# Contention 1 is inherency

**There is no government. There are no plans being passed now. Or at anytime in the near future.**

REBECCA KAPLAN / **CBS NEWS**/ **10/13**, October 2, 2013 1:52 PM “With government shutdown unresolved, Congress stuck in neutral” http://www.cbsnews.com/8301-250\_162-57605649/with-government-shutdown-unresolved-congress-stuck-in-neutral/

In an effort to break the stalemate, President Obama summoned congressional leaders to the White House for a late afternoon meeting Wednesday.

**"The White House has invited the Congressional Leadership** - Majority Leader Reid, Minority Leader McConnell, Speaker Boehner and Democratic Leader Pelosi - to the White House for a meeting later today," a White House official said. "**The President will urge the House** to pass the clean CR **to reopen the government, and call on Congress to act to raise the debt ceiling to pay the bills** we have already incurred and avoid devastating consequences on our economy." On Wednesday afternoon, Reid sent Boehner a letter offering to appoint negotiators to discuss the budget if the short-term spending bill passed by the Senate were to pass the House as well. "This conference would be an appropriate place to have those discussions, where **participants would raise whatever proposals - such as tax reform, health care, agriculture**, and certainly discretionary spending like veterans, National Parks, and NIH - they felt appropriate," Reid said. Describing the letter on the Senate floor later, Reid said, "My message to him was very simple. We have to stop playing these silly games."

House **Republicans** - who have been seeking to negotiate the short-term spending bill, not the longer term budget - **do not see Reid's offer as a compromise.** "**The entire government is shut down right now because Washington Democrats refuse to even talk about fairness for all Americans under ObamaCare.** **Offering to negotiate only after Democrats get everything they want is not much of an offer," said Boehner** spokesman Michael Steel. On Tuesday evening, the House called up three bills that would have restored funding to delayed veterans benefits and closed national parks and memorials, and given the District of Columbia the authority to use local revenue to continue operation. For procedural reasons, the bills would have required a two-thirds majority. All three failed due to insufficient Democratic support. Republicans intend to bring up the three bills again Wednesday, but this time using a procedural rule that will only require a simple majority. They have also added two more bills to fund the National Guard and Reserves as well as certain scientific research. The move will turn up the pressure on House Democrats, who have been calling for the Republican leadership to pass the Senate version of the spending bill with no additional amendments. Between 22 and 34 Democrats voted with Republicans on Tuesday to restore the funding. **Even if the bills do pass, they have no future in the Democratic Senate or at President Obama's desk. When the House plan became public Tuesday, Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid, D-Nev., called the bills "just another wacky idea from the tea party Republicans."** And White House spokeswoman Amy Brundage said Mr. Obama would veto the measures, saying, "These piecemeal efforts are not serious, and they are no way to run a government." Brendan Buck, a spokesman for House Speaker John Boehner, R-Ohio, criticized the White House's position as "unsustainably hypocritical." "How does the White House justify signing the troop funding bill, but vetoing similar measures for veterans, National Parks, and District of Columbia?" he said. "The President can't continue to complain about the impact of the government shutdown on veterans, visitors at National Parks, and DC while vetoing bills to help them." "One faction of one party in one house of Congress in one branch of government shut down major parts of the government all because they didn't like one law," Mr. Obama said. "This Republican shut down did not have to happen, but I want every American to understand why it did happen. Republicans in the House of Representatives refused to fund the government unless we defunded or dismantled the Affordable Care Act. They've shut down the government over an ideological crusade to deny affordable health insurance to millions of Americans. In other words, they demanded ransom just for doing their job."

### Therefore, it stands as an undeniable truth that discourse stands as political institutions within the confines of this round. We are not government bodies. Debate is about making decisions, we feel that we provide the tools to do this both the more fair and educational way.

