# Round 1—Aff vs NYU GZ

## 1AC

### 1ac play

There was a play. It will change round to round, but if anyone wants what we read this round, feel free to email me—dustml94@gmail.com. The play was a dialogue between President Krakoff and his Presidential Fool about the debate topic, resulting in President Krakoff declaring the Harvard tournament a zone of active hostilities and authorizing the introduction of armed forces into the area.

### 1ac cards

Highlighting was all on paper ☹

#### BREAKING TOPIC UPDATE—

**The Clandestine Insurgent Rebel Clown Army, no date**—jokers

(“About the Army”, http://www.clownarmy.org/about/about.html)

Roll up, roll up - ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, friends and foes - welcome to the unparalleled, the unexpected, the perfectly paradoxical, the grotesquely beautiful, the new-fangled world of the Clandestine Insurgent Rebel Clown Army (CIRCA).

We are clandestine because we refuse the spectacle of celebrity and we are everyone. Because without real names, faces or noses, we show that our words, dreams, and desires are more important than our biographies. Because we reject the society of surveillance that watches, controls, spies upon, records and checks our every move. Because by hiding our identity we recover the power of our acts. Because with greasepaint we give resistance a funny face and become visible once again.

We are insurgent because we have risen up from nowhere and are everywhere. Because ideas can be ignored but not suppressed and an insurrection of the imagination is irresistible. Because whenever we fall over we rise up again and again and again, knowing that nothing is lost for history, that nothing is final. Because history doesn't move in straight lines but surges like water, sometimes swirling, sometimes dripping, flowing, flooding - always unknowable, unexpected, uncertain. Because the key to insurgency is brilliant improvisation, not perfect blueprints.

We are rebels because we love life and happiness more than 'revolution'. Because no revolution is ever complete and rebellions continues forever. Because we will dismantle the ghost-machine of abstraction with means that are indistinguishable from ends. Because we don't want to change 'the' world, but 'our' world. Because we will always desert and disobey those who abuse and accumulate power. Because rebels transform everything - the way they live, create, love, eat, laugh, play, learn, trade, listen, think and most of all the way they rebel.

We are clowns because what else can one be in such a stupid world. Because inside everyone is a lawless clown trying to escape. Because nothing undermines authority like holding it up to ridicule. Because since the beginning of time tricksters have embraced life's contradictions, creating coherence through confusion. Because fools are both fearsome and innocent, wise and stupid, entertainers and dissenters, healers and laughing stocks, scapegoats and subversives. Because buffoons always succeed in failing, always say yes, always hope and always feel things deeply. Because a clown can survive everything and get away with anything.

#### And now for something completely different:

Amoore and Hall 13. Louise Amoore, professor of geography at the University of Durham, and Alexandra Hall, professor of politics at the University of York, “The clown at the gates of the camp: Sovereignty, resistance and the figure of the fool,” Security Dialoge 44(2) pg. 95

‘The essence of the camp’, writes Giorgio Agamben (2000: 40.1), ‘is the materialization of the state of exception and the consequent creation of a space for naked life as such’. In these terms, the camp is ‘the most absolute biopolitical space’, where power acts on and through pure biological or species life (Agamben, 2000: 40.2). Defined not strictly by reference to the nature of the violent acts conducted within the camp, but rather with regard for how precisely the normal rule of law is suspended so as to give full powers to the force of law, Agamben’s chain of ‘camps’ extends from the ‘soccer stadium in Bari in which the Italian police temporarily herded Albanian illegal immi- grants in 1991’ to ‘the cycle-racing track in which the Vichy authorities rounded up the Jews’ (Agamben, 2000: 42.2). In Agamben’s rendering of the Schmittian notion of the camp, it becomes possible to recognize the co-presence of sovereign power with biopower – not quite a ‘cutting off of the King’s head’ in Foucault’s (1991: 121) vision of political theory, but nonetheless a sense that the King’s head remains intact only insofar as it can designate and separate naked life from its ‘form-of-life’ (Agamben, 2000: 10.1).

When a state of emergency – or, in Agamben’s (2005: 2) reading, a state of exception that increasingly appears ‘as the dominant paradigm of government in contemporary politics’ – is invoked, certain subjects experience the suspension of their political life and the reduction of their existence to the bare life of homo sacer. Devoid of value in law, a life whose political worth is suspended with the annulment of the juridical norm, homo sacer cannot be sacrificed and his kill- ing must go unpunished. If ‘the sovereign sphere is the sphere in which it is permitted to kill with- out committing homicide and without celebrating a sacrifice’, writes Agamben (1998: 83), then ‘sacred life – life that may be killed but not sacrificed – is the life that has been captured in this sphere’.

As bare life, then, the subject of sovereign power in Agamben’s (1998: 170) terms experiences a specific drawing of border lines, one that takes outside precisely in order to include within the governable order:

The paradoxical status of the camp as a space of exception must be considered. The camp is a piece of land placed outside the normal juridical order, but it is nevertheless not simply an external space. What is excluded in the camp is, according to the etymological sense of the term ‘exception’ (ex-capere), taken outside, included through its own exclusion.

The topology of Agamben’s camp – perhaps because it maps incorporation by exclusion – has been deployed to imagine the drawing of sovereign lines in spaces from the international border or air- port to the detention centre and circuits of extraordinary rendition (Edkins and Pin-Fat, 2004; Salter, 2008; Van Munster, 2004; Johns, 2005). Yet, the specificity of Agamben’s form of sover- eignty remains elusive, particularly in relation to the political subjects of the camp and the political potentiality of dissent within the camp. What precisely is the form of sovereign power that emerges in the camp? What forms of subject and subjectivity are in the process of becoming amid this distinctive sovereignty? As Judith Butler (2004: 61) suggests, ‘a contemporary version of sover- eignty’ is produced in the moment of suspension of the rule of law, within the decision on exception and ‘at the moment of withdrawal’. This version of sovereignty calls into being a difficult, fraction- ated and divided subject whose life exceeds the definitive distinction of naked life from ‘form of life’ (Edkins, 2011; Shapiro, 2010). Agamben (2000: 9) appears to bring a tightly drawn finality to the bareness of the life of the subject in the exception, such that politics, it seems to him, ‘is going through a protracted eclipse’. Yet, the ambiguities and ambivalences of political subjectivity, as William Connolly (2005: 137) proposes, are ‘more littered, layered and complex than Agamben allows’. Significantly for Connolly, the decision on the exception is never quite final, never quite the rule, but only one element in an ongoing movement and oscillation that is never quite contained by sovereign power. The contemporary version of sovereignty, understood in these terms, is a per- petual and contingent playing back and forth between sovereign authorities that ‘decide the excep- tion’ and the plural ‘cultural forces that insert themselves into the outcome’ (Connolly, 2005: 141). Among such plural forces, there will be incongruous elements – gatherings of people, objects, things and actions whose associations and relations are uncertain – held together in and through the sovereign exception itself.

