\*\*1NC

FW

Again, generic shit – does anyone care?

Mao

Same as r1

Death

The 1ac turns the objects of their discussion into things that are used for us, instead of things used in and of themselves – they are monkeys, claiming that the textual objects of the 1AC are bananas that they use for their own pleasure

Galloway 12 - Phd in Literature, Associate professor in the Department of Media, Culture, and Communication at New York University (Alexander, http://itself.wordpress.com/2012/12/10/the-secondary-correlation-further-thoughts-on-the-realism-kerfuffle/#more-9222, The Secondary Correlation — Further Thoughts on the Realism Kerfuffle, December 10th, 2012)

“Why is it ‘correlationist’ to propose an ontology that looks like the mode of production? Doesn’t correlationism mean something different?” — Let’s take Laruelle’s definition of the correlationist principle, “the communicational is real, and the real is communicational.” Now **consider** Harman and **OOO**. In the most rudimentary sense, object-oriented software is a communicational apparatus in that it specifies how data can move between different parts of software objects. So for Harman to say that the real \*is\* that way, he’s a correlationist. But then again that’s hardly fair, since for Laruelle all philosophers are correlationists. So if you don’t like Laruelle’s definition, take Meillassoux’s use of correlationism. **It’s precisely the “in itself” vs “for us” that’s at stake**. My claim is that, after Google et al., **objects and networks move** **definitively into the “for us” category**. Consider a hypothetical: what if Harman said “I endow the capacity of photosynthesis to all objects.” He might be wrong — at least for non plants — but at least he \*wouldn’t\* be a correlationist. Yet that’s not what Harman does, **he picks one of the most “for us” aspects of contemporary society,** the post-fordist infrastructure of object-orientation, **and then grants it to all real things. It’s a bit like a monkey saying “in my ontology, everything is a banana**.” Absurd of course. Yet even **if it were 100% true, it would still be a “for monkey” ontology.** Harman, a non-monkey, seems to be doing something quite similar. **We live today in a world of encapsulated, withdrawn objects existing at different scales and connected in networks**. And, coincidentally, **OOO describes an ontology of encapsulated, withdrawn objects existing at different scfsales and connected in networks**. Why are they the same? Again, let me be clear: this doesn’t mean anything in particular and it doesn’t mean OOO is tainted in any way. It simply means that **OOO ought to \*explain\* the correlation. If you’re striving for the “in itself,” why return to the “for us”?**

Textual objects have an existence of their own right and are meaningful absent interpretation – refuse the essentialzing interpretation of the 1ac

Bryant 12 - Professor of Philosophy at Collin College (Levi R., Author of a number of articles on Deleuze, Badiou, Zizek, Lacan, and political theory, July 24th, 2012, http://larvalsubjects.wordpress.com/2012/07/24/radical-ethnography-or-situated-knowledge-a-response-to-a-friend/)

Your tone here sounds a bit irritated. I hope I didn’t provoke that as it wasn’t my intention. I don’t think I understood your point, but genuinely disagree with you. **While I readily acknowledge that** the cave **painters were the cause of the paintings, I** strongly **disagree that the painters are a part of the being of the painting**. **Just as ones parents are the cause of one’s being while nonetheless the child is an autonomous being**, **the painting is an autonomous beings that have its own power that exceed any particular cultural or historical context**. I don’t disagree that the question of what the paintings were for the cave painters is an interesting and important one, but in raising that question we’ve entered into a new machinic relation and are no longer talking about the paintings for themselves as autonomous entities that circulate throughout the world beyond their origins. What they were for a particular group is an important issue. My only point is that **no work** can ever be reduced– **nor** any **entity**, for that matter –**can be reduced to what it is for another entity**.

Voting aff functions as an interpretation of the 1ac speech act. When you vote aff, you have made a value judgement on the speech and thereby decided what it means – the alternative requires the destruction of the structures that allow for systems of meaning to be created – refuse to interpret the 1ac in the way that they want you to, or in any way at all

Sontag 66 (Susan, Against Interpretation, http://www.uiowa.edu/~c08g001d/Sontag\_AgainstInterp.pdf)