1-1-1998

Critique Arguments as Policy Analysis: Policy Debate Beyond the Rationalist Perspective

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These two views of **critique arguments** -- critiques as policy criteria and critiques as interpretive policy analysis -- **expand our conceptions of policy debate by demonstrating the roles of critiques in policy discourse.** Some may find the implications of these views uncomfortable. Policy analysis critiques should not replace all other theories of critique argumentation or methods of policy analysis. Rather, **this theory expands the ways that we can think about and discuss policies. Any debater,** theorist, **coach, or critic who advocates a policy focus has little theoretical basis from which to exclude critique argumentation from their decision making process. The further one entrenches oneself in the policy literature the more necessary critiques become…Accepting critiques as a part of policy analysis may help us to redefine the relationship between debate and politics. Even the most radically esoteric critique arguments may be deeply political**, and positioning critiques as policy analysis asks us to think of ourselves as policy analysts and policy makers. **This very proposition politicizes debate and revives the reality of the debate forum. Thinking of debate and critiques as policy advocacy, policy analysis, and pol icy making explodes the distinction between debate and the "real world" by erasing the fictionality of debate rounds. If debaters, after spending hundreds of hours in the activity, are left with the impression that decision making only entails considerations of instrumentalities within the bounds of fonnal rules or ethical guides, academic debate will be responsible for proliferating amoral and value ignorant policy advocates,** and citizens who are ill-equipped to cope with the value laden issues of contemporary politics.

### Prefer our f/w - The survival of the debate community requires recognizing value to epistemological accountability and social position

Valdivia-Sutherland, Professor at Butte Community College, 98

Cynthia, “Celebrating Differences: Successfully Diversifying Forensics Programs,” National Communication Association’s 84th Annual Meeting.

It has been argued that forensics is (or should be) primarily an educational enterprise, rooted in pedagogy, rhetoric, and research. If this is so, then in advancing into the 21st century, an era in which societies will increasingly become multicultural, it makes sense to adopt Albert and Triandis' (1985) [the] objective of effectuating intercultural education within a multicultural society. The aim of this objective is "to prepare individuals to function effectively in both their culture of origin and in their new culture" (p. 391). Implementing this objective in forensics will not be easy. Change never is. However, while human beings do not automatically embrace the unknown, inability to move beyond a state of stasis equates to stagnation in human development. Within the world of forensics, coaches, critics, and competitors must continually adapt, evolving in their interactions with an ever-changing environment, or risk extinction. First, those of us involved in the activity must hone our self-diagnostic skills; in other words, we must consistently and honestly examine what we are doing, why, and with what effect. Are we "doing the greatest good for the greatest number?" If not, why not? Second, we must recognize the potential for educational gain when we expose ourselves and our students to multicultural awareness, knowledge, and acceptance. Not only will our learning experience be enriched, but we may also be led to explore identities and to question cultural domination, thereby increasing acceptance of differences.

# Contention 2 is the Watchers

**Nietzsche in 1882**-(Friedrich, “the parable of the Madman”, www.historyguide.org/europe/.html)

The madman.— **Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours, ran to the market place and cried incessantly: "I seek God! I seek God!"— As many of those who did not believe in God were standing around just then, he provoked much laughter. Has he got lost?** asked one. **Did he lose his way like a child?** asked another. Or is he hiding? Is he afraid of us? Has he gone on a voyage? emigrated?— Thus they yelled and laughed. **The madman jumped into their midst and pierced them with his eyes. "Whither is God?" he cried. "I will tell you. *We have killed him*—you and I! All of us are his murderers! But how did we do this? How could we drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What were we doing when we unchained this earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving? Away from all suns? Are we not plunging continually? And backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there still any up or down? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is not night continually closing in on us? Do we not need to light lanterns in the morning? Do we not hear nothing as yet of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Do we smell nothing as yet of the divine decomposition?—Gods, too, decompose! God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! How shall we comfort ourselves, the murderers of all murderers? What was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet owned has bled to death under our knives,—who will wipe this blood off us? What water is there for us to clean ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we have to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must we ourselves not become gods simply to appear worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed,—and whoever is born after us, for the sake of this deed he will belong to a higher history than all history hitherto!"— Here the madman fell silent and looked again at his listeners: they, too, were silent and stared at him in astonishment. At last he threw his lantern to the ground, and it broke into pieces and went out. "I have come too early," he said then; "my time is not yet. This tremendous event is still on its way, still wandering—it has not yet reached the ears of men. Lightning and thunder require time; the light of the stars requires time; deeds, though done, still require time to be seen and heard. This deed is still more distant from them than the most distant stars—and yet they have done it themselves**!"— It has been related further that on the same day the madman forced his way into several churches and there struck up his **requiem aeternam deo**. Led out and called to account, he is said always to have replied nothing but: "What after all are these churches now if they are not the tombs and sepulchers of God?" —