It is our contention, and following Jenny Edkins’ (2007) subtle reading of Agamben, that the phi- losopher himself suggests a way out of the political impasse conjured by his vision of sovereign power. Rendering bare life as ‘form-of-life’, Agamben imagines a being without definitive identity or claim in the world. This, he describes, is a being ‘which is only its own bare existence’ and which ‘being its own form remains inseparable from it’ and ‘over which power no longer seems to have any hold’ (Agamben, 1998: 188). Like the ‘whatever being’ that Agamben refers to in the Coming Community, this is a being that does not make any settled claim for identity or recognition. It is this very lack of identity and lack of definitive demand that constitutes a ‘threat the State cannot come to terms with’ (Agamben 1993: 85). Sovereign power, Agamben (1993: 85–86) reminds us, can recognize and deal with any claim for identity, and yet it cannot tolerate ‘that singularities form a community without affirming an identity’. As Jenny Edkins and Veronique Pin-Fat (2004: 13) suggest, the grammar of sovereign power is not effectively contested by counter identity claims, for such actions merely fight over ‘where the lines are drawn’. Instead, it is by neither refusing nor accepting the biopolitical distinctions that sovereign power seeks to draw that its logic may be interrupted.4 Agamben’s discussions of whatever being and form-of-life point to a space for political action, contestation and resistance that is produced within, and forms an intrinsic part of, sovereign power, one that that is frequently occluded in discussions of homo sacer. Bare life has the potential to become ‘explicitly and immediately political’ (Agamben, 1998: 153) – as Edkins (2007: 86) has it, bare life is the constitutive outside of sovereignty that may also form ‘the element that threatens its disruption from within’.

Notwithstanding the important absence of any representable identity in whatever being, ques- tions do remain as to the specific nature of such forms of being. Precisely what kinds of subjectiv- ity are problematic for sovereign power? What kinds of life fail to be comfortably identifiable within the conditions set out by sovereign power? What might the practices and actions of these forms-of-life of a coming politics look like? The refugee has frequently been invoked as a figure who embodies the threatening ‘outside’ of sovereign political life (Agamben, 1995; Edkins and Pin Fat, 2004; Nyers, 2006; Tyler, 2006). Yet, the way in which the ‘bare’ refugee becomes implicated in attempts to oppose sovereign power via rights and humanitarianism frequently replicates sover- eign power’s own grasp of bare life. In other words, bare life becomes the object or subject of sovereign power and also the object and subject of efforts to oppose it (Agamben, 1998: 133; Edkins, 2007: 75). As Edkins (2007: 75) puts the problem, ‘a coming politics, if it is to be other than a sovereign politics, cannot be a form of identity or social movement politics’. Sovereign power cannot be countered by a politics that seeks to draw lines differently, but that still persists in the act of declaring unities and drawing distinctions.

#### The role of the ballot is to make sovereignty strange—vote aff to foolishly affirm the resolution

**Amoore and Hall 13**—Department of Geography, University of Durham AND Department of Politics, University of York

(Louise and Alexandra, “The clown at the gates of the camp: Sovereignty, resistance and the figure of the fool”, Security Dialogue 2013 44: 93, dml)

