



Everything has to change all the time as quickly as possible, so that we buy more in ever more creative ways so that we don't even know that we are *buying* anything anymore, no we're helping Djiboutian fisherman and Fijian forests and making our kids cleverer with Omega 3 in their margarine and an iPhone for their app store, just constantly adapting, running around frittering our energy away making social signs and advertising revenue on Facebook and re-tweeting tweets about a demo against Phillip Green's tax evasion so that he'll know to brand himself as an ethical investor and good citizen in the future, eating dietary chocolate that makes you shit yourself instead of digesting it and carefully shopping around in vintage stores to make sure we don't look like we are a part of this no, we are unique, but we're not and millions of square meters of the spaces we exist in are not really there, they're really shares and loans that are hedged sold bought and repackaged around the world to the tune of \$4Tn a day, gutting Amsterdam and Paris and London but cleanly so that the scene is still intact like some Herculean act of Taxonomy, their facades still there even though their insides are enacting the implosions and explosions of banks and funds like Pruitt-Igoe on a hyper fast unreal real whatever loop, a permanent crisis so that we are all glued to the rise or fall of the value of our houses because they aren't homes that we live *in* they are dirigibles we can fall *from*, pumped full of capital they need all that \$4Tn dollars a day to keep them floating, our plastic working, keep us up here tweeting like sparrows about books that are like faces and trying really hard not to panic when we realise that we can't stop, can't imagine what it might be like if it all stops and, but that the party's gone on too long and everyone's exhausted but we still want more and it might in fact all end and it's too big to think about, our mascara is smeared and we are having panic attacks and constant high level terror threats and cravings without quite understanding why or what for anymore, and we don't want to anymore, we want help, but there isn't any, there's only the last lonely resort of an addict beyond saving up there in an attic or downstairs in a cupboard, in the bathtub or the living room armchair, for real, with a tie, or a piece of rope, or some uppers and downers, or if in Switzerland or the US, perhaps a gun, messily staining the walls and ceiling, for real, *really*, in a house that for that split second, or minute, will, momentarily, ecstatically, come crashing to the ground and be just that –really- and nothing else, totally divested, and intimately: your *home*.