### 1NC

#### IN THE YEAR 2013 we are given a pretty image of the revolutionary queer movement, now identified in the media as roughly synonymous with “marriage equality.” The radical Queers, ACT-UP, the Pink Panthers, The Bash-Backers, the entire Queer Nation was subsumed first under “gay rights” and then “equality” and now it’s taken over by something that people are calling “marriage equality.”

#### We don’t accept this narrative of progress and centralized activism. We echo the decentered, fluid, fragmented, and disunified Queer Nation when we identify heterosexist privilege in the matrix of power along the lines of racism, sexism, anthropocentrism, ableism, and capitalist exploitation. American society breathes at the expense of the queer; even our own organizations lock us into closets of their own design, new identities of their own making. Against this, affirm the radical potential of a Nation without a nationality, an identity without any essentialism. Claim this space as the new capital of the Tacoma Queer Nation.

Queer Nation 1990 (Queer Nation, originally ACT UP [AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power], was a radical, militant queer liberation group. Text taken from <http://www.historyisaweapon.com/defcon1/queernation.html>, altered to resist fascist censorship).

THE QUEER NATION MANIFESTO

Text of a manifesto originally passed out by people marching with the ACT UP contingent in the New York Gay Pride Day parade, 1990. –

How can I tell you. How can I convince you, brother; sister that your life is in danger. That everyday you wake up alive, relatively happy, and a functioning human being, you are committing a rebellious act. You as an alive and functioning queer are a revolutionary. There is nothing on this planet that validates, protects or encourages your existence. It is a miracle you are standing here reading these words. You should by all rights be dead.

Don't be fooled, straight people own the world and the only reason you have been spared is you're smart, lucky, or a fighter. Straight people have a privilege that allows them to do whatever they please and fuck without fear. But not only do they live a life free of fear; they flaunt their freedom in my face. Their images are on my TV, in the magazine I bought, in the restaurant I want to eat in, and on the street where I live. I want there to be a moratorium on straight marriage, on babies, on public displays of affection among the opposite sex and media images that promote heterosexuality. Until I can enjoy the same freedom of movement and sexuality, as straights, their privilege must stop and it must be given over to me and my queer sisters and brothers.

Straight people will not do this voluntarily and so they must be forced into it. Straights must be frightened into it. Terrorized into it. Fear is the most powerful motivator. No one will give us what we deserve. Rights are not given they are taken, by force if necessary.

It is easier to fight when you know who your enemy is. Straight people are your enemy. They are your enemy when they don't acknowledge your invisibility and continue to live in and contribute to a culture that kills you.

Every day one of us is taken by the enemy. Whether it is an AIDS death due to homophobic government inaction or a lesbian bashing in an all-night diner (in a supposedly lesbian neighborhood), we are being systematically picked off and we will continue to be wiped out unless we realize that if they take one of us they must take all of us.

#### And, the focus on presidential abuses of power ignores the extent to which queerness is made the object of an extensive domestic apparatus of securitization and desexualization—once-radical queer spaces like San Fransisco’s Castro District have been pacified in the quest to tame a queerness that’s always disobedient.

Mattilda 2009 (Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore, self-described “gender queer, faggot, and a queen, on the trans continuum,” radical activist, writer, troublemaker, “Pink Saturday: Party or Police State” at http://www.sfbaytimes.com/?sec=article&article\_id=11007)CJQ

I actually kind of like Pink Saturday. I like it because it’s more honest than any other pride event - no one’s pretending to do anything but wander the streets getting smashed, walking back and forth in a never-ending international gay suburbanite runway gawkfest. In all of its disastrousness, it’s kind of fun to watch. Over the last few years, Pink Saturday has gotten younger and younger, probably because San Francisco has never been a great place for queer youth, since there’s nowhere for queer youth to go. Except on Pink Saturday, when the bars are turned inside out so that the street is where it’s happening and inside just feels like a bad view. Oh, and the other thing about Pink Saturday is that it’s probably the only day of the year when dykes outnumber fags in the Castro, since the Dyke March ends right at Castro and Market and that’s usually where the main stage is placed. So there’s this crazy intersection between every dyke in the Bay Area and beyond, queer youth of all races flooding in from the suburbs, and the usual gay tourists and yuppies. I like to sit in front of Harvest Market, eat vegan soup and watch the crowds, gasping at the outfits, and cruising the fashion masculinity fags I wish I wasn’t attracted to. Over the last few years, this has been a tradition I’ve shared with my friend Hilary, who is usually visiting from LA, but now she’s just moved here - in fact, this year we actually decided to call it a tradition, and made a plan for 9:30 pm in our usual spot. I decide not to take the MUNI to the Castro, since it’s always so crowded on pride, but then I regret my decision since the bus is so slow. It looks like Market Street is blocked off earlier than usual, so I get out just after Church Street and sure enough there are all sorts of people sprawled out in the middle of Market and it kind of feels festive. I walk towards the barricades, and can’t figure out why exactly they go all the way across the sidewalk - usually there’s a place where the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence harass people for “donations,” but only several blocks up. This time some guy in an orange security t-shirt starts yelling at me from behind the barricades that this isn’t an entrance, I have to stand in line over there, and he points to the other side of the street where there are hundreds of people crammed together, trying to get in. I say oh, I’m just going to Harvest Market, right over there, but he yells at me that I have to stand in line, so then there I am, in line with hundreds of suburbanites and teenagers, and suburbanite teenagers. One of the Sisters is standing on the median in the middle of Market yelling through a bullhorn that we all need to stand in line, and I yell: why don’t you just open the fucking barricades? Then the blonde woman next to me, red-faced with booze, turns to me and says: do you think we should rush the line? I say not a bad idea, but people would probably get hurt, and she looks surprised and sad for a second, decides against that idea. Get this: the security staff yells at us that we need to form separate lines for “men” and “women”— I kid you not! Binary gender lines at a queer event in San Francisco, organized by a bunch of queens who dress as nuns. The security staff is frisking people and making people throw away water bottles, asking us if we have any drugs or sharp objects - wait, I thought this was a public street, I didnn’t realize we were visiting our friends in the tank at 850 Bryant. As far as I can tell, pretty much everyone who’s working security is straight, and aggressive, and way behind the security line are the Sisters, standing with their donation buckets and acting like they don’t notice the screaming hordes. My turn and the security guard pulls my bag out of my hand and tells me I have to get rid of my water bottle. My water bottle is one of those overpriced metal things that I carry around so that I don’t have to waste plastic everywhere - I don’t want to just throw it away, so I’m arguing with him and he says I’m not even supposed to let you bring your bag in, you’ll have to get in the back of the line, so finally I just throw the bottle to the side, in this pile of discarded plastic bottles, and then I walk through the financial checkpoint so enraged that my eyes are almost closed and it’s a good thing no one says anything to me because otherwise I would just rip them to shreds.