The fact is, all Western consciousness of and reflection upon art have remained within the confines staked out by the Greek theory of art as mimesis or representation. It is through this theory that art as such - above and beyond given works of art - becomes problematic, in need of defense. And it is the defense of art which gives birth to the odd vision by which something we have learned to call "form"is separated off from something we have learned to call "content," and to the well-intentioned move which makes content essential and form accessory. Even in modern times, when most artists and critics have discarded the theory of art as representation of an outer reality in favor of the theory of art as subjective expression, the main feature of the mimetic theory persists. Whether we conceive of the work of art on the model of a picture (art as a picture of reality) or on the model of a statement (art as the statement of the artist), content still comes first. The content may have changed. It may now be less figurative, less lucidly realistic. But it is still assumed that a work of art is its content. Or, as it's usually put today, that a work of art by definition says something. ("What X is saying is . . . ," "What X is trying to say is . . . ," "What X said is . . ." etc., etc.) 2 None of us can ever retrieve that innocence before all theory when art knew no need to justify itself, when one did not ask of a work of art what it said because one knew (or thought one knew) what it did. From now to the end of consciousness, we are stuck with the task of defending art. We can only quarrel with one or another means of defense. Indeed, we have an obligation to overthrow any means of defending and justifying art which becomes particularly obtuse or onerous or insensitive to contemporary needs and practice. This is the case, today, with the very idea of content itself. Whatever it may have been in the past, the idea of content is today mainly a hindrance, a nuisance, a subtle or not so subtle philistinism. Though the actual developments in many arts may seem to be leading us away from the idea that a work of art is primarily its content, the idea still exerts an extraordinary hegemony. I want to suggest that this is because the idea is now perpetuated in the guise of a certain way of encountering works of art thoroughly ingrained among most people who take any of the arts seriously. What the overemphasis on the idea of content entails is the perennial, never consummated project of interpretation. And, conversely, it is the habit of approaching works of art in order to interpret them that sustains the fancy that there really is such a thing as the content of a work of art. 3 Of course, I don't mean interpretation in the broadest sense, the sense in which Nietzsche (rightly) says, "There are no facts, only interpretations." By interpretation, I mean here a conscious act of the mind which illustrates a certain code, certain "rules" of interpretation. Directed to art, interpretation means plucking a set of elements (the X, the Y, the Z, and so forth) from the whole work. The task of interpretation is virtually one of translation. The interpreter says, Look, don't you see that X is really - or, really means - A? That Y is really B? That Z is really C? What situation could prompt this curious project for transforming a text? History gives us the materials for an answer. Interpretation first appears in the culture of late classical antiquity, when the power and credibility of myth had been broken by the "realistic" view of the world introduced by scientific enlightenment. Once the question that haunts post-mythic consciousness - that of the seemliness of religious symbols - had been asked, the ancient texts were, in their pristine form, no longer acceptable. Then interpretation was summoned, to reconcile the ancient texts to "modern" demands. Thus, the Stoics, to accord with their view that the gods had to be moral, allegorized away the rude features of Zeus and his boisterous clan in Homer's epics. What Homer really designated by the adultery of Zeus with Leto, they explained, was the union between power and wisdom. In the same vein, Philo of Alexandria interpretedthe literal historical narratives of the Hebrew Bible as spiritual paradigms. The story of the exodus from Egypt, the wandering in the desert for forty years, and the entry into the promised land, said Philo, was really an allegory of the individual soul's emancipation, tribulations, and final deliverance. Interpretation thus presupposes a discrepancy between the clear meaning of the text and the demands of (later) readers. It seeks to resolve that discrepancy. The situation is that for some reason a text has become unacceptable; yet it cannot be discarded. Interpretation is a radical strategy for conserving an old text, which is thought too precious to repudiate, by revamping it. The interpreter, without actually erasing or rewriting the text, is altering it. But he can't admit to doing this. He claims to be only making it intelligible, by disclosing its true meaning. However far the interpreters alter the text (another notorious example is the Rabbinic and Christian "spiritual" interpretations of the clearly erotic Song of Songs), they must claim to be reading off a sense that is already there. Interpretation in our own time, however, is even more complex. For the contemporary zeal for the project of interpretation is often prompted not by piety toward the troublesome text (which may conceal an aggression), but by an open aggressiveness, an overt contempt for appearances. The old style of interpretation was insistent, but respectful; it erected another meaning on top of the literal one. The modern style of interpretation excavates, and as it excavates, destroys; it digs "behind" the text, to find a sub-text which is the true one. The most celebrated and influential modern doctrines, those of Marx and Freud, actually amount to elaborate systems of hermeneutics, aggressive and impious theories of interpretation. All observable phenomena are bracketed, in Freud's phrase, as manifest content. This manifest content must be probed and pushed aside to find the true meaning - the latent content - beneath. For Marx, social events like revolutions and wars; for Freud, the events of individual lives (like neurotic symptoms and slips of the tongue) as well as texts (like a dream or a work of art) - all are treated as occasions for interpretation. According to Marx and Freud, these events only seem to be intelligible. Actually, they have no meaning without interpretation. To understand is to interpret. And to interpret is to restate the phenomenon, in effect to find an equivalent for it. Thus, interpretation is not (as most people assume) an absolute value, a gesture of mind situated in some timeless realm of capabilities. Interpretation must itself be evaluated, within a historical view of human consciousness. In some cultural contexts, interpretation is a liberating act. It is a means of revising, of transvaluing, of escaping the dead past. In other cultural contexts, it is reactionary, impertinent, cowardly, stifling. 4 Today is such a time, when the project of interpretation is largely reactionary, stifling. Like the fumes of the automobile and of heavy industry which befoul the urban atmosphere, the effusion of interpretations of art today poisons our sensibilities. In a culture whose already classical dilemma is the hypertrophy of the intellect at the expense of energy and sensual capability, interpretation is the revenge of the intellect upon art. Even more. It is the revenge of the intellect upon the world. To interpret is to impoverish, to deplete the world - in order to set up a shadow world of "meanings." It is to turn the world into this world. ("This world"! As if there were any other.)The world, our world, is depleted, impoverished enough. Away with all duplicates of it, until we again experience more immediately what we have.