*Rorschach's Journal. October 12th, 1985:*

*Dog carcass in alley this morning, tire tread on burst stomach. This city is afraid of me. I have seen it's true face. The streets are extended gutters and the gutters are full of blood and when the drains finally scab over, all the vermin will drown. The accumulated filth of all their sex and murder will foam up about their waists and all the whores and politicians will look up and shout "Save us!"...*

*...and I'll look down, and whisper "no."*

*Now the whole world stands on the brink, staring down into bloody hell, all those liberals and intellectuals and smooth-talkers... and all of a sudden, nobody can think of anything to say.*

(Read in your angriest, most fear-striking voice possible)

Our most terrible nightmare has come true. *We have laboured long to build a heaven, only to find it populated with horrors.*

Just like the Nite Owl of the notorious costumed superheroes of Alan Moore’s dystopian graphic novel, we are left repeating the cruel truth…

***Nite Owl II:****But the country's disintegrating. What's happened to America? What's happened to the American dream?*

***The Comedian:****It came true. You're lookin' at it.”*

For too long we have lived in ignorance of this crime. For too long we have waited for the lightning and thunder to shake us from our meager existence. We still walk around looking and acting like human beings but we are now prepared to declare that we are great enough for our own evil genius. “GOD IS DEAD”, Congress is dead and we have killed them. But unlike the madman we will not be made stupid and weak by those who doubt our greatness. We will not wait for some beam of revelation to strike us from our politically numb trance and help us see what over a century ago could be illuminated by the light of a simple lantern.

Would we not have to become Gods ourselves to be worthy of such a crime?

Disorientation…

In politics today there is no direction…

Beyond good and evil…

No origin and no fate…

Just cold empty decision calculus based off of inevitably undated models of political capital…

Hands scabbed over with the blood of the creator turn in on the self…

In the distant pass the murdered one uttered, “let there be light” and it was made so by the power of the word alone.

Now it is our turn…this is where we begin…a magical utterance:

LET THERE BE WATCHBEINGS!!!