The fool’s madness and wisdom are simultaneously lauded and deplored by sovereign powers. Indeed, the relationship between the sovereign and the fool is symbiotic yet antagonistic. Shakespeare’s fools epitomize the tradition of the ‘sage fool’ and the troublesome relationship with the sovereign. King Lear’s fool, for example, is destined to see and speak the truth as Lear descends into madness. The fool acts as a counterpoint and touchstone to the follies and vanities of those around him, and his wisdom and insight **are proved greater than those of his ‘superiors’**. Welsford (1935: 73) characterizes the festival-fool as a ‘curiously unattached figure’ who ‘stands outside the performance’ of ritual as a bringer of luck and fortune. This ‘unattachment’ resonates with Lear’s fool, who is part of the action, yet estranged from it. His words become a commentary on the events unfolding around him, not only in the sense that they provide explanatory observations to the audience, but also in that they make sense of the unfolding tragedy in a way that is unavailable to the king. As Lear is stripped of his title and authority, abandoned by his family and descending into insanity, the fool becomes a lone voice of reason and conscience. Their roles are reversed**: the king becomes a fool, and the fool becomes king**, telling Lear ‘Thou wouldst make a good fool’. As they wander the heath in the storm, Lear and his fool experience the persistent trope of reliance, reversal and substitution that characterizes the history of the fool and the sovereign. What kind of relation is it that holds the sovereign together with the fool? What gives the fool the ability to speak uncomfortable truths to sovereign power? Certainly, the fool does not enjoy a position of utter impunity. Just as Lear’s fool meets an indeterminate and uncertain end – most likely hanged – so real jesters and court clowns frequently found their unimpeachable position revoked: they could be punished, banished, whipped and fall from favour. For Willeford (1969), however, **the fool is ultimately indispensable to sovereign power**, and inseparable from it. Ancient kingly power, he argues, was closely associated with sacred forces through which nature and the cosmos could be controlled, and the sovereign political space and its boundaries secured. The liminal fool embodied something of the threatening ‘outside’ from which the sovereign power derived. The king was human and fallible, but also divine, a mediator between the ordered, law-bound kingdom over which he ruled and the chaos beyond. Willeford (1969: 154) suggests that the figure of the fool is the subject who points to the ambiguities of kingly office. More specifically, the fool (in his madness, or clairvoyance, or idiocy) touches the scattered sources of sacred power that bolstered sovereign power, but that threatened to overwhelm it. The fool, in combining the ‘too little’ of idiocy with the ‘too much’ of madness’ (Willeford, 1969: 26), comes to occupy an ambiguous position that is at once celebrated and feared. The fool’s position means that he has acted historically as a decoy or scapegoat’ for sovereign power. Early fool mascots were kept for luck and could draw ill fortune from superiors. The fool in this sense performed a vital duty, but he could also be banished, excommunicated or even slain as a substitute for the king, ritually or literally (Welsford, 1935: 66, 68–69, 74). In sum, a consideration of the history of the clown-fool suggests that he occupies an uneasy and frequently dangerous position in relation to sovereign power. The fool is invited in, tolerated, even lauded. He occupies a privileged, protected position, and the licence that he enjoys allows him **to speak and act** in a way that no one else can. He is outside the norms and laws that govern those around him, but he is also dependent on and vulnerable to the whims of the sovereign. His association with a disordered ‘outside’ (madness, chaos, nature) threatens the king, but his expanded line of sight makes him necessary – he may act as a scapegoat, a lucky mascot or ritual substitute. The fool, then, like Agamben’s topology of the exception, ‘being-outside, and yet belonging’, expresses something of the indistinction between inside and outside that plagues, but is necessary for, the exercise of sovereign power. In this specific sense, **sovereign power** requires **the slippery figure of the fool**, who embodies the blurred distinction between inside and outside, and who speaks from a place and with a voice that is otherwise unavailable to the king. Clowning and forms-of-life The cultural genealogy of the fool has profound ramifications for a consideration of the clown at the gates of the camp and resistance to sovereign power. First, we propose, the traditional notions of foolery as a (temporary, even licensed) chaos that reverses or ‘upturns’ modes of power does not fully capture the power of the clown to ‘make strange’. **‘Making strange’ is the process of denaturalizing political practices that appear** inevitable **or** natural (see de Goede, 2005: 381). As a form of critique, ‘**making strange’ unsettles what is usually certain, ordered and inevitable**. As Foucault (1988: 155) writes, ‘a **critique is not a matter of saying that things are not right as they are.** **It is a matter of pointing out on what kinds of** assumptions**, what kinds of** familiar**,** unchallengedmodes of thought **the practices we accept rest’**. In the context of the border, **the exercise of sovereign power relies on the routine enunciation of multiple distinctions** – between legal and illegal, between secure and insecure, between authorized and unauthorized. **The invisibility of these designations is** intrinsic to their mode of governing**, and becomes part of a distinctive scopic regime of security** (Amoore, 2007; Amoore and Hall, 2010). At the US–Mexican border, for example, this invisibility is twofold: The embedding of detention centres within suburban malls literally hides their materiality, making the exceptionality of the camp part of a mundane urban landscape. The border also becomes part of the everyday routine of life in the region – lining up to cross to see family, presenting documents to officials, submitting to questioning – and becomes unnoticed, familiar, normal. In the UK, similarly, the No Borders Camp at Gatwick was concerned with visually excavating the innocuous-looking detention facility from the sprawling industrial warehouses of the airport periphery. As Jonathan Crary (1992) notes, much of what enters our field of vision, what we encounter, feel, touch and hear, threatens to fall away: attention and distraction are conjoined within visual practices. Attention and distraction are both at work at the sovereign border – ordering what can be seen and what must remain hidden. Consumers at the mall barely notice the razor-wired perimeter fence of the neighbouring ICE detention facility; tourists crossing to Mexico for the day barely notice the people who cross several times a day to work and conduct family life; commuters barely notice the illegal migrants gathering outside DIY depots to be picked up for work. The clown, as we have seen, brings an expanded or enhanced vision to what is normally accepted, ignored or settled. As the clowns circled the ICE detention facility in a noisy dance with other No Border campers, temporarily claiming the highway outside the facility for a 20-minute ‘dance party’, the road, mall and facility itself took on a different aspect (see Figure 3). As the comfortable journeys of shoppers, diners and commuters were interrupted, passers-by looked on with consternation. The clowns, shaking the detention fence, calling through the gate, creeping along the floor and cavorting in front of the guards, asking innocently how they could help the guards escape, were met with blank confusion. The political significance of estrangement lies in the way it interrupts and unsettles the familiar and ordinary **to make people notice what was previously taken for granted**. As we have argued elsewhere and in relation to installation art, the interruption has political significance because it is unsettling; it acts without full actualization in subjects and objects (see Amoore and Hall, 2010). William Connolly (2011: 62) similarly signals the ‘interruption of smooth narratives’ that he locates in the ‘jumps in experience’ of film and theatre. As members of CIRCA note, clowning interventions act precisely with such jumps in everyday experience**, there being no single ‘right interpretation’ for the action because ‘it’s already slippery’,** as one member put it. Significantly, detention guards and police responded to the uproar by recording the clownish antics via mobile phones and video cameras, recalling the Minutemen’s angry cries to the police to ‘**get these illegal clowns out of here’**: ‘they don’t belong here … get them out of here … get on the other side’. **These responses were an effort to reinstate clear lines between** legal **and** illegal**,** order **and** disorder**. The claim to represent proper citizenship within a governable order – a claim that is