#### Heterosexism is the ground of violence—patriarchy was and is produced through a regulatory function of a supposedly natural heterosexuality; the division of human bodies into two sexes, one of which is oppressed because of unique structural functions at work in the creation of heterosexuality such as the procreation imperative and the assumption of gendered norms. Phenomenological anxiety and material violence is the inevitable fate of both women and queers so long as heteronormativity produces patriarchy.

Lloyd 2012 (Moya, “Heteronormativity and/as Violence: The “Sexing” of Gwen Araujo,” Hypatia. doi: 10.1111/hypa.12015)CJQ

As Sara Ahmed observes, heteronormativity refers to “more than simply the presumption that it is normal to be heterosexual,” however historically specific that idea may be. “The ‘norm,’” as she rightly notes, “is regulative” (Ahmed 2004, 149). Heteronormativity, I want to suggest, borrowing from Robyn Wiegman, is thus more accurately construed as both “the consequence as well as the sustaining force” (Wiegman 2006, 94) not just of norms of sexed anatomy that posit two (and only two) mutually exclusive but complementary kinds of bodies (one male, one female), most easily distinguishable by their different genitalia, but also, following Judith Butler, of norms of gender and sexuality (Butler 1990): specifically, the norms of binary gender that dictate that biological maleness naturally gives rise to masculinity and femaleness to femininity, and the norms of sexuality that construe heterosexuality as the outcome of “normal” psychological development and that ordain that heterosexual sex is “natural”—or, to put it another way, the norms that “naturalize” heterosexuality.11 As Butler and others have pointed out, such (hetero-)norms constitute both the bodies that conform to them as well as those that deviate from them (Butler 2004a, 42; see also Chambers 2007, 49 n. 17). This, of course, means that although as Corber and Valocchi remind us, phenomena such as intersex and transgender “provide graphic illustrations of the institutional and discursive power required to maintain the normative alignment of sex, gender, and sexuality” (Corber and Valocchi 2003, 9), heteronormativity also affects, though is not necessarily co-extensive with, heterosexuality. It conditions what it is acceptable to feel, who it is legitimate to be attracted to, and defines the kind of behavior attaching to heterosexual masculinity and femininity. In this sense, the impact of heteronormativity is both constitutive and regulatory. What, though, is violent about heteronormativity understood in this way? Here I turn to Butler's work to explain. In the course of discussing Monique Wittig's work in Gender Trouble, Butler writes that (for Wittig) “‘sex’ is the reality-effect of a violent process that is concealed” by its (re)presentation of sex as an “objective datum of experience” (Butler 1990, 114). In “Contingent Foundations” (Butler 1992), she elaborates further on what she understands by her earlier statement that categorization effects a “material and physical violence against the bodies” it claims merely to describe (Butler 1990, 116). She notes: Consider that most material of concepts, “sex,” which Monique Wittig calls a thoroughly political category, and which Michel Foucault calls a regulatory and “fictitious unity.” For both theorists, sex does not describe a prior materiality, but produces and regulates the intelligibility of the materiality of bodies. For both, and in different ways, the category of sex imposes a duality and a uniformity on bodies in order to maintain reproductive sexuality as a compulsory order…. I would like to suggest that this kind of categorization can be called a violent one, a forceful one, and that this discursive ordering and production of bodies in accord with the category of sex is itself a material violence. (17, my emphasis)

#### The affirmative’s focus on the reduction of political life to bare life operates as a kind of straight privilege—the queer, the black, the woman and the poor are all marked for death before they even start. They may oppose the sovereign but they still hoard power in the hands of the authoritarian heterosexist network of authority which already operates OUTSIDE of sovereign structures. Queers are cut out of the privileged operation of sovereignty—the best we get is a kind of glorified capitalist politics—their focus on the sovereign comes with a whole closet of heterosexist baggage. Reformism has failed queer activism—it’s time to act up.

Queer Nation 1990 (Queer Nation, originally ACT UP [AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power], was a radical, militant queer liberation group. Text taken from <http://www.historyisaweapon.com/defcon1/queernation.html>, altered to resist fascist censorship).

