# Round 1—Neg vs UCF JT

## 1NC

### 1nc 1

Thus we embrace an ethic of hospitality as a lens through which to address indefinite imprisonment.

**Replace detainee with prisoner – this comes first**

**Sullivan, 4/12** editor of The New York Times (Margaret Sullivan, 12 April 2013, “‘Targeted Killing,’ ‘Detainee’ and ‘Torture’: Why Language Choice Matters,” http://publiceditor.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/04/12/targeted-killing-detainee-and-torture-why-language-choice-matters/?\_r=0)//CC

If it’s torture, why call it a “harsh interrogation technique”? If it’s premeditated assassination, why call it a “targeted killing”? And if a suspected terrorist has been locked up at Guantánamo Bay for more than a decade, why call him a “detainee”? Many of the complaints I get in the public editor’s in-box are about phrases that The Times uses. These writers complain that **language** choices make a **huge difference in perception**, **especially** when they accept and adopt government-speak. One reader, Donald Mintz, a professor emeritus at Montclair State University, objects to the unquestioning use of “defense” as in “defense budget,” and prefers “military.” He wrote: “Outside of direct or indirect quotation the term ‘defense’ should be used sparingly and with the greatest caution. Who, after all, could be against ‘defense’? But at least some of us are against excessive militarism.” Another reader, Roscoe Gort, commented on an article this week, “Targeted Killing Comes to Define War on Terror.” “Since 9/11 The New York Times has shown a great willingness to adopt the Newspeak (‘War Is Peace’) terminology from successive administrations in Washington,” he wrote. “War on terror” was just one example, he said, and wanted to know how The Times decides what terms to use. And, he wondered, “Do reporters like Scott Shane really write this way, or does some editor automatically change all the occurrences of “murder” or “assassination” in the stories they file into “targeted killing”? And Gene Krzyzynski, a veteran copy editor at The Buffalo News and a longtime New York Times reader, objected to the continued use of the term “detainee” to describe suspected terrorists who are being held indefinitely at the United States naval base at Guantánamo Bay, calling it “**accepting political spin** at face value.” Mr. Krzyzynski wrote: **To “detain” connotes brevity**, as in, say, a traveler detained at a border or an airport for further Immigration, Customs, T.S.A. or similar questioning-searching-processing. I’d go as far as to call it **language abuse** in the context of Gitmo, especially for anyone who has a healthy respect for plain, clear English or who remembers “detention” in high school. “**Prisoner**” and its variants **would be accurate**, of course, given the unusually long time behind bars or in cages (historically unprecedented, actually, for any P.O.W.’s, if one accepts that we’re in a “war,” albeit undeclared by Congress). Seven years ago, the Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Steve Breen of The San Diego Union-Tribune came up with what’s probably the most precise term of all: “infinitee.” I asked Mr. Shane, a national security reporter in the Washington bureau, and Philip B. Corbett, the associate managing editor for standards, to respond to some of these issues. Mr. Shane addressed Mr. Gort’s question on “targeted killings,” noting that editors and reporters have discussed it repeatedly. He wrote: “Assassination” is banned by executive order, but for decades that has been interpreted by successive administrations as prohibiting the killing of political figures, not suspected terrorists. Certainly most of those killed are not political figures, though arguably some might be. Were we to use “assassination” routinely about drone shots, it would suggest that the administration is deliberately violating the executive order, which is not the case. This administration, like others, just doesn’t think the executive order applies. (The same issue arose when Ronald Reagan bombed Libya, and Bill Clinton fired cruise missiles at Sudan and Afghanistan.) “Murder,” of course, is a specific crime described in United States law with a bunch of elements, including illegality, so it would certainly not be straight news reporting to say President Obama was “murdering” people. This leaves “targeted killing,” which I think is far from a euphemism. It denotes exactly what’s happening: American drone operators aim at people on the ground and fire missiles at them. I think it’s a pretty good term for what’s happening, if a bit clinical. Mr. Shane added that he had only one serious qualm about the term. That, he said, was expressed by an administration official: “It’s not the targeted killings I object to — it’s the untargeted killings.” The official “was talking about so-called ‘signature strikes’ that target suspected militants based on their appearance, location, weapons and so on, not their identities, which are unknown; and also about mistaken strikes that kill civilians.” On the matter of “detainee,” Mr. Corbett called it “a legitimate concern” and agreed that the term might not be ideal. He said that it, not prisoner, was used because those being held “are in such an unusual situation – they are not serving a prison term, they are in an unusual status of limbo.” The debate over the word “torture,” he said, has similar implications to the one Mr. Shane described with assassination. “The word torture, aside from its common sense meaning, has specific legal meaning and ramifications,” Mr. Corbett said. “Part of the debate is on that very point.” The Times wants to “**avoid making a legal judgment in the middle of a debate**,” he added. Mr. Corbett also said that readers might have the wrong idea about The Times’s practices on word use. “People have this image that we set out a list of terms that must be used and those that must not be used — that there is a committee or cabal that sends out an edict,” he said. That’s far from true, he said. “In a vast majority of cases, we rely on our reporters to use their judgment,” he said. “Only rarely do we make a firm style rule.” Although individual words and phrases may not amount to very much in the great flow produced each day, **language matters**. When news organizations accept the government’s way of speaking, they seem to **accept the government’s way of thinking**. In The Times, these decisions carry even more weight. Word choices like these **deserve thoughtful consideration** – and, at times, some institutional **soul-searching**.

#### This militarization of language results in global catastrophe

**Zournazi, 07** – professor at the University of Woolongong (Mary, *Keywords to War: Reviving Language in an Age of Terror*, pp. 1-4, Scribe Publications)**Red**

Keywords to War is a response to this profoundly disturbing environment. The book emerges at time when the cultural dimensions of English language use have altered key words and concepts, such as freedom, justice' and truth, that we hold dear in our democracies. Underpinning this corruption of language is what Bertolt Brecht famously called a 'moral conscience' of war that structures our day-to-day experience and activity. Taking this structure seriously, this book explores the inextricable link between language and a deteriorating moral conscience; taken together these elements infiltrate our perception of and how we function in the world. Now more than ever it is necessary to extricate ourselves from this quagmire, and from the confused and disputed meanings that permeate and have produced an often latent, but significantly charged, **mental state of war in our everyday lives**, so much so that Our interior worlds and social spaces are infused with the language of war. Historically speaking, this is not a recent phenomenon, but what we face today, with the expansion of technology and the unholy alliance between new forms of power, morality, and terror, is a more **intense violation of language.** Taking note of the power of words and their articulation within language is somewhat paradoxical though, because as English continues to grow and expand, **the precision and depth of our language use**, particularly in public and political debate, **appears to have contracted.** In other words, there is a collision between language and the political upstaging of fear, and terror that creates insecurity in individuals, and the **improper treatment and violence done to language, shrinks and restricts the language that could otherwise be invented in diplomacy and accountability in the global public sphere.** Inspired by the traditions of Raymond Williams' Keywords (1983), and Don Watson's Death Sentence (2003), in which he examines the death of language, this book is an urgent call to understand how much of our language has become surrounded by fear and suspicion, by the annihilation of meaning, and by the deadening of its use. As these circumstances appear as a natural states of affairs, the revival of language used to remedy this situation is a vital task that **cannot be ignored.** In this way, I have gathered together select keywords to war as tools to help us think past terror and to restore a revitalised language into our everyday lives and political environments. Keywords to War is a continuation, albeit in a different form, of my earlier work on a political vision of hope. In it, further questions and issues emerge around how to act ethically and take responsibility for our political actions, directions, and visions, in ways that correspond to our personal and individual choices and attitudes. It is clear to me that unless there is a radical shift in how we approach attitudes to war, violence, revenge, and terror through our language and conceptual frames, we risk destruction and **catastrophe far greater than ever imagined,** greater even than sci-fi fantasy and our multicoloured technological dreams than transform into nightmares. Given this, I explore how the real effects of pain and suffering are often destroyed in our use of language, and how morality is often equated with violence. In a different context, former US vice-president Al Gore has noted that issues affecting climate change are moral, not political. But 'moral' and 'political' cannot be so easily separated, as morality is at the very core of social and political activity. In short, our **moral responsibilities directly affect our political language and practice.** The spoils of this have been evident in how the terms 'good' and 'evil' have resurfaced in attitudes that Islam and the West hold towards each other, and on a world stage that has seen an escalation of terrorist politics since 9/11. Thus, it is important, indeed essential, to express how **language slices across the morality and values that structure our political terms of reference.** As such the moral question that Gore poses is pertinent here, as this book is about the remaking of the world through the **language** that **has gone awry on a global scale.** But we must be careful, as the language of climate change and responses to it, may also continue a language of war. It is precisely because morality changes and language does too that we have to take seriously the interplay between them. Yet we rarely do this, despite how essential it is to do so in order to imagine and **construct an alternative vision of our world.**

### 1nc 2

**The battle for the public sphere is over—we lost. Conservatives and Liberals are now two sides of the same coin, and any movement that actually promises radical change will be destroyed as soon as it becomes visible. An invisible movement has the most subversive potential—rejecting politics is the only political act**

**The Invisible Committee, ‘7** [an anonymous group of French professors, phd candidates, and intellectuals, in the book “The Coming Insurrection” published by Semiotext(e) (attributed to the [Tarnac Nine](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tarnac_Nine) by the French police), <http://tarnac9.noblogs.org/gallery/5188/insurrection_english.pdf>]