central to the Minutemen’s vigilanteeism, for example – rests on the designation of some who ‘don’t belong’**: illegal migrants, ‘unpatriotic’ citizens, laughing clowns. **The cry that the clowns ‘don’t belong’ or that their place is ‘on the other side’** seeks to place the clown in an identifiable position. **The clown as form-of-life, however,** always already does not belong**,** is already outside the law, thereby eluding efforts to be locate him comfortably within the visual economy of the border, or within a terrain **where lawful and unlawful, belonging and anomaly** could be clearly distinguished. Here we would also draw a distinction between clowning as mockery and clowning as a form of ‘making strange’, while noting the interrelationship between the two. Foucault (1999: 13) noted that traditions that show the powerful to be ludicrous (like clowning or ritual carnivalesque) are not sufficient for limiting the effects of power and ‘magically dethroning the person to whom one gives the crown’. Instead, showing the powerful to be ridiculous is ‘a way of giving a striking form of expression to the unavoidability, the inevitability of power, which can function in its full rigor and at the extreme point of its rationality even when in the hands of someone who is effectively discredited’ (Foucault, 1999: 13). Moreover, the clown’s ravaging of the status quo is regarded as ‘momentary’, his influence unequal to that of the king, and his critical capacities sometimes simply shoring up established norms and values (Mitchell, 1992: 19–20). However, the clown’s inability to topple the king, or to create an alternative world, does not strictly diminish the importance of laughter and foolery within the ‘manifold discursive practices that … create space for alternative imaginations’ (de Goede, 2005: 381; see also Bleiker, 2000). The history of the fool and the sovereign demonstrates that a ‘grand eschatological move of overcoming’ is unfeasible (Edkins, 2007: 87). The clown as form-of-life **does not exhibit locatable identity, nor rally to a clearly-defined issue, nor call for a specific response,** nor make his intentions explicit. He shatters what is normally certain, making it appear fraught and difficult. **It is precisely this revelation or exposure** that underpins political critique as Foucault describes it: uncovering intractability and removing the settled and definite grounds for judgement. For philosopher Thomas Keenan, such a removal of grounds is essential to political life. ‘Politics is difficult. It is difficulty itself’, he writes, such that ‘the only responsibility worthy of the name comes with the withdrawal of the rules or the knowledge on which we might rely to make our decisions for us’ (Keenan, 1997: 1). This, then, is the capacity of the clown **to ‘make strange’** – to remove what we thought was certain and to reveal the difficulty that is political life. Second, **the clown evades complete capture within the lines dividing inside from outside**, lines on which sovereign power relies. **The separation of interior and exterior is** absolutely fundamental **to accounts of the production of a governable political order** and the operation of the sovereign border (Walker, 1993). Yet, sovereignty relies precisely on the ambiguity of the lines separating inside and outside, even as its operation seeks to clearly define them. After Agamben, sovereign power rests on the capacity to ‘take outside’, to include within the governable order by means of exclusion. The distinction between politically qualified life and life made bare is fundamental to Agamben’s account, as is the relationship of banishment and the form of personhood that is produced by the ban. Agamben summons the ancient term sacer to understand the way in which a condemned and banished life may be ‘sacred’, as it may be extinguished yet not sacrificed (see Grotanelli, 1983: 134). Homo sacer assumes a banned existence and ‘is reduced to a bare life stripped of every right’, yet remains ‘in a continuous relationship with power that banished him precisely insofar as he is at every instant exposed to an unconditional threat of death’ (Agamben, 1998: 183). Crucially, the condition of homo sacer haunts all species life – anyone, any life may become a subject from whom law is withdrawn – if such a move is deemed expedient or necessary within the sovereign decision on the exception. As Decaroli (2007: 47) argues, banishment (and sovereignty) rests on an outside – real, virtual, divine – where one can be banished. The contemporary camps, detention centres and border holding zones, like the ones in Calexico or Gatwick, are the spatial inscription of this ‘inside/outside’. Yet, the indistinction between law and violence, inclusion and exclusion in the camp, is mirrored in the other reading of banishment that the clown and fool provide. Cultural history shows the fool periodically becoming homo sacer – banished, scapegoated, exiled – but his inhabitation of the zone of indistinction **does not reduce him to abject, power-less bare life**. Having touched the ‘outside’, he gains a unique traction and may return to sovereign circles, as a figure of luck or awe. Banishment does not herald a complete biopolitical fracture, but a potential transformation. Indeed, ancient fables see the trickster fool condemned and banished for a criminal infraction, yet transmuting into a hero champion, invigorated by his outlaw status (see Grottanelli, 1983). Grottanelli (1983: 136–137) argues that homo sacer and the trickster fool are lowly and impure, but also important and sacred, a paradoxical status that comes from embodying the liminality and impurity of barriers. The crisis that the clown provokes **rests on the way he or she troubles the topography of inside and outside on which sovereign distinctions rely**. **The fool-clown** is not able to be taken outside in order to include, as sovereign logic demands. **He is of the outside already, and he folds what sovereign power seeks to make separate** (outside and inside, law and outlaw, inclusion and exile) **constantly inwards**. The position of the clown is akin to Didier Bigo’s (2001: 46) invocation of the Möbius strip in the context of the international securitized border, where the border between the inside and outside ‘is contingent rather than fixed’, and where ‘one never knows on which face one is located’. An alternative vision of political subjectivity within the sovereign ban, then, is one that holds together the vulnerability and exposure of homo sacer with the errant and troublesome fool, who embodies the aporia that plagues sovereign power. CIRCA describes itself as an army of fools who have ‘thrown away their sceptres and broken the chains that shackled them to the throne’, **giving the clown an** insolent**,** dangerous **and** disobedient **capacity to challenge and provoke**. In this claim, **CIRCA invokes the idea of resistance or contestation necessarily breaking free or** **standing outside or ‘apart’ in order to face, oppose or defy the locus of power**. Our point, though, is precisely that it is the very proximity of the clown to the king (and the concomitant proximity of relations of resistance to relations of power) that haunts the sovereign decisions taking place in what Connolly (2011: 135) calls the ‘shadow zone’ of contemporary security. It is important to note that the shackles that bind the fool and the sovereign together are onerous not just for the fool, and can never be entirely broken. The fool’s madness, his licence, his insanity or literal exile means that he is beyond capture within the ‘tight logic’ that Agamben proposes for sovereign power. It is the fool’s very inseparability from sovereign power that is most provocative, rather than his ability to set himself apart. The ban produces a situation where ‘it is literally not possible to say whether the one who has been banned is outside or inside the juridical order’ (Agamben, 1998: 28). To be an ‘outlaw’ is to make it impossible to be completely ‘without the law’ in the sense of homo sacer. An outlaw that is produced by sovereign power may also be an ‘existence over which power no longer seems to have any hold’ (Agamben, 1998: 153). The fool figure is not comfortably encompassed within the divisions or lines set out by sovereign power, nor by the demands for identity and cause of social movements. The clown is always outside himself, a divided and fractionated subject whose political subjectivity is layered and disordered long in advance of biopolitics. The reading we have given of the clown-fool points to a form of politics that is always already proximate to the lines and distinctions that form part of sovereign power’s logic. What is evident from the clown-fool’s history is that resistance to the ‘paradoxical logic of sovereignty’ is not that which transcends, or overcomes, but that which destabilizes via an acknowledgement that life (and sovereign distinctions) is ‘more messy, layered, and complex than any logical analysis can capture’ (Connolly, 2005: 29). The finality of the biopolitical fractures that Agamben discusses, those between political and bare life, are not complete at all.

