# --Turns Conflict

**Security blames the Other for insecurity, turns case**
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"The political subject of violence" ed. David Campbell and Michael Dillon, p 101-105

Nietzsche and Interpretive Realism In the last analysis, "love of the neighbor" is always something secondary, partly conventional and arbitrary—illusory in relation to fear of the neigh-bor. After the structure of society is fixed on the whole and seems secure against external dangers, it is this fear of the neighbor that again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. —Friedrich Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil Nietzsche transvalues both Hobbcss and Marx's interpretations of securi-ty through a genealogy of modes of being. His method is not to uncover some deep meaning or value for security, but to destabilize the intolerable fiaional identities of the past which have been created out of fear, and to affirm the creative differences which might yield new values for the future.33 Originating in the paradoxical relationship of a contingent life and a certain death, the history of security reads for Nietzsche as an abnegation, a resentment and, finally, a transcendence of this paradox. In brief, the history is one of individuals seeking an impossible security from the most radical "other" of life, the terror of death which, once generalized and nationalized, triggers a futile cycle of collective identities seeking security from alien others—who are seeking similarly impossible guarantees. It is a story of differences taking on the otherness of death, and identities calcifying into a fearful sameness. Since Nietzsche has suffered the greatest neglect in international theory, his reinterprctation of security will receive a more extensive treatment here. One must begin with Nietzsche's idea of the will to power, which he clearly believed to be prior to and generative of all considerations of security. In Beyond Good and Evil, he emphatically establishes the primacy of the will to power: "Physiologists should think before putting down the instinct of self-preservation as the cardinal instinct of an organic being. A living thing seeks above all to discharge its strength—life itself is will to power; self-preservation is only one of the most frequent results."34 The will to power, then, should not be confused with a Hobbesian perpetual desire for power. It can, in its negative form, produce a reactive and resentful longing for only power, leading, in Nietzsche's view, to a triumph of nihilism. But Nietzsche refers to a positive will to power, an active and affective force of becoming, from which values and meanings—including self-preservation—are produced which affirm life. Conventions of security act to suppress rather than confront the fears endemic to life, for "... life itself is essentially appropriation, injury, overpowering of what is alien and weaker; suppression, hardness, imposition of ones own forms, incorporation and at least, at its mildest, exploitation—but why should one always use those words in which slanderous intent has been imprinted for ages."35 Elsewhere Nietzsche establishes the pervasiveness of agonism in life: "life is a consequence of war, society itself a means to war.” But the denial of this permanent condition, the effort to disguise it with a con-sensual rationality or to hide from it with a fictional sovereignty, are all effects of this suppression of fear. The desire for security is manifested as a **collective resentment of difference**—that which is not us, not certain, not predictable. Complicit with a negative will to power is the fear-driven desire for protection from the unknown. Unlike the positive will to power, which produces an aesthetic affirmation of difference, the search for truth produces a truncated life which conforms to the rationally knowable, to the causally sustainable. In The Gay Science, Nietzsche asks of the reader "Look, isn't our need for knowledge precisely this need for the familiar, the will to uncover everything strange, unusual, and questionable, something that no longer disturbs us? Is it not the instinct of fear that bids us to know? And is the jubi lation of those who obtain knowledge not the jubilation over the restora-tion of a sense of security?\*\*37 The fear of the unknown and the desire for certainty combine to produce a domesticated life, in which causality and rationality become the highest sign of a sovereign self, the surest protection against contingent forces. The fear of fate assures a belief that everything reasonable is true, and everything true, reasonable. In short, the security imperative pro-duces, and is sustained by, the strategies of knowledge which seek to explain it. Nietzsche elucidates the nature of this generative relationship in The Twilight of the Idols-. The causal instinct is thus conditional upon, and excited by, the feeling of fear. The "why?\*1 shall, if at all possible, not give the cause for its own sake so much as for a particular kind of cause—a cause (hat is comforting, liber-ating and relieving. . . . That which is new and strange and has not been experienced before, is excluded as a cause. Thus one not only searches for some kind of explanation, to serve as a cause, but tor a particularly selected and preferred kind of explanation—that which most quickly and frequently abolished the feeling of the strange, new and hitherto unexperienced: the most habitual explanations.38 A safe life requires safe truths. The strange and the alien remain unexamined, the unknown becomes identified as evil, and evil provokes hostility—recycling the desire for security. The "influence of timidity," as Nietzsche puts it, creates a people who are willing to subordinate affirmative values to the "necessities" of security: "they fear change, transitoriness: this expresses a straitened soul, full of mistrust and evil experiences."39

