# Round 1—Neg vs NYU GZ

## 1NC

### 1nc 1

#### Future framing obfuscates what’s right in front of us—it mirrors the American obsession with the child that is inherently anti-queer—their concept of democratic participation relies on the heteronormative subject position of a citizen that is foreclosed to queer bodies

**Edelman 4** (Lee, professor and chair of the English Department at Tufts University, No Future: Queer Theory and Death Drive. 2004, p. 10-2, MH)

In its coercive universalization, however, the image of the Child, not to be confused with the lived experiences of any historical children, serves to regulate political discourse—to prescribe what will count as political discourse—by compelling such discourse to accede in advance to the reality of a collective future whose figurative status we are never permitted to acknowledge or address. From Delacroix's iconic image of Liberty leading us into a brave new world of revolutionary possibility—her bare breast making each spectator the unweaned Child to whom it's held out while the boy to her left, reproducing her posture, affirms the absolute logic of reproduction itself—to the revolutionary waif in the logo that miniaturizes the "politics" of Its Mis (summed up in its anthem to futurism, the "inspirational" "One Day More"), we are no more able to conceive of a politics without a fantasy of the future than we are able to conceive of a future without the figure of the Child. That figural Child alone embodies the citizen as an ideal, entitled to claim full rights to its future share in the nation's good, though always at the cost of limiting the rights "real" citizens are allowed. For the social order exists to preserve for this universalized subject, this fantasmatic Child, a notional freedom more highly valued than the actuality of freedom itself, which might, after all, put at risk the Child to whom such a freedom falls due. Hence, whatever refuses this mandate by which our political institutions compel the collective reproduction of the Child must appear as a threat not only to the organization of a given social order but also, and far more ominously, to social order as such, insofar as it threatens the logic of futurism on which meaning always depends. So, for example, when P. D. James, in her novel The Children of Men, imagines a future in which the human race has suffered a seemingly absolute loss of the capacity to reproduce, her narrator, Theodore Faron, not only attributes this reversal of biological fortune to the putative crisis of sexual values in late twentieth-century democracies—"Pornography and sexual violence on film, on television, in books, in life had increased and became more explicit but less and less in the West we made love and bred children," he declares—but also gives voice to the ideological truism that governs our investment in the Child as the obligatory token of futurity: "Without the hope of posterity, for our race if not for ourselves, without the assurance that we being dead yet live," he later observes, "all pleasures of the mind and senses sometimes seem to me no more than pathetic and crumbling defences shored up against our ruins."12 While this allusion to Eliot's "The Waste Land" may recall another of its well-known lines, one for which we apparently have Eliot's wife, Vivian, to thank—"What you get married for if you don't want children?" —it also brings out the function of the child as the prop of the secular theology on which our social reality rests: the secular theology that shapes at once the meaning of our collective narratives and our collective narratives of meaning. Charged, after all, with the task of assuring "that we being dead yet live," the Child, as if by nature (more precisely, as the promise of a natural transcendence of the limits of nature itself), exudes the very pathos from which the narrator of The Children of Men recoils when he comes upon it in non-reproductive "pleasures of the mind and senses." For the "pathetic" quality he projectively locates in nongenerative sexual enjoyment—enjoyment that he views in the absence of futurity as empty, substitutive, pathological—exposes the fetishistic figurations of the Child that the narrator pits against it as legible in terms identical to those for which enjoyment without "hope of posterity" is peremptorily dismissed: legible, that is, as nothing more than "pathetic and crumbling defences shored up against our ruins." How better to characterize the narrative project of The Children of Men itself, which ends, as anyone not born yesterday surely expects from the start, with the renewal of our barren and dying race through the miracle of birth? After all, as Walter Wangerin Jr., reviewing the book for the Neu? York Times, approvingly noted in a sentence delicately poised between description and performance of the novel's pro-procreative ideology; "If there is a baby, there is a future, there is redemption."1 3 If, however, there is no baby and, in consequence, no future, then the blame must fall on the fatal lure of sterile, narcissistic enjoyments understood as inherently destructive of meaning and therefore as responsible for the undoing of social organization, collective reality, and, inevitably, life itself.

#### Heteronormativity results in a drive toward global omnicide – universal suspicion of Queerness with the will to destroy it leads to total extinction

**Sedgwick 8** (Eve, Professor of English at Duke University, Epistemology of the Closet, second revised edition, California at Berkeley Press, p. 127-130 – we do not advocate ableist language)

