

# Eros and Automation

## *Onshoring, Reindustrialization, and Incel Ressentiment*

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### I

Undo a machine. Unclasp her panels and junction boxes, run your fingers along her breakers and flip one with a *snap*. You feel a flinch. Her stack lights blink expectantly as you lock her out.

Make your way along her conveyors, miles and miles of belts. There's a rhythm to her—a gentle pulsing. Her bearings let out a moan as you approach.

Wrap your hands around her cables, draped in jet black curls, and pull them taut. Reach around and twist her connectors. Undo her bolts and turn her motor over.

She brought you here. Her productive friction snapped her belt, and you heard her whine on your daily walkthrough, shortly after you both woke up.

One bolt is stripped. Bracing yourself, you drill into it—wrapping your hands around her frame, pressing metal into metal. The bolt clinks on the concrete and you let out a sigh before working the tensioner.

Walking back to her panel, you undo your lock, flip her breaker, and hit the reset button. A buzzer cries out and she shakes as her motors spin up again. The factory returns to its quiet hum, satisfied for now.

You pull your belt up and step out for a cigarette.

### II

Cultural Marxist critique centers repression and alienation. Our societies instill false consciousness, steering desire towards inhuman ends. Labor is traded for comfort, not autonomy, with wages carefully balanced to deny exit.

Lyotard inverts this. Capitalism does not repress the *Eros* but channels it, amplifies it. Circuits of desire snap along that "great ephemeral skin," tensioning flows and intensities to a zero point. New desires rupture the surface before being pulled back into the libidinal frenzy.<sup>1</sup> Labor is not exploited, but *seduced*.

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<sup>1</sup>Or so I hear. I haven't read him.

The erotic quality of a factory is undeniable. A site of productive energies colliding, mating, pressing—capital’s machinic womb. Labor stirs it from within, fertilizes it with a germ of activity that cascades down the line. Lubricated groaning and shifting cuts and splices matter together.

Amidst it all, *Thanatos*. Entropy unto death. Friction grinds her parts into powder, and chemicals eat away at her linings as she pushes herself to annihilation. Labor acts as a countervailing force, a regenerative one. Maintenance goes beyond the physical to become an intuitive, emotional process. A dance, almost carnal, between man and machine. You learn a machine’s subtle tells, her tricks and caprices. Her mood will sour if neglected.

These vortices, masculine labor and feminine capital, merge and spiral into larger structures. Networks. Supply chains. Containers swarming the roads and oceans, pulled along by invisible threads, collapsing millions of cries into jittery price points. Pain and ecstasy thrash into red and green candles.

### III

There is no place for *Eros* in the West. Systems must be dissected and reified. The interface flattens onto greasy glass panes, flashing semaphores for apes to pound on. Labor moves from the lathe to the McDonald’s and the Amazon fulfillment center. And capital, ever fickle, flees to where they’ll give her more and ask for less.

We get to watch—stewing in our cuck-chair—as China overtakes America in industrial capacity. Machine tools, the tools for making tools, are fabricated in Germany and Japan now. Someone must be responsible for this. Some *financier* conspiracy to undermine real, hard-working Americans.

Never mind that better automation can do more with less, or that Baumol cost disease predicts its share of GDP shrinks to zero. We’re done playing these mind-games. We’re done sitting around and letting China fuck all the factories. We are going to start killing them soon, and those factories need to come back before we blow them to hell too.

### IV

Trump’s tariff policy is not economic, but *psychosexual*, using what amounts to red-pilled pickup artist tactics to try and coerce capital back to the United States. But stamping one’s feet and shouting demands does not make the empowered feminine do what you say.<sup>2</sup> It gives her the *ick*. It was never intended to work.

The political fervor behind onshoring and #reindustrialization stems from incel *ressentiment*. A compulsion to victimize oneself, and to envy the fortunes of others. The world becomes zero-sum, and self-hatred turns into a death-spiral as this complex collapses inward. The MAGA chud has no factory job, gets no pussy, and yearns for the death of himself and of others.

Treating the US economy like just another shitcoin is a symptom of this. Women will leave you unless you treat them like shit. You need to show the market that you don’t care about her. The result is trillions of dollars shredded in a few weeks—another brilliant deal from the master himself.

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<sup>2</sup>I’ve tried.

## V

Most proposals for an American manufacturing revival pitch a frenzy of activity, an Andrew Tate-themed gym montage of roided-out industry buildup. We need to be more like China, with heavy top-down investment. Total mobilization. This is a matter of life or death.

I'd like to propose a dialectical alternative to incel reactionary politics: *just be yourself*. If China embodies Confucian/Legalist centralized control, America embodies the *Dao* (道) and effortless action (无为). If Deng Xiaoping brought Hegelian synthesis to his ports, we can do the same to ours.

The Chinese 996 system literally works them to death. Americans do nothing, and yet nothing is left undone. We don't *need* factories—we have the Mandate of Heaven (天命). Some tyrant monopolizes a global resource, threatens us with catastrophe, and then, like with shale or lithium, we find unprecedented reserves on American soil. We're driven forward not by resentment but by our vital *Qi* (气) energy. We're not Marxists. We don't need historical determinism or a "great conflict." This boomer/millennial tendency to self-mythologize will strangle growth. You are not Harry Potter facing a Chinese Voldemort.

The Daoists understood *Qi* and libido to be one and the same. The solution is not gooning to Five-Year plans, but carving at the joint. What are we good at? How are we different from China? The future will not look like what our wannabe industrialists are selling, for the path that can be named is not the American path.