#### We end with a word from our sponsors—

(same cite as the CIRCA evidence above)

We are an army because we live on a planet in permanent war - a war of money against life, of profit against dignity, of progress against the future. Because a war that gorges itself on death and blood and shits money and toxins, deserves an obscene body of deviant soldiers. Because only an army can declare absurd war on absurd war. Because combat requires solidarity, discipline and commitment. Because alone clowns are pathetic figures, but in groups and gaggles, brigades and battalions, they are extremely dangerous. We are an army because we are angry and where bombs fail we might succeed with mocking laughter. And laughter needs an echo.

We are circa because we are approximate and ambivalent, neither here nor there, but in the most powerful of all places, the place in-between order and chaos.

RUN AWAY FROM THE CIRCUS
JOIN THE FORCES OF THE CLANDESTINE INSURGENT REBEL CLOWN ARMY

## 2AC

### framework

#### Rules reduce bare life to bare life

Edkins and Pin-Fat 05. Jenny Edkins, professor of international politics at Prifysgol Aberystwyth University (in Wales) and Veronique Pin-Fat, senior lecturer in politics at Manchester Universit, “Through the Wire: Relations of Power and Relations of Violence,” Millennium - Journal of International Studies 2005 34: pg. 9

In this section, we suggest that when the insights of Foucault and Agamben are combined there are unexpected implications for the notion of resistance, implications that are to be found in the depoliticised and technologised administrative depths of the camp. We argue that both Foucault and Agamben are gesturing towards the conclusion that bare life is a life where power relations are absent, and, correspondingly, that life constituted within biopolitics cannot be a political life. This moves us then towards the somewhat surprising conclusion that far from seeking to escape power relations, we should be attempting to reinstate them, and with them the possibility (and possibilities or potentialities) of politics.42 Sovereign power, despite its name, is not a properly political power relation, we will argue, but a relationship of violence**.**

For Foucault, power relations are a very specific form of social relation: ‘power relations ... are distinct from objective capacities as well as from relations of communication’.43 Power as a relation is distinct from ‘technical’ or ‘objective’ capacities. In addition, a power relation is to be seen as distinct from a relationship of violence. A relationship of violence acts ‘immediately and directly on others’, whereas a relationship of power ‘acts upon their actions’.44 Slaves in chains, for example, are not in a power relation but in a relationship of violence:

Where the determining factors are exhaustive, there is no relationship of power: slavery is not a power relationship when a man is in chains, only when he has some possible mobility, even a chance of escape.... At the very heart of the power relationship, and constantly provoking it, are the recalcitrance of the will and the intransigence of freedom.45

For Foucault power relations and freedom occupy the same moment of possibility. Resistance is inevitable whenever and wherever there are power relations. Without power relations there is no possibility of resistance and no freedom. Taking this insight from Foucault and turning the question of power on its head, we can begin to ask what examples there might be, in practice, of a mode of being where resistance is impossible, and hence where there is no power relation. It can be argued, following Agamben, that the concentration camp is such an example.

In the camp the majority of prisoners become what is termed in camp jargon ‘Muselmänner.’ Primo Levi describes these as ‘the drowned’:

Their life is short, but their number is endless; they ... form the backbone of the camp, an anonymous mass, continually renewed and always identical, of non-men who march and labour in silence, the divine spark dead within them, already too empty to really suffer. One hesitates to call them living: one hesitates to call their death death, in the face of which they have no fear, as they are too tired to understand.46

The drowned are ‘bare life’ – their concerns are limited to where the next mouthful of food is coming from – and they are also homines sacri, sacred men: they can be killed at will by the camp guards, without ceremony and without justification having to be offered or provocation demonstrated. More significantly for the argument here, the drowned offer no resistance. Indeed they are indifferent to their fate. They are reduced to a state where they are unable even to commit suicide: they do not have the possibility of killing themselves as, even if there were ways in which they could engineer their own death, they no longer have the will either to live or die. In Foucault’s terms, then, for the drowned of the concentration camp there are no relations of power, only relations of violence.

The camp then is an example of where power relations vanish. What we have in the camps is not a power relation. All we have is the administration of bare life. In the camps, for those inmates who reached the depths, who faced the Gorgon, there were no relations of power, only relations of violence. As we have noted, Agamben importantly argues that what took place in the camp as a zone of indistinction has extended in the contemporary world to encompass regions outside the camp as well. In the face of a biopolitics that technologises, administers and depoliticises, and thereby renders the political and power relations irrelevant, we have all become homines sacri or bare life.

#### The role of the ballot is explained by—

**Bogad 10**—theater professor at UC Davis, co-founder of CIRCA

(L.M., “Clowndestine Maneuvers: A Study of Clownfrontational Tactics”, Thamyris/Intersecting No. 21 (2010) 179–198, dml)

I posit that the goals of tactical carnival are:

• to declare and occupy a joyous, participatory and semi-anonymous, relatively safe place for power inversions/subversions. “Celebrity” has been explicitly denounced in some movement literature in favor of the relative anonymity of the mass. These spaces are also meant to be non-dogmatic/sectarian, a more open place for wider participation. The hope is that more people will join the movement when a space for this kind of joyful participation is opened up.

• to put a friendly face on the movement as a way to interrupt what I refer to as the hegemonologue of the corporate media andstate rhetoric, which often demonizes other activists as crazed, nihilistic hooligans. The idea is to insert images that at least partially disrupt or disharmonize the barrage of negative images (for example, a clown kissing a riot shield juxtaposed with the usual images of street melee and property damage), and to replace the usual “story of the battle” (street fights, vandalism, etc.) with the “battle of the story” in which colorful and creative costumes, dance, music, performance, and improvised interactions give a new look to the movement and its agenda (Interview with D. Solnit). These events also attempt to interrupt another aspect of the hegemonologue, which is that of the rhetoric of inevitability of corporate globalization, by demonstrating that better alternatives are possible.

• to key an experimental mode in which new ways to play with and around power can be tested. The idea is to develop less obvious and predictable ways to interact on the street with agents of the state, corporations, and passersby. Much of the creativity is intended to have the effect of dispelling fear and tension during confrontations with massive police presence, for example.

• to create an celebratory culture of active defiance as an alternative to the everyday life experience of many people—in response to a widespread frustration that many participants feel—regarding their official relegation to the role of consumers of culture and spectacle rather than creators/spectactors (Boal).