I have friends. Some of them are straight. Year after year, I see my straight friends. I want to see them, to see how they are doing, to add newness to our long and complicated histories, to experience some continuity. Year after year I continue to realize that the facts of my life are irrelevant to them and that I am only half listened to, that I am an appendage to the doings of a greater world, a world of power and privilege, of the laws of installation, a world of exclusion. "That's not true," argue my straight friends. There is the one certainty in the politics of power: those left out of it beg for inclusion, while the insiders claim that they already are. Men do it to women, whites do it to blacks, and everyone does it to queers. The main dividing line, both conscious and unconscious, is procreation ... and that magic word --- Family. Frequently, the ones we are born into disown us when they find out who we really are, and to make matters worse, we are prevented from having our own. We are punished, insulted, cut off, and treated like seditionaries in terms of child rearing, both damned if we try and damned if we abstain. It's as if the propagation of the species is such a fragile directive that without enforcing it as if it were an agenda, humankind would melt back into the primeval ooze. I hate having to convice straight people that lesbians and gays live in a war zone, that we're surrounded by bomb blasts only we seem to hear, that our bodies and souls are heaped high, dead from fright or bashed or raped, dying of grief or disease, stripped of our personhood. I hate straight people who can't listen to queer anger without saying "hey, all straight people aren't like that. I'm straight too, you know," as if their egos don't get enough stroking or protection in this arrogant, heterosexist world. Why must we take care of them, in the midst of our just anger brought on by their fucked up society?! Why add the reassurance of "Of course, I don't mean you. You don't act that way." Let them figure out for themselves whether they deserve to be included in our anger. But of course that would mean listening to our anger, which they almost never do. They deflect it, by saying "I'm not like that" or "Now look who's generalizing" or "You'll catch more flies with honey ... " or "If you focus on the negative you just give out more power" or "you're not the only one in the world who's suffering." They say "Don't yell at me, I'm on your side" or "I think you're overreacting" or "BOY, YOU'RE BITTER." They've taught us that good queers don't get mad. They've taught us so well that we not only hide our anger from them, we hide it from each other. WE EVEN HIDE IT FROM OURSELVES. We hide it with substance abuse and suicide and overarhcieving in the hope of proving our worth. They bash us and stab us and shoot us and bomb us in ever increasing numbers and still we freak out when angry queers carry banners or signs that say BASH BACK. For the last decade they let us die in droves and still we thank President Bush for planting a fucking tree, applaud him for likening PWAs to car accident victims who refuse to wear seatbelts. LET YOURSELF BE ANGRY. Let yourself be angry that the price of our visibility is the constant threat of violence, anti- queer violence to which practically every segment of this society contributes. Let yourself feel angry that THERE IS NO PLACE IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE WE ARE SAFE, no place where we are not targeted for hatred and attack, the self-hatred, the suicide --- of the closet. The next time some straight person comes down on you for being angry, tell them that until things change, you don't need any more evidence that the world turns at your expense. You don't need to see only hetero couple grocery shopping on your TV ... You don't want any more baby pictures shoved in your face until you can have or keep your own. No more weddings, showers, anniversaries, please, unless they are our own brothers and sisters celebrating. And tell them not to dismiss you by saying "You have rights," "You have privileges," "You're overreacting," or "You have a victim's mentality." Tell them "GO AWAY FROM ME, until YOU can change." Go away and try on a world without the brave, strong queers that are its backbone, that are its guts and brains and souls. Go tell them go away until they have spent a month walking hand in hand in public with someone of the same sex. After they survive that, then you'll hear what they have to say about queer anger. Otherwise, tell them to shut up and listen.

#### For the queer every walk home is an encounter with the specter of Matthew Sheppard and a governmental regime of securitization which subjects the queer body both to extra-legal violence in the form of queer bashings and the biopolitical affirmation of heterosexism; the risk of violence brought by standing outside of the closet constantly follows the queer in every step they take where they would announce their presence.

Edelman 2004 (Lee, Prof. English at Tufts University, “No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive,” Pp. 116-117)CJQ

In an atmosphere all atwitter with the cries that echo between those who merely watch and those who hunt such birds, what matter who killed Cock Robin! The logic of sinthomosexuality justifies that violent fate in advance by insisting that what such a cock had been robbing was always, in some sense, a cradle. And that cradle must endlessly rock, we've been told, even if the rhythm it rocks to beats out, with every blow of the beating delivered to Matthew Shepard's skull, a counterpoint to the melody's sacred hymn to the meaning of life. That meaning, continuously affirmed as it is both in and as cultural narrative, nonetheless never can rest secure and, in consequence, never can rest. The compulsive need for its repetition, for the drumbeat by which it pounds into our heads (and not always, though not infrequently, by pounding in a Matthew Shepard's) that the cradle bears always the meaning of futurity and the futurity of meaning, testifies to something exceeding the meaning it means thereby to assure: to a death drive that carries, on full-fledged wings, into the inner sanctum of meaning, into the reproductive mandate inherent in the logic of futurism itself, the burden of the radically negative force that sinthomosexuality names.

#### COUNTERPLAN TEXT: The Queer Nation should liberate this debate space by any means necessary.

#### Assimilation means DEATH—the construction of a radically queer space subverts normative regulation of gender and sexuality by denying heterosexual universality—specifically, annexing the debate space for the Queer Nation is a re-politicization of debate made possible only with the victory of Emporia at CEDA and the NDT. The universality of heterosexism is a fiction, another myth taught in schools that debate has an opportunity to confront.

Butler 2004 (Judith, Prof. Rhetoric and Comp. Lit. at UC-Berkeley, “Undoing Gender,” Pp. 3, Routledge Press)CJQ

There are advantages to remaining less than intelligible, if intelligibility is understood as that which is produced as a consequence of recognition according to prevailing social norms. Indeed, if my options are loathsome, if I have no desire to be recognized within a certain set of norms, then it follows that my sense of survival depends upon escaping the clutch of those norms by which recognition is conferred. It may well be that my sense of social belonging is impaired by the distance I take, but surely that estrangement is preferable to gaining a sense of intelligibility by virtue of norms that will only do me in from another direction. Indeed, the capacity to develop a critical relation to these norms presupposes a distance from them, an ability to suspend or defer the need for them, even as there is a desire for norms that might let one live. The critical relation depends as well on a capacity, invariably collective, to articulate an alternative, minority version of sustaining norms or ideals that enable me to act. If I am someone who cannot be without doing, then the conditions of my doing are, in part, the conditions of my existence. If my doing is dependent on what is done to me or, rather, the ways in which I am done by norms, then the possibility of my persistence as an “I” depends upon my being able to do something with what is done with me. This does not mean that I can remake the world so that I become its maker. That fantasy of godlike power only refuses the ways we are constituted, invariably and from the start, by what is before us and outside of us. My agency does not consist in denying this condition of my constitution. If I have any agency, it is opened up by the fact that I am constituted by a social world I never chose. That my agency is riven with paradox does not mean it is impossible. It means only that paradox is the condition of its possibility.