From at least the biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah, scenarios of same-sex desire would seem to have had a privileged, though by no means an exclusive, relation in Western culture to scenarios of both genocide and omnicide. That sodomy, the name by which homosexual acts are known even today to the law of half of the United States and to the Supreme Court of all of them, should already be inscribed with the name of a site of mass extermination is the appropriate trace of a double history. In the first place there is a history of the mortal suppression, legal or subjudicial, of gay acts and gay people, through burning, hounding, physical and chemical castration, concentration camps, bashing—the array of sanctioned fatalities that Louis Crompton records under the name of gay genocide, and whose supposed eugenic motive becomes only the more colorable with the emergence of a distinct, naturalized minority identity in the nineteenth century. In the second place, though**, there is the inveterate topos of associating gay acts or persons with fatalities vastly broader than their own extent**: if it is ambiguous whether every denizen of the obliterated Sodom was a sodomite, clearly not every Roman of the late Empire can have been so, despite Gibbon's connecting the eclipse of the whole people to the habits of a few. Following both Gibbon and the Bible, moreover, with an impetus borrowed from Darwin, one of the few areas of agreement among modern Marxist, Nazi, and liberal capitalist ideologies is that there is a peculiarly close, though never precisely defined, affinity between same-sex desire and some historical condition of moribundity, called "decadence," to which not individuals or minorities but whole civilizations are subject. Bloodletting on a scale more massive by orders of magnitude than any gay minority presence in the culture is the "cure," if cure there be, to the mortal illness of decadence. If a fantasy trajectory, utopian in its own terms, toward gay genocide has been endemic in Western culture from its origins, then, it may also have been true that the trajectory toward gay genocide **was never clearly distinguishable from a broader, apocalyptic trajectory toward something approaching omnicide.** The deadlock of the past century between minoritizing and universalizing understandings of homo/heterosexual definition can only have deepened this fatal bond in the heterosexist imaginaire. In our culture as in Billy Budd, the phobic narrative trajectory toward imagining a time after the homosexual is finally inseparable from that toward imagining a time after the human; in the wake of the homosexual, the wake incessantly produced since first there were homosexuals, every human relation is pulled into its shining representational furrow. Fragments of visions of a time after the homosexual are, of course, currently in dizzying circulation in our culture. One of the many dangerous ways that AIDS discourse seems to ratify and amplify preinscribed homophobic mythologies is in its pseudo-evolutionary presentation of male homosexuality as a stage doomed to extinction (read, a phase the species is going through) on the enormous scale of whole populations. 26 The lineaments of openly genocidal malice behind this fantasy appear only occasionally in the respectable media, though they can be glimpsed even there behind the poker-face mask of our national experiment in laissez-faire medicine. A better, if still deodorized, whiff of that malice comes from the famous pronouncement of Pat Robertson: "AIDS is God's way of weeding his garden." The saccharine luster this dictum gives to its vision of devastation, and the ruthless prurience with which it misattributes its own agency, cover a more fundamental contradiction: that, to rationalize complacent glee at a spectacle of what is imagined as genocide, a proto-Darwinian process of natural selection is being invoked—in the context of a Christian fundamentalism that is not only antievolutionist but recklessly oriented toward universal apocalypse. A similar phenomenon, also too terrible to be noted as a mere irony, is how evenly our culture's phobia about HIV-positive blood is kept pace with by its rage for keeping that dangerous blood in broad, continuous circulation. This is evidenced in projects for universal testing, and in the needle-sharing implicit in William Buckley's now ineradicable fantasy of tattooing HIV-positive persons. But most immediately and pervasively it is evidenced in the literal bloodbaths that seem to make the point of the AIDS-related resurgence in violent bashings of gays--which, unlike the gun violence otherwise ubiquitous in this culture, are characteristically done with two-by-fours, baseball bats, and fists, in the most literal-minded conceivable form of body-fluid contact. It might be worth making explicit that the use of evolutionary thinking in the current wave of utopian/genocidal fantasy is, whatever else it may be, ~~crazy~~. Unless one believes, first of all, that same-sex object-choice across history and across cultures is one thing with one cause, and, second, that its one cause is direct transmission through a nonrecessive genetic path--which would be, to put it gently, counter-intuitive--there is no warrant for imagining that gay populations, even of men, in post-AIDS generations will be in the slightest degree diminished. Exactly to the degree that AIDS is a gay disease, it's a tragedy confined to our generation; the long-term demographic depredations of the disease will fall, to the contrary, on groups, many themselves direly endangered, that are reproduced by direct heterosexual transmission. Unlike genocide directed against Jews, Native Americans, Africans, or other groups, then, **gay genocide**, the once-and-for-all eradication of gay populations, however potent and sustained as a project or fantasy of modern Western culture, **is not possible short of the eradication of the whole human species**. The impulse of the species toward its own eradication must not either, however, be underestimated. Neither must the profundity with which that omnicidal impulse is entangled with the modern problematic of the homosexual: the double bind of definition between the homosexual, say, as a distinct risk group, and the homosexual as a potential of representation within the universal. 27 As gay community and the solidarity and visibility of gays as a minority population are being consolidated and tempered in the forge of this specularized terror and suffering, how can it fail to be all the more necessary that the avenues of recognition, desire, and thought between minority potentials and universalizing ones be opened and opened and opened?

#### Our advocacy text—vote negative to endorse restrictions on the unitary executive over cyber warfare. Liberalism closes off deliberation because it’s afraid where true democracy will take us, instead investing the executive with the authority to narrate the present into the future. Vote neg to open debate to negativity.

**Edelman 4** (Lee, professor and chair of the English Department at Tufts University, No Future: Queer Theory and Death Drive. 2004 pp. 4-6, MH)

Rather than rejecting, with liberal discourse, this ascription of negativity to the queer, we might, as I argue, do better to consider accepting and even embracing it. Not in the hope of forging thereby some more perfect social order—such a hope, after all, would only reproduce the constraining mandate of futurism, just as any such order would equally occasion the negativity of the queer—but rather to refuse the insistence of hope itself as affirmation, which is always affirmation of an order whose refusal will register as unthinkable, irresponsible, inhumane. And the trump card of affirmation? Always the question: If not this, what? Always the demand to translate the insistence, the pulsive *force*, of negativity into some determinate stance or "position" whose determination would thus negate it: always the imperative to immure it in some stable and positive form. When I argue, then, that we might do well to attempt what is surely impossible—to withdraw our allegiance, however compulsory, from a reality based on the Ponzi scheme of reproductive futurism—I do not intend to propose some "good" that will thereby be assured. To the contrary, I mean to insist that nothing, and certainly not what we call the "good," can ever have any assurance at all in the order of the Symbolic. Abjuring fidelity to a futurism that's always purchased at our expense, though bound, as Symbolic subjects consigned to figure the Symbolic's undoing, to the necessary contradiction of trying to turn its intelligibility against itself, we might rather, figuratively, cast our vote for "none of the above," for the primacy of a constant no in response to the law of the Symbolic, which would echo that law's foundational act, its self constituting negation. The structuring optimism of politics to which the order of meaning commits us, installing as it does the perpetual hope of reaching meaning through signification, is always, I would argue, a negation of this primal, constitutive, and negative act. And the various positivities produced in its wake by the logic of political hope depend on the mathematical illusion that negated negations might somehow escape, and not redouble, such negativity. My polemic thus stakes its fortunes on a truly hopeless wager: that taking the Symbolic's negativity to the very letter of the law, that attending to the persistence of something internal to reason that reason refuses, that turning the force of queerness against all subjects, however queer, can afford an access to the puissance that at once defines and negates us. Or better: can expose the constancy, the inescapability, of such access to jouissance in the social order itself, even if that order can access its constant access to jouissance only in the process of abjecting that constancy of access onto the queer. In contrast to what Theodor Adorno describes as the "grimness with which a man clings to himself, as to the immediately sure and substantial," the queerness of which I speak would deliberately sever us from ourselves, from the assurance, that is, of knowing ourselves and hence of knowing our "good."4 Such queerness proposes, in place of the good, something I want to call "better," though it promises, in more than one sense of the phrase, absolutely nothing. I connect this something better with Lacan's characterization of what he calls "truth," where truth does not assure happiness, or even, as Lacan makes clear, the good.5 Instead, it names only the insistent particularity of the subject, impossible fully to articulate and "tending] toward the real."6 Lacan, therefore, can write of this truth: The quality that best characterizes it is that of being the true Wunsch, which was at the origin of an aberrant or atypical behavior. We encounter this Wunsch with its particular, irreducible character as a modification that presupposes no other form of normalization than that of an experience of pleasure or of pain, but of a final experience from whence it springs and is subsequently preserved in the depths of the subject in anirreducible form. The Wunsch does not have the character of a universal law but, on the contrary, of the most particular of laws—even if it is universal that this particularity is to be found in every human being.7 Truth, like queerness, irreducibly linked to the "aberrant or atypical," to what chafes against "normalization," finds its value not in a good susceptible to generalization, but only in the stubborn particularity that voids every notion of a general good. The embrace of queer negativity, then, can have no justification if justification requires it to reinforce some positive social value; its value, instead, resides in its challenge to value as defined by the social, and thus in its radical challenge to the very value of the social itself.