### fernando

#### We are ready to die for the lulz

**Delpech-Ramey 10**—Haverford College

(Joshua, “Sublime Comedy: On the Inhuman Rights of Clowns”, SubStance, Volume 39, Number 2, 2010 (Issue 122), pp. 131-141, dml)

The inhuman is what cannot not be there in human life. The clown, who suffers to survive this “thing in me more than me,” stages the fact that things both transcend us (elude our grasp) and are stuck to us (we cannot rid ourselves of them). Paradoxically, the peculiarly limited character of human life is not in its finitude, per se, but in a conjunction of the infinite and the finite: we experience ourselves as other than objects, yet the otherness that objects are seems to blend ineffably with something trans-human that is more us than we ourselves are. The human is thus an enigmatic, inhuman something, a clown that persists beyond all particular human forms and human intentions. This inhumanity seems identical with certain objects, such that the persistence of even the rumor of certain pregnant things, like the Holy Grail, the philosopher’s stone, or the gold at Fort Knox (all subjects of both jokes and legends) can be immediately conceived as the identity of those humans consumed with these objects. Like the whistle Chaplin swallows in City Lights that sounds every time he hiccoughs, this transhuman immortality subtends subjects and objects and is an “undead” life, a life that demonstrates its immortality even at the lowest level, even in a “mere” physical reaction. The clown exaggerates this realization to absurdity, experiencing her life as not hers but a function of the objects from which her life is inextricable. What clowns teach is that if it is important to conceive of the human as “finite,” this cannot be any more a cipher of our tragic inhabitation of an indifferent cosmos than it may also be a sign of the way in which not even our contingency is ours, since desire, in the sublimity of comedy, already belongs to an order of things that exceeds us. From a comic perspective, human life is finite not as cowered before the frozen wastes of intergalactic infinity or the inscrutability of the other’s desire, but because the mute sublimity of desire denotes an unfolding if occult connection between subjects and objects untrammeled by merely subjective experience. To pass beyond the limitations of the finite subject as the horizon for politics is to pass beyond the thought that what defines us is our mortality, our life limited to one destiny and one death. It is to think from an infinite perspective--from the perspective of something indifferent to life and death, success and failure, knowledge and ignorance, fulfilled or tragically unrealized desire. The clearest image we have of such a thinker is a clown. What clowns offer, minimally, is relief from the comforts of shame.

 Comedy substitutes for shame a kind of astonishment at the hilarious ways we insist on existence, or existence insists upon us. Handicapped actors on a stage are not ashamed of themselves, but they do humble the audience, who are forced to face their own incapacities as positively existing characters: the clowns they also are. However—and this is the crucial point Zizek has to teach us about comedy—what we “discover” in comedy is not some horrifying truth behind the veil of appearances. That is tragedy; par excellence in Sophocles’ Theban plays. Rather, what we discover is that there is no difference between what is behind and in front of the veil, or that there is only the minimal difference of the clown’s reference to himself, and that we are all, in some sense, clowns. As Zizek puts it, This is why the Marx Brothers’ “this man looks like an idiot and acts like an idiot; but this should not deceive you—he is an idiot!” is properly comical: when instead of a hidden terrifying secret, we encounter the same thing behind the veil as in front of it, this very lack of difference between the two elements confronts us with the “pure” difference that separates an element from itself. (109) In all wear bowlers, the moment of epiphany happens when, in the midst of a magic act where Earnest attempts to make a misbehaving egg sit still long enough for the clowns to eat, a bowler hat suddenly appears suspended in space between the bodies of the two clowns. A Magritte-like image forms from the limbs of Earnest and Wyatt, including an empty space, perfectly framed by a bowler that is “magically” suspended (in fact held by their free arms). This strange, invisible character, created in and as a kind of parallax between Earnest and Wyatt, provides an egg that finally can be eaten. Here the clowns less co-operate in their differences than are surprised by the construction of an identity that belongs to neither of them—another inhumanity, an other-than-human particularity. It is a brief moment of reprieve and cooperation, but it is a nothing from which something comes. Lunch is finally served. This humor is something clowns can do, under the pressure of their own impossible persistence. It is comedy absolved: the hilarious assertion of rights which, precisely as inhuman rights, appear when humor provisions our lack of identity, sustaining the viability of a difference not from others but, more profoundly and more comically, a difference from ourselves.

### boredom

#### Your politics are boring, ours aren’t

**Crimethinc no date**—anarchist ex-worker’s collective

(“Your Politics Are Boring As Fuck”, <http://www.crimethinc.com/texts/selected/asfuck.php>, dml)