Whatever angle you look at it from, **there's no escape from the present. That's** not the least of its virtues. For those who want absolutely to have hope, it knocks down every support. Those who claim to have solutions are proven wrong almost immediately. It's understood that now everything can only go from bad to worse. "There's no future for the future" is the wisdom behind an era that for all its appearances of extreme normalcy has come to have about the consciousness level of the first punks. The sphere of political representation is closed. From left to right, it's the same nothingness acting by turns either as the big shots or the virgins, the same sales shelf heads, changing up their discourse according to the latest dispatches from the information service. Those who still vote give one the impression that their only intention is to knock out the polling booths by voting as a pure act of protest. And we've started to understand that in fact it’s only against the vote itself that people go on voting. Nothing we've seen can come up to the heights of the present situation; not by far. By its very silence, the populace seems infinitely more 'grown up' than all those squabbling amongst themselves to govern it do. Any Belleville chibani 1 is wiser in his chats than in all of those puppets’ grand declarations put together. The lid of the social kettle is triple-tight, and the pressure inside won’t stop building. The ghost of Argentina’s Que Se Vayan Todos 2 is seriously starting to haunt the ruling heads. The fires of November 2005 will never cease to cast their shadow on all consciences. Those first joyous fires were the baptism of a whole decade full of promises. The media’s “suburbs vs. the Republic” myth, if it’s not inefficient, is certainly not true. The fatherland was ablaze all the way to downtown everywhere, with fires that were methodically snuffed out. Whole streets went up in flames of solidarity in Barcelona and no one but the people who lived there even found out about it. And the country hasn’t stopped burning since. Among the accused we find diverse profiles, without much in common besides a hatred for existing society; not united by class, race, or even by neighborhood. What was new wasn’t the “suburban revolt,” since that was already happening in the 80s, but the rupture with its established forms. The assailants weren’t listening to anybody at all anymore, not their big brothers, not the local associations assigned to help return things to normal. No “SOS Racism which only fatigue, falsification, and media omertà 4 could feign putting an end. The whole series of nocturnal strikes, anonymous attacks, wordless destruction, had the merit of busting wide open the split between politics and the political. No one can honestly deny the obvious weight of this assault which **made no demands**, and had no message other than a threat which had nothing to do with politics. But you’d have to be blind not to see what is **purely political** about this **resolute negation of politics,** and you’d certainly have to know absolutely nothing about the autonomous youth movements of the last 30 years. Like abandoned children we burned the first baby toys of a society that deserves no more respect than the monuments of Paris did at the end of Bloody Week 5 -- and knows it. There’s **no social solution** to the present situation. First off because the vague aggregate of social groupings, institutions, and individual bubbles that we designate by the anti-phrase “society” has no substance, because there’s no language left to express common experiences with. It took a half-century of fighting by the Lumières to thaw out the possibility of a French Revolution, and a century of fighting by work to give birth to the fearful “Welfare State.” Struggles creating the language in which the new order expresses itself. Nothing like today. Europe is now a de-monied continent that sneaks off to make a run to the Lidl 6 and has to fly with the low-cost airlines to be able to keep on flying. **None of the “problems” formulated in the social language are resolvable**. The “retirement pensions issue,” the issues of “precariousness,” the “youth” and their “violence” can only be kept in suspense as long as the ever more surprising “acting out” they thinly cover gets managed away police-like. No one’s going to be happy to see old people being wiped out at a knockdown price, abandoned by their own and with nothing to say. And those who’ve found less humiliation and more benefit in a life of crime than in sweeping floors will not give up their weapons, and prison won’t make them love society. The rage to enjoy of the hordes of the retired will not take the somber cuts to their monthly income on an empty stomach, and will get only too excited about the refusal to work among a large sector of the youth. And to conclude, no guaranteed income granted the day after a quasi-uprising will lay the foundations for a new New Deal, a new pact, and a new peace. The social sentiment is rather **too evaporated** for all that. As their solution, they’ll just never stop putting on the pressure, to make sure nothing happens, and with it we’ll have more and more police chases all over the neighborhood. The drone that even according to the police indeed did fly over Seine-Saint-Denis 7 last July 14 th is a picture of the future in much more straightforward colors than all the hazy images we get from the humanists. That they took the time to clarify that it was not armed shows pretty clearly the kind of road we’re headed down. The country is going to be cut up into ever more air-tight zones. Highways built along the border of the “sensitive neighborhoods” already form walls that are invisible and yet able to cut them off from the private subdivisions. Whatever good patriotic souls may think about it, the management of neighborhoods “by community” is most effective just by its notoriety. The purely metropolitan portions of the country, the main downtowns, lead their luxurious lives in an ever more calculating, ever more sophisticated, ever more shimmering deconstruction. They light up the whole planet with their whorehouse red lights, while the BAC 8 and the private security companies’ -- read: militias’ -- patrols multiply infinitely, all the while benefiting from being able to hide behind an ever more disrespectful judicial front. The catch-22 of the present, though perceptible everywhere, is denied everywhere. Never have so many psychologists, sociologists, and literary people devoted themselves to it, each with their own special jargon, and each with their own specially missing solution. It’s enough just to listen to the songs that come out these days, the trifling “new French music,” where the petty-bourgeoisie dissects the states of its soul and the K’1Fry mafia 9 makes its declarations of war, to know that this coexistence will come to an end soon and that a decision is about to be made. This book is signed in the name of an imaginary collective. Its editors are not its authors. They are merely content to do a little clean-up of what’s scattered around the era’s common areas, around the murmurings at bar-tables, behind closed bedroom doors. They’ve only determined a few necessary truths, whose universal repression fills up the psychiatric hospitals and the painful gazes. They’ve made themselves scribes of the situation. It’s the privilege of radical circumstances that justice leads them quite logically to revolution. It’s enough just to say what we can see and not avoid the conclusions to be drawn from it.

**To make micropolitics visible is to coopt it by giving resistance an object – this understanding allows resistance to be framed, to be declared a failure and prevents the immanence of imperceptible politics from coalescing around mundane practices and habitudes of existence**

**Tsianos et al. ‘8** Vassilis, teaches sociology at the University of Hamburg, Germany, Dimitris Papadopoulos teaches social theory at Cardiff University, Niamh Stephenson teaches social science at the University of New South Wales. “Escape Routes: Control and Subversion in the 21st Century” Pluto Press

In this sense **imperceptible politics does not necessarily differ from or oppose other prevalent forms of politics, such as state-oriented politics, micropolitics, identity politics, cultural and gender politics, civil rights movements, etc**. And indeed **imperceptible politics connects with all these various forms of political engagement and intervention in an opportunistic way: it deploys them to the extent that they allow the establishment of spaces outside representation**; that is, spaces which do not primarily focus on the transformation of the conditions of the double-R axiom (rights and representation) but on the insertion of new social forces into a given political terrain. In the previous chapter we called this form of politics outside politics: the politics which opposes the representational regime of policing. Imperceptibility is the everyday strategy which allows us to move and to act below the overcoding regime of representation. **This everyday strategy is inherently anti-theoretical; that is, it resists any ultimate theorisation, it cannot be reduced to one successful and necessary form of politics** (such as state-oriented politics or micropolitics, for example). **Rather, imperceptible politics is genuinely empiricist, that is it is always enacted as ad hoc practices which allow the decomposition of the representational strategies in a particular field and the composition of events which cannot be left unanswered by the existing regime of control. If imperceptible politics resists theorisation and is ultimately empiricist, what then are the criteria for doing imperceptible politics? There are** three **dimensions which characterise imperceptible politics: objectlessness,** totality, **trust**. **Firstly, imperceptible politics is objectless, that is it performs political transformation without primarily targeting a specific political aim (such as transformation of a law or institution, or a particular claim for inclusion**, etc). **Instead imperceptible politics proceeds by materialising its own political actions through contagious and affective transformations.** **The object of its political practice is its own practices. In this sense, imperceptible politics is non-intentional - and therein lies its difference from state-oriented politics or the politics of civil rights movements**, for example - **it instigates change through a series of everyday transformations which can only be codified as having a central political aim or function in retrospect**. Secondly, imperceptible politics addresses the totality of an existing field of power. This seems to be the difference between imperceptible politics and micropolitics or other alternative social movements: imperceptible politics is not concerned with containing itself to a molecular level of action; it addresses the totality of power through the social changes which it puts to work in a particular field of action. The distinction between molar and molecular (Deleuze and Guattari, 1987, p. 275) has only analytical significance from the perspective of imperceptible politics. In fact imperceptible politics is both molar and molecular, because by being local situated action it addresses the whole order of control in a certain field. Imperceptible politics is located at the heart of a field of power and at the same time it opens a way to move outside this field by forcing the transformation of all these elements which are constitutive of this field. In this sense, imperceptible politics is a driving force which is simul­taneously both present and absent. We described this in the previous chapter by exploring the importance of speculative figurations for the practice of escape. On the everyday level of escape (a level we called in this chapter imperceptible politics) speculative figuration can be translated into trust. This is the third characteristic of **imperceptible politics**; it **is driven by a firm belief in the importance and truthfulness of its actions, without seeking any evidence for, or conducting any investigation into its practices. This is trust. Imperceptible politics is driven by trust in something which seems to be absent from a particular situation. Imperceptible politics operates around a void, and it is exactly the conversion of this void into everyday politics that becomes the vital force for imperceptible politics.**

### 1nc 3

#### The solution to the world’s problem lies in the recognition that there is no solution – suffering and conflict are nothing more internal blockages – we must accept the world as it comes to us or we are doomed to the path of Don Quixote, fighting imaginary windmills for all eternity

**Khema 94**  (Ayya, 1994, Buddhist monk, “All of us beset by Birth, Decay, and Death.” Buddhism Today, <http://www.buddhismtoday.com/english/philosophy/thera/003-allofus-5.htm>)

If you have ever read Don Quixote, you'll remember that he was fighting windmills. Everybody is doing just that, fighting windmills. Don Quixote was the figment of a writer's imagination, a man who believed himself to be a great warrior. He thought that every windmill he met was an enemy and started battling with it. That's exactly what we are doing within our own hearts and that's why this story has such an everlasting appeal. It tells us about ourselves. Writers and poets who have survived their own lifetimes have always told human beings about themselves. Mostly people don't listen, because it doesn't help when somebody else tells us what's wrong with us and few care to hear it. One has to find out for oneself and most people don't want to do that either. What does it really mean to fight windmills? It means fighting nothing important or real, just imaginary enemies and battles. All quite trifling matters, which we build into something solid and formidable in our minds. We say: "I can't stand that," so we start fighting, and "I don't like him," and a battle ensues, and "I feel so unhappy," and the inner war is raging. We hardly ever know what we're so unhappy about. The weather, the food, the people, the work, the leisure, the country, anything at all will usually do. Why does this happen to us? Because of the resistance to actually letting go and becoming what we really are, namely nothing. Nobody cares to be that. Everybody wants to be something or somebody even if it's only Don Quixote fighting windmills. Somebody who knows and acts and will become something else, someone who has certain attributes, views, opinions and ideas. Even patently wrong views are held onto tightly, because it makes the "me" more solid. It seems negative and depressing to be nobody and have nothing. We have to find out for ourselves that it is the most exhilarating and liberating feeling we can ever have. But because we fear that windmills might attack, we don't want to let go. Why can't we have peace in the world? Because nobody wants to disarm. Not a single country is ready to sign a disarmament pact, which all of us bemoan. But have we ever looked to see whether we, ourselves, have actually disarmed? When we haven't done so, why wonder that nobody else is ready for it either? Nobody wants to be the first one without weapons; others might win. Does it really matter? If there is nobody there, who can be conquered? How can there be a victory over nobody? Let those who fight win every war, all that matters is to have peace in one's own heart. As long as we are resisting and rejecting and continue to find all sorts of rational excuses to keep on doing that there has to be warfare. War manifests externally in violence, aggression and killing. But how does it reveal itself internally? We have an arsenal within us, not of guns and atomic bombs, but having the same effect. And the one who gets hurt is always the one who is shooting, namely oneself. Sometimes another person comes within firing range and if he or she isn't careful enough, he or she is wounded. That's a regrettable accident. The main blasts are the bombs which go off in one's own heart. Where they are detonated, that's the disaster area. The arsenal which we carry around within ourselves consists of our ill will and anger, our desires and cravings. The only criterion is that we don't feel peaceful inside. We need not believe in anything, we can just find out whether there is peace and joy in our heart. If they are lacking, most people try to find them outside of themselves. That's how all wars start. It is always the other country's fault and if one can't find anyone to blame then one needs more "Lebensraum," more room for expansion, more territorial sovereignty. In personal terms, one needs more entertainment, more pleasure, more comfort, more distractions for the mind. If one can't find anyone else to blame for one's lack of peace, then one believes it to be an unfulfilled need. Who is that person, who needs more? A figment of our own imagination, fighting windmills. That "more" is never ending. One can go from country to country, from person to person. There are billions of people on this globe; it's hardly likely that we will want to see every one of them, or even one-hundredth, a lifetime wouldn't be enough to do so. We may choose twenty or thirty people and then go from one to the next and back again, moving from one activity to another, from one idea to another. We are fighting against our own dukkha and don't want to admit that the windmills in our heart are self-generated. We believe somebody put them up against us, and by moving we can escape from them. Few people come to the final conclusion that these windmills are imaginary, that one can remove them by not endowing them with strength and importance. That we can open our hearts without fear and gently, gradually let go of our preconceived notions and opinions, views and ideas, suppressions and conditioned responses. When all that is removed, what does one have left? A large, open space, which one can fill with whatever one likes. If one has good sense, one will fill it with love, compassion and equanimity. Then there is nothing left to fight. Only joy and peacefulness remain, which cannot be found outside of oneself. It is quite impossible to take anything from outside and put it into oneself. There is no opening in us through which peace can enter. We have to start within and work outward. Unless that becomes clear to us, we will always find another crusade.