### 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—the only space left for radical thought is the non-sensical, that which is excluded by its very unintelligibility to the public sphere

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 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.

#### If you think there is any chance that visible politics could put resistance at a disadvantage, refusing to sacrifice the tactical ground of the possibility of lurking in the shadows until the moment is ripe to strike is an internal net benefit to voting negative—even if their depiction of reality is correct, you’d be better off grabbing the high ground

Mann 96. Paul Mann, professor of English at Pomona College, “The Nine Grounds of Intellectual Warfare,” Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996, muse

Even if fog cannot be reduced to a science without being caught up in the mechanics of critical sublimity, one might still pursue its tactical uses. There is no question that the military is committed to deploying the fog of war. The importance of disinformation, propaganda, jamming, covert operations, "PsyOps," and so on increases as warfare becomes more dependent on technical and tactical knowledge. As the power of reconnaissance and surveillance grows, so does the tactical importance of stealth technology. Virilio remarks that, in the hunt, the speed of perception annuls the distance between the hunter and the quarry. Survival depends on distance: "once you can see the target, you can destroy it" (WC 19, 4). Thus, from now on, "**power is in disappearance**: **under the sea with nuclear submarines, in the air with U2s, spyplanes, or still higher with satellites and the space shuttle**" (PW 146). "If what is perceived is already lost, it becomes necessary to invest in concealment what used to be invested in simple exploitation of one's available forces -- hence the spontaneous generation of new Stealth weapons. . . . The inversion of the deterrence principle is quite clear: unlike weapons which have to be publicized if they are to have a real deterrence effect, Stealth equipment can only function if its existence is clouded with uncertainty" (WC 4). For Virilio, stealth is not a matter of radar-immune bombers alone: it involves a vast "aesthetics of disappearance" that reaches an order of perfection in state terrorism: Until the Second World War -- until the concentration camps -- societies were societies of incarceration, of imprisonment in the Foucauldian sense. The great transparency of the world, whether through satellites or simply tourists, brought about an overexposure of these places to observation, to the press and public opinion which now ban concentration camps. You can't isolate anything in this world of ubiquity and instantaneousness. Even if some camps still exist, this overexposure of the world led to the need to surpass enclosure and imprisonment. This required another kind of repression, which is disappearance. . . . Bodies must disappear. People don't exist. There is a big fortune in this technology because it's so similar to what happened in the history of war. In war, we've seen how important disappearance, camouflage, dissimulation are -- every war is a war of cunning.34 The methods of strategic disappearance developed by terrorist states are the most insidious form of secrecy. That is why Virilio, the anti-technologist, believes that the technology of secrecy must be exposed. Every order of stealth weaponry is purely and simply a threat. The aesthetics of disappearance must be reappeared. For Virilio, as well as for the reconnaissance cameras whose history he records, **success depends on the logistics of perception, on closing the distance between the critic and his quarry**. But what if critics are not only hunters; what if they are the quarry as well? Michel de Certeau points out that, for Clausewitz, the distinction between strategy and tactics is determined not only by scales of conflict (war vs. battle) but by relative magnitudes of power. Strategy is for the strong, and it is deployed in known, visible, mapped spaces; **tactics is "an art of the weak**," of those who must operate inside territory controlled by a greater power; it takes place on the ground of the "other," inside alien space.[35](http://muse.jhu.edu.proxy.lib.umich.edu/journals/postmodern_culture/v006/6.2mann.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22foot35) It must therefore deploy deception in the face of a power "bound by its very visibility." De Certeau suggests that even in cases where the weak force has already been sighted, it might use deception to great advantage. This is another lesson from Clausewitz: "trickery is possible for the weak, and often it is his only possibility, as a 'last resort': The weaker the forces at the disposition of the strategist, the more the strategist will be able to use deception." In the "practice of daily life," in spaces of signification, **in the contests of critical argument, such a tactics of the weak would also apply**: Lacking its own place, lacking a view of the whole, limited by the blindness (which may lead to perspicacity) resulting from combat at close quarters, limited by the possibilities of the moment, a tactic is determined by the absence of power just as a strategy is organized by the postulation of power. From this point of view, the dialectic of a tactic may be illuminated by the ancient art of sophistic. As the author of a great "strategic" system, Aristotle was also very interested in the procedures of this enemy which perverted, as he saw it, the order of truth. He quotes a formula of this protean, quick, and surprising adversary that, by making explicit the basis of sophistic, can also serve finally to define a tactic as I understand it here: it is a matter, Corax said, of "making the worse argument seem the better." In its paradoxical concision, this formula delineates the relationship of forces that is the starting point for an **intellectual creativity** that is subtle, tireless, ready for every opportunity, scattered over the terrain of the dominant order and foreign to the rules laid down and imposed by a rationality founded on established rights and property. (38) And yet it is rare that any of this ever occurs to critics, who seem to believe that "subversion" consists of vicarious identification with subversives, and of **telling everything one knows to one's enemies.** It is nonetheless already the case that, in critical discourse, behind all the humanistic myths of communication, understanding, and interpretive fidelity, **one finds the tactical value of misinterpretations**. In an argument it is often crucial for combatants not to know their enemy, to project instead a paper figure, a distortion, against which they can conceive and reinforce their own positions. Intelligence, here, is not only knowledge of one's enemies but the tactical lies one tells about them, even to oneself. This is so regular a phenomenon of discursive conflict that it cannot be dismissed as an aberration that might be remedied through better communication, better listening skills, more disinterested criticism. One identifies one's own signal in part by jamming everyone else's, setting it off from the noise one generates around it. There is, in other words, already plenty of fog in discursive warfare, and yet we tend to remain passive in the face of it, and for the most part **completely and uncritically committed to exposing ourselves to attack**. Imagine what might be possible for a writing that is not insistently positional, not devoted to shoring itself up, to fixing itself in place, to laying out all its plans under the eyes of its opponents. Nothing, after all, has been more fatal for the avant-gardes than **the form of the manifesto**. If only surrealism had been more willing to lie, to dissimulate, to abandon the petty narcissism of the position and the desire to explain itself to anyone who would listen, and instead explored the potential offered it by the model of the secret society it also hoped to be. Intellectual warfare must therefore investigate the tactical advantages of **deception and clandestinity** over the habitual, quasi-ethical demands of clarity and forthrightness, **let alone the narcissistic demands of self-promotion and mental exhibitionism**, from however fortified a position. **If to be seen by the enemy is to be destroyed, then intellectual warfare must pursue its own stealth technology**. Self-styled intellectual warriors will explore computer networks not only as more rapid means of communication and publishing but as means for circumventing publication, as semi-clandestine lines of circulation, encoded correspondence, and semiotic speed. There will be no entirely secure secrecy, just as there are no impregnable positions -- that too is Virilio's argument -- but a shrouded nomadism is already spreading in and around major discursive conflicts. There are many more than nine grounds, but the rest are secret.