SUICIDE BOMB THE 1AC – DESTROY THE MEANING OF THE TEXT

Fernando 10 (Jeremy Fernando, The Suicide Bomber and her gift of death, 2010, pg 213 - \_\_\_, DA: 1/24/12)

The poet, irremediably split between exaltation and vulgarity, between the autonomy that produces the concept within intuition and the foolish earthly being, functions as a contaminant for philosophy – a being who since Plato, has been trying to read and master an eviction notice served by philosophy. The poet as genius continues to threaten and fascinate, menacing the philosopher with the beyond of knowledge. Philosophy cringes. If we recall the words of Paul Cenan, the words that we turned to earlier, that of “poetry does not impose itself, it exposes itself,” one’s instinctive reaction – the thought that comes to mind without thinking, without knowing – is the question ‘expose itself to what?’ Whilst it is easy, too easy, to dismiss a naïve question like that, it would be to our detriment if we choose not to attend it, not to attend a possibility that sometimes lies in the simplest of questions, the silly questions, as it were. After all, if one exposes oneself, it can only be so if there was something, or someone to expose oneself to. There has to be a witness to the exposure, otherwise there would not be one at all. Hence, exposure is always a state of establishing a relationality with another. It is not a relationality that seeks to impose a particular, single, meaning, reading upon another. And this is why poetry continues to menace the philosopher with the beyond of knowledge; without an imposition, the borders are not drawn, the limits are not set. And whilst not forgetting the registers that Paul de Man and Jacques Derrida opened earlier – yes there are only always rules to seeing, and we are always already in grammar, always bounded by grammar – the lack of a boundary also always opens more possibilities than we can account for. One may not even be overstating if one claims that at this point, all accounting systems which are set up to predict, to control, via graphs, curves, probabilities – fail. Whilst exposing itself, and hence, opening itself to response, any response, poetry “always risks what it cannot avoid appealing to in reply, namely, recompense and retribution. It risks the exchange that it might expect but is at the same time unable to count on. Once the poem is sent off, set off, one can only hope for a response. In fact, one always gets a response; even a non-response, a complete ignoring of the poem, is a form of response. It is just that one can never know what kind of response one is going to get. Once the poem is set of, the poet remains completely blind to its effects. Once the bomb is set off, the suicide bomber s completely blind to its effects. It is probably of no coincidence that the suicide bomber is usually constituted as one who is completely irrational, cast as a complete idiot; the most common question heard whenever there is an instance of a suicide bombing is ‘why would one give up her life when she has so much to live for? All attempts to provide an answer to the question are banal, as the very person that the answer attempt to address is dead; hence all answers are unverifiable. One has no choice but to admit that all reason eludes, escapes, is beyond one, is beyond the limits of one’s cognition, is at the beyond of knowledge. Perhaps the only thing we can say is that she gives up her life in spite of the fact that she has so much to live for; after all, it is she who chooses to do so. Whilst this does not provide any answer to the question, provide any comfort that we finally understand her, this is all we can say. Perhaps it is the fact that she remains an enigma that is her gift to us. It is the refusal to be understood, to be subsumed under any existing conception, to be flattened, exchanged, reproduced, that is her gift. And in that same spirit, it is not a gift that can be understood – this is not a gift that one can bring to the return-counter at the shop, to be exchanged for something else, something more palatable, something easier, something more comfortable, more comforting. This is a gift that is unknowable, in full potential, always possible; perhaps always a gift that is to come. What continues to trouble us is that this gift – as with all gifts – comes with an obligation to reciprocate, an obligation to respond. So even though this is an objectless gift – and to compound it a gift that we might not even begin to comprehend, or even know is present – we are always already within the realm of reciprocation. This is the point where the eternal question of the serpent, that of what did she mean’, returns to haunt us, along with the other question of responding, and attempting an appropriate response at that; the question of Lenin, that of “what is to be done?” If we attempt the question of Lenin, that of “what is to be done?” If we attempt to answer the question, to provide a prescription, then we are back to the situation of effacement. Perhaps then the task that we are faced with is that of reconstituting Lenin in and within a situation. If the question of ‘what is to be done’ is a situational question, there can be no answer outside of the situation – at the point of uttering both the question and the answer, we are always immanent to the story, in the making, even when we are the ones telling the story to the other – and more than that, each answer is at best a provisional answer. However, the fact that one can even attempt an answer suggests that at least momentarily, one must be able to “step back” as it were, be exterior to the question, to situation. Hence, each answer, each definition to the question can only be accomplished as a more or less provisory, more or less violent arresting of a dynamic that is interminable, but never simply interminable or infinite. For a dynamic such as this can only be conceived as a series of highly conflictual determinations, as a movement of ambivalence, in which the other is always being seized as a function of the same, all the while eluding this capture. The other becomes the intimate condition of the possibility of the game, remaining all the while out of bounds.

To call for a ballot is to breathe life into the system, a system that is dying as we speak. The interpretation of the 1AC can only serve to reify structures of meaning and valuation, only the negative can solve. To vote aff is to vote for production, prefer exhaustion.