#### This can’t be combined with a politics that accepts any premise of heterosexist society; the integration of queerness into heterosexuality only produces a utopian “Gaylandia” which fails to account for what is queer about queers—namely, our distance and difference from straights. We need queer spaces, but more than that we need a queer space that is QUEER and not merely GAY.

Ruiz 2008 (Jason, Asst. Prof. American Studies, “The Violence of Assimilation: An Interview with Mattilda aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore” Radical Historical Review Winter 2008 2008(100))CJQ

We’re just so excited about gay cops, because if we have gay cops gunning down unarmed people of color, then we have arrived!” It’s the nightmare of identity politics where gay becomes an end point, a rationalization for celebrating the worst aspects of dominant-culture straight identity: nationalism, racism, classism, patriotism, consumerism, militarism, patriarchy, imperialism, misogyny; every other form of systemic violence becomes a hot accessory. I think the first time I saw the word homonormativity was actually in Eric Stanley’s essay in That’s Revolting. But the ideas behind it are absolutely central to the work that I’ve been doing for all my activist life, and it’s definitely something my last several books have engaged. In much the same way that heterosexist is really useful for thinking about homophobia, homonormative offers us the potential to see the violence that occurs when gays show unquestioning loyalty to many of the things that at this point are routinely challenged even within mainstream straight dominant cultures . . . it’s beyond heteronormative because it’s on a different level, it’s imitating straight people better than they would ever do it, perfecting the tools of oppression and rationalizing it to this extreme violence. I think homonormativity is a great way to look at that because there has to be some way of undoing it. My politics as a queer person have always been centered on challenging racism, classism, colonialism and imperialism, misogyny, and homophobia—all of that. It’s a feminist politics of challenging power that’s behind everything I do. This is the approach that I bring to challenging gay assimilation, which tells us that we all should be building this “Gaylandia” where everyone can shop in comfort and buy the right cocktails and the right accessories and the right Hummer and the right kind of dog. Maybe even buy the right kind of partner. Some people are even going abroad to adopt, buying the right kind of kid and saying, “Oh I love these really cute little Asian kids!” It’s a consumerist mentality. I think adoption—kid buying—is a fascinating example of the violence that many gay people have absorbed. It legitimates a scenario where people seem to be saying, “I don’t have to actually ask any questions about transnational adoption, because I’m a lesbian and I need these kids.”

#### And, their impact framing is precisely the kind of straight privilege that goes unnoticed in heterosexist spaces. Queer-bashings don’t happen because the queer is reduced to bare life which can then be exterminated; queer bashings happen because some straight people have power and want to go and kill a queer BECAUSE they are queer and BECAUSE they know that queers won’t do anything about it. Don’t accept Agamben’s premise here—look to the social location of who’s calling for what impact calculus.

#### We echo again the Queer Nation:

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After James Zappalorti, an openly gay man, was murdered in cold blood on Staten Island this winter, a single demonstration was held in protest. Only one hundred people came. When Yusef Hawkins, a black youth, was shot to death for being on "White turf" in Bensonhurst, African Americans marched through that neighborhood in large numbers again and again. A black person was killed because he was black, and people of color throughout the city recognized it and acted on it. The bullet that hit Hawkins was meant for a black man, any black man. Do most gays and lesbians think that the knife that punctured Zappalorti's heart was meant only for him?

The straight world has us so convinced that we are helpless and deserving victims of the violence against us, that queers are immobilized when faced with a threat. Be outraged! These attacks must not be tolerated. Do something. Recognize that any act of aggression against any member of our community is an attack on every member of the community. The more we allow homophobes to inflict violence, terror and fear on our lives, the more frequently and ferociously we will be the object of their hatred. Your body cannot be an open target for violence. Your body is worth protecting. You have a right to defend it. No matter what they tell you, your queerness must be defended and respected. You'd better learn that your life is immeasurably valuable, because unless you start believing that, it can easily be taken from you. If you know how to gently and efficiently immobilize your attacker, then by all means, do it. If you lack those skills, then think about gouging out his fucking eyes, slamming his nose back into his brain, slashing his throat with a broken bottle - do whatever you can, whatever you have to, to save your life!

#### The question of solvency is IRRELEVANT in the scheme of heterosexist domination. Paradigms of utility have foreclosed the possibility of reading queer movements as “productive” in any way. What we need is a radical queer geography—a geography of the body and of ideology, a bulwark to fight back against heterosexist domination.

Winnubst 2006 (Shannon, Asst. Prof. Women’s Studies, “Queering Freedom,” 2006 Pp. 162-163)CJQ

Utility writes itself into our bodies in this culture of advanced capitalist phallicized whiteness in the very temporalities we inhabit. And the effects across the social map of power are abundant, expressing the distinct registers of oppression. When we hear that damning phrase “Make yourself useful!” the conscience of phallicized whiteness stings. We are judged nothing but guilty by this Protestant demand. There is nothing to do with that guilt, nowhere to go with it. And so we, the subjects of power in this culture of phallicized whiteness, project that guilt across bodies of lesser power, changing the phrase accordingly: “Make yourself useful, boyyy . . . ” A southern twang, the mean trace of slavery’s history, lingers in that damning last word, which is always implied if not spoken in the command itself. It pulls the command out of the sky of abstractions and slams it squarely on the ground. This ain’t about no lofty ideals—this is about bodies. Bodies of control and bodies to be controlled. Bodies of discipline and bodies in need of discipline. Bodies of power and bodies that obey. Bodies and histories. That simple, far from innocent “boyyy” cuts the demand straight into its fundamental register—the old but hauntingly familiar voice of the patronizing white overseer that never seems to die. Whether spoken sternly by a parent to a child, frankly by a boss to an employee, reprimandingly by a teacher to a student, or jokingly by a friend to a companion, it is the same voice speaking and the “boyyy” is at the end of every sentence. This command of utility, whenever and however spoken, is about bodies—black, brown, white, yellow; queer, female, trans, disabled, poor; Jewish, Catholic, Muslim, Hindu. It is about bodies and the ways that utility seeps into them through their social mappings of power.