# 2NC Perm

**4. The perm bankrupts the alt – there is no middle ground for their motivations**

**Wrisley, ’10** (George, Prof of Philosophy @ U Iowa, 1 February 2010 “What Should Our Attitude Towards Suffering Be,” Nietzsche and Suffeirng- A Choice of Attitudes and Ideals, <http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&q=site%3Ageorgewrisley.com+What+Should+Our+Attitude+Towards+Suffering+Be&aq=f&oq=&aqi>=) Zanezor

How should we comport ourselves to the suffering we find in our lives? When touching a hot stove or confronted with danger, our natural reactions are to pull back, to flee, to find safety. In general it seems that we naturally shy away from discomfort and pain—suffering of all types. The child laments his boring afternoon and the adult fears the impending death of a parent and the subsequent anguish the loss will bring, hoping and wishing they will never come. Suffering, it seems, is quite rightly seen as undesirable. However: When a misfortune strikes us, we can overcome it either by removing its cause or else by changing the effect it has on our feelings, that is, by reinterpreting the misfortune as a good, whose benefit may only later become clear. So, should we seek to abolish suffering as far as we can by removing its cause, or should we attempt to change our attitude toward suffering such that it is no longer seen as (always) undesirable? Taking Nietzsche seriously when he says that it is the meaning of our suffering that has been the problem, I will attempt to indirectly answer this question by looking at two possibilities found in Nietzsche for giving meaning to our suffering. The first possibility concerns a religious ethic that, according to Nietzsche, views suffering as undesirable, but which ultimately uses mendacious and deleterious means to provide a meaning for human suffering. The second possibility concerns the extent to which we can say Nietzsche endorsed the idea of giving meaning to suffering through acknowledging its necessary role in human enhancement and greatness. Since the religious ethic sees suffering as undesirable and thus something ultimately to be avoided (being itself the paradigmatic means for easing suffering), and the means it uses to give suffering meaning are ultimately mendacious, I will argue that if Nietzsche is significantly correct in both his attack on religious morality and his alternative ideal, we can take this as evidence that the avoidance of suffering is not the proper attitude. Unfortunately, I will not be able to address the question of whether Nietzsche is significantly correct in this paper. Secondly, given Nietzsche’s positive alternative—one that embraces the necessary role suffering has for the enhancement of human life—I will argue that we can take this as evidence that it is our attitude toward suffering that needs to be modified, i.e., we should modify so that we no longer see suffering as something to be avoided. Because of this, the middle position of avoiding suffering when possible and then seeing its positive attributes when it does occur does not recommend itself. That is, since it will be argued that suffering has a positive and necessary role to play, to seek to avoid it as far as possible and then to acknowledge its positive aspects when it does occur, is not really to acknowledge and accept suffering’s positive and necessary role. However, as we will see, all of this is complicated by the issue of the order of rank as found in Nietzsche’s writings.