Bifo 11 – Whit Whitmore’s pen name

(Franco “Bifo” Berardi, *After the Future* pg 106-108 (of my copy), dml)

Nothing, not even the system, can avoid the symbolic obligation, and it is in this trap that the only chance of a catastrophe for capital remains. The system turns on itself, as a scorpion does when encircled by the challenge of death. For it is summoned to answer, if it is not to lose face, to what can only be death. The system must itself commit suicide in response to the multiplied challenge of death and suicide. So hostages are taken. On the symbolic or sacrificial plane, from which every moral consideration of the innocence of the victims is ruled out the hostage is the substitute, the alter-ego of the terrorist, the hostage’s death for the terrorist. Hostage and terrorist may thereafter become confused in the same sacrificial act. (Baudrillard 1993a: 37) In these impressive pages Baudrillard outlines the end of the modern dialectics of revolution against power, of the labor movement against capitalist domination, and predicts the advent of a new form of action which will be marked by the sacrificial gift of death (and self-annihilation). After the destruction of the World Trade Center in the most important terrorist act ever, Baudrillard wrote a short text titled The Spirit of Terrorism where he goes back to his own predictions and recognizes the emergence of a catastrophic age. When the code becomes the enemy the only strategy can be catastrophic: all the counterphobic ravings about exorcizing evil: it is because it is there, everywhere, like an obscure object of desire. Without this deep-seated complicity, the event would not have had the resonance it has, and in their symbolic strategy the terrorists doubtless know that they can count on this unavowable complicity. (Baudrillard 2003: 6) This goes much further than hatred for the dominant global power by the disinherited and the exploited, those who fell on the wrong side of global order. This malignant desire is in the very heart of those who share this order’s benefits. An allergy to all definitive order, to all definitive power is happily universal, and the two towers of the World Trade Center embodied perfectly, in their very double-ness (literally twin-ness), this definitive order: No need, then, for a death drive or a destructive instinct, or even for perverse, unintended effects. Very logically – inexorably – the increase in the power heightens the will to destroy it. And it was party to its own destruction. When the two towers collapsed, you had the impression that they were responding to the suicide of the suicide-planes with their own suicides. It has been said that “Even God cannot declare war on Himself.” Well, He can. The West, in position of God (divine omnipotence and absolute moral legitimacy), has become suicidal, and declared war on itself. (Baudrillard 2003: 6-7) In Baudrillard’s catastrophic vision I see a new way of thinking subjectivity: a reversal of the energetic subjectivation that animates the revolutionary theories of the 20th century, and the opening of an implosive theory of subversion, based on depression and exhaustion. In the activist view exhaustion is seen as the inability of the social body to escape the vicious destiny that capitalism has prepared: deactivation of the social energies that once upon a time animated democracy and political struggle. But exhaustion could also become the beginning of a slow movement towards a “wu wei” civilization, based on the withdrawal, and frugal expectations of life and consumption. Radicalism could abandon the mode of activism, and adopt the mode of passivity. A radical passivity would definitely threaten the ethos of relentless productivity that neoliberal politics has imposed. The mother of all the bubbles, the work bubble, would finally deflate. We have been working too much during the last three or four centuries, and outrageously too much during the last thirty years. The current depression could be the beginning of a massive abandonment of competition, consumerist drive, and of dependence on work. Actually, if we think of the geopolitical struggle of the first decade – the struggle between Western domination and jihadist Islam – we recognize that the most powerful weapon has been suicide. 9/11 is the most impressive act of this suicidal war, but thousands of people have killed themselves in order to destroy American military hegemony. And they won, forcing the western world into the bunker of paranoid security, and defeating the hyper-technological armies of the West both in Iraq, and in Afghanistan. The suicidal implosion has not been confined to the Islamists. Suicide has became a form of political action everywhere. Against neoliberal politics, Indian farmers have killed themselves. Against exploitation hundreds of workers and employees have killed themselves in the French factories of Peugeot, and in the offices of France Telecom. In Italy, when the 2009 recession destroyed one million jobs, many workers, haunted by the fear of unemployment, climbed on the roofs of the factories, threatening to kill themselves. Is it possible to divert this implosive trend from the direction of death, murder, and suicide, towards a new kind of autonomy, social creativity and of life? I think that it is possible only if we start from exhaustion, if we emphasize the creative side of withdrawal. The exchange between life and money could be deserted, and exhaustion could give way to a huge wave of withdrawal from the sphere of economic exchange. A new refrain could emerge in that moment, and wipe out the law of economic growth. The self-organization of the general intellect could abandon the law of accumulation and growth, and start a new concatenation, where collective intelligence is only subjected to the common good.

\*\*2NC

Death

**All attempts to understand the singular gesture of the suicide bomber amount to an obscene impositions of a germentic model that flattens all difference. This is the true terror: an effacement of alterity by a mundane recirculation of the same in a transparent universe of metaphysical comfort. This too is a type of death; a sterile life that negates the unknown and drains life of its own potential. It is from this dead structure that suicide bombing escapes**