#### And, you HAVE TO TAKE A SIDE. Either you are for or against the Queer Nation—either you accept the idea of a queer space or you recoil against it. There is no middle ground; the myth of neutral judgment presupposes a free-floating subjectivity, the ultimate desire of heterosexist patriarchy.

Winnubst 2006 (Shannon, Asst. Prof. Women’s Studies, “Queering Freedom,” 2006 Pp. 54-5)CJQ

We must then ask the difficult and painful question of whether the law, with its own grounding in a neutrality that attempts to attenuate the effects of history, is the appropriate space in which to attempt to remedy the violences of systems of oppression. How can a system that reads history as accidents, which are external to the ontology of subjectivity and therefore must be overcome, function as a judge of when and whether historical violence has been remedied? How can a system that grounds itself in the apolitical, ahistorical, a-material realm of the neutral individual claim to resolve violent differences of power, history, and materiality? Iris Marion Young argues that advocates of affirmative action must shift the categories of their positions away from the myths of neutrality if they are to address the power differentials (of racism or sexism) that they are aiming to resist. Offering compelling evidence from arenas such as standardized testing in education and systems of judgment in employment settings, Young shows that neutrality is impossible when assessing merit (1990, 200–214). She thereby argues for a retooling of the concept of equality away from its grounding in neutrality. Developing a process of “democratic decisionmaking,” Young argues against the myth of objectivity and, implicitly drawing on feminist standpoint theory, argues for the inclusion of many voices in determining standards of judgment. As she urges us away from neutrality and its restricted reading of difference as a burden, she suggests that “equality . . . is sometimes better served by differential treatment” (1990, 195). Young thereby uncovers the unnecessary and invidious connection between neutrality and equality.31 In tying equality to neutrality, the framework of classical liberalism requires the erasure of history, power, and differences for the maintenance of freedom and equality. But what if history, power, and differences cannot be erased? What if they are the ontological conditions in which humans exist? Or, even worse, what if the lure of erasing them—or of acting as if they can be erased—is a fundamental tool of phallicized whiteness, one that will always perpetuate its domination?

### Block

#### Do not hide behind the rainbow flag—the language of multicultural inclusion and pacification is the constant move of authoritarians everywhere, espousing the goodwill of the masters. Don’t buy into the permutation—transform this debate a direct action extravaganza.

Mattilda 2011 (Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore, self-described “gender queer, faggot, and a queen, on the trans continuum,” radical activist, writer, troublemaker, “An Interview with Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore,” http://wewhofeeldifferently.info/interview.php?interview=110)CJQ

Most people with power hide behind the rainbow flag and figure out ways to oppress everyone else and get away with it. People ask me what the alternative is and I think the beginning of the alternative is to be able to articulate the horrible violence that is happening and not to conform to this sort of “sweatshop produced rainbow flag” vision of normality. CM: And also to insist that there people that do not feel represented by that movement, and that there are people that exist outside of those ideas of what being gay, lesbian, or trans is, don’t you think? MBS: Absolutely, and also to create more space for people on the margin. CM: In your work you have talked about the idea of opening up more space for people to live better lives, as opposed to taking away things. Can you speak about that? MBS: When I identify as “queer,” it is just not about being queer sexually, it is about being queer in every way: It is a way of creating alternatives to mainstream notions of love, who you fuck, what you look like, how you eat, and how you live. I want to be able to challenge the violence that is happening. That is what I learned from “direct action activism.” I was also involved with Gay Shame, a group that emerged in New York in 1998. Originally what we wanted to do was to create a radical alternative to “Gay Pride.” Instead of having an endless gated procession of corporate floats, we thought we would just invite people for free into a space to share skills and strategies for resistance. We had bands, music, dancing and also people talking about welfare reform, trans liberation, or gentrification in New York. We thought we could make culture on our own terms. When I moved to San Francisco we started Gay Shame there along similar lines, it was a “direct action extravaganza”; we were committed to challenging the hypocrisy, not just of mainstream gay people but also of all hypocrites.

#### Their archeological analysis is a straight luxury; the queer does not have time to sit around and think about the nature of sovereignty—every day is a precarious encounter with death.

Bersani 2010 (Leo, Prof. French at UC – Berkeley, “Is the Rectum a Grave? And other essays,” Pp. 5-6, University of Chicago Press)CJQ

All of this is, as I say, familiar ground, and I mention these few disparate items more or less at random simply as a reminder of where our analytical inquiry starts, and to suggest that, given the nature of that starting point, analysis, while necessary, may also be an indefensible luxury. I share Watney’s interpretive interests, but it is also important to say that, morally, the only necessary response to all of this is rage. “AIDS,” Watney writes, “is effectively being used as a pretext throughout the West to ‘justify’ calls for increasing legislation and regulation of those who are considered to be socially unacceptable” (p. 3). And the unacceptable ones in the AIDS crisis are, of course, male homosexuals and IV drug users (many of the latter, are, as we know, poor blacks and Hispanics). Is it unjust to suggest that News of the World readers and the gun- toting British vicar are representative examples of the “general public’s” response to AIDS? Are there more decent heterosexuals around, heterosexuals who don’t awaken a passionate yearning not to share the same planet with them? Of course there are, but—and this is particularly true of England and the United States—power is in the hands of those who give every sign of being able to sympathize more with the murderous “moral” fury of the good vicar than with the agony of a terminal KS patient. It was, after all, the Justice Department of the United States that issued a legal opinion stating that employers could fire employees with AIDS if they had so much as the suspicion that the virus could be spread to other workers, regardless of medical evidence. It was the American Secretary of Health and Human Services who recently urged Congress to defer action on a bill that would ban discrimination against people infected with HIV, and who also argued against the need for a federal law guaranteeing the confi dentiality of HIV antibody test results.