Face it, your politics are boring as fuck. You know it's true. Otherwise, why does everyone cringe when you say the word? Why has attendance at your anarcho-communist theory discussion group meetings fallen to an all-time low? Why has the oppressed proletariat not come to its senses and joined you in your fight for world liberation? Perhaps, after years of struggling to educate them about their victimhood, you have come to blame them for their condition. They must want to be ground under the heel of capitalist imperialism; otherwise, why do they show no interest in your political causes? Why haven't they joined you yet in chaining yourself to mahogany furniture, chanting slogans at carefully planned and orchestrated protests, and frequenting anarchist bookshops? Why haven't they sat down and learned all the terminology necessary for a genuine understanding of the complexities of Marxist economic theory? The truth is, your politics are boring to them because they really are irrelevant. They know that your antiquated styles of protest—your marches, hand held signs, and gatherings—are now powerless to effect real change because they have become such a predictable part of the status quo. They know that your post-Marxist jargon is off-putting because it really is a language of mere academic dispute, not a weapon capable of undermining systems of control. They know that your infighting, your splinter groups and endless quarrels over ephemeral theories can never effect any real change in the world they experience from day to day. They know that no matter who is in office, what laws are on the books, what "ism"s the intellectuals march under, the content of their lives will remain the same. They—we—know that our boredom is proof that these "politics" are not the key to any real transformation of life. For our lives are boring enough already! And you know it too. For how many of you is politics a responsibility? Something you engage in because you feel you should, when in your heart of hearts there are a million things you would rather be doing? Your volunteer work—is it your most favorite pastime, or do you do it out of a sense of obligation? Why do you think it is so hard to motivate others to volunteer as you do? Could it be that it is, above all, a feeling of guilt that drives you to fulfill your "duty" to be politically active? Perhaps you spice up your "work" by trying (consciously or not) to get in trouble with the authorities, to get arrested: not because it will practically serve your cause, but to make things more exciting, to recapture a little of the romance of turbulent times now long past. Have you ever felt that you were participating in a ritual, a long-established tradition of fringe protest, that really serves only to strengthen the position of the mainstream? Have you ever secretly longed to escape from the stagnation and boredom of your political "responsibilities"? It's no wonder that no one has joined you in your political endeavors. Perhaps you tell yourself that it's tough, thankless work, but somebody's got to do it. The answer is, well, NO. You actually do us all a real disservice with your tiresome, tedious politics. For in fact, there is nothing more important than politics. NOT the politics of American "democracy" and law, of who is elected state legislator to sign the same bills and perpetuate the same system. Not the politicsof the "I got involved with the radical left because I enjoy quibbling over trivial details and writing rhetorically about an unreachable utopia" anarchist. Not the politics of any leader or ideology that demands that you make sacrifices for "the cause." But the politics of our everyday lives. When you separate politics from the immediate, everyday experiences of individual men and women, it becomes completely irrelevant. Indeed, it becomes the private domain of wealthy, comfortable intellectuals, who can trouble themselves with such dreary, theoretical things. When you involve yourself in politics out of a sense of obligation, and make political action into a dull responsibility rather than an exciting game that is worthwhile for its own sake, you scare away people whose lives are already far too dull for any more tedium. When you make politics into a lifeless thing, a joyless thing, a dreadful responsibility, it becomes just another weight upon people, rather than a means to lift weight from people. And thus you ruin the idea of politics for the people to whom it should be most important. For everyone has a stake in considering their lives, in asking themselves what they want out of life and how they can get it. But you make politics look to them like a miserable, self-referential, pointless middle class/bohemian game, a game with no relevance to the real lives they are living out. What should be political? Whether we enjoy what we do to get food and shelter. Whether we feel like our daily interactions with our friends, neighbors, and coworkers are fulfilling. Whether we have the opportunity to live each day the way we desire to. And "politics" should consist not of merely discussing these questions, but of acting directly to improve our lives in the immediate present. Acting in a way that is itself entertaining, exciting, joyous—because political action that is tedious, tiresome, and oppressive can only perpetuate tedium, fatigue, and oppression in our lives. No more time should be wasted debating over issues that will be irrelevant when we must go to work again the next day. No more predictable ritual protests that the authorities know all too well how to deal with; no more boring ritual protests which will not sound like a thrilling way to spend a Saturday afternoon to potential volunteers—clearly, those won't get us anywhere. Never again shall we "sacrifice ourselves for the cause." For we ourselves, happiness in our own lives and the lives of our fellows, must be our cause! After we make politics relevant and exciting, the rest will follow. But from a dreary, merely theoretical and/or ritualized politics, nothing valuable can follow. This is not to say that we should show no interest in the welfare of humans, animals, or ecosystems that do not contact us directly in our day to day existence. But the foundation of our politics must be concrete: it must be immediate, it must be obvious to everyone why it is worth the effort, it must be fun in itself. How can we do positive things for others if we ourselves do not enjoy our own lives? To make this concrete for a moment: an afternoon of collecting food from businesses that would have thrown it away and serving it to hungry people and people who are tired of working to pay for food—that is good political action, but only if you enjoy it. If you do it with your friends, if you meet new friends while you're doing it, if you fall in love or trade funny stories or just feel proud to have helped a woman by easing her financial needs, that's good political action. On the other hand, if you spend the afternoon typing an angry letter to an obscure leftist tabloid objecting to a columnist's use of the term "anarcho-syndicalist," that's not going to accomplish shit, and you know it. Perhaps it is time for a new word for "politics," since you have made such a swear word out of the old one. For no one should be put off when we talk about acting together to improve our lives. And so we present to you our demands, which are non-negotiable, and must be met as soon as possible—because we're not going to live forever, are we? 1. Make politics relevant to our everyday experience of life again. The farther away the object of our political concern, the less it will mean to us, the less real and pressing it will seem to us, and the more wearisome politics will be. 2. All political activity must be joyous and exciting in itself. You cannot escape from dreariness with more dreariness. 3. To accomplish those first two steps, entirely new political approaches and methods must be created. The old ones are outdated, outmoded. Perhaps they were NEVER any good, and that's why our world is the way it is now. 4. Enjoy yourselves! There is never any excuse for being bored . . . or boring! Join us in making the "revolution" a game; a game played for the highest stakes of all, but a joyous, carefree game nonetheless!

## 1AR

### fernando

#### This card proves that the aff and the perm solve

**Amoore and Hall 13**—Department of Geography, University of Durham AND Department of Politics, University of York

(Louise and Alexandra, “The clown at the gates of the camp: Sovereignty, resistance and the figure of the fool”, Security Dialogue 2013 44: 93, dml)