# AT: Ethical

We don’t try to – the ballot is an ethical decision to affirm life, not a call to action

**White 91** [alan, Mark Hopkins Professor of Philosophy Williams College, http://www.williams.edu/philosophy/faculty/awhite/WNL%20web/WNL%20contents.htm]

The most provocative teachings I find in Nietzsche are not political, but rather ethical; Nietzsche does not attempt to tell us how to save the world, but rather how to save ourselves -- how to save ourselves from living lives that we will come to view with regret rather than with pride.And he teaches that we can do that without becoming supermen who blithely crush their supposed inferiors

# AT: Acting good

**1. Flows neg – The affirmative is a pathetic misreading of May – here’s the same card, expressing May’s true intention. It’s an alternative card, not an aff answer. We must embrace the world around us, accepting that we are vulnerable before we create change.**

**May ‘5** (Todd May, prof @ Clemson. “To change the world, to celebrate life,” Philosophy & Social Criticism 2005 Vol 31 nos 5–6 pp. 517–531)

To change the world and to celebrate life. This, as the theologian Harvey Cox saw, is the struggle within us. It is a struggle in which one cannot choose sides; or better, a struggle in which one must choose both sides. The abandonment of one for the sake of the other can lead only to disaster or callousness. Forsaking the celebration of life for the sake of changing the world is the path of the sad revolutionary. In his preface to Anti-Oedipus, Foucault writes that one does not have to be sad in order to he revolutionarv. The matter is more urgent than that, however. One cannot be both sad and revolutionary **lacking a sense of the wondrous that is already here**, among us, **one who is bent upon changing the world can only become solemn or bitter. He or she is focused only on the future; the present is what is to be overcome. The vision of what is not but must come to be overwhelms all else, and the point of change itself becomes lost**. The history of the left in the 20th century offers numerous examples of this, and the disaster that attends to it should be evident to all of us by now. The alternative is surely not to shift one’s allegiance to the pure celebration of life, although there are many who have chosen this path. It is at best blindness not to see the misery that envelops so many of our fellow humans, to say nothing of what happens to sentient nonhuman creatures. The attempt to jettison world-changing for an uncritical assent to the world as it is requires a self-deception that I assume would be anathema for those of us who have studied Foucault. Indeed, it is anathema for all of us who awaken each day to an America whose expansive boldness is matched only by an equally expansive disregard for those we place in harm’s way. This is the struggle, then. The one between the desire for life celebration and the desire for world-changing. The struggle between reveling in the contingent and fragile joys that constitute our world and wresting it from its intolerability. I am sure it is a struggle that is not foreign to anyone who is reading this. I am sure as well that the stakes for choosing one side over another that I have recalled here are obvious to everyone. The question then becomes one of how to choose both sides at once. III Maybe it happens this way. You walk into a small meeting room at the back of a local bookstore. There are eight or ten people milling about. They’re dressed in dark clothes, nothing fancy, and one or two of them have earrings or dreadlocks. They vary in age. You don’t know any of them. You’ve never seen them before. Several of them seem to know one another. They are affectionate, hugging, letting a hand linger on a shoulder or an elbow. A younger man, tall and thin, with an open face and a blue baseball cap bearing no logo, glides into the room. Two others, a man and a woman, shout, ‘Tim!’ and he glides over to them and hugs them, one at a time. They tell him how glad they are that he could make it, and he says that he just got back into town and heard about the meeting. You stand a little off to the side. Nobody has taken a seat at the rectangle of folding tables yet. You don’t want to be the first to sit down. Tim looks around the room and smiles. Several other people filter in. You’re not quite sure where to put your hands so you slide them into your jean pockets. You hunch your shoulders. Tim’s arrival has made you feel more of an outsider. But then he sees you. He edges his way around several others and walks up to you and introduces himself. You respond. Tim asks and you tell him that this is your first time at a meeting like this. He doesn’t ask about politics but about where you’re from. He tells you he has a friend in that neighborhood and do you know . . . ? Then several things happen that you only vaguely notice because you’re talking with Tim. People start to sit down at the rectangle of tables. One of them pulls out a legal pad with notes on it. She sits at the head of the rectangle; or rather, when she sits down there, it becomes the head. And there’s something you don’t notice at all. You are more relaxed, your shoulders have stopped hunching, and when you sit down the seat feels familiar. The woman at the head of the table looks around. She smiles; her eyes linger over you and a couple of others that you take to be new faces, like yours. She says, ‘Maybe we should begin.’ IV I can offer only a suggestion of an answer here today. It is a suggestion that brings together some thoughts from the late writings of Maurice Merleau-Ponty with those of Foucault, in order to sketch not even a framework for thought, but the mere outlines of a framework. It is not a framework that would seek to find the unconscious of each in the writings of the other. Neither thinker finishes or accomplishes the other. (Often, for example regarding methodology, they do not even agree.) Rather, it is a framework that requires both of them, from their very different angles, in order to be able to think it. My goal in constructing the outlines of this framework is largely philosophical. That is to say, the suggestion I would like to make here is not one for resolving for each of us the struggle of life-celebration and world-changing, but of offering a way to conceive ourselves that allows us to embrace both sides of this battle at the same time. Given the thinkers I have chosen as reference points, it will be no surprise when I say that that conception runs through the body. Let me start with Merleau-Ponty. In his last writings, particularly in The Visible and the Invisible, he offers a conception of the body that is neither at odds nor even entangled with the world, but is of the very world itself. His concept of the flesh introduces a point of contact that is also a point of undifferentiation. The flesh, Merleau-Ponty writes, ‘is the coiling over of the visible upon the seeing body, of the tangible upon the touching body, which is attested in particular when the body sees itself, touches itself seeing and touching the things, such that, as tangible it descends among them’.2 We must recall this economy of the flesh before we turn to Foucault. There is, for Merleau-Ponty, a single Being. Our world is of that Being, and we are of our world. We are not something that confronts the world from outside, but are born into it and do not leave it. This does not mean that we cannot remove ourselves from the immediacy of its grasp. What it means is that to remove ourselves from that immediacy is neither the breaking of a bond nor the discovery of an original dichotomy or dualism. What is remarkable about human beings is precisely our capacity to confront the world, to reflect upon it, understand it, and change it, while still being of a piece with it. To grasp this remarkable character, it is perhaps worth recalling Gilles Deleuze’s concept of the fold. The world is not composed of different parts; there is no transcendent, whether of God or of subjectivity. The world is one. As Deleuze sometimes says, being is univocal. This oneness is not, however, inert or inanimate. Among other things, it can fold over on itself, creating spaces that are at once insides and outsides, at once different from and continuous with one another. The flesh is a fold of Being in this sense. It is of the world, and yet encounters it as if from a perceptual or cognitive distance. It is a visibility that sees, a tangible that touches, an audible that hears. Merleau- Ponty writes: There is vision, touch when a certain visible, a certain tangible, turns back upon the whole of the visible, the whole of the tangible, of which it is a part, or when suddenly it finds itself surrounded by them, or when between it and them, and through their commerce, is formed a Visibility, a Tangible in itself, which belong properly neither to the body qua fact nor to the world qua fact . . . and which therefore form a couple, a couple more real than either of them.3 For Merleau-Ponty, thought and reflection do not attach themselves to this flesh from beyond it, but arise through it. As our body is of this world, our thought is of our bodies, its language of a piece with the world it addresses. ‘[I]f we were to make completely explicit the architectonics of the human body, its ontological framework, and how it sees itself and hears itself, we would see the possibilities of language already given in it.’4 This conception of the body as flesh of the world is not foreign to Foucault, although of course the terms Merleau-Ponty uses are not his. We might read Foucault’s politics as starting from here, inaugurated at the point of undifferentiation between body and world. The crucial addition he would make is that that point of undifferentiation is not historically inert. The body/world nexus is inscribed in a history that leaves its traces on both at the same time, and that crosses the border of the flesh and reaches the language that arises from it, and the thought that language expresses. How does this work?V Maybe it doesn’t happen that way. Maybe it happens another way. Maybe you walk into a room at a local community center. The room is large, but there aren’t many people, at least yet. There’s a rectangular table in the center, and everyone is sitting around it. A couple of people look up as you walk in. They nod slightly. You nod back, even more slightly. At the head of the table is someone with a legal pad. She does not look up. She is reading the notes on the pad, making occasional