#### Focus on language reifies white straight Christian privilege—it makes a virtue of inaction and displaces agency into printed letters.

Winnubst 2006 (Shannon, Asst. Prof. Women’s Studies, “Queering Freedom,” 2006 Pp. 45-46)CJQ

First of all, I want to emphasize that this demarcation of social differences occurs at the level of the body. Despite high modernity’s disavowal of embodiment, the body continues to be the site of racial, sexual, and even class, religious, and nationalist differentiation. Embodiment itself is not deemed a philosophical category in high modernity, despite Locke’s empiricist epistemology.24 The singular function and significance of embodiment is its role as the negative counterpart, and thus appropriate limit, to rationality. To discuss embodiment in and of itself, without deriving it through this binary logic, is not only impossible but unthinkable, as is evident in the ongoing post-Hegelian attempts to do so in European philosophy. Embodiment is a fundamental and constitutive blind spot, a disavowal that enacts the logic of the limit by assuming rationality’s ability to delimit the intelligible from the sensible. It subsequently renders much of modernity’s epistemological and political projects possible: transcendental truth, objectivity, universal freedom, individualism, and the language of rights are all conditioned by a disavowal of the body. But this disavowal of embodiment also fundamentally structures phallicized whiteness—the nexus of categories, structures, and values at work in the subjectivity of white male propertied (straight) Christianity. The disavowal of embodiment grants phallicized whiteness the power to perpetrate racial and sexual violence in western cultures. One owns one’s body, and this mode of relating to it as private property allows one to dispense with it, to disavow its meaningful existence in one’s life or the world. How do embodiment and its disavowal lie at the heart of philosophical high modernity and its concept of freedom, the subjectivity of phallicized whiteness, and the political power of each of these? And how are these enactments of the logic of the limit?

#### And, power is exercised at the level of the body, not discourse. The 1AC impact framing mechanism is an operation of heterosexist privilege which obfuscates the material oppression faced by the queer, black, female and arab bodies.

Winnubst 2006 (Shannon, Asst. Prof. Women’s Studies, “Queering Freedom,” 2006 Pp. 162-163)CJQ

Utility writes itself into our bodies in this culture of advanced capitalist phallicized whiteness in the very temporalities we inhabit. And the effects across the social map of power are abundant, expressing the distinct registers of oppression. When we hear that damning phrase “Make yourself useful!” the conscience of phallicized whiteness stings. We are judged nothing but guilty by this Protestant demand. There is nothing to do with that guilt, nowhere to go with it. And so we, the subjects of power in this culture of phallicized whiteness, project that guilt across bodies of lesser power, changing the phrase accordingly: “Make yourself useful, boyyy . . . ” A southern twang, the mean trace of slavery’s history, lingers in that damning last word, which is always implied if not spoken in the command itself. It pulls the command out of the sky of abstractions and slams it squarely on the ground. This ain’t about no lofty ideals—this is about bodies. Bodies of control and bodies to be controlled. Bodies of discipline and bodies in need of discipline. Bodies of power and bodies that obey. Bodies and histories. That simple, far from innocent “boyyy” cuts the demand straight into its fundamental register—the old but hauntingly familiar voice of the patronizing white overseer that never seems to die. Whether spoken sternly by a parent to a child, frankly by a boss to an employee, reprimandingly by a teacher to a student, or jokingly by a friend to a companion, it is the same voice speaking and the “boyyy” is at the end of every sentence. This command of utility, whenever and however spoken, is about bodies—black, brown, white, yellow; queer, female, trans, disabled, poor; Jewish, Catholic, Muslim, Hindu. It is about bodies and the ways that utility seeps into them through their social mappings of power.

#### The focus on discourse and regulatory regimes is too broad—it excludes queer specificity.

Butler 2004 (Judith, Prof. Rhetoric and Comp. Lit. at UC-Berkeley, “Undoing Gender,” Pp. 41, Routledge Press)CJQ

Particular kinds of regulations may be understood as instances of a more general regulatory power, one that is specified as the regulation of gender. Here I contravene Foucault in some respects. For if the Foucaultian wisdom seems to consist in the insight that regulatory power has certain broad historical characteristics, and that it operates on gender as well as on other kinds of social and cultural norms, then it seems that gender is but the instance of a larger regulatory operation of power. I would argue against this subsumption of gender to regulatory power that the regulatory apparatus that governs gender is one that is itself genderspecific. I do not mean to suggest that the regulation of gender is paradigmatic of regulatory power as such, but rather, that gender requires and institutes its own distinctive regulatory and disciplinary regime.

#### There’s an assimilation disad to the perm; the perm overcodes queer difference within a heterosexist order by folding queer activism within a straight frame of reference—affirming the particularity of queer positionality is a prior question.