#### To make resistance visible is to coopt it by giving it 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 academic practices and habitudes of existence. Within the situatedness of the university, the question is thus not, “what type of knowledge can be produced from a specific subject position?” but whether or not that knowledge is *reactive* and so *intelligible to* apparatuses of capture that will co-opt and contain it

**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.**

#### Embrace the position of unlocatable criminality at all costs.

**Harney and Moten 13.** Stefano Harney, Professor of Strategic Management Education at the Lee Kong Chian School of Business, Singapore Management University and a co-founder of the School for Study and Fred Moten, Helen L. Bevington Professor of Moden Poetry, “Politics Surrounded,” The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study, pg. 139

That double-edged logisticality, where the one who is shipped is also a smuggler, carrying something – and what he carries is, first and foremost, a kind of radical, non-locatability. The point is, there’s a certain way of thinking about that impossibility of being located, of that exhaustion of location, that only can be understood as depriva- tion. So, like, by way of Frank Wilderson, who, when he elaborates his theory of the special antagonism that structures black life in the administered world also offers this brilliant articulation of this desire for home – “I don’t want to be a cosmic hobo” – which is necessary to any possible embrace of homelessness. Woody Guthrie was a cosmic hobo, Coltrane was a cosmic hobo, so even if I could be something other than a cosmic hobo, I think what I’m gonna do is embrace homelessness for the possibilities that it bears, hard as that is, hard as they are. Homelessness is hard, no doubt about it. But, home is harder. And it’s harder on you, and it’s harder on every-god-damn- body else too. I ain’t so concerned, necessarily, about the travails of the settler. The horrible difficulties that the settler imposes upon himself are not my first concern, though in the end they are a real thing. It’s the general “imposition of severalty,” to use Theodore Roosevelt’s evil terms, that I’m trying to think about and undermine. He knew that possessive individualism – that the self-possessed individual, was as dangerous to Native Americans as a pox-infested blanket. Civilisa- tion, or more precisely civil society, with all its transformative hostil- ity, was mobilized in the service of extinction, of disappearance. The shit is genocidal. Fuck a home in this world, if you think you have one.

sTefanO: Just like the people we went to school with or maybe some of your Duke students or indeed settlers of the globe generally.

fRed: Yeah, well, the ones who happily claim and embrace their own sense of themselves as privileged ain’t my primary concern. I don’t worry about them first. But, I would love it if they got to the point where they had the capacity to worry about themselves. Because then maybe we could talk. That’s like that Fred Hampton shit: he’d be like, “white power to white people. Black power to black people.” What I think he meant is, “look: the problematic of coalition is that coa- lition isn’t something that emerges so that you can come help me, a maneuver that always gets traced back to your own interests. The coalition emerges out of your recognition that it’s fucked up for you, in the same way that we’ve already recognized that it’s fucked up for us. I don’t need your help. I just need you to recognize that this shit is killing you, too, however much more softly, you stupid motherfucker, you know?” But, that position in which you have no place, no home, that you’re literally off center, off the track, unlocatable, I think it’s important. Again, I think that there’s something to be gained from that part of Fanon’s double alignment of the demand with neurosis. It’s sort of saying, basically, it’s like Malcolm X, when he’d be talking about the distinction between the house negro and the field negro. And the primary distinction that he’d make was that the field negro would be saying, “where can I get a better job than this? Where can I get a better house than this?” He was claiming the location that re- ally wasn’t his, but what he was really claiming was the possibility of location. And Malcolm’s like, “No! I’ll be out in the field. Not only in the hope of something more, something other, than what you think you have but also because there’s something in the field; that even in deprivation, there’s an opening**.”**

sTefanO: Yeah, I think that’s also something I felt again in these London riots. It’s always that stuff about, “why are they fucking up their own neighborhood?” Of course part of it is they don’t own those neighborhoods. But part of it is also, like, “cuz there’s gotta be some- thing better than home.”