**This is Morrison in 11.** Grant, Spiegel & Grau; First Edition edition (July 19, 2011. *Super Gods.* Print.

**We have made you a creature neither of heaven nor of Earth, neither mortal nor immortal in order that you may, as the free and proud shaper of your own being, fashion yourself in the form you may prefer. It will be in your power to descend to the lower brutish forms of life; you will be able, through your own decision, to rise again to the superior order whose life is divine. It’s 1486**, almost half a century into the new Western dawn, and that’s one man’s idea of “God” having a quiet word with man. We’re at the beginning of the great European Renaissance of culture, the end of a long dark age, and **here’s** Count **Giovanni Pico** della Mirandola, aged twenty-six, seizing his moment in the piazza. This is it; his big chance to impress posterity and an audience of hostile clerics **with his observations on philosophy** and human nature**. “Born to a high position we failed to appreciate it but fell instead to the estate of brutes and uncomprehending beasts of burden.”** Pico’s Oration on the Dignity of Man is still regarded as the foundation stone of the “humanist” movement that strove to cast off the manacles of Church dogma, locked in place since the founding of St. Peter’s Basilica in AD 324, but for all its status as a humanist manifesto**, the Oratorio is** without a doubt **urging us to go far beyond the human, into the realms of angels and gods. Its asks us to accept the superhuman as an undeniable fact of our nature, and the goal of our future evolution as people**. As we draw close to the back cover, I’d like to think Pico’s time has come around again, one reason why he was given a cameo role in All-Star Superman. What he’s saying still makes sense, perhaps more than ever given the possibilities of our technology and medicine, because **Pico is telling us about the power of stories and imagination to reshape our future**. He’s doing me a big favor by explaining what this book is all about, in fact. **Although his metaphors are Biblical**, suggesting Cherubs and Seraphs and Thrones as our role models and intermediaries on the road to “God” or “cosmic consciousness,” **we can** just as easily **call them superheroes**. Pico tells us that we have a tendency to reenact the stories we tell ourselves. **We learn as much** (and sometimes more that’s useful) **from our fictional role models as we do from the real people** who share our lives**. If we** perpetually **reinforce** the notion **that human beings are** somehow **unnatural aberrations adrift in the ever-encroaching Void, that story will take root in** impressionable minds and inform the **art, politics, and general discourse of our culture in anti-life, anti-creative, and potentially catastrophic ways. If we spin a tale of guilt and failure** with an unhappy ending, **we will live that story to its conclusion, and some benighted final generation not far down the line will pay the price. If, on the other hand, we emphasize our glory, intelligence, grace, generosity, discrimination, honesty, capacity for love, creativity, and native genius, those qualitites will be made manifest in our behavior and in our works**. It should give us hope that **superhero stories** are flourishing everywhere because they **are a** bright flickering **sign of our need to move on, to imagine the better, more just, and more proactive people we can be**. Here in the twenty-first century **we’re surrounded by proof that we tend to live our stories.**

As I brought this section to a close, one last synchronicity directed my attention to an article in the New Scientist’s February 12, 2011, issue about the work of William Casebeer of the US Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), based in Arlington, Virginia. Casebeer, a neurobiologist, goes so far as to suggest that **certain narratives are as addictive as cocaine,**

**commenting on the effects a compelling yarn might have upon the minds of enemy soldiers or suicide bombers**. He is convinced that **we should be investigating the military potential of stories, by creating “counter-narrative strategies” engineered to undermine or oppose the religious or political storylines that inspire war, oppression and greed. We may scoff and leave it to military experts to develop a technology whereby a cadet is told a story so convincing he believes he’s superhuman before a battle, but I’d like to think that magic words and spells belong to the rest of us as well**. If Pico is correct, **we can write new lives and new futures, and**, more important, **live them. Stories can break hearts or foment revolutions. Words can put electricity into our hearts or make our blood run cold. And the idea of Superman is every bit as real as the idea of God. If our shallow, self-critical culture sometimes seems to lack a sense of the numinous** or spiritual **it’s only in the same way a fish lacks a sense of the ocean. Because the numinous is everywhere**, we need to be reminded of it. **We live among wonders.** Superhuman cyborgs, we plug into cell phones connecting us to one another and to a constantly updated plantary database, an exo-memory that allows us to fit our complete cultural archive into a jacket pocket. We have camera eyes that speed up, slow down, and even reverse the flow of time, allowing us to see what no one prior to the twentieth century had ever seen—the thermodynamic miracle of broken shards and a puddle gathering themselves up from the floor to assemble a half-full wineglass. **We are the hands and eyes and ears, the sensitive probing feelers through which the emergent, intelligent universe comes to know its own form and purpose. We bring the thunderbolt of meaning and significance to unconscious matter, blank paper, the night sky. We are already divine magicians, already supergods. Why shouldn’t we use all our brilliance to leap in as many single bounds as it takes to a world beyond ours, threatened by overpopulation, mass species extinction, environmental degradation, hunger, and exploitation? Superman and his pals would figure a way out of any stupid cul-de-sac we could find ourselves in—and we made Superman**, after all. **All it takes is that one magic word**.