Bersani 2010 (Leo, Prof. French at UC – Berkeley, “Is the Rectum a Grave? And other essays,” Pp. 40-41, University of Chicago Press)CJQ

The psychoanalytic inquiry can be politicized in ways generally not allowed for by queer theorists. Like Eve Sedgwick, most of these thinkers feel that accounts of the origin of sexual preference and identity in individuals run counter to politically gay- affi rmative work. The trouble is that gay affirmation has become a tame affair, which is perhaps inevitable when we are that suspicious of sexual identities. Queer rhetoric, as in Butler’s definition of lesbians as people who know how homophobia operates against women, can be deliberately inflammatory, but in rejecting the sexual specificity of queerness we have become more and more inclined to define our communitarian goals in terms provided by the homophobic community. It seems at times as if we can no longer imagine anything more politically stimulating than to struggle for acceptance as good soldiers, good priests, and good parents. While I remain enough of a liberal to believe that we should defend people’s rights to serve whatever worthy or unworthy cause inspires them, I’m more excited by some glorious precedents for thinking of homosexuality as truly disruptive—as a force not limited to the modest goal of tolerance for diverse lifestyles, but perhaps even mandating the choice of an outlaw existence. That choice (which I’ll elaborate on in a moment) would be quite different from what currently passes for queer politics. Suspicious of any enforced identity, gays and lesbians play subversively—a word I’ve come to distrust, since it doesn’t seem to mean much more than engaging in naughty parodies—with normative identities, attempting, for example, to resignify the family for communities that defy the usual assumptions about what constitutes a family. These efforts can have assimilative rather than subversive consequences; having de-gayed themselves, gays melt into the very culture they like to think of themselves as undermining. Or, having “realistically” abandoned what Steven Seidman, in his essay for Fear of a Queer Planet, calls a “millenial vision” of dominations’s demise, we resign ourselves to the micropolitics of local struggles for participatory democracy and social justice—not shying away, as Seidman puts it, “from spelling out a vision of a better society in terms resonant to policy makers and activists.” We thus reveal political ambitions about as stirring as those reflected on the bumper stickers that enjoin us to “think globally and act locally.”

#### The end result is a self-erasing politics—any risk of a link carries a potential politics of seduction, the internalization of heterosexist desire which turns all revolutionary politics against itself.

Bersani 2010 (Leo, Prof. French at UC – Berkeley, “Is the Rectum a Grave? And other essays,” Pp. 14-15, University of Chicago Press)CJQ

The dead seriousness of the gay commitment to machismo (by which I of course don’t mean that all gays share, or share unambivalently, this commitment) means that gay men run the risk of idealizing and feeling inferior to certain representations of masculinity on the basis of which they are in fact judged and condemned. The logic of homosexual desire includes the potential for a loving identification with the gay man’s enemies. And that is a fantasy- luxury that is at once inevitable and no longer permissible. Inevitable because a sexual desire for men can’t be merely a kind of culturally neutral attraction to a Platonic Idea of the male body; the object of that desire necessarily includes a socially determined and socially pervasive definition of what it means to be a man. Arguments for the social construction of gender are by now familiar. But such arguments almost invariably have, for good political reasons, quite a different slant; they are didactically intended as demonstrations that the male and female identities proposed by a patriarchal and sexist culture are not to be taken for what they are proposed to be: ahistorical, essential, biologically determined identities. Without disagreeing with this argument, I want to make a different point, a point understandably less popular with those impatient to be freed of oppressive and degrading self- defi nitions. What I’m saying is that a gay man doesn’t run the risk of loving his oppressor only in the ways in which blacks or Jews might more or less secretly collaborate with their oppressors—that is, as a consequence of the oppression, of that subtle corruption by which a slave can come to idolize power, to agree that he should be enslaved because he is enslaved, that he should be denied power because he doesn’t have any. But blacks and Jews don’t become blacks and Jews as a result of that internalization of an oppressive mentality, whereas that internalization is in part constitutive of male homosexual desire, which, like all sexual desire, combines and confuses impulses to appropriate and to identify with the object of desire.

#### Their permutations can’t take any principled ethical action—failure to retain meaningful connections to the movement’s cause swamps political energies within institutional confines.

Ruiz 2008 (Jason, Asst. Prof. American Studies, “The Violence of Assimilation: An Interview with Mattilda aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore” Radical Historical Review Winter 2008 2008(100))CJQ

What I’m interested in exploring is how intersections emerge in unexpected ways. Coalitional politics for me often means people sort of tacking on identities to one another, like “My real issue is that I’m queer, but I’m also interested in fighting racism and classism.” I’m not interested in that. That, to me, is like putting Post-it notes on yourself. Post-it notes fall off, and when they’re off they’re gone, and you can’t do anything with them. I’m much more interested in an intersectional analysis that comes from a core; one that says, “I’m queer and that means fighting racism, fighting classism, fighting homophobia; you can’t take them apart.” I think a lot of people don’t understand that. They say, “What do you mean you’re fighting police brutality because you’re queer? Is it because queers are being abused by the police?” Sure, sometimes queers are abused by the police. But actually white queers are not being gunned down by the cops in New York City or Los Angeles or Minneapolis or wherever; it’s happening to people of color. And as a queer person, I have to fight that police brutality because that is the violence that’s going on around me.

#### And, their cross-x belief in rationality operates to transform their discourse into one bound to patriarchal and heterosexist discourses of whiteness and privilege—they reinforce networks of power even as they think they question the sovereign.

Winnubst 2006 (Shannon, Asst. Prof. Women’s Studies, “Queering Freedom,” 2006 Pp. 45)CJQ

Broad cultural structures of race and sexual difference thus surface as a complicated nexus of power relations in post-bellum practices such as miscegenation, the one-drop rule, and lynching. In these practices, the intersections of race and sex produce a confusing conflation of values that serve as smoke screens to obfuscate the protected, unmarked subject position of the white man. Values such as purity, virginity, and passivity are written on the female body as inherent qualities. In what should appear as an obvious contraposition, values such as bestiality, aggression, and uncivilized nature are written on the black body. The black female body, left in the wreckage of embodying these contradictory ‘natural’ traits, becomes a general aberration that is treated with confusion and fear. And the white male body emerges as the unmarked, normative mode of subjectivity. Or, to put this in the terms above, the white male body solidifies his position as the modern man—the rational, transcendental man in control of both nature and history. The mode of rationality that defines high modernity—namely, as instrumental, transcendental, and detached from history—expresses itself directly in the mode of subjectivity inhabited by white propertied Christian (straight) men in the post-bellum United States. It is what enables and ensures their power over nature and the social field of relations, and their subsequent freedom.