**TAG   
IT**

**Basically, you can’t understand the suicide bomber**

**Fernando10** (Jeremy, The Suicide Bomer and her gift of death, pg 148-150)

At the risk of banality, we must now attempt an imaginative gesture, for we have no means to speak of death, or the suicide bomber, without a gesture. An attempt to analyze, to speak of it as though we can, as though we know anything, would be obscene: that would be the evil of transparency that Jean Baudrillard speaks of, where there is an imposition of framework of analysis on the experience: not only would her experience be effaced, but more than that, the model of analysis would then precede the situation itself and all we would be doing is making the model real. And at the point where all differences are flattened, all we see is the model, “for they no longer have a referent in view, but a model”, where the model refers to nothing but itself, where it is its own referent. This is not the same as having no referentiality – which is the status of a pure signifier, open to all possibilities – but the exact opposite, of being in a state where the signifier and signified are exactly the same. And this is the terroristic state par excellence: where the question and the answer are one, where to draw on Jean-Francois Lyotard and Jean-Loup Thebaud again, the third – public opinion itself – is captured. Once that space of negotiation is captured, all we are left is one, a single, and more pertinently a consistent, permanent answer. This is the yearning of the theorist – the yearning for metaphysical comfort – that we spoke of earlier; it is the need to define, to state, to make clear transparent – the need to know, the need for certainty. And if we allow the Nietzschean register to carry us for a moment, this is a yearning for a particular kind of death, where the “life and vitality” of the situation is drained and all we are left is a stillness, a lack of movement, a lack of life itself. This would be akin to how Nietzsche describes dogma, as oppressed to the natural vitality – and constant potential for change – of myth when he says, for this is the way in which religions are wont to die out: under the stern, intelligent eyes of an orthodox dogmatism, the mythical premises of a religion are systematized as a sum total of historical events; one begins apprehensively to defend the credibility of the myths, while at the same time one opposes any continuation of their natural vitality and growth; the feeling for myth perishes, and its place is taken by the claim of religion to historical foundations. The moment a religion shifts from a movement – potentially changing, always already becoming – into stagnancy – being, a doctrine – all “vitality and growth” are drained from it: it is the systemization of the movement into a linear series, “a sum total of historical events,” into a logical sequence> it is this transfiguration from a monadic system where all parts are inter-linked, inter-dependant and hence, ever-morphing, where knowledge is singular and situational, into a Socratic ‘knowledge by reason’, which drains movement itself, and settles it into a structure, where it becomes lifeless, dead. By attempting to fully understand the religion, moving it from myths – constantly re-told, altered, alive – to a set story, a hi-story, linear, predictable, retracable, uncontaminated by variation, what ironically occurs is the death of the religion itself, into mere dogma and orthodoxy.

Even if we are privileged, that doesn’t mean we shouldn’t act

Kinnvall, professor of politics, 9 – Associate Professor at the Department of Political Science at Lund University in Sweden (Catarina, former Vice-President of the International Society of Political Psychology, 2009, “Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak,” from *Critical Theorists and International Relations*, edited by Jenny Edkins (Professor of International Politics at Aberystwyth University) and Nick Vaughan-Williams (Lecturer in International Relations at the University of Exeter), pp. 319-321)

Spivak’s reading and interpretation of Derrida’s Of Grammatology in many ways spelt out her future concern with deconstructive ontology, epistemology and methodology. Like Derrida, Spivak reacts against the structuralist idea developed by Ferdinand de Saussure, and later by Roland Barthes and Claude Lévi Strauss, that language can be studied scientifically as a stable and causal representation of reality. One of the main problems with this model of language is, according to Spivak, that it has been used to represent the world as a stable object of Western knowledge. Spivak, like Derrida, is concerned with the assumed neutrality of Western thought and she argues that the development of Western philosophy, rather than being neutral, is intimately connected to the history of European imperial expansion from nineteenth century British imperialism to twentieth century US foreign policy making. The main difference between Spivak and Derrida can be found in their respective attitudes to the value of deconstruction. While Derrida has often commented on how the enterprise of deconstruction always in certain ways falls prey to its own work, Spivak sees deconstruction not as a conservative ethic, nor a radical politics, but as an intellectual ethic that enables rigorous analysis (MacCabe 1998).

Deconstruction for Spivak opens up an anti-essentialist notion of identityas- origin as it is focused on examining the processes whereby we naturalize personal history and desire into general truth. A deconstructive strategy involves dismantling the very tradition of Western thought that has provided the justification for European colonialism and neo-colonialism. In particular, Spivak argues, we need to dismantle texts, or textuality, as general writing has provided a rhetorical structure that has served to justify imperial expansion. The notion of ‘worldling’ is used by Spivak to exemplify how textuality privileges and justifies colonial expansion:

As far as I understand it, the notion of textuality should be related to the notion of worldling of a world on a supposedly uninscribed territory. When I say this, I am thinking basically about the imperialist project which had to assume that the earth that it territorialized was in fact previously uninscribed (Spivak 1990: 1).