The clown, then, embodies ‘life’s contradictions’, as CIRCA puts it, displaying an errant subjectivity that evades and exceeds the governing of species life. The clown does not demand to be recognized or have a definable claim acknowledged, or seek to draw different authoritative lines to those of sovereign power. The way in which the clown ‘calls the bluff’ of sovereign power (Edkins, 2007) is by exhibiting a life that is indefinite, a singular existence. It is a ‘form-of-life’ that is attuned to emergent worlds, worlds of becoming that, William Connolly (2011: 10) writes, invite ‘experimental intervention in a world that exceeds human powers of attunement, explanation, prediction, mastery, or control’. The clowns exhibit just such a spirit of experimental intervention, with no endgame in sight, no desire to wrest mastery and control from the sovereign, no ambition to explain the present or predict the future. As exemplars of an indefinite life that is not attached to recognizable sovereign claims (‘I am a citizen’ or ‘we are a social movement’, for example), the clowns signal a novel form of political potentiality. Clowns are characters who exhibit and perform the fractionated and unknowable, undecidable life of all political subjects. Their playing alongside sovereign power acts through gestures, styles and forms that defy a unified identity claim or body politic. Moving restlessly between the echoes of apparent universals (human rights, humane treatment, collective voices and claims) and the particular and finite gestures of this ICE facility, that shopping mall, this fence, the clowns embody singularity itself. Their associations – with each other, with the border guards, with state and sovereign, with the fence and the mall – are less akin to a right to free association, and more like an associative life of agile connections, lively gatherings, modulated action and indefinite claims. Conclusions: The teeming life of the camp A few days after the detention-facility encounter near Calexico, the CIRCA clowns were found once more at the San Ysidro crossing into Mexico. With whistles, police costumes, and a large sign depicting an arrow and the slogan ‘One Way’, the clowns swarmed a group of academics, artists and activists who were being given a walking tour of the border. As people crossed the turnstile into Mexico, the clowns drew amused and confused glances (see Figures 4, 5). Reflecting on the event in the days that followed, one CIRCA member explained: Well they [the group] were going on a tour to see the, the contradictions of the border…. But we wanted to highlight their contradictions, like, as a group, which is, like, definitely part of the contradictions of the border. Like academics, like privileged people touring the border … turning it into this something that is in itself a contradiction. The target for this clowning action was a group of participants in the border tour who had used World Bank funding to build access stairways in Caracas slums. The clown’s desire had been to reveal what she saw as the absurdity and hypocrisy of this enterprise – of using World Bank funds to make it easier for slum dwellers to get to the ‘city where they can work for poverty wages’. A fellow clown disagreed: although accepting funds from the World Bank for a scheme such as this was ‘outrageous’, the idea of serving the community via architectural improvements was sound. It is this difficulty, the political impossibility of a definite target, established grounds, a defined aim, that is an element held across not only the actions of the clowns but also all forms and modalities of resistance politics. To confront or to turn to face sovereign power is never fully realizable. The participants in the Calexico No Border camp recognize that their gathering is held together across uncertainties, that the camp is ‘a difficult space to be in’. In this sense, the clown as a form-of-life that exceeds identity formation is a metaphor for all forms of resistance and dissent that shatter the social movements’ demand for a being together based on a definitive ‘we’, a definitive foe, a clear end goal. As Judith Butler, Ernesto Laclau and Slavoj Zizek (2000: 2) have written: Social movements often rely on identity claims, but identity itself is never fully constituted…. It does not follow that the failure of identity to achieve complete determination undermines the social movements at issue; on the contrary, that incompleteness is essential. The incompleteness is essential – and so the manifest absence of a definite position on the border camp or actions at the border does not negate the capacity for resistance. On the contrary, incompleteness, uncertainty and indeterminacy are the conditions of possibility for the making of political claims. ‘We might insist’, write Butler et al. (2000: 37), ‘that universality is an emergence, or a non-place’. In the actions of clowning, we find precisely the absence of an identity claim, a dwelling within singularities, and a gathering of emergent elements that are chaotic, absurd, confusing and bawdy. The clowns at the gates show that the camp is teeming and thriving with life: whistles, facepaint, flags, guitars, video cameras, tents, water bottles, horns. Their objects and antics are met with confusion, laughter and the call that they ‘have no place here’, no place in law, no place on the visible landscape of qualified civic and political life. Yet, as we have shown in our reading of the genealogy of the clown-fool, to be outside of the law, an outlaw, to have no place, places the clown in curious proximity to the king. Sovereignty is an extraordinarily agile and adaptive practice, and in its contemporary form it acts ever more voraciously on the affective, sentient and corporeal worlds of life itself. As the CIRCA clowns with whom we opened this article insist, ‘They’re an army of clowns, we’re an army of clowns, it’s perfect.’ Not only do the clowns revel in the gaps and interstices of resistance politics, dwelling affirmatively in a world of singularities, but they haunt sovereignty’s paradox, taking on the mantle of the outside that is invited inside the court. The clown at the gates of the camp is a peculiar but fierce advocate of the life that teems within – he is a reminder of the excess, of that which will always slip away from the capacity to draw the line. Even where the border camp threatens to be gathered up within the assemblage of security itself, the clowns display, as Connolly (2011: 25) writes, ‘a vitality or excessiveness that is not entirely governed by the assemblage’. Where sovereign power is founded on the capacity to separate naked life from its form – as identifiable categories of ‘worker’, ‘woman’, ‘activist’, and so on (Agamben, 2000: 10.1), the clown is not reducible to a category, not separable in form from naked life as such. Seen through the eyes of the clown, the camp is not a bare political space but is lively, liveable, teeming with life and conviviality, a space where Agamben’s nomos of modern politics meets the coming community.

#### Who on hell is baudrillard?!

BALSAS, 2006 [BALSAS is an interdisciplinary journal on media culture. Interview with Art Group BBM, “on first cyborgs, aliens and other sides of new technologies,” translated from lithiuanian <http://www.balsas.cc/modules.php?name=News&file=print&sid=151>]

Valentinas: We all know that Jean Baudrillard did not believe that the Gulf War did take place, as it was over-mediated and over-simulated. In fact, the Gulf War II is still not over, and Iraq became much more than just a Frankenstein laboratory for the new media, technology and “democracy” games. What can we learn from wars that do not take place, even though they cannot be finished? Are they becoming a symptom of our times as a confrontation between multiple time-lines, ideologies and technologies in a single place?

Lars: Actually, it has always been the same: new wars have been better test-beds for the state of art technologies and the latest computer-controlled firearms. The World War I already was a fully mechanized war where pre-robots were fighting each other and gassing the troops. And afterwards, the winners shape the new world order.

Olaf: **Who on hell is Baudrillard**? The one who earns money by publishing his prognoses after the things happen? **What a fuck,** **French philosophy deals too much with luxury problems and elegantly ignores the problem itself**. It’s no wonder, **this is the colonizer’s mentality**, you can hear it roaring in their words: **they use phrases made to camouflage genocide.**

I went to see that Virilio’s exhibition "Ce qui arrive" at Foundation Cartier in 2003. I was smashed by that banal presentation of  the evil of all kinds: again, natural catastrophes and evil done by man were exposed on the same wall, glued together with a piece of "theory". There you find it all, filed up in one row: the pure luxury of the Cartier-funded Jean Nouvel building, an artwork without any blood in its veins, and that late Christian philosophy about the techno-cataclysm being the revenge of God. **Pure shit, turned into gold in the holy cellars of the modern alchemists’ museums.**

The artist-made video "documents" of the Manhattan towers opposed to Iraqian war pictures: that’s not Armageddon, that’s man-invented war technology to be used to subdue others. And **there is always somebody who pushes the buttons,** even when the button is a computer mouse some ten thousand kilometers away from the place where **people die**, or even if it is a civil airplanes redirected by Islamists. Everybody knows that. **War technology has always been made to make killing easier**. And to produce martyrs as well.

Janneke: Compare Baudrillard with **Henry Dunant,** the founder of the International Committee of the Red Cross. Dunant was no philosopher, he was just an intelligent rich man in the late 19th century. But his ideas went far more in the direction where **you should hope to find** **philosophers** as well. He experienced war as a "randonneur": he passed by, he saw the suffering and the inhumanity of war. **And he felt obliged to act**. Apart from the maybe 10 days he spent on the battlefield, on the beautiful meadows in the Europeans Alps, helping wounded people to survive, as a complete medical layman he decided to do something more sustainable against these odds. He knew that his efforts couldn’t prevent war in general, but he felt that he could alter the cruelty of reality. **And he succeeded in doing it**. No wonder that in our days we find the most engaged people to support the TROIA projects intention in Geneva, where they are still based. And they are not only doing their necessary surgeon’s work in the field: they are as well **fighting with the same energy on the diplomatic battlefield.**