#### Their limits arguments construct criteria by which to normalize debater’s subjectivities; in the same way that queers stay in the closet and police their own performances of gender, heterosexism overdetermines their predictable limits to make their education fascist.

Ruffolo 2009 (David V., University of Toronto, “Post-Queer Theory” Pp. 88-89)CJQ

Let us begin with hierarchical observations. This is by and large a strategy that conditions subjects through uninterrupted observations that provide continuous surveillance. Foucault uses the example of the military camp as an “artificial city” maintained through hierarchical observation: “In the perfect camp, all power would be exercised solely through exact observation; each gaze would form a part of the overall functioning of power” (171). It maintains order through a disciplinary gaze that ranges from, for instance, the visible and unverifiable aspects of panopticism to the counting of products that a worker produces on an assembly line. Hierarchical observation instills structural discipline through the self-disciplining of subjects. It provides the organization to execute normalizing judgements that are created through what Foucault terms “micro-penalties” of time, activity, behaviour, speech, body, and sexuality: The workshop, the school, the army were subject to a whole micro-penalty of time (lateness, absences, interruptions of tasks), of activity (inattention, negligence, lack of zeal), of behaviour (impoliteness, disobedience), of speech (idle chatter, insolence), of the body (‘incorrect’ attitudes, irregular gestures, lack of cleanliness), of sexuality (impurity, indecency). (178) These micro-penalties produce responsible (i.e., obedient) subjects because hierarchical observations ensure that normalizing judgements are carried out. Although collective identities are produced categorically—the worker-subject; the student-subject; the soldier-subject—hierarchical observations and normalizing judgements ensure the individualization of subjects through, for instance, levels of production, academic achievement, and personnel ranking. The individualizing practices of disciplinary societies result in subjects being compared to each other and the overall production of what it means to be normal. Examinations become necessary to maintain the production of “normal” subjects through the justified corrections of “abnormal” subjects. We see this in the student who fails a test, the patient who receives a ‘positive’ diagnosis, and the prisoner who disobeys an order. The examination is an exercise of power where subjects are a part of a field of documentation: schools record academic achievements; hospitals track diseases; and the military records the positions of bodies. The individualizing practices of hierarchical observations, normalizing judgements, and examinations discipline subjects through the production of “normal” and “abnormal” discourses. Foucault’s earlier work on disciplinary societies centers around these notions of subjection and how bodies become subjects through such relations of power. We see this clearly in the first volume of History of Sexuality (1978) where he argues that sexuality is not repressed (repressive hypothesis) but is a science (scientia sexualis). Subjection implies that subjects are inscribed by discourse and are required to reproduce norms in order to be read as intelligible. For example, the process of attaining a driver’s license requires a subject to follow specific discursive practices that translate into the issuance of a driver’s license: age requirement, driving test, cost of issuance, retaining the physical license, etc. These normalizing practices that translate into a valid license create a normal subject: the insured and qualified driver. At the same time that subjects are produced through these discourses, they learn to rely on them to give them access to specific modes of transportation. As Butler states, “power imposes itself on us, and, weakened by its force, we come to internalize or accept its terms…‘we’ who accept such terms are fundamentally dependent on those for ‘our’ existence” (1997b, 2).

#### This round is an intimately political space—educational regimes coordinate with securitization and depoliticization. We need to infuse education with a political queerness to create space for alternative modes of being.

Queer Nation 1990 (Queer Nation, originally ACT UP [AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power], was a radical, militant queer liberation group. Text taken from <http://www.historyisaweapon.com/defcon1/queernation.html>, altered to resist fascist censorship).

I hate Jesse Helms. I hate Jesse Helms so much I'd rejoice if he dropped down dead. If someone killed him I'd consider it his own fault.

I hate Ronald Reagan, too, because he mass-murdered my people for eight years. But to be honest, I hate him even more for eulogizing Ryan White without first admitting his guilt, without begging forgiveness for Ryan's death and for the deaths of tens of thousands of other PWA's - most of them queer. I hate him for making a mockery of our grief. I hate the fucking Pope, and I hate John fucking Cardinal O'Connor, and I hate the whole fucking Catholic Church. The same goes for the Military, and especially for Amerika's Law Enforcement Officials - the cops - state sanctioned sadists who brutalize street transvestites, prostitutes and queer prisoners. I also hate the medical and mental health establishments, particularly the psychiatrist who convinced me not to have sex with men for three years until we (meaning he) could make me bisexual rather than queer. I also hate the education profession, for its share in driving thousands of queer teens to suicide every year. I hate the "respectable" art world; and the entertainment industry, and the mainstream media, especially The New York Times. In fact, I hate every sector of the straight establishment in this country - the worst of whom actively want all queers dead, the best of whom never stick their necks out to keep us alive. I hate straight people who think they have anything intelligent to say about "outing." I hate straight people who think stories about themselves are "universal" but stories about us are only about homosexuality. I hate straight recording artists who make their careers off of queer people, then attack us, then act hurt when we get angry and then deny having wronged us rather than apologize for it. I hate straight people who say, "I don't see why you feel the need to wear those buttons and t-shirts. I don't go around tell the whole world I'm straight." I hate that in twelve years of public education I was never taught about queer people. I hate that I grew up thinking I was the only queer in the world, and I hate even more that most queer kids still grow up the same way. I hate that I was tormented by other kids for being a faggot, but more that I was taught to feel ashamed for being the object of their cruelty, taught to feel it was my fault. I hate that the Supreme Court of this country says it's okay to criminalize me because of how I make love. I hate that so many straight people are so concerned about my goddamned sex life. I hate that so many twisted straight people become parents, while I have to fight like hell to be allowed to be a father. I hate straights.