#### Desire creates the illusion of the self and the suffering that defines the human condition. Our only capacity is thus to affirm the extermination of this desire in the face of perpetual death and an impermanent reality

**DOLLIMORE 1998** (Jonathan Dollimore 1998 (Death, Desire and Loss in Western Culture, p 54-56.)

Siddhartha Gautama (560-477 BC) was a prince who, because of his high privilege, encountered suffering and death relatively late in life. Legend tells us that when he did eventually encounter them the trauma was the greater, and changed his life: he became Buddha, the Enlightened One. In the religion he founded, life is experienced as a permanent intrinsic unsatisfactoriness manifested as suffering (dukkha) and pain: birth is painful, old age is painful, sickness is painful, death is painful, sorrow, lamentation, dejection, and despair are painful. Contact with unpleasant things is painful, not getting what one wishes is painful. In short the five groups of grasping [the elements, skandbasy which make up a person] are painful. ('Sermon at Benares', in Burtt, p. 30) Everything about life involves suffering and dissatisfaction, a sense of lack. If we strive to overcome that lack we fail, and suffering becomes marked by a renewed craving, now intensified by an acute sense of loss. Suffering derives directly from the fact that everything that exists is radically mutable. In particular, happiness, if it is achieved, cannot last. Suffering haunts happiness from the outside and the inside. Where Buddhism differs from Western religions is in the full acceptance of mutability; happiness lies in achieving that acceptance. Suffering is perpetuated by, and inseparable from, ignorance, and mitigated by wisdom. The deepest ignorance is to fail to see, or to disavow, the fact that everything that exists is mutable and transient. The force of this position may be seen, again, in contrast with Christianity; for the Buddhist the source of suffering is ignorance rather than sin. And the real source of suffering is desire (kama) or craving (tanha, literally 'thirst'), both of which are intrinsic to, constitutive of, humankind. There is a Buddhist doctrine of 'conditioned arising' or 'dependent origination' which asserts that everything that exists is dependent on certain prevailing conditions; nothing is intrinsically self-sufficient, independent or stable. This is especially true of selfhood. Buddhism completely denies the idea of a transcendent or autonomous self so powerful in Western religion and philosophy. To believe that there is some essential inner self or consciousness which is the real me, ultimately identifiable apart from everything that happens to me, is an illusion: What we call a personality is just an individual stream of becoming; a cross-section of it at any given moment in an aggregate of the five skandhas which (as long as it continues) are in unstable and unceasing interaction with each other, (p. 86) There is no I. Even to believe in an I which possesses emotions (albeit helplessly) is mistaken. One of the problems with desire, and why it cannot make us happy, is that it presupposes a self which does not exist; at the core of our being we are empty. Everything that constitutes the individual is marked by the unsatisfactoriness and suffering which is dukkha. Nor is there such a thing as the soul. The person is only a fleeting series of discontinuous states held together by desire, by craving. When desire is extinguished the person is dissolved. Since life and suffering are synonymous, the extinction of desire is the goal of human endeavor. Until that happens we continue to exist through a series of rebirths. It is not death as such which is deplored, but rebirth; it is not death but rebirth which we must escape. So much so that in some early texts rebirth is described as 'redeath'. Desire perpetuates life, which is synonymous with suffering, and which leads to death. Desire perpetuates death; it keeps one dying. The self is merged with ultimate reality not by identifying the core of the self (soul/essence) with ultimate reality (God/the universal) but by extinguishing self into non-being (nirvana). This is the aspect of Buddhism which has fascinated Western philosophers like Schopenhauer and artists like Wagner; with whatever degree of misinterpretation, they have been drawn by the ideas of empowerment through renunciation, nullification and quiescence; of the apparent ability to move freely with the mutability and change which arc the apparent cause of suffering; of choosing freely not to pursue the illusion of freedom, in a sense to eliminate the illusion of self; of becoming discontinuous, mindless. Not to escape mutability but to become it; not to just go with the flow of endless change, but to become it. To achieve the state of nirvana - that is, a state of being which is essentially empty of desire and striving. The wisdom of Buddhism does not desire to transcend change or to affirm an essential ultimate relationship of self to the absolute and unchanging (Platonic forms, the Christian God); nor does the Buddhist desire to die or to cease to be (the death drive): he or she does not desire annihilation but rather learns how to cease desiring. Nirvana is the utter cessation of desire or craving; it means extinction.

#### Use the ballot to engage in meditative affirmation of the status quo.

**Astma 6 –** Professor of Philosophy at Columbia College

(Stephen, “Against Transcendentalism: Monty Python’s The Meaning of Life and Buddhism”, *Monty Python and Philosophy* ebook copy, dml)