fRed: It’s like that, what did that Home Secretary say? What are the causes of the riots? She was like, ‘shared criminality.’

sTefanO: She doesn’t know how close she was to the truth.

fRed: She’s ridiculous, and yet there’s something deep and kind of true about that. I think you can make a good case that human being in the world is, and should be, sheer criminality. Which also, first and foremost, implies that making laws is a criminal activity.

sTefanO: The jurisgenerative stuff...

fRed: Those kids were, basically, like, “fuck this.” And you’re right, if you’re implying that Occupy never got to that.

sTefanO: Yeah, it didn’t get there.

fRed: A few people started talking about, “let’s occupy everything. Let’s occupy everywhere” – and that’s more in line. But, “we won’t come to your house and bother you.” If that’s the best you can do, then that’s cool too. It’s better to bother someone to death than to die. But we can move past that too.

#### Their inevitable “try or die” re-inscribes the status quo’s limited scope of politics by maintaining the duality of forced choices, characterizing the question always as EITHER the aff OR the status quo, which is the same tactic that the current political climate uses to keep dissidents content but only on its own terms. Refuse the choices as offered, demand a third option.

Halberstam 13. Jack Halberstam, professor of English and Director of the Center for Feminist Research at USC, “The Wild Beyond: With and For the Undercommons,” The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study, Minor Compositions, pg. 8

The path to the wild beyond is paved with refusal. In The Undercom- mons if we begin anywhere, we begin with the right to refuse what has been refused to you. Citing Gayatri Spivak, Moten and Harney call this refusal the “first right” and it is a game-changing kind of refusal in that it signals the refusal of the choices as offered. We can under- stand this refusal in terms that Chandan Reddy lays out in Freedom With Violence (2011) – for Reddy, gay marriage is the option that can- not be opposed in the ballot box. While we can circulate multiple cri- tiques of gay marriage in terms of its institutionalization of intimacy, when you arrive at the ballot box, pen in hand, you only get to check “yes” or “no” and the no, in this case, could be more damning than the yes. And so, you must refuse the choice as offered**.**

Moten and Harney also study what it would mean to refuse what they term “the call to order.” And what would it mean, furthermore, to refuse to call others to order, to refuse interpellation and the re- instantiation of the law. When we refuse, Moten and Harney suggest, we create dissonance and more importantly, we allow dissonance to continue – when we enter a classroom and we refuse to call it to order, we are allowing study to continue, dissonant study perhaps, disorgan- ized study, but study that precedes our call and will continue after we have left the room. Or, when we listen to music, we must refuse the idea that music happens only when the musician enters and picks up an instrument; music is also the anticipation of the performance and the noises of appreciation it generates and the speaking that happens through and around it, making it and loving it, being in it while lis- tening. And so, when we refuse the call to order – the teacher pick- ing up the book, the conductor raising his baton, the speaker asking for silence, the torturer tightening the noose – we refuse order as the distinction between noise and music, chatter and knowledge, pain and truth.

These kinds of examples get to the heart of Moten and Harney’s world of the undercommons – the undercommons is not a realm where we rebel and we create critique; it is not a place where we “take arms against a sea of troubles/and by opposing end them.” The un- dercommons is a space and time which is always here. Our goal – and the “we” is always the right mode of address here – is not to end the troubles but to end the world that created those particular troubles as the ones that must be opposed. Moten and Harney refuse the logic that stages refusal as inactivity, as the absence of a plan and as a mode of stalling real politics. Moten and Harney tell us to listen to the noise we make and to refuse the offers we receive to shape that noise into “music.”

### 1nc case

#### We are living “after the orgy”—their struggle for liberation does nothing more than feed status quo tactics of domination—they create a culture of representative freedom without any real agency.

Baudrillard 90. Jean Baudrillard, French philosopher, writer, and professor of sociology at the Universite de Paris-X, *The Transparency of Evil: Essays on Extreme Phenomena*, Verso Books 1990.

If I were asked to characterize the present state of affairs, I would describe it as ‘after the orgy’. The orgy in question was the moment when modernity exploded upon us, the moment of liberation in every sphere. Political liberation, sexual liberation, liberation of the forces of production, liberation of the forces ofdestruction, women’s liberation, children’s liberation, liberation of the unconscious drives, liberation of art. The assumption of all models of representation, as models of anti-representation. This was a total orgy—an orgy of the real, the rational, the sexual, of criticism as of anti-criticism, of development as the crisis of development. We have pursued every avenue in the production and effective overproduction of objects, signs, messages, ideologies, and satisfactions. Now everything has been liberated, the chips are down, and we find ourselves faced collectively with the big question: WHAT DO WE DO NOW THAT THE ORGY IS OVER? Now all we can do is simulate the orgy, simulate liberation. We pretend to carry on in the same direction, accelerating, but in reality we are accelerating in a void, because all the goals of liberation are already behind us, and because what haunts and obsesses us is being thus ahead of all the results—the very availability of all the signs, all the forms, all the desires that we had been pursuing. But what can we do? This is the state of simulation, a state in which we are obliged to replay all scenarios precisely because they have all taken place already, whether actually or potentially. The state of utopia realized, of all utopias realized, wherein paradoxically we must continue to live as though they had not been. But since they have, and since we can no longer, therefore, nourish the hope of realizing them, we can only ‘hyper-realize’ them through interminable simulation. We live amid the interminable reproduction of ideals, phantasies, images, and dreams, which are now behind us, yet which we must continue to reproduce in a sort of inescapable indifference. The fact is that the revolution has well and truly happened, but not in the way we expected. Everywhere what has been liberated has been liberated so that it can enter a state of pure circulation, so that it can go into orbit. With the benefit of hindsight, we may say that the unavoidable goal of all liberation is to foster and provision circulatory networks. The fate of the things liberated is an incessant commutation, and these things are thus subject to increasing indeterminacy, to the principal of uncertainty. Nothing (not even God) now disappears by coming to an end, by dying. Instead, things disappear through proliferation or contamination, by becoming saturated or transparent, because of extenuation or extermination, or as a result of the epidemic of simulation, as a result of their transfer into the secondary existence of simulation. Rather than a mortal mode of disappearance, then, a fractal mode of dispersal. Nothing is truly reflected any more—whether in a mirror or in the abyssal realm (which is merely the endless reduplication of consciousness). The logic of viral dispersal in networks is no longer a logic of value; neither, therefore, is it a logic of equivalence. There is no longer any such thing as a revolution in values—merely a circumvention or involution of values. A centripetal compulsion coexists with a decentredness of all systems, an internal metastasis or fevered endogenic virulence, which creates a tendency for systems to explode beyond their own limits, to override their own logic—not in the sense of creating sheer redundancy, but in the sense of an increase in power, a fantastic potentialization whereby their own very existence is put at risk.

