adorno's day—is not so much that our freedom is being taken away, but that we are giving it up voluntarily. That seems to me to be the sign of the times. And this abdication of freedom is inextricably linked to the mechanisms of communication and implementation within a capitalist society and within its communicative interface. I think we abdicate more freedom today, voluntarily, than ever before in history.'

**Voice, off camera:** 'The dream of freedom and social change is also used by advertisers to sell consumer products. Slogans like "Just do it" and "Revolution" advertising trainers. Is that a contradiction in terms or a logical part of the system?'

**Harald Welzer:** 'That's the logic of the system! Obviously it's possible to assimilate any and all forms of protest. Well, maybe not all, but certainly the vast majority can be assimilated. We're living in a post-ideological age. Capitalism doesn't need to be ideological anymore because it turns everything into a commodity, including protest. That's why capitalism has no real enemies anymore. If anything there may still

be some groups of individuals who have not yet been fully transformed into consumers. But that's something different than real opposition.'

**Voice, off camera:** 'Is it possible for a commoditised form of protest to effect social change?'

**Harald Welzer:** 'It's more of a hindrance. Protest—and this has been the essence of all political movements—must invent new means to oppose the familiar ones.'

**Voice, off camera:** 'But would the most subversive thing a protest movement nowadays could do not be to be financially successful? Not to be against it, but for it?'

**Harald Welzer:** 'Why? What would be subversive about that?'

**Voice, off camera:** 'All other forms of opposition just get assimilated anyway. Or, let me put it another way: What is subversion today?'

**Harald Welzer:** 'Well that really is the question. Basically I have no idea what it could be. At most I have a couple of suggestions for how to make small perforations in a seemingly hermetic system. But probably that's all one can do at the moment.'

**Voice, off camera:** 'So what is the recipe for living right in the midst of the wrong? Or "righter" at least?'

**Harald Welzer:** 'Well, a "righter" life in the midst of the wrong would be the exact opposite of Adorno: not to allow such an analysis, accurate as it may be, to limit your ability to take action. That's the big problem that the Left also faced, post-Adorno, before retreating to a position that was anything but subversive and saying, all right, we're so clever, we've figured out

that it's all just manipulation and delusion and cartelisation. So we don't need to do anything, we can just sit here and, I don't know, smoke Cohibas, go to Tuscany and read Foucault. Whereas I still believe that there is plenty of room to manoeuvre in a rich society like ours, and we all have an infinite number of ways not only to make use of our options but to extend their scope. If you quit your job, for example, and do something else, if you start taking things seriously or even to take yourself seriously and to say to yourself: I'm not going to be part of this any longer, I'm going to do something else. These aren't strategies for living right in the midst of the wrong—besides, nobody has ever really known what that would look like, there's also something totalitarian about it—but, let's say, for living a heuristically "right" life in the wrong. Why not give it a try?'

**Fade to black.**