Upon close inspection, Buddha shows, paradise crumbles. The atman, on the other hand, is a no show. The Buddha thinks that atman is nowhere to be found except in the literary inventions of Hinduism and the confusions of its followers. Buddhism, contrary to all dualistic theories, asserts that **we are not made up of two metaphysically different parts**, a permanent spirit and an impermanent body. Buddhism breaks with most religions, East and West, by recognizing that we are each a finite tangle of qualities, all of which eventually exhaust themselves, and none of which, conscious or other, carries on independently. All humans, according to Buddha, are composed of the five aggregates (khandas ); body (rupa), feeling (vedana), perception (sanna), dispositions or volitional tendencies (sankhara) and consciousness (vinnana). If the Buddha was standing around in the battlefield setting of the Bhagavad Gita, he would certainly chime-in and object to Krishna’s irresponsible claim that a permanent soul resides in Arjuna and his enemies. Show me this permanent entity, the Buddha would demand. Is the body permanent? Are feelings permanent? What about perceptions, or dispositions, or even consciousness? The Buddha says “If there really existed the atman, there would be also something that belonged to this atman. As however, in truth and reality, neither an atman nor anything belonging to an atman can be found, is it not really an utter fool’s doctrine to say: This is the world, this am I; after death I shall be permanent, persisting and eternal?” (Mijjhima Nikaya) Buddha examines all the elements of the human being, finds that they are all fleeting, and finds no additional permanent entity or soul amidst the tangle of human faculties. There is no ghost in the machine. What’s So Grotesque about That? In their rejection of transcendentalism, Buddhism and Monty Python converge in their celebrations of the grotesque. The Python crew seems to relish the disgusting facts of human biology and they take every opportunity to render them through special effects. Throughout Monty Python’s The Meaning of Life, blood spurts, vomit spews, babies explode from birth canals, decapitated heads abound, and limbs putrefy. Theravada Buddhism also celebrates the revolting, treating it as a meditation focus for contemplating the lack of permanence. The transcendentalist consoles herself with the idea that this physical body may decay and perish, but an eternal soul will outlast the material melt-down—not so for the Buddha. In an attempt to undercut human vanity and demonstrate the impermanence of all things, Buddhist scriptures are filled with nauseating details about rotting carcasses and putrid flesh. In the Anguttara Nikaya, for example, the scripture asks, “Did you never see in the world the corpse of a man or a woman, one or two or three days after death, swollen up, blue-black in color, and full of corruption? And did the thought never come to you that you also are subject to death, that you cannot escape it?” (III, 35) When I was at a monastery in Southern Thailand, I chanced upon some reproductions of “dhamma paintings” from the mid-nineteenth century. These pictures were from a Chaiya manuscript discovered nearby, and they depicted, in detail, the “Ten Reflections on Foulness” (asubha kammatthana). The paintings illustrate the various uses of corpses as objects for contemplating impermanence. Following the great Theravadan philosopher Buddhaghosa’s Visuddhimagga text (“Path of Purification”), the artist rendered decaying corpses in rather comprehensive stages of dismemberment and putrification. According to Buddhaghosa, staring at a bloated corpse will be particularly useful to me if I’m feeling overly attached and arrogant about the shape and morphology of my body. If instead I’m feeling snobby or bigoted about my skin’s color or complexion, I should focus on the livid corpse that ranges from green to blue-black in color. Or, if I mistakenly feel that my body is my own, I am to rectify this error by meditating on a worm-infested corpse (puluvaka). As Buddhaghosa explains, “The body is shared by many and creatures live in dependence on (all parts and organs) and feed (on them). And there they are born, grow old, and die, evacuate and pass water; and the body is their maternity home, their hospital, their charnel ground, their privy and their urinal.” Buddhist “mindfulness” (meditational awareness) about the body is being aware of its transience, its brevity, its fugacity. The physical body is slowly macerating, and to try to hold onto it or recompose it is a pipe-dream. The single issue that invited comment from film reviewers when Monty Python’s The Meaning of Life was released was its wallow in the grotesque. One exclaimed that the film’s “ramshackle bouts of surreal physical comedy—a clotted mass of frenzied bodies, debris, mud, and gore—induce feelings of revolt and despair.”53 In light of the film’s critique of transcendentalism, however, this reviewer got it just backward. Far from despairing, the Pythons aimed to smash the deceptive veneer of puritanical snobbery that devalues the flesh and overvalues the invisible spirit. Like Buddhism, Python asks us to “say yes” to our true nature, **filled as it is with impermanence and unpleasantness.** At first this may seem jarring and disturbing, but in the long run **it is preferable to self-deception through figmentary transcendent reality**. Buddha’s rejection of a permanent transcendental soul is known as the anatta, or “no-self ” doctrine (and the companion doctrine that rejects the idea of a permanent God is called paticca samuppada, or “dependent arising,” because it denies the need for any transcendent uncaused cause). The most important Buddhist critique of the transcendental soul finds place in Monty Python’s The Meaning of Life. It is the idea that belief in unseen, eternal, and divine realities ultimately **distracts us from our own humanity**. Transcendentalism **dehumanizes us by feeding selfish craving**. If we embrace a worldview that pivots on the idea that we will attain immortality, then we are going to be overly concerned with our soul’s protection and its future fate. We become **more concerned with saving our own souls** than valuing and attending to the needs of those around us. Simply put, belief in a soul and a heaven of blissful happiness actually **makes you less ethical in this life**. The rejection of souls, heaven, and God, does not lead, as so many critics contend, to bleak egoistic nihilism. Many transcendentalists foretell a gloomy picture without the security of otherworldly meaning, predicting rampant hedonism (pure pleasure seeking) or nihilistic apathy. The Buddha disagrees and thinks that these life patterns are to be avoided as much as otherworldly dogmatism. The extremes, excesses, and general sufferings of the hedonist strategy and the nihilist strategy are revealed in the film. Terry’s Jones’s Mr. Creosote, for instance, is the giant embodiment of the crass pursuit of sensual gratification. After gorging himself on multiple servings of food and wine at a fancy French restaurant, his unchecked desire for the pleasures of chocolate puts him over the edge. Though he claims he can eat no more, Cleese easily seduces him with a single, small, “vaffer-thin” chocolate mint. Mr. Creosote then begins to inflate and he soon explodes, showering the restaurant in his blood and entrails. Obviously, such hedonism and self-gratification is not an appropriate fall-back for those who reject transcendental metaphysics and ethics. Nor is it appropriate to give oneself over to despair or indifference. The folly of that is illustrated in the movie’s gruesome portrayal of a liver transplant. After Graham Chapman starts the bloody business of removing this poor chap’s liver in his dining room, his partner, Cleese, chats up the man’s wife (Terry Jones in drag) in the kitchen. Cleese asks if she too would give up her liver, but she replies, “No . . . I don’t want to die.” Cleese perseveres and introduces her to Eric Idle, who steps out of her refrigerator and commences a musical tour of the sublime immensity of the universe and the tiny insignificance of her life: Just remember that you’re standing on a planet that’s evolving And revolving at nine hundred miles an hour, That’s orbiting at nineteen miles a second, so it’s reckoned, A sun that is the source of all our power. The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see, Are moving at a million miles a day In an outer spiral arm, at forty thousand miles an hour, Of the galaxy we call the Milky Way. The Universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding In all of the directions it can whizz As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you know, Twelve million miles a minute, and that’s the fastest speed there is. So remember when you’re feeling very small and insecure How amazingly unlikely is your birth And pray that there’s intelligent life somewhere up in space Because there’s bugger all down here on earth. “Makes you feel so sort of insignificant, doesn’t it?” Cleese and Chapman ask. “Can we have your liver then?” She gives in—“Yeah. All right, you talked me into it”—and the two doctors set upon her with their knives. Just as Mr. Creosote succumbs to sensual overindulgence, this housewife opts for a groundless underindulgence. Just because she realizes she lives in an almost infinitely large universe, that is no reason for her to think that her life is worthless in itself and not worth continuing. This is what the extreme nihilist does (indeed, this is what nihilism is all about), and the Python crew is showing us the absurdity of it. Life **does not become meaningless** once you give up the idea that you are playing a role in a transcendentally planned drama. The values of family, work, love, understanding, simple pleasures, and peace, **don’t go away** once you reject transcendent meaning. Nor does the woman’s natural desire for self-preservation and the avoidance of suffering evaporate once she realizes her own finitude. Transcendental dogmatism is dehumanizing, but so are the opposing extremes of hedonism and nihilistic skepticism. The Buddha made this point explicitly when he argued for a Middle Way between all opposing extremes. Just as **one should find a middle way** between the slaveries of excessive indulgence and excessive asceticism (self-denial), so too one must avoid embracing both absolutist worldviews (like Palin’s toadying transcendentalist chaplain) and relativist worldviews (where all values and meanings are leveled or negated). The Buddha’s Middle Way doctrine seeks to reclaim human values and meaning by avoiding overly rigid blind faith and also avoiding distracting speculations about matters that are remote from lived experience. Back Down to Earth So, what are these more down-to-earth human values that must be rescued from transcendental flights-of-fancy and nihilistic negativity? In light of the film’s critique of transcendentalism, the extremely modest list of values offered at the end as final “answers” to the meaning of life make good sense. They are introduced by Palin (in drag) as he interrupts the Vegas-style celebration of perpetual Christmas. “Well, that’s the end of the film,” she announces. “Now here’s the Meaning of Life.” She opens an envelope and reads, “Well, it’s nothing special. Try and be nice to people, avoid eating fat, read a good book every now and then, get some walking in, and try and live together in peace and harmony with people of all creeds and nations.” This rather modest sounding list makes perfect sense if we no longer pine for some more grand transcendental meaning. Once we dispatch both the otherworldly values (toadying to God and conserving our sperm, for example) and the otherworldly “realities” which ground those values (soul, heaven, God), then **matters of meaning become markedly more pragmatic and demystified**. Like Buddha’s philosophy, the essential goals in life become attempts to realize moderation, actualize one’s potential, and reduce suffering. When we try to make issues of ultimate meaning more melodramatic than this, we end up with the distracting and dehumanizing edifices of transcendentalism. The Buddha offers us Four Noble Truths that can be used to fight these temptations and distractions. First, he says “All life is suffering, or all life is unsatisfactory (dukkha).” This seems pessimistic at first, but he’s simply pointing out that to have a biological body is to be subject to pain, illness, and eventually death. To have family and friends means that we are open to inevitable loss, disappointment, and also betrayal. But more importantly, even when we feel joy and happiness, these too are transient experiences that will fade because all things are impermanent. Second, the Buddha says “Suffering is caused by craving or attachment.” When we have a pleasurable experience we try to repeat it over and over or try to hang on to it and turn it into a permanent thing. Sensual experiences are not themselves the causes of suffering—they are inherently neutral phenomena. It is the psychological state of craving that rises up in the wake of sensations which causes us to have unrealistic expectations of those feelings—sending us chasing after fleeting experiences that cannot be possessed. The Third Noble Truth states that the cure for suffering is non-attachment or the cessation of craving. In the Samyutta Nikaya text, the Buddha says that the wise person “regards the delightful and pleasurable things of this world as impermanent, unsatisfactory and without atman (any permanent essence), as a disease and sorrow—it is he who overcomes the craving” (12:66). And the Fourth Noble Truth is an eight-fold path that helps the follower to steer a Middle Way of ethical moderation. Following the simple eight-fold path, which contains simple recommendations similar those listed at the end of Monty Python’s The Meaning of Life, allows the follower to overcome egoistic craving. Perhaps the most important craving that must be overcome, according to Buddha, is the craving for immortality. The Buddha claimed that giving up transcendental tendencies would help us to better see the people all around us who need our help. We would become more compassionate, he argued, because we would not be distracted by cravings for the “other world.” Mind the Mindfulness As the Pythons suggest, however, not all dehumanizing distraction comes from “above.” Often, we lose sight of compassion and humane living by drowning ourselves in a sea of trivial diversions. In existential terms, we lose our “authentic self ” in the unimportant hustle and bustle of everyday matters. Consider again the executives of the Very Big Corporation of America. Later in the film, we learn that just before they were attacked by the mutineers sailing the Crimson Permanent Assurance they were having a meeting about “Item Six on the Agenda, the Meaning of Life.” The board chairman, Graham Chapman, turns things over to Michael Palin: “Now Harry, you’ve had some thoughts on this.” “That’s right, yeah. I’ve had a team working on this over the past few weeks,” Palin explains in his best American accent: What we’ve come up with can be reduced to two fundamental concepts. One, people are not wearing enough hats. Two, matter is energy; in the Universe there are many energy fields which we cannot normally perceive. Some energies have a spiritual source which act upon a person’s soul. However, this soul does not exist ab initio, as orthodox Christianity teaches; it has to be brought into existence by a process of guided self-observation. However, this is rarely achieved owing to man’s unique ability to be distracted from spiritual matters by everyday trivia. The other Board members sit quietly through Palin’s impressive and important report. But, they need clarification about one of the more important points: “What was that about hats again?” one of them asks. Distraction reigns again in Part IV, Middle Age, when the hyper-pleasant, smiley, and vapid American couple (Palin and, in drag, Idle) are served up a “philosophy conversation” in the form of flashcard prompts. The waiter (Cleese) tries to get the insipid couple started on their philosophy conversation by asking, “Did you ever wonder why we’re here?” They fail utterly to stay on topic. “Oh! I never knew that Schopenhauer was a philosopher,” Idle exclaims. Palin responds, “Yeah. . . . He’s the one that begins with an S. WIFE: “Oh.” HUSBAND: “Um [pause] . . . like Nietzsche.” WIFE: “Does Nietzsche begin with an S?” HUSBAND: “There’s an S in Nietzsche.” WIFE: “Oh wow! Yes there is. Do all philosophers have an S in them?” HUSBAND: “Yeah I think most of them do.” WIFE: “Oh! Does that mean [the popular singer] Selina Jones is a philosopher?” HUSBAND: “Yeah, Right. She could be. She sings about the meaning of life.” WIFE: “Yeah, that’s right, but I don’t think she writes her own material.” HUSBAND: “No. Maybe Schopenhauer writes her material?” WIFE: “No. Burt Bacharach writes it.” HUSBAND: “There’s no S in Burt Bacharach.” If we combine this tedious conversation and the Boardroom’s fascination with hats, the results of Palin’s research begins to make sense. Human beings must “create” their “souls” day-by-day (rather than simply discover them, ready made) through “a process of guided self-observation.” The great enemy of this process, these sketches show, **is distraction**. This is a conception of the soul that the Buddha could agree with. It embraces impermanence, avoids transcendentalist metaphysics, and accepts the view that we must actively cultivate our “souls.” This is the point of Buddhist “mindfulness” (sati)—a powerful meditation that cuts through the dehumanizing distractions. There’s nothing mystical or particularly fancy about it. **You can do it in your daily activities as well as in isolated contemplation**. It just requires you to focus your mind and senses in the present moment, and to resist the mind’s natural tendency to wander off into the past or future, **to replay events or imagine scenarios that fill our minds** with worries, regrets, hopes or cravings. Mindfulness is a state of awareness that comes from training and discipline, a state that shuts out the drifting distractions of life and reveals the uniqueness of each present moment. In doing this careful attending, one can become more present in his or her own life. Mindfulness helps to rehumanize a person by taking their head out of the clouds. And according to Buddhism it reconnects us better with our compassionate hearts by revealing other human beings as just human beings. Once the distractions of trivia, or theoretical, transcendental, or ideological overlays are removed, **we may become better able to know ourselves** and compassionately recognize ourselves in others. We may even come to learn that, in fact, we should all wear more hats. But **we will only know for sure if we are less distracted and more mindful**.