#### They make the aff hyperreal—vote neg

Baudrillard, ’92 (Jean, *Pataphysics of Year 2000*, [online])

Outside of this gravitational pull which keeps bodies in orbit, all the atoms of meaning lose themselves or self-absolve in space. Every single atom follows its own trajectory towards infinity and dissolves in space. This is precisely what we are living in our present societies occupied with the **acceleration of all** bodies, all **messages, all processes** in all possible senses and wherein, via modern media, each event, each narrative, each image gets endowed with the simulation of an infinite trajectory. Every political, historical, cultural fact is invested with a kinetic energy which spreads over its own space and thrusts these facts into a hyperspace where they **lose all meaning** by way of an inability to attain their meaning. It is useless to turn to science-fiction: from this point on, from the here and now, through our computer science, our circuits and our channels, this particle accelerator has definitively disrupted and broken the referential orbit of things. With respect to history, the narrative has become impossible since by definition it is the **potential re-narrativization of a sequence of meaning**. Through the impulse of total diffusion and circulation **each event is liberated for itself only** — each event becomes atomized and nuclear as it follows its trajectory into the void. In order to diffuse itself *ad infinitum,* it has to be fragmented like a particle. This is the way it attains a speed of no-return, distancing it from history once and for all. Every cultural, eventual group needs to be fragmented, disarticulated to allow for its entry into the circuits, each language must be absolved into a binary mechanism or device to allow for its circulation to take place — not in our memory, but in the electronic and luminous memory of the computers. There is no human language or speech (*langage*) that could compete with the speed of light. There is no event that could withstand its own diffusion across the planet. No meaning stands a chance once offered the means of its own acceleration. There is no history that will resist the centrifugal pull of facts or its short-circuiting in real time (in the same order of ideas: no sexuality will resist its own liberation, not a single culture will foreclose its own advancement, no truth will defy its own verification, etc.). Even theory is no longer in the state of "reflecting" on anything anymore. All it can do is to snatch concepts from their critical zone of reference and transpose them to the point of no return, in the process of which theory itself too, passes into the hyperspace of simulation as it loses all "objective" validity, while it makes significant gains by acquiring real affinity with the current system. The second hypothesis, with respect to the vanishing of history, is the opposite of the first, i.e., it pertains not to the acceleration but to the slowing down of processes. This too is derived directly from physics. Matter slows the passage of time. More precisely, time seems to pass very slowly upon the surface of a very dense body of matter. The phenomenon increases in proportion to growth in density. The effect of this slowing down (*ralentissement*) will raise the wavelength of light emitted by this body in a way that will allow the observer to record this phenomenon. Beyond a certain limit, time stops, the length of the wave becomes infinite. The wave no longer exists. Light extinguishes itself. The analogy is apparent in the way history slows down as it brushes up against the astral body of the "silent majorities". Our societies are governed by this process of the mass, and not only in the sociological or demographical sense of the word, but also in the sense of a "critical mass", of going beyond a certain point of no-return. That is where the crucially significant event of these societies is to be found: the advent of their revolutionary process along the lines of their mobility, (they are all revolutionary with respect to the centuries gone by), of their equivalent force of inertia, of an immense indifference, and of the silent power of this indifference. This inert matter of the social is not due to a lack of exchanges, of information or of communication; on the contrary, it is the result of the multiplication and saturation of exchanges. It is borne of the hyperdensity of cities, of merchandise, messages and circuits. It is the cold star of the social, a mass at the peripheries of which history cools out. Successive events attain their annihilation in indifference. **Neutralized and bullet-sprayed by information**, the masses neutralise history retrospect and act as a screen of absorption. They themselves have no history, no meaning, no conscience, no desire. They are potential residues of all history, of all meaning, of all desire. By **inserting themselves into modernity**, all these wonderful things managed to invoke **a mysterious counterpart**, the misappreciation of which has unleashed all current political and social strategies. This time, it's the opposite: history, meaning, progress are no longer able to find their speed or tempo of liberation. They can no longer pull themselves out of this much too dense body which slows down their trajectory, slows down their time to the point from whereon perception and imagination of the future escapes us. All social, historical and temporal transcendence is absorbed via this mass's silent immanence. Already, political events no longer conduct sufficient autonomous energy to rouse us and can only run their course as a silent movie in front of which we all sit collectively irresponsible. That is where history reaches its end, not because of the lack of actors or participants, not due to a lack of violence (with respect to violence, there is always an increasing amount), not due to a lack of events (as for events, there will always be more of them thanks to the role of the media and information!) — but because of a slowing down or deceleration, because of indifference and stupefaction. History can no longer go beyond itself, it can no longer envisage its own finality or dream of its own end, it shrouds or buries itself in its immediate effect, it self-exhausts in special effects, it implodes in current events. Essentially, one can no longer speak of the end of history since it has no time to rejoin its own end. **As its effects accelerate, its meaning inexorably decelerates**. It will end up stopping and extinguishing itself like light and time at the peripheries of an infinitely dense mass... Humanity too, had its big-bang: a certain critical density, a certain concentration of people and exchanges that compel this explosion we call *history* and which is none other than the dispersal of dense and hieratic cores of earlier civilizations. Today, we are living an effect of reversal: we have overstepped the threshold of critical mass with respect to populations, events, information, control of the inverse process of inertia of history and politics. At the cosmic level of things, we don't know anymore whether we have reached this speed of liberation wherein we would be partaking of a permanent or final expansion (this, no doubt, will remain forever uncertain). At the human level, where prospects are more limited, it is possible that the energy itself employed for the liberation of the species (acceleration of birthrates, of techniques and exchanges in the course of the centuries) have contributed to an excess of mass and resistance that bear on the initial energy as it drags us along a ruthless movement of contraction and inertia. Whether the universe infinitely expands or retracts to an infinitely dense and infinitely small core will hinge upon its critical mass (with respect to which speculation itself is infinite in view of the discovery of newer particles). Following the analogy, whether our human history will be evolutionary or involuted will presumably depend upon the critical mass of humanity. Are we to see ourselves, like the galaxies, on a definitive orbit that distances us from each other under the impact of a tremendous speed, or is this dispersal to infinity itself destined to reach an end, and the human molecules bound to draw closer to each other by way of an inverse effect of gravitation? The question is whether a human mass that grows day by day is able to control a pulsation of this genre? Third hypothesis, third analogy. But we are still dealing with a point of disappearance, a point of evanescence, a *vanishing-point,* this time however along the lines of music. This is what I call the stereophonic effect. We are all obsessed with high fidelity, with the quality of musical "transmission" (*rendu*). On the console of our channels, equipped with our tuners, our amplifiers and our baffles, we mix, regulate and multiply soundtracks in search of an infallible or unerring music. Is this, though, still music? Where is the threshold of high fidelity beyond the point of which music as such would disappear? Disappearance would not be due to the lack of music, it would disappear for having stepped beyond this boundary, it would disappear into the perfection of its materiality, into its own special effect. Beyond this point, neither judgement nor aesthetic pleasure could be found anymore. Ecstasy of musicality procures its own end. The disappearance of history is of the same order: there too, we have gone beyond this limit or boundary where, subjected to *factual* and *information-al* sophistication, history as such ceases to exist. Large doses of immediate diffusion, of special effects, of secondary effects, of fading — and this famous Larsen effect produced in acoustics by an excessive proximity between source and receiver, in history via an excessive proximity, and therefore the disastrous interference of an event with its diffusion — create a short-circuit between cause and effect, similarly to what takes place between the object and the experimenting subject in microphysics (and in the human sciences!). All things entailing a certain radical uncertainty of the event, like excessive high fidelity, lead to a radical uncertainty with respect to music. Elias Canetti says it well: "as of a certain point", nothing is true anymore. This is also why the soft music of history escapes us, it disappears under the microscope or into the stereophony of information.