Spivak’s emphasis on representation questions presumed notions of objectivity and rationality in international relations theory. By opening up the discourse to marginalized voices in society, especially in the South, Spivak also moves away from the focus on states and sovereignty. Her deconstructive strategy thus complicates traditional international relations’ preoccupation with borders and territoriality as it focuses on what is outside of these borders; what is not included in the (Western) narrative:

When a narrative is constructed, something is left out. When an end is defined, other ends are rejected, and one may not know what those ends are … What is left out? Can we know what is left out? (Spivak 1990: 18–19)

Spivak was one of the first to articulate postcolonial theory through a deconstructive lens. She was also influential in forcing deconstruction to work outside the disciplinary boundaries of literary criticism and philosophy and in bringing deconstruction from ethics to politics and to the wider field of economic and political relations. ‘Unlearning one’s privilege as one’s loss’ thus marks the beginning of an ethical relation to the other and is, according to Landry and MacLean (1996), one of the most powerful tasks set readers by Spivak’s writing and teachings. To unlearn our privileges means not only understanding the historical context in which this privileging was formed, but also working hard at gaining some knowledge of the others and attempting to speak to them in ways that make it possible for them to answer back. This is a task for everyone and there is no excuse for keeping silent, Spivak argues:

I will have in an undergraduate class, let’s say, a young, white male student, politically-correct, who will say: ‘I am only a bourgeois white male, I can’t speak’ … I say to them: ‘Why not develop a certain degree of rage against the history that has written such an abject script for you that you are silenced?’ (Spivak 1990: 63).

Here Spivak raises ethical concerns of representation. In this respect, she is wary of both the radical intellectuals who claim to speak on behalf of the disenfranchized and those who search for authentic voices among disenfranchized groups. Culturalism can be as problematic in terms of self-representation as in terms of representing others (Spivak 1990), a theme developed in Can the Subaltern Speak? and one she returns to in her later work on multiculturalism. This is also Spivak’s concern when attempting to track the figure of the Native Informant:

Soon I found that the tracking showed up a colonial subject detaching itself from the Native Informant. After 1989, I began to sense that a certain postcolonial subject had, in turn, been recoding the colonial subject and appropriating the Native Informant’s position. Today, with globalization in full swing, telecommunicative informatics taps the Native Informant directly in the name of indigenous knowledge and advanced biopiracy (Spivak 1999: ix).

The question of how to represent the other entails responsibility. Here Spivak is quite clear in her ambition that responsibility depends not on one’s nationality or race, but on one’s position. Spivak’s primary methodological goal is thus to provide textual conditions under which the Native Informant can be heard. This is also why Spivak has later replaced the ‘NI’ for Native Informant with the ‘New Immigrant’ in a financialized global economy (Sanders 2006). The ethical positioning of oneself in relation to the ‘other’ has thus come to represent a key concept in Spivak’s work and in postcolonialism in general, thus challenging orthodox international relations approaches that have worked to privilege Eurocentric histories of othering.

DEPRESSION IMPACT

Genosko and thoburn 11—philosophers

(Gary and Nick, After the Future pg 6-7, dml)

Activism, Bifo argues, is the narcissistic response of the subject to the infinite and invasive power of capital, a response that can only leave the activist frustrated, humiliated, and depressed. Bifo here locates this modern political configuration with Lenin, and makes a most heretical statement: “I am convinced that the 20th century would have been a better century had Lenin not existed”. He diagnoses this condition in these pages through a reading of Lenin’s bouts of depression, but we would highlight that elsewhere Bifo also identifies the problem in Félix Guattari, a most surprising move, given the sophistication of Guattari’s schizoanalytic critique of authoritarian political subjectivation. Bifo developed his friendship with Guattari while in exile from Italy in the 1980s, a period that Guattari characterized as his “winter years”, the coincidence of personal depression and neoliberal reaction. Under these conditions, a certain political activism appeared central to Guattari, but not so to Bifo: “I remember that in the 1980s Félix often scolded me because I was no longer involved in some kind of political militancy. … For me, militant will and ideological action had become impotent” (Berardi 2008: 13). For Bifo, at times of reaction, of the evacuation of political creativity from the social field, activism becomes a desperate attempt to ward off depression. But it is doomed to fail, and, worse, to convert political innovation and sociality into its opposite, to “replace desire with duty”: Félix knew this, I am sure, but he never said this much, not even to himself, and this is why he went to all these meetings with people who didn’t appeal to him, talking about things that distracted him… And here again is the root of depression, in this impotence of political will that we haven’t had the courage to admit. (Berardi 2008: 13) One can discern two aspects to Bifo’s analysis of depression. It is a product of the “panic” induced by the sensory overload of digital capitalism, a condition of withdrawal, a disinvestment of energy from the competitive and narcissistic structures of the enterprise. And it is also a result of the loss of political composition and antagonism: “depression is born out of the dispersion of the community’s immediacy. Autonomous and desiring politics was a proliferating community. When the proliferating power is lost, the social becomes the place of depression” (Berardi 2008: 13). In both manifestations, depression is a real historical experience, something that must be actively faced and engaged with – we cannot merely ward it off with appeals to militant voluntarism. We need to assess its contours, conditions, products, to find an analytics of depression, and an adequate politics. And that is the goal of this book, a first step toward a politics after the future, and after the redundant subjective forms of which it was made.