### case

#### The species contingent paradigm of their speech act creates divisions of politically qualified life that stems from our normalization of violence towards animals – that’s the root of their impacts

**Deckha in 2k10** [ Menasha “It’s time to abandon the idea of human rights”, The Scavenger, dec 10 , [http://www.thescavenger.net/animals/its-time-to-abandon-the-idea-of-human-rights-77234.html]](http://www.thescavenger.net/animals/its-time-to-abandon-the-idea-of-human-rights-77234.html%5D//JR)

**The category of the ‘subhuman’ is inherent in global gendered, racialized and economic violence**, throwing up questions around the relevance of concepts of ‘human rights’ and ‘human dignity’ for effective theories of justice, policy and social movements. **Instead of fighting dehumanization with humanization**, **a better strategy may be to minimize the human/nonhuman boundary altogethe**r. A **new discourse** of cultural and legal protections **is required to address violence against vulnerable humans in a manner that does not privilege humanity** or humans, **nor permit a subhuman figure to circulate as the mark of inferior beings on whom the perpetration of violence is legitimate**. We need to find an alternative discourse to theorize and mobilize around vulnerabilities for “subhuman” humans, writes Maneesha Deckha. 13 December 2010 One of the organizing narratives of western thought and the institutions it has shaped is humanism and the idea that human beings are at the core of the social and cultural order. The cultural critique humanism has endured, by way of academic theory and social movements, has focused on the failure of its promise of universal equal treatment and dignity for all human beings. To address this failing, a rehabilitative approach to humanism is usually adopted with advocates seeking to undo humanism’s exclusions by expanding its ambit and transporting vulnerable human groups from “subhuman” to “human” status. Law has responded by including more and more humans under the coveted category of “personhood”. Yet, the logic of the human/subhuman binary typically survives this critique with the dependence of the coveted human status on the subhuman (and the vulnerabilities it enables) going unnoticed. This gap in analysis is evident in how most of us think about violence and its related concept of vulnerability. Some would even say that what sets us apart from nonhumans is a capacity for vulnerability. Others who address human-nonhuman relationships more closely might say that what sets human apart from nonhuman animals, if anything, is our capacity for violence. More particular still, feminists would highlight the masculinist orientation of this violence against nonhumans, animals and otherwise, noting that **institutionalized violence against nonhumans primarily occurs in male-dominated industries.** Yet, **the discourse around (hu)man violence against animals is muted in mainstream debates about violence,** vulnerability and exploitation in general. More common is a concern with violence against humans and how to eliminate it and make humans less vulnerable. This theorizing largely proceeds through affirmations of the inviolability or sanctity of human life and human dignity, establishing what it means to be human through articulation of what it means to be animal. The humanist para.digm of anti-violence discourse thus does not typically examine the human/nonhuman boundary, but often fortifies it. The failure to address this boundary and its creation and maintenance of the figure of the subhuman undermines anti-violence agendas. The humanism of violence One of the most violent places imaginable is the modern day slaughterhouse. **The rate of killing** inside is swift and of unprecedented proportions. In the United States alone, **around 9.5 billion animals are killed per year**. To put that in perspective, that amounts to 250 cows per hour and 266 chickens per second. This figure does not account for all slaughter of animals for food in the United States, merely the extent of killing of land farm animals. The overwhelming number are born, raised, and killed for consumption making the violence against farm animals the most pervasive form of institutionalized violence against animals. These statistics also fail to capture the suffering animals endure while in the slaughterhouse, where they are raised for slaughter. All of this infliction on animal bodies is perceived as legitimate violence because of the nonhuman status of the species involved. The law buttresses this cultural acceptance. Animals are the property of corporate and human owners; theirs is a near universal status in western legal systems, which facilitates their instrumental use and exploitation for human ends. Due to the humanist parameters of our typical framings of violence, **when we** do **think of violence against animals**, **it is only certain forms of violence that enter the realm of legal sanction**. The protection that animals receive in western common law systems extends to protection from “cruelty”. Yet, “cruelty” only covers a fraction of the violent activities against animals and even then is designed to protect owners’ property interests, rather than recognize any inherent interests of animals themselves.

#### the 1AC’s descriptions of a nuclear disaster depoliticize the human and violence against the nonhuman body—naturalizes oppressive structures

**Collard 13**—Geography Department at the University of British Columbia [modified for ableist language, modifications denoted by brackets]

(Rosemary-Claire, “Apocalypse Meow”, Capitalism Nature Socialism, 24:1, 35-41, dml)

It is an easy point to make, that apocalypse is **defined in** almost totally human terms. Although environmental apocalypticism is tied to **statistics about species loss** and habitat destruction, it is only really an apocalypse **once human beings** (**and capitalist production** for that matter) **are under threat**. Occasionally nonhuman species deemed extraordinary in some manner (usually in the degree to which either they are most ‘‘like us’’ or useful to us) may enter into the apocalyptic calculus\* dolphins that can recognize themselves in the mirror, chimpanzees that use tools. This is further evidence of apocalypticism’s anthropocentrism. Leftist critiques of apocalyptic narratives, while not necessarily incompatible with the previous point, have focused instead on **these narratives’ depoliticizing tendencies**. Swyngedouw (2010a; 2011) locates apocalypse within a general trend toward environmental populism and ‘‘post-politics,’’ a political formation **that** forecloses the political**, preventing the politicization of particulars** (Swyngedouw 2010b). He argues that populism never assigns proper names to things, signifying (following Rancie`re) an erosion of politics and ‘‘genuine democracy . . .[which] is a space where the unnamed, the uncounted, and, consequently, un-symbolized become named and counted’’ (Swyngedouw 2011, 80). Whereas class struggle was about naming the proletariat, and feminist struggles were named through ‘‘woman’’ as a political category, a defining feature of post-politics is **an** ambiguous **and** unnamed **enemy or target of concern**. As Swyngedouw (2010b; 2011) contends, the postpolitical condition **invokes a common predicament and the need for common humanity-wide action**, with ‘‘human’’ and ‘‘humanity’’ vacant signifiers and homogenizing subjects in this politics. I return to this idea soon. Over a decade earlier, Katz (1995) also argues that ‘‘apocalypticism is politically ~~disabling’’~~ [debilitating] (277). She writes: ‘‘contemporary problems are so serious that **rendering them apocalyptic** obscures their political ecology\*their sources, their political, economic and social dimensions’’ (278). Loathe to implicate ‘‘human nature’’ as one of these sources, Katz instead targets global capitalism, which is ‘‘premised on a series of socially-constructed differences that, in apocalyptic visions, take a universal character: man/woman; culture/nature; first world/third world; bourgeoisie/working class’’ (279). Towards the end of her short chapter, she remarks that ‘‘human beings are simultaneously different from and of a piece with bees’’ (280), calling subsequently for ‘‘a usable environmental politics [that] takes seriously the political responsibility implied by the difference between people and bees’’ (280). There is so much to agree with here. But Katz misses a big binary in her list: human/animal. On the other hand, she clearly if implicitly recognizes not only the productiveness of this binary and its role in environmental politics (the humans and the bees), but also the attention it deserves. The question then remains: Although according to Katz, apocalyptic politics underplays if not entirely ignores the production process, is this inherent to apocalypticism, or is there potential to train apocalypticism onto production, particularly of the human and the human/animal binary? **Neither a natural order, nor a pre-given subject position, nor a category that exists beyond politics, the human is rather** an intensely political categorywhose ongoing production is rife with violence, contestation, and hierarchy. The central mode of this production is the human/animal binary that Haraway (2008, 18) says ‘‘flourishes, lethally, in the entrails of humanism.’’ This binary is **continually** re-made **and** re-authorized **politically**, legally, scientifically, religiously, and so on. It is **the product of particular** epistemologies**,** ontologies**, and** power relations, and it also produces these same structures. The spatial, material and discursive inclusion and exclusion of animals construct the human/animal binary. Materially, animals are included in the ‘‘human’’ project as laborers, food, clothing, and so on, but are **excluded from life itself** should their dead bodies be of economic value. Animals work for us, for free, and are largely ‘‘disposable workers’’ in a manner similar to and different from the ‘‘disposable women’’ Wright (2006) observes are fundamental to the workings of capital and labor in Mexican maquiladoras. The similarity lies in how both animal laborers and these women factory workers are devalued as laborers, and this devaluing of their labor actually **contributes to the formation of value in the commodities and capital of the production network**. They are different in that of course the women are still paid\*albeit marginally\*and their labor is recognized as labor. Animals do not just labor for free. They also die for profit and power. The most obvious example of industrial meat production aside, **capitalism and the liberal state** derive significant profits **from the ability to kill**\*often in mass numbers\*wild **animals**. Killing wolves, bears, cougars, and other animals has been a predominant colonial project, with bounty often the first laws passed in the colonies. Not only domesticated but also wild animals have played and continue to play a central role, materially and symbolically, in capitalism and the formation of the nation state, as symbols, commodities, and spectacle. Discursively **animals found the human subject by virtue of their exclusion**: the human is what is not animal. This is **a juridicopolitical, ethical exclusion** that is always at the same time an inclusion. The human thus **appears to be a neurological or biophysiological product** rather than **a result of** specific histories**,** geographies**, and** social relations, between humans and also humans and animals. Certainly particular socio-natural properties do become essential to a thing’s power and geopolitical centrality (think opposable thumbs, cerebral cortexes, bipedalism, and so on). But as Huber (2011, 34, emphasis added) argues in the context of oil, ‘‘biophysical capacities are **only realizable through particular uneven social relations** of culture, history, and power.’’ Specific conditions and relations produce the human, which is entirely different than saying that humans are the same as each other or as other animals. Their differences should not be disregarded for a host of reasons, not the least of which is the political struggle various groups have made to claim both difference and not being animals. It is not my aim to ignore, then, the particularities of the human species, although I would emphasize that these particularities are not universal and are increasingly being shown to be far less particular than we imagined.