## 2NC

### imperceptibility

No cardz

## 1NR

### edelman

#### The alt is is a queer apocal(o)ptic/ism which is the relentless problematization of the future, and all imagery and idolatry associated with reproductive futurism. Apocal(o)ptic/ism begins at the level of the self and branches out to capture the apocalyptic moments of destruction wherein the underlying structures of heteronormative hegemony are disrupted.

Giffney 2008 (Noreen Giffney, Proffessor at University College Dublin Ireland, “Queer Apocal(o)ptic/ism: The Death Drive and the Human,” Published in “Queering the Non/Human, 2008, pp 57-58)

What characterises queer apocal(o)ptic/ism? It is queer's relentless questioning of all categorical imperatives, including the ontology Queer itself. The unremitting desire to undo, disrupt and make trouble for norms. The recognition that queer is transitory and momentary and thus might be superseded or become defunct as an interpretative tool at some future date, as well as the dedication to examining the notion of utility itself. It is queer's commitment to the here and now, the present, not putting faith in the always postponed future but in making an immediate intervention. It is the anti-assimilationist bent in queer theory, the activist strain with its refusal to be defined by or in terms set down by the dominant culture in any given situation. It points to the fact that queer is brought into being through acts of resistance, the recognition of the potential futility of resistance because of the norm's propensity for cooption and reinvention, but the drive towards resistance all the same. It is the trace of queer's investments in deconstruction and psychoanalysis, the refusal to normative coherence as fantasy and the making visible of the instability that constitutes any one thing. It characterises queer's dedication to end things and traumatic events, its commitment to death — whether it is the mournful rage of activists in response to queer deaths arising from suicide, HIV/AIDS or queer bashings; the theorist's inventiveness to the point of unintelligibility in an attempt to cast off the psychical death wrought by the identitarian strai(gh)tjacket (Haver 1997), or the anarchic proclamations of death to the compulsions of heteronormativity. It is the queer embodiment of 'the death-drive, always present in any vital process' (Freud 2003/1933, 98). Queer itself is haunted by the death drive, driven both towards its own 'death' and by the knowledge that it will — must - end; towards a time when it will be either superseded or no longer useful, needed, required, or desired (Butler 1993, 228). Queer apocal(o)ptic/ism also encapsulates the apocalyptic moments at which the death drive becomes the destruction drive in the service of shattering an imposing illusion produced as a shifting signifier of heteronormative hegemony. In this, queer apocal(o)ptic/ism begins at the level of the self. It refers to an unremitting self-interrogation, the constant production of unease at the level of identification - unsettling the very desire for social recognition as an identifiable subject — in the realisation that 'queer must insist ... on disturbing ... and on queering ourselves and our investment in [social] organization. For queerness can never define an identity; it can only ever disturb one' (Edelman 2004,17).