They make art tame and comfortable - our alternative is to refuse the act of interpretation – this is the only way to have an affective relationship to the text of the 1ac, which solves the kritik and is more creative

Sontag 66 (Susan, Against Interpretation, http://www.uiowa.edu/~c08g001d/Sontag\_AgainstInterp.pdf)

In most modern instances, interpretation amounts to the philistine refusal to leave the work of art alone. Real art has the capacity to make us nervous. By reducing the work of art to its content and then interpreting that, one tames the work of art. Interpretation makes art manageable, comformable. This philistinism of interpretation is more rife in literature than in any other art. For decades now, literary critics have understood it to be their task to translate the elements of the poem or play or novel or story into something else. Sometimes a writer will be so uneasy before the naked power of his art that he will install within the work itself - albeit with a little shyness, a touch of the good taste of irony - the clear and explicit interpretation of it. Thomas Mann is an example of such an overcooperative author. In the case of more stubborn authors, the critic is only too happy to perform the job. The work of Kafka, for example, has been subjected to a mass ravishment by no less than three armies of interpreters. Those who read Kafka as a social allegory see case studies of the frustrations and insanity of modern bureaucracy and its ultimate issuance in the totalitarian state. Those who read Kafka as a psychoanalytic allegory see desperate revelations of Kafka's fear of his father, his castration anxieties, his sense of his own impotence, his thralldom to his dreams. Those who read Kafka as a religious allegory explain that K. in The Castle is trying to gain access to heaven, that Josepl K. in The Trial is being judged by the inexorable and mysterious justice of God. . . . Another oeuvre that has attracted interpreters like leeches is that of Samuel Beckett. Beckett's delicate dramas of the withdrawn consciousness - pared down to essentials, cut off, often represented as physically immobilized - are read as a statement about modern man's alienation from meaning or from God, or as an allegory of psychopathology. Proust, Joyce, Faulkner, Rilke, Lawrence, Gide . . . one could go on citing author after author; the list is endless of those around whom thick encrustations of interpretation have taken hold. But it should be noted that interpretation is not simply the compliment that mediocrity pays to genius. It is, indeed, the modern way of understanding something, and is applied to works of every quality. Thus, in the notes that Elia Kazan published on his production of A Streetcar Named Desire, it becomes clear that, in order to direct the play, Kazan had to discover that Stanley Kowalski represented the sensual and vengeful barbarism that was engulfing our culture, while Blanche Du Bois was Western civilization, poetry, delicate apparel, dim lighting, refined feelings and all, though a little the worse for wear to be sure. Tennessee Williams' forceful psychological melodrama now became intelligible: it was about something, about the decline of Western civilization. Apparently, were it to go on being a play about a handsome brute named Stanley Kowalski and a faded mangy belle named Blanche Du Bois, it would not be manageable. 6It doesn't matter whether artists intend, or don't intend, for their works to be interpreted. Perhaps Tennessee Williams thinks Streetcar is about what Kazan thinks it to be about. It may be that Cocteau in The Blood of a Poet and in Orpheus wanted the elaborate readings which have been given these films, in terms of Freudian symbolism and social critique. But the merit of these works certainly lies elsewhere than in their "meanings." Indeed, it is precisely to the extent that Williams' plays and Cocteau's films do suggest these portentous meanings that they are defective, false, contrived, lacking in conviction. From interviews, it appears that Resnais and Robbe-Grillet consciously designed Last Year at Marienbad to accommodate a multiplicity of equally plausible interpretations. But the temptation to interpret Marienbad should be resisted. What matters in Marienbad is the pure, untranslatable, sensuous immediacy of some of its images, and its rigorous if narrow solutions to certain problems of cinematic form. Again, Ingmar Bergman may have meant the tank rumbling down the empty night street in The Silence as a phallic symbol. But if he did, it was a foolish thought. ("Never trust the teller, trust the tale," said Lawrence.) Taken as a brute object, as an immediate sensory equivalent for the mysterious abrupt armored happenings going on inside the hotel, that sequence with the tank is the most striking moment in the film. Those who reach for a Freudian interpretation of the tank are only expressing their lack of response to what is there on the screen. It is always the case that interpretation of this type indicates a dissatisfaction (conscious or unconscious) with the work, a wish to replace it by something else. Interpretation, based on the highly dubious theory that a work of art is composed of items of content, violates art. It makes art into an article for use, for arrangement into a mental scheme of categories. 7 Interpretation does not, of course, always prevail. In fact, a great deal of today's art may be understood as motivated by a flight from interpretation. To avoid interpretation, art may become parody. Or it may become abstract. Or it may become ("merely") decorative. Or it may become non-art. The flight from interpretation seems particularly a feature of modern painting. Abstract painting is the attempt to have, in the ordinary sense, no content; since there is no content, there can be no interpretation. Pop Art works by the opposite means to the same result; using a content so blatant, so "what it is," it, too, ends by being uninterpretable. A great deal of modern poetry as well, starting from the great experiments of French poetry (including the movement that is misleadingly called Symbolism) to put silence into poems and to reinstate the magic of the word, has escaped from the rough grip of interpretation. The most recent revolution in contemporary taste in poetry - the revolution that has deposed Eliot and elevated Pound - represents a turning away from content in poetry in the old sense, an impatience with what made modern poetry prey to the zeal of interpreters.I am speaking mainly of the situation in America, of course. Interpretation runs rampant here in those arts with a feeble and negligible avant-garde: fiction and the drama. Most American novelists and playwrights are really either journalists or gentlemen sociologists and psychologists. They are writing the literary equivalent of program music. And so