#### this species contingent paradigm creates unending genocidal violence towards life deemed politically unqualified.Kochi and Ordan 2008 [ Tarik ,Noam, Borderlands, Dec, 2008, An argument for the global suicide of humanity, [http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi\_6981/is\_3\_7/ai\_n31524968/?tag=content;col1]](http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_6981/is_3_7/ai_n31524968/?tag=content;col1%5d//JR)

Within the picture many paint of humanity, events such as the Holocaust are considered as an exception, an aberration. The Holocaust is often portrayed as an example of 'evil', a moment of hatred, madness and cruelty (cf. the differing accounts of 'evil' given in Neiman, 2004). The event is also treated as one through which humanity might comprehend its own weakness and draw strength, via the resolve that such actions will never happen again. However, if we take seriously the differing ways in which the Holocaust was 'evil', then one must surely include along side it the almost uncountable numbers of genocides that have occurred throughout human history. Hence, if we are to think of the content of the 'human heritage', then this must include the annihilation of indigenous peoples and their cultures across the globe and the manner in which their beliefs, behaviours and social practices have been erased from what the people of the 'West' generally consider to be the content of a human heritage. Again the history of colonialism is telling here. It reminds us exactly how normal, regular and mundane **acts of annihilation of different forms of human life and culture have been throughout human history.** Indeed the history of colonialism, in its various guises, **points to the fact that so many of our legal institutions and forms of ethical life** (i.e. nation-states which pride themselves on protecting human rights through the rule of law) **have been founded upon colonial violence**, war and the appropriation of other peoples' land (Schmitt, 2003; Benjamin, 1986). Further, **the history of colonialism highlights the** central function of **'race war' that often underlies human social organisation** and many of its legal and ethical systems of thought (Foucault, 2003). This history of modern colonialism thus presents a key to understanding that **events such as the Holocaust** are not an aberration and exception but are closer to the norm, and sadly, **lie at the heart of any heritage of humanity**. After all, all too often the **European colonisation** of the globe **was justified** by arguments that indigenous inhabitants were racially 'inferior' and in some instances that **they were closer to 'apes' than to humans** (Diamond, 2006). Such violence justified by an erroneous view of 'race' is in many ways **merely an extension of an underlying attitude of speciesism involving a long history of killing and enslavement of non-human species by humans**. Such a connection between the two histories of inter-human violence (via the mythical notion of differing human 'races') and interspecies violence, is well expressed in Isaac Bashevis Singer's comment that whereas humans consider themselves "the crown of creation", for animals "all people are Nazis" and animal life is "an eternal Treblinka" (Singer, 1968, p.750). Certainly many organisms use 'force' to survive and thrive at the expense of their others. Humans are not special in this regard. However **humans,** due a particular form of self-awareness and ability to plan for the future, **have the capacity to carry out highly organised forms of violence and destruction** (i.e. the Holocaust; the massacre and enslavement of indigenous peoples by Europeans) and the capacity to develop forms of social organisation and communal life in which harm and violence are organised and regulated. It is perhaps this capacity for reflection upon the merits of harm and violence (the moral reflection upon the good and bad of violence) which gives humans a 'special' place within the food chain. Nonetheless, with these capacities come responsibility and our proposal of global suicide is directed at bringing into full view the issue of human moral responsibility. When taking a wider view of history, one which focuses on the relationship of humans towards other species, it becomes clear that the human heritage--and the propagation of itself as a thing of value--has occurred on the back of seemingly endless acts of violence, destruction, killing and genocide. While this cannot be verified, perhaps 'human' history and progress begins with the genocide of the Neanderthals and never loses a step thereafter. It only takes a short glimpse at the list of all the sufferings caused by humanity for one to begin to question whether this species deserves to continue into the future. **The list of human-made disasters is ever-growing after all: suffering caused to animals** in the name of science or human health, not to mention the cosmetic, food and textile industries; **damage to the environment by polluting the earth and its stratosphere; deforesting and overuse of natural resources; and of course, inflicting suffering on fellow human beings all over the globe, from killing to economic exploitation to abusing minorities**, individually and collectively.

## 2NC

### buddhism

#### Hermann Hesse explains the significance of the alternative—

"I'm not kidding. I'm telling you what I've found. Knowledge can be conveyed, but not wisdom. It can be found, it can be lived, it is possible to be carried by it, miracles can be performed with it, but it cannot be expressed in words and taught. This was what I, even as a young man, sometimes suspected, what has driven me away from the teachers. I have found a thought, Govinda, which you'll again regard as a joke or foolishness, but which is my best thought. It says: The opposite of every truth is just as true! That's like this: any truth can only be expressed and put into words when it is one-sided. Everything is one-sided which can be thought with thoughts and said with words, it's all one-sided, all just one half, all lacks completeness, roundness, oneness. When the exalted Gotama spoke in his teachings of the world, he had to divide it into Sansara and Nirvana, into deception and truth, into suffering and salvation. It cannot be done differently, there is no other way for him who wants to teach. But the world itself, what exists around us and inside of us, is never one-sided. A person or an act is never entirely Sansara or entirely Nirvana, a person is never entirely holy or entirely sinful. It does really seem like this, because we are subject to deception, as if time was something real. Time is not real, Govinda, I have experienced this often and often again. And if time is not real, then the gap which seems to be between the world and the eternity, between suffering and blissfulness, between evil and good, is also a deception." "How come?" asked Govinda timidly. "Listen well, my dear, listen well! The sinner, which I am and which you are, is a sinner, but in times to come he will be Brahma again, he will reach the Nirvana, will be Buddha—and now see: these 'times to come' are a deception, are only a parable! The sinner is not on his way to become a Buddha, he is not in the process of developing, though our capacity for thinking does not know how else to picture these things. No, within the sinner is now and today already the future Buddha, his future is already all there, you have to worship in him, in you, in everyone the Buddha which is coming into being, the possible, the hidden Buddha. The world, my friend Govinda, is not imperfect, or on a slow path towards perfection: no, it is perfect in every moment, all sin already carries the divine forgiveness in itself, all small children already have the old person in themselves, all infants already have death, all dying people the eternal life. It is not possible for any person to see how far another one has already progressed on his path; in the robber and dice-gambler, the Buddha is waiting; in the Brahman, the robber is waiting. In deep meditation, there is the possibility to put time out of existence, to see all life which was, is, and will be as if it was simultaneous, and there everything is good, everything is perfect, everything is Brahman. Therefore, I see whatever exists as good, death is to me like life, sin like holiness, wisdom like foolishness, everything has to be as it is, everything only requires my consent, only my willingness, my loving agreement, to be good for me, to do nothing but work for my benefit, to be unable to ever harm me. I have experienced on my body and on my soul that I needed sin very much, I needed lust, the desire for possessions, vanity, and needed the most shameful despair, in order to learn how to give up all resistance, in order to learn how to love the world, in order to stop comparing it to some world I wished, I imagined, some kind of perfection I had made up, but to leave it as it is and to love it and to enjoy being a part of it.—These, oh Govinda, are some of the thoughts which have come into my mind." Siddhartha bent down, picked up a stone from the ground, and weighed it in his hand. "This here," he said playing with it, "is a stone, and will, after a certain time, perhaps turn into soil, and will turn from soil into a plant or animal or human being. In the past, I would have said: This stone is just a stone, it is worthless, it belongs to the world of the Maja; but because it might be able to become also a human being and a spirit in the cycle of transformations, therefore I also grant it importance. Thus, I would perhaps have thought in the past. But today I think: this stone is a stone, it is also animal, it is also god, it is also Buddha, I do not venerate and love it because it could turn into this or that, but rather because it is already and always everything— and it is this very fact, that it is a stone, that it appears to me now and today as a stone, this is why I love it and see worth and purpose in each of its veins and cavities, in the yellow, in the gray, in the hardness, in the sound it makes when I knock at it, in the dryness or wetness of its surface. There are stones which feel like oil or soap, and others like leaves, others like sand, and every one is special and prays the Om in its own way, each one is Brahman, but simultaneously and just as much it is a stone, is oily or juicy, and this is this very fact which I like and regard as wonderful and worthy of worship.— But let me speak no more of this. The words are not good for the secret meaning, everything always becomes a bit different, as soon as it is put into words, gets distorted a bit, a bit silly—yes, and this is also very good, and I like it a lot, I also very much agree with this, that this what is one man's treasure and wisdom always sounds like foolishness to another person." Govinda listened silently. "Why have you told me this about the stone?" he asked hesitantly after a pause. "I did it without any specific intention. Or perhaps what I meant was, that love this very stone, and the river, and all these things we are looking at and from which we can learn. I can love a stone, Govinda, and also a tree or a piece of bark. This are things, and things can be loved. But I cannot love words. Therefore, teachings are no good for me, they have no hardness, no softness, no colours, no edges, no smell, no taste, they have nothing but words. Perhaps it are these which keep you from finding peace, perhaps it are the many words. Because salvation and virtue as well, Sansara and Nirvana as well, are mere words, Govinda. There is no thing which would be Nirvana; there is just the word Nirvana." Quoth Govinda: "Not just a word, my friend, is Nirvana. It is a thought." Siddhartha continued: "A thought, it might be so. I must confess to you, my dear: I don't differentiate much between thoughts and words. To be honest, I also have no high opinion of thoughts. I have a better opinion of things. Here on this ferry-boat, for instance, a man has been my predecessor and teacher, a holy man, who has for many years simply believed in the river, nothing else. He had noticed that the river's spoke to him, he learned from it, it educated and taught him, the river seemed to be a god to him, for many years he did not know that every wind, every cloud, every bird, every beetle was just as divine and knows just as much and can teach just as much as the worshipped river. But when this holy man went into the forests, he knew everything, knew more than you and me, without teachers, without books, only because he had believed in the river." Govinda said: "But is that what you call `things', actually something real, something which has existence? Isn't it just a deception of the Maja, just an image and illusion? Your stone, your tree, your river— are they actually a reality?" "This too," spoke Siddhartha, "I do not care very much about. Let the things be illusions or not, after all I would then also be an illusion, and thus they are always like me. This is what makes them so dear and worthy of veneration for me: they are like me. Therefore, I can love them. And this is now a teaching you will laugh about: love, oh Govinda, seems to me to be the most important thing of all. To thoroughly understand the world, to explain it, to despise it, may be the thing great thinkers do. But I'm only interested in being able to love the world, not to despise it, not to hate it and me, to be able to look upon it and me and all beings with love and admiration and great respect." "This I understand," spoke Govinda. "But this very thing was discovered by the exalted one to be a deception. He commands benevolence, clemency, sympathy, tolerance, but not love; he forbade us to tie our heart in love to earthly things." "I know it," said Siddhartha; his smile shone golden. "I know it, Govinda. And behold, with this we are right in the middle of the thicket of opinions, in the dispute about words. For I cannot deny, my words of love are in a contradiction, a seeming contradiction with Gotama's words. For this very reason, I distrust in words so much, for I know, this contradiction is a deception. I know that I am in agreement with Gotama. How should he not know love, he, who has discovered all elements of human existence in their transitoriness, in their meaninglessness, and yet loved people thus much, to use a long, laborious life only to help them, to teach them! Even with him, even with your great teacher, I prefer the thing over the words, place more importance on his acts and life than on his speeches, more on the gestures of his hand than his opinions. Not in his speech, not in his thoughts, I see his greatness, only in his actions, in his life." For a long time, the two old men said nothing. Then spoke Govinda, while bowing for a farewell: "I thank you, Siddhartha, for telling me some of your thoughts. They are partially strange thoughts, not all have been instantly understandable to me. This being as it may, I thank you, and I wish you to have calm days." (But secretly he thought to himself: This Siddhartha is a bizarre person, he expresses bizarre thoughts, his teachings sound foolish. So differently sound the exalted one's pure teachings, clearer, purer, more comprehensible, nothing strange, foolish, or silly is contained in them. But different from his thoughts seemed to me Siddhartha's hands and feet, his eyes, his forehead, his breath, his smile, his greeting, his walk. Never again, after our exalted Gotama has become one with the Nirvana, never since then have I met a person of whom I felt: this is a holy man! Only him, this Siddhartha, I have found to be like this. May his teachings be strange, may his words sound foolish; out of his gaze and his hand, his skin and his hair, out of every part of him shines a purity, shines a calmness, shines a cheerfulness and mildness and holiness, which I have seen in no other person since the final death of our exalted teacher.) As Govinda thought like this, and there was a conflict in his heart, he once again bowed to Siddhartha, drawn by love. Deeply he bowed to him who was calmly sitting. "Siddhartha," he spoke, "we have become old men. It is unlikely for one of us to see the other again in this incarnation. I see, beloved, that you have found peace. I confess that I haven't found it. Tell me, oh honourable one, one more word, give me something on my way which I can grasp, which I can understand! Give me something to be with me on my path. It it often hard, my path, often dark, Siddhartha." Siddhartha said nothing and looked at him with the ever unchanged, quiet smile. Govinda stared at his face, with fear, with yearning, suffering, and the eternal search was visible in his look, eternal not-finding. Siddhartha saw it and smiled. "Bent down to me!" he whispered quietly in Govinda's ear. "Bend down to me! Like this, even closer! Very close! Kiss my forehead, Govinda!" But while Govinda with astonishment, and yet drawn by great love and expectation, obeyed his words, bent down closely to him and touched his forehead with his lips, something miraculous happened to him. While his thoughts were still dwelling on Siddhartha's wondrous words, while he was still struggling in vain and with reluctance to think away time, to imagine Nirvana and Sansara as one, while even a certain contempt for the words of his friend was fighting in him against an immense love and veneration, this happened to him: He no longer saw the face of his friend Siddhartha, instead he saw other faces, many, a long sequence, a flowing river of faces, of hundreds, of thousands, which all came and disappeared, and yet all seemed to be there simultaneously, which all constantly changed and renewed themselves, and which were still all Siddhartha. He saw the face of a fish, a carp, with an infinitely painfully opened mouth, the face of a dying fish, with fading eyes—he saw the face of a new-born child, red and full of wrinkles, distorted from crying— he saw the face of a murderer, he saw him plunging a knife into the body of another person—he saw, in the same second, this criminal in bondage, kneeling and his head being chopped off by the executioner with one blow of his sword—he saw the bodies of men and women, naked in positions and cramps of frenzied love—he saw corpses stretched out, motionless, cold, void— he saw the heads of animals, of boars, of crocodiles, of elephants, of bulls, of birds—he saw gods, saw Krishna, saw Agni—he saw all of these figures and faces in a thousand relationships with one another, each one helping the other, loving it, hating it, destroying it, giving re-birth to it, each one was a will to die, a passionately painful confession of transitoriness, and yet none of them died, each one only transformed, was always re-born, received evermore a new face, without any time having passed between the one and the other face—and all of these figures and faces rested, flowed, generated themselves, floated along and merged with each other, and they were all constantly covered by something thin, without individuality of its own, but yet existing, like a thin glass or ice, like a transparent skin, a shell or mold or mask of water, and this mask was smiling, and this mask was Siddhartha's smiling face, which he, Govinda, in this very same moment touched with his lips. And, Govinda saw it like this, this smile of the mask, this smile of oneness above the flowing forms, this smile of simultaneousness above the thousand births and deaths, this smile of Siddhartha was precisely the same, was precisely of the same kind as the quiet, delicate, impenetrable, perhaps benevolent, perhaps mocking, wise, thousand-fold smile of Gotama, the Buddha, as he had seen it himself with great respect a hundred times. Like this, Govinda knew, the perfected ones are smiling. Not knowing any more whether time existed, whether the vision had lasted a second or a hundred years, not knowing any more whether there existed a Siddhartha, a Gotama, a me and a you, feeling in his innermost self as if he had been wounded by a divine arrow, the injury of which tasted sweet, being enchanted and dissolved in his innermost self, Govinda still stood for a little while bent over Siddhartha's quiet face, which he had just kissed, which had just been the scene of all manifestations, all transformations, all existence. The face was unchanged, after under its surface the depth of the thousandfoldness had closed up again, he smiled silently, smiled quietly and softly, perhaps very benevolently, perhaps very mockingly, precisely as he used to smile, the exalted one. Deeply, Govinda bowed; tears he knew nothing of, ran down his old face; like a fire burnt the feeling of the most intimate love, the humblest veneration in his heart. Deeply, he bowed, touching the ground, before him who was sitting motionlessly, whose smile reminded him of everything he had ever loved in his life, what had ever been valuable and holy to him in his life.

(Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha* pg 99-106 ebook copy, dml)

#### We don’t stop action silly

**Jones 81** –founder of the Network of Engaged Buddhists

(Ken, “Buddhism and Social Action: An Exploration”, <http://www.accesstoinsight.org/lib/authors/jones/wheel285.html#one>, dml) [gender-modified words denoted by brackets]

Through our practice, both in the world and in withdrawn meditation, the delusion of a struggling self becomes more and more transparent, and the conflicting opposites of good and bad, pain and pleasure, wealth and poverty, oppression and freedom are seen and understood in a Wisdom at once serene and vigilant. This Wisdom partakes of the sensitivity of the heart as well as the clarity of thought. In this Wisdom, in the words of R.H. Blyth, things are beautiful — but not desirable; ugly — but not repulsive; false — but not rejected. What is inevitable, like death, is accepted without rage; what may not be, like war, is the subject of action skillful and the more effective because, again, it is not powered and blinded by rage and hate. We may recognize an oppressor and resolutely act to remove the oppression, but we do not hate ~~him~~ [them]. Absence of hatred, disgust, intolerance or righteous indignation within us is itself a part of our growth towards enlightenment (bodhi). Such freedom from negative emotions should not be mistaken for indifference, passivity, compromise, loving our enemy instead of hating ~~him~~ [them], or any other of these relativities. This Wisdom transcends the Relativities which toss us this way and that. Instead, there is an awareness, alert and dispassionate, of an infinitely complex reality, but always an awareness free of despair, of self-absorbing aggression, or of blind dogma, an awareness free to act or not to act. Buddhists have their preferences, and in the face of such social cataclysms as genocide and nuclear war, they are strong preferences, but they are not repelled into quietism by them. What has been said above has to be cultivated to perfection by one following the Bodhisattva ideal. We are inspired by it, but very few of us can claim to live it. Yet we shall never attain the ideal by turning our backs upon the world and denying the compassionate Buddha nature in us that reaches out to suffering humanity, however stained by self love those feelings may be. Only through slowly "Wearing out the shoe of samsara" in whatever way is appropriate to us can we hope to achieve this ideal, and not through some process of incubation.

#### Simyalayshun

**Antonio 1995**

Robert J., Professor of Sociology at the University of Kansas, “Nietzsche's Antisociology: Subjectified Culture and the End of History,” American Journal of Sociology, Vol. 101, No. 1 (Jul., 1995), pp. 1-43

The "problem of the actor," Nietzsche said, "troubled me for the longest time."'12 He considered "roles" as "external," "surface," or "foreground" phenomena and viewed close personal identification with them as symptomatic of estrangement. While modern theorists saw dif- ferentiated roles and professions as a matrix of autonomy and reflexivity, Nietzsche held that persons (especially male professionals) in specialized occupations overidentify with their positions and engage in gross fabrica- tions to obtain advancement. They look hesitantly to the opinion of oth- ers, asking themselves, "How ought I feel about this?" They are so thoroughly absorbed in simulating effective role players that they have trouble being anything but actors-"The role has actually become the character." This highly subjectified social self or simulator suffers devas- tating inauthenticity. The powerful authority given the social greatly amplifies Socratic culture's already self-indulgent "inwardness." Integ- rity, decisiveness, spontaneity, and pleasure are undone by paralyzing overconcern about possible causes, meanings, and consequences of acts and unending internal dialogue about what others might think, expect, say, or do (Nietzsche 1983, pp. 83-86; 1986, pp. 39-40; 1974, pp. 302-4, 316-17). Nervous rotation of socially appropriate "masks" reduces persons to hypostatized "shadows," "abstracts," or simulacra. One adopts "many roles," playing them "badly and superficially" in the fashion of a stiff "puppet play." Nietzsche asked, "Are you genuine? Or only an actor? A representative or that which is represented? . . . [Or] no more than an imitation of an actor?" Simulation is so pervasive that it is hard to tell the copy from the genuine article; social selves "prefer the copies to the originals" (Nietzsche 1983, pp. 84-86; 1986, p. 136; 1974, pp. 232- 33, 259; 1969b, pp. 268, 300, 302; 1968a, pp. 26-27). Their inwardness and aleatory scripts foreclose genuine attachment to others. This type of actor cannot plan for the long term or participate in enduring net- works of interdependence; such a person is neither willing nor able to be a "stone" in the societal "edifice" (Nietzsche 1974, pp. 302-4; 1986a, pp. 93-94). Superficiality rules in the arid subjectivized landscape. Neitzsche (1974, p. 259) stated, "One thinks with a watch in one's hand, even as one eats one's midday meal while reading the latest news of the stock market; one lives as if one always 'might miss out on something. ''Rather do anything than nothing': this principle, too, is merely a string to throttle all culture. . . . Living in a constant chase after gain compels people to expend their spirit to the point of exhaustion in continual pretense and overreaching and anticipating others." Pervasive leveling, improvising, and faking foster an inflated sense of ability and an oblivious attitude about the fortuitous circumstances that contribute to role attainment (e.g., class or ethnicity). The most medio- cre people believe they can fill any position, even cultural leadership. Nietzsche respected the self-mastery of genuine ascetic priests, like Socra- tes, and praised their ability to redirect ressentiment creatively and to render the "sick" harmless. But he deeply feared the new simulated versions. Lacking the "born physician's" capacities, these impostors am- plify the worst inclinations of the herd; they are "violent, envious, ex- ploitative, scheming, fawning, cringing, arrogant, all according to cir- cumstances. " Social selves are fodder for the "great man of the masses." Nietzsche held that "the less one knows how to command, the more ur- gently one covets someone who commands, who commands severely- a god, prince, class, physician, father confessor, dogma, or party conscience. The deadly combination of desperate conforming and overreaching and untrammeled ressentiment paves the way for a new type of tyrant (Nietzsche 1986, pp. 137, 168; 1974, pp. 117-18, 213, 288-89, 303-4).

#### meditative affirmation of the status quo is preferable

**Loy 92** – card-carrying Buddhist

(David, “What's Wrong with Heidegger's Being and Time: A Buddhist Critique”, Time and Society, vol.1, no.2 (May 1992), pp.239-255, dml)

 For Buddhism, the dualism between life and death exemplifies a more general problem, **dualistic thinking**. We differentiate between success and failure, etc., because we want one and not the other, but their interdependence means grasping one also maintains the other: thus our fear of failure equals our hope for success. In the same fashion, **there is no life without death and** -- what we are more likely to overlook -- no death without life. So the problem is not death but life-and-death. If we can realize that there is no ego-self which is alive now, **the problem of life-and-death is solved**. When there is no one who has life, **there is no reason to fear death**. If the ego-self is an ongoing project whereby consciousness tries to grab hold of itself by objectifying itself, unmediated experience 'of' the Unborn is the final shipwreck of that project. The ego-self forecloses on its greatest anxiety by letting-go and dying right now.