#### Glezos ev is a link

**Glezos 11**—Department of Political Science, University of Victoria

(Simon, “The ticking bomb: Speed, liberalism and ressentiment against the future”, Contemporary Political Theory10.2 (May 2011): 147-165, dml)

This is not to say that liberalism, or liberal democracies, are inherently doomed to shift away from democracy.3 However, **avoiding this desire to hand over control to a** unitary**,** authoritative **executive means**, in at least someway, learning **to loosen one's attachment to a particular teleological narrative**, and to reaffirm one's commitment **to** **democratic deliberation,** even (or especially) in the face of **an** open **and** uncertain **future**. Such an approach would require the development and reinforcement of a liberalism that is willing to accede to the event, to think in terms of an open future and, in at least some way, to embrace speed. 4

This is by no means an easy task, and requires **the ability to** give up the sense of security **that a stable teleological projection of identity provides**. 'That is why', says Connolly, 'so many queasy democrats want to slow the world down in the name of democracy. They are worn out by the workload imposed upon them' (p. 158). That workload however, is the very thing **that is supposed to be the** central function **of democracy**: the collective production of identity and community. If we are unwilling to accept democracy in the face of an uncertain future, **then we were never truly democrats in the first place**.

What is more, far from being inefficient, this reaffirmation to democracy **can have** potentially positive effectsin terms of legislation. If we return to the discussion of the ticking bomb with which this article begins, we might notice that one of the frequent arguments for the expansion of executive power lies in what John Yoo refers to as **the 'cost of inaction'** (2005, p. x). It is important to note he does not mention a concomitant danger of action; **the danger of acting** too quickly. Indeed, in retrospect, in the case of the Iraq war, we can see that **it would have been exceedingly** desirable **if the 'vetoes of multiple decisionmakers' had been allowed 'to block warmaking**' (p. x). In this case, the political process **would have been** well served **with a touch of inefficiency** (**or rather**, with a touch of more patience **and** thoughtfulness). A willingness to accept the uncertainty and insecurity of the rift in time might also make us **more willing to accept bouts of 'inaction'**, **to allow for additional** debate **and** discussion**, thus hopefully avoiding overreaction and** unnecessary violence.

#### The image of the Children holds us all hostage. Life is ceded and freedom is sacrificed. Anything that rejects this cycle of reproduction must be destroyed in the name of heteronormativity

**Edelman 4** (Lee, professor and chair of the English Department at Tufts University, No Future: Queer Theory and Death Drive. 2004, p. 19-22, MH)

The Child, in the historical epoch of our current epistemological regime, is the figure for this compulsory investment in the misrecognition of figure. It takes its place on the social stage like every adorable Annie gathering her limitless funds of pluck to "stick out [her] chin/ And grin/ And say: 'Tomorrow!/ Tomorrow!/1 love ya/ Tomorrow/ You're always/ A day/ Away.' " 2 0 And lo and behold, as viewed through the prism of the tears that it always calls forth, the figure of this Child seems to shimmer with the iridescent promise of Noah's rainbow, serving like the rainbow as the pledge of a covenant that shields us against the persistent threat of apocalypse now—or later. Recall, for example, the end of Jonathan Demme's Philadelphia (1993), his filmic act of contrition for the homophobia some attributed to The Silence of the lambs (1991}. After Andrew Beckett (a man for all seasons, as portrayed by the saintly Tom Hanks), last seen on his deathbed in an oxygen mask that seems to allude to, or trope on, Hannibal Lecter's more memorable muzzle (see figures 1 and 2), has shuffled off this mortal coil to stand, as we are led to suppose, before a higher law, we find ourselves in, if not at, his wake surveying a room in his family home, now crowded with children and pregnant women whose reassuringly bulging bellies (see figure 3) displace the bulging basket (unseen) of the Hiv-positive gay man (unseen) from whom, the filmic text suggests, in a cinema {unlike the one in which we sit watching Philadelphia) not phobic about graphic representations of male-male sexual acts, Saint Thomas, a.k.a. Beckett, contracted the virus that cosegerous "lifestyles" on the Internet; the Child who might choose a provocative book from the shelves of the public library; the Child, in short, who might find an enjoyment that would nullify the figural value, itself imposed by adult desire, of the Child as unmarked by the adult's adulterating implication in desire itself; the Child, that is, made to image, for the satisfaction of adults, an Imaginary fullness that's considered to want, and therefore to want for, nothing. As Lauren Berlant argues forcefully at the outset of The Queen of America Goes to Washington City, "a nation made for adult citizens has been replaced by one imagined for fetuses and children."2 2 On every side, our enjoyment of liberty is eclipsed by the lengthening shadow of a Child whose freedom to develop undisturbed by encounters, or even by the threat of potential encounters, with an "otherness" of which its parents, its church, or the state do not approve, uncompromised by any possible access to what is painted as alien desire, terroristically holds us all in check and determines that political discourse conform to the logic of a narrative wherein history unfolds as the future envisioned for a Child who must never grow up. Not for nothing, after all, does the historical construction of the homosexual as distinctive social type overlap with the appearance of such literary creations as Tiny Tim, David Balfour, and Peter Pan, who enact, in an imperative most evident today in the uncannily intimate connection between Harry Potter and Lord Voldemort, a Symbolic resistance to the unmarried men (Scrooge, Uncle Ebenezer, Captain Hook) who embody, as Voldemort's name makes clear, a wish, a will, or a drive toward death that entails the destruction of the Child. That Child, immured in an innocence seen as continuously under seige, condenses a fantasy of vulnerability to the queerness of queer sexualities precisely insofar as that Child enshrines, in its form as sublimation, the very value for which queerness regularly finds itself condemned: an insistence on sameness that intends to restore an Imaginary past. The Child, that is, marks the fetishistic fixation of heteronormativity: an erotically charged investment in the rigid sameness of identity that is central to the compulsory narrative of reproductive futurism. And so, as the radical right maintains, the battle against queers is a life-and-death struggle for the future of a Child whose ruin is pursued by feminists, queers, and those who support the legal availability of abortion. Indeed, as the Army of God made clear in the bombmaking guide it produced for the assistance of its militantly "pro-life" members, its purpose was wholly congruent with the logic of reproductive futurism: to "disrupt and ultimately destroy Satan's power to kill our children, God's children.