In this sense we are here in the interest of creating ourselves…speaking our superhuman future into reality. We began this creation in the dark corridors of presidential war powers…after the death of God…however, we will not end up as we were before, blind, useless zombies bending to every whim of the president as if we were watching the plot of a tv show…our mortal coil chained by gravity to the very ground we will rot in…God’s too decompose…but before our return from whence we came we will affirm the highest heights of human experience and daring. It is from this point that we can affirm and resolve ourselves to a world where the USFG will restrict presidential war powers by having my partner and I become watch persons to watch and restrict the watchman in order to realize our superhuman potential.

**Therefore the rotb is to affirm our performance as a meaningful aesthetic restriction upon the watch(person)**

The herd will likely respond like so many hyienas safe in numbers but milling around aimlessly cackling at the beast who no longer behaves like one. But this is of no consequence because “we should call every truth false which was not accompanied by at least one laugh.” In this case the last laugh will belong to me

for:

"*I teach you the Superman*. Man is something that should be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?  
All creatures hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and do you want to be the ebb of the great tide, and return to the animals rather than overcome man?  
What is the ape to men? A laughing stock or a painful embarassment. And just so shall man be to the Superman: a laughing stock or a painful embarrassment."

Operating in a world, searching for God, searching for truth, for that piece of Americana of our very own, we have turned our once great country into the butt of a joke, as the will to power our ancestors so awesomely displayed in the creation of our country has withered away to literal anti-politics as the actions of Congress represent. In the face of this disintegration we echo the plight of the Watch Creatures: “Never despair. Never surrender.”

Now lets return to cosmological time…

**Somewhere, still, Pico is wrapping up his Oratorio. Somewhere right now Joe Shuster is putting pencil to paper and bringing Superman to life for the first time. If Superman stood on a hypothetical planet orbiting the ancient red star Antares in the constellation of Scorpio, he could watch the arrival of light from the cultural Rennissance and catch the Oratorio on its way past, going on forever.**

**I can see 1489 just by looking up at the night sky where Antares is the fifteenth-brightest star**. The photons traveling down my optic nerves into my brain were launched on their epic interstellar dash around the time Pico was clearing his throat, ending their journey in my eyes five hundred years later. **We love our superheroes because they refuse to give up on us. We can analyze them out of existence, kill them, ban them, mock them, and still they return, patiently reminding us of who we are and what we wish we could be. They are a powerful living idea—a meme,** to use the terminology of Richard Dawkins **that has propagated itself from paper universes into actuality**, with unknown consequences. **The Bomb, too, was only an idea that someone hammered into being. But the superheroes showed me how to overcome the Bomb. Superhero stories woke me up to my own potential. They gave me the basis of a code of ethics** I still live by. **They inspired my creativity**, brought me money, and made it possible for me to turn doing what I loved into a career. **They helped me grasp and understand the geometry of higher dimensions and alerted me to the fact that everything is real, especially our fictions**. By offering role models whose heroism and transcendent qualities would once have been haloed and clothed in floaty robes, **they nurtured in me a sense of the cosmic and ineffable that the turgid, dogmatically stupid “dad” religions could never match. I had no need for faith. My gods were real**, made of paper and light, and they rolled up into my pocket like a superstring dimension. Superhero stories are sweated out at the imagined lowest levels of our culture, but **like that shard off a hologram, they contain at their hearts all the dreams and fears of generations in vivid miniature**. Created by a workforce that has in its time been marginalized, mocked, scapegoated, and exploited, they never failed to offer a direct line to the cultural subconscious and it convulsions. **They tell us where we’ve been, what we feared, and what we desired**, and today they are more popular, more all-pervasive than ever because **they still speak to us about what we really want to be. Once again, the comics were right all along. When no one else cared, they took the idea of a superhuman future seriously, embraced it, exalted it, tested it to destruction and back, and found it intact, stronger, more defined, like steel in a refiner’s fire. Indestructible. Unstoppable. The superheroes, who were champions of the oppressed when we needed them to be, patriots when we needed them to be, pioneers, rebels, conformists, or rock stars when we needed them to be, are now obligingly battering down the walls between reality and fiction before our very eyes. There’s only one way to find out what happens next.**