rudimentary, uninspired, and stagnant has been the sense of what might be done with form in fiction and drama that even when the content isn't simply information, news, it is still peculiarly visible, handier, more exposed. To the extent that novels and plays (in America), unlike poetry and painting and music, don't reflect any interesting concern with changes in their form, these arts remain prone to assault by interpretation. But programmatic avant-gardism - which has meant, mostly, experiments with form at the expense of content - is not the only defense against the infestation of art by interpretations. At least, I hope not. For this would be to commit art to being perpetually on the run. (It also perpetuates the very distinction between form and content which is, ultimately, an illusion.) Ideally, it is possible to elude the interpreters in another way, by making works of art whose surface is so unified and clean, whose momentum is so rapid, whose address is so direct that the work can be . . . just what it is. Is this possible now? It does happen in films, I believe. This is why cinema is the most alive, the most exciting, the most important of all art forms right now. Perhaps the way one tells how alive a particular art form is, is by the latitude it gives for making mistakes in it, and still being good. For example, a few of the films of Bergman - though crammed with lame messages about the modern spirit, thereby inviting interpretations - still triumph over the pretentious intentions of their director. In Winter Light and The Silence, the beauty and visual sophistication of the images subvert before our eyes the callow pseudointellectuality of the story and some of the dialogue. (The most remarkable instance of this sort of discrepancy is the work of D. W. Griffith.) In good films, there is always a directness that entirely frees us from the itch to interpret. Many old Hollywood films, like those of Cukor, Walsh, Hawks, and countless other directors, have this liberating anti-symbolic quality, no less than the best work of the new European directors, like Truffaut's Shoot the Piano Player and Jules and Jim, Godard's Breathless and Vivre Sa Vie, Antonioni's L'Avventura, and Olmi's The Fiancés. The fact that films have not been overrun by interpreters is in part due simply to the newness of cinema as an art. It also owes to the happy accident that films for such a long time were just movies; in other words, that they were understood to be part of mass, as opposed to high, culture, and were left alone by most people with minds. Then, too, there is always something other than content in the cinema to grab hold of, for those who want to analyze. For the cinema, unlike the novel, possesses a vocabulary of forms - the explicit, complex, and discussable technology of camera movements, cutting, and composition of the frame that goes into the making of a film. 8 What kind of criticism, of commentary on the arts, is desirable today? For I am not saying that works of art are ineffable, that they cannot be described or paraphrased. They can be. The question is how. What would criticism look like that would serve the work of art, not usurp its place? What is needed, first, is more attention to form in art. If excessive stress on contentprovokes the arrogance of interpretation, more extended and more thorough descriptions of form would silence. What is needed is a vocabulary - a descriptive, rather than prescriptive, vocabulary - for forms.1 The best criticism, and it is uncommon, is of this sort that dissolves considerations of content into those of form. On film, drama, and painting respectively, I can think of Erwin Panofsky's essay, "Style and Medium in the Motion Pictures," Northrop Frye's essay "A Conspectus of Dramatic Genres," Pierre Francastel's essay "The Destruction of a Plastic Space." Roland Barthes' book On Racine and his two essays on Robbe-Grillet are examples of formal analysis applied to the work of a single author. (The best essays in Erich Auerbach's Mimesis, like "The Scar of Odysseus," are also of this type.) An example of formal analysis applied simultaneously to genre and author is Walter Benjamin's essay, "The Story Teller: Reflections on the Works of Nicolai Leskov." Equally valuable would be acts of criticism which would supply a really accurate, sharp, loving description of the appearance of a work of art. This seems even harder to do than formal analysis. Some of Manny Farber's film criticism, Dorothy Van Ghent's essay "The Dickens World: A View from Todgers'," Randall Jarrell's essay on Walt Whitman are among the rare examples of what I mean. These are essays which reveal the sensuous surface of art without mucking about in it. 9 Transparence is the highest, most liberating value in art - and in criticism - today. Transparence means experiencing the luminousness of the thing in itself, of things being what they are. This is the greatness of, for example, the films of Bresson and Ozu and Renoir's The Rules of the Game. Once upon a time (say, for Dante), it must have been a revolutionary and creative move to design works of art so that they might be experienced on several levels. Now it is not. It reinforces the principle of redundancy that is the principal affliction of modern life. Once upon a time (a time when high art was scarce), it must have been a revolutionary and creative move to interpret works of art. Now it is not. What we decidedly do not need now is further to assimilate Art into Thought, or (worse yet) Art into Culture. Interpretation takes the sensory experience of the work of art for granted, and proceeds from there. This cannot be taken for granted, now. Think of the sheer multiplication of works of art available to every one of us, superadded to the conflicting tastes and odors and sights of the urban environment that bombard our senses. Ours is a culture based on excess, on overproduction; the result is a steady loss of sharpness in our sensory experience. All the conditions of modern life - its material plenitude, its sheer crowdedness - conjoin to dull our sensory faculties. And it is in the light of the condition of our senses, our capacities (rather than those of another age), that the task of the critic must be assessed. What is important now is to recover our senses. We must learn to see more, to hear more, to feel more. Our task is not to find the maximum amount of content in a work of art, much less to squeeze more content out of the work than is already there. Our task is to cut backcontent so that we can see the thing at all. The aim of all commentary on art now should be to make works of art - and, by analogy, our own experience - more, rather than less, real to us. The function of criticism should be to show how it is what it is, even that it is what it is, rather than to show what it means. In place of a hermeneutics we need an erotics of art.