Needless to say, this cannot save the body from aging and rotting; then how does it solve our problem? Because the Buddhist approach implies that **death is not our deepest fear** and immortality not our deepest hope, for they too are symptoms representing something else. Even death-terror represses something, since that terror is preferable to facing one's lack of being now: death-fear allows us to project the problem into the future. In that way we avoid facing what we are (or are not) right now. This implies that our ultimate hunger is ontological: it will be satisfied by nothing less than becoming real, which in the nondualist terms of Mahayana Buddhism can occur only by real-izing that I am one with -- nothing other than -- **the whole universe**; and that is possible if the sense-of-self is not what I really am.

Why do we need to keep projecting ourselves indefinitely into the future, unless something is felt to be lacking now? The obvious answer is that we are afraid of losing something then we have now; but many have argued that if life is not something we have but something we are, **there's nothing to fear because we shall not be around to notice (what) we're missing**. As Epicurus (1951: 122) stoically asserted, 'the most horrible of all evils, death, is nothing to us, for when we exist, death is not present; but when death is present, then we are not.' The basic problem is that our grasping at the future rejects the present; we reach for what could be because we feel something lacking in what is. Brown (1959: 277) summarizes the matter brilliantly: time is 'a schema for the expiation of guilt', which in my Buddhist terms becomes: time originates from our sense of lack and our attempts to fill in that lack.

The Buddhist perspective suggests that if nothing is lacking now, then immortality loses its compulsion as the way to resolve lack, and whether we survive physical death is no longer the main point. Our most troublesome repression is not life-repressing-death but sense-of-self repressing its suspected nothingness. The solution is to 'forget' oneself and let-go, to become nothing. Meditation is learning how to 'die' by becoming absorbed into one's meditation. It is an exercise in de-reflection: consciousness unlearns trying to grasp itself. Enlightenment occurs when the usually-automatized reflexivity of consciousness ceases, which is experienced as a letting-go and falling into the void. 'Men are afraid to forget their minds, fearing to fall through the Void with nothing to stay their fall. They do not know that the Void is not really void, but the realm of the real Dharma' (Huang-po, in Blofeld 1958: 41). When my consciousness stops trying to catch its own tail, I become nothing, and discover that I am everything -- or, more precisely, that I can be anything.

## 1NR

### case

#### Recognizing and resolving this is an ethical priority and only the alt solves the aff—star this card

**Swyngedouw 13**—Professor of Geography at the University of Manchester

(Erik, “Apocalypse Now! Fear and Doomsday Pleasures”, Capitalism Nature Socialism, 24:1, 9-18, dml)

Against this cynical stand, the third, and for me proper, leftist response to the apocalyptic imaginary is twofold and cuts through the deadlock embodied by the first two responses. To begin with, the revelatory promise of the apocalyptic narrative has to be fully rejected. In the face of the cataclysmic imaginaries mobilized to assure that the apocalypse will NOT happen (if the right techno-managerial actions are taken), the only reasonable response is ‘‘Don’t worry (Al Gore, Prince Charles, many environmental activists . . ..), you are really right, the environmental apocalypse WILL not only happen, it has already happened, IT IS ALREADY HERE.’’ Many are already living in the post-apocalyptic interstices of life, whereby the fusion of environmental transformation and social conditions, render life ‘‘bare.’’ The fact that the socio-environmental imbroglio has already passed the point of no return has to be fully asserted. The socio-environmental Armageddon is already here for many; it is not some distant dystopian promise mobilized to trigger response today. Water conflicts, struggles for food, environmental refugees, etc. testify to the socio-ecological predicament that choreographs everyday life for the majority of the world’s population. Things are already too late; they have always already been too late. There is no Arcadian place, time, or environment to return to, no benign socio-ecological past that needs to be maintained or stabilized. Many already live in the interstices of the apocalypse, albeit a combined and uneven one. It is only within the realization of the apocalyptic reality of the now that a new politics might emerge. The second gesture of a proper leftist response is to reverse the order between the universal and the particular that today dominates the catastrophic political imaginary. This order maintains that salvaging the particular historical-geographical configuration we are in depends on re-thinking and re-framing the humanenvironment articulation in a universal sense. We have to change our relationship with nature so that capitalism can continue somehow. Not only does this argument to preserve capitalism guarantee the prolongation of the combined and uneven apocalypse of the present, it forecloses considering fundamental change to the actually existing unequal forms of organizing the society-environment relations. Indeed, the apocalyptic imaginary is one that generally still holds on to a dualistic view of nature and culture. The argument is built on the view that humans have perturbed the ecological dynamic balance in ways inimical to human (and possibly non-human) long-term survival, and the solution consists broadly in bringing humans (in a universal sense) back in line with the possibilities and constraints imposed by ecological limits and dynamics. A universal transformation is required in order to maintain the present. And this can and should be done through managing the present particular configuration. This is the message of Al Gore or Prince Charles and many other environmental pundits. A left socio-environmental perspective has to insist that we need to transform this universal message into a particular one. The historically and geographically specific dynamics of capitalism have banned an external nature radically to a sphere beyond earth. On earth, there is no external nature left. It is from this particular historical-geographical configuration that a radical politics of transformation has to be thought and practiced. Only through thetransformation of the particular socio-ecological relations of capitalism can a generic egalitarian, free, and common re-ordering of the human/non-human imbroglios be forged. Those who already recognized the irreversible dynamics of the socio-environmental imbroglio that has been forged over the past few centuries coined a new term to classify the epoch we are in. ‘‘Welcome to the Anthropocene’’ became a popular catch-phrase to inform us that we are now in a new geological era, one in which humans are co-producers of the deep geological time that hitherto had slowly grinded away irrespective of humans’ dabbling with the surface layers of earth, oceans, and atmosphere. Noble prize-winning chemist Paul Crutzen introduced ‘‘the Anthropocene,’’ coined about a decade ago as the successor name of the Holocene, the relatively benign geo-climatic period that allegedly permitted agriculture to flourish, cities to be formed, and humans to thrive (Crutzen and Stoermer 2000). Since the beginning of industrialization, so the Anthropocenic argument goes, humans’ increasing interactions with their physical conditions of existence have resulted in a qualitative shift in geo-climatic acting of the earth system. The Anthropocene is nothing else than the geological name for capitalism WITH nature. Acidification of oceans, biodiversity transformations, gene displacements and recombinations, climate change, big infrastructures effecting the earth’s geodetic dynamics, among others, resulted in knotting together ‘‘natural’’ and ‘‘social’’ processes such that humans have become active agents in co-shaping earth’s deep geological time. Now that the era has been named as the Anthropocene, we can argue at length over its meaning, content, existence, and possible modes of engagement. Nonetheless, it affirms that humans and nature are co-produced and that the particular historical epoch that goes under the name of capitalism forged this mutual determination. The Anthropocene is just another name for insisting on Nature’s death. This cannot be unmade, however hard we try. The past is forever closed and the future\* including nature’s future\*is radically open, up for grabs. Indeed, the affirmation of the historical-geographical co-production of society WITH nature radically politicizes nature, makes nature enter into the domain of contested socio-physical relations and assemblages. We cannot escape ‘‘producing nature’’; rather, it forces us to make choices about what socio-natural worlds we wish to inhabit. It is from this particular position, therefore, that the environmental conundrum ought to be approached so that a qualitative transformation of BOTH society AND nature has to be envisaged. This perspective moves the gaze from thinking through a ‘‘politics of the environment’’ to ‘‘politicizing the environment’’ (Swyngedouw 2011; 2012). The human world is now an active agent in shaping the non-human world. This extends the terrain of the political to domains hitherto left to the mechanics of nature. The non-human world becomes ‘‘enrolled’’ in a process of politicization. And that is precisely what needs to be fully endorsed. The Anthropocene opens up a terrain whereby different natures can be contemplated and actually co-produced. And the struggle over these trajectories and, from a leftist perspective, the process of the egalitarian socio-ecological production of the commons of life is precisely what our politics are all about. Yes, the apocalypse is already here, but do not despair, let us fully endorse the emancipatory possibilities of apocalyptic life. Perhaps we should modify the now over-worked statement of the Italian Marxist Amadeo Bordiga that ‘‘if the ship goes down, the first-class passengers drown too.’’ Amadeo was plainly wrong. Remember the movie Titanic (as well as the real catastrophe). A large number of the first-class passengers found a lifeboat; the others were trapped in the belly of the beast. Indeed the social and ecological catastrophe we are already in is not shared equally. While the elites fear both economic and ecological collapse, the consequences and implications are highly uneven. The elite’s fears are indeed only matched by the actually existing socio-ecological and economic catastrophes many already live in. The apocalypse is combined and uneven. And it is within this reality that political choices have to be made and sides taken.

**This creates the conditions for all forms of social domination**

**Cole et al 2011** [Speciesism, Identity Politics, and Ecocriticism: A Conversation with Humanists and Posthumanists Lucinda Cole, Donna Landry, Bruce Boeher, Richard Nash, Erica Fudge, Robert Markley and Cary Wolfe, Volume 52, Number 1, Spring 2011, Project Muse]

In his 2003 book, *Animal Rites: American Culture, the Discourse of Species, and Posthumanist Theory*, Cary Wolfe attempts to develop a posthumanist account of the subject. In this he follows Jacques Derrida, Donna Haraway, and Giorgio Agamben, among others, all of whom have attended to how **the "human" requires construction of an "animal" other**. In making the argument that Western thinking is intrinsically "speciesist," Wolfe writes: **The** effective **power of the discourse of species** when applied to social others of whatever sort **relies,** then, on **a prior taking for granted of the institution of speciesism**—that is, of the ethical acceptability of the systematic "noncriminal putting to death" of animals based solely on their species. And because **the discourse of speciesism,** once anchored in this material, institutional base, **can be used to mark any social other**, we need to understand that the ethical and philosophical urgency of confronting the institution of speciesism and crafting a posthumanist theory of the subject has nothing to do with whether you like animals. We all, human and nonhuman alike, have a stake in the discourse and institution of speciesism; it is by no means limited to its overwhelmingly direct and disproportionate effect on animals. Indeed, as Gayatri Spivak puts it, "The great doctrines of identity of the ethical universal, in terms of which liberalism thought out its ethical [End Page 87]programmes, played history false, **because the identity was disengaged in terms of who was and who was not human**. That's why all of these projects, **the justification of slavery, as well as the justification of Christianization, seemed to be alright; because, after all, these people had not graduated into humanhood**."[1](http://muse.jhu.edu.proxy.uchicago.edu/journals/the_eighteenth_century/v052/52.1.cole.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22f1) As scholars of the early modern period whose work is tethered to "animal studies," many of you have in one way or another written about the history of liberalism to which Wolfe, via Spivak, refers. You've demonstrated the effects of our "great doctrines of identity" as they have played out in one or another historical and cultural context. Based on your scholarship and personal experience, to what extent do you share the urgency Wolfe expresses about "confronting the institution of speciesism" and "crafting a posthumanist theory of the subject"?