marks with the pen in her right hand. Other people come in and take places at the table. One or two of them open laptop computers and look for an outlet. Eventually, the table fills up and people start sitting in chairs behind the table. Your feel as though you’re in an inner circle where you don’t belong. You wonder whether you should give up your chair and go sit on the outside with the others who are just coming in now. Maybe people notice you, think you don’t belong there. At this moment you’d like to leave. You begin to feel at once large and small, visually intrusive and an object of scrutiny. You don’t move because maybe this is OK after all. You just don’t know. The room is quiet. A couple of people cough. Then the woman seated at the head of the table looks up. She scans the room as if taking attendance. She says, ‘Maybe we should begin.’ VI Merleau-Ponty’s discussion of the body as flesh is an ontological one. Although he does not see the body as remote from its historical inscription, his discussion does not incorporate the role such inscription plays. For a body to be of the world is also for it to be temporal, to be encrusted in the continuous emerging of the world over time. And this emerging is not abstract; rather, it is concrete. The body/world nexus evolves during particular historical periods. This fold of the flesh, this body, is not nowhere and at any time. It is there, then; or it is here, now. A body is entangled within a web of specific events and relations that, precisely because it is of this world, are inescapably a part of that body’s destiny. As Merleau-Ponty tells us in Phenomenology of Perception, ‘our open and personal existence rests on an initial foundation of acquired and stabilized existence. But it could not be otherwise, if we are temporality, since the dialectic of acquisition and future is what constitutes time.’5 The medium for the body’s insertion into a particular net of events and relations is that of social practices. Our bodies are not first and foremost creatures of the state or the economy, no more than they are atomized wholes distinct from the world they inhabit. Or better, they are creatures of the state and the economy inasmuch as those appear through social practices, through the everyday practices that are the ether of our lives. Social practices are the sedimentation of history at the level of the body. When I teach, when I write this article, when I run a race or teach one of my children how to ride a bicycle, my body is oriented in particular ways, conforming to or rejecting particular norms, responding to the constraints and restraints of those practices as they have evolved in interaction with other practices over time. Through its engagement in these practices, my body has taken on a history that is not of my making but is nevertheless part of my inheritance. It is precisely because, as Merleau-Ponty has written, the body and the world are not separate things but rather in a chiasmic relation that we can think this inheritance. And it is because of Foucault’s histories that we can recognize that this inheritance is granted through specific social practices. And of course, as Foucault has taught us, social practices are where the power is. It is not, or not simply, at the level of the state or the modes of production where power arises. It is, as he sometimes puts it, at the capillaries. One of the lessons of Discipline and Punish is that, if the soul is the prison of the body, this is because the body is inserted into a set of practices that create for it a soul. These practices are not merely the choices of an individual whose thought surveys the world from above, but instead the fate of a body that is of a particular world at a particular time and place. Moreover, these practices are not merely in service to a power that exists outside of them; they are mechanisms of power in their own right. It is not because Jeremy Bentham disliked the prison population that the Panopticon became a grid for thinking about penal institutions. It is instead because the evolution of penal practices at that time created an opening for the economy of visibility that the Panopticon represented. When Foucault writes that . . . the soul has a reality, it is produced permanently around, on, within the body by the functioning of a power that is exercised on those punished – and, in a more general way, on those one supervises, trains and corrects, over madmen, children at home and at school, the colonized, over those who are stuck at a machine and supervised for the rest of their lives6 his claim is informed by four other ones that lie behind it: that bodies are of a piece with the world, that the body/world nexus is a temporal one, that the medium of that corporeal temporality is the practices a body is engaged in, and that that medium is political as well as social. The last three claims are, of course, of the framework of Foucault’s thought. The first one is the ontological scaffolding provided by Merleau-Ponty. And it is by means of all four that we can begin to conceive things so as to be able to choose both world-changing and lifecelebrating at the same time. VII It could happen yet another way. Increasingly, it does. There is no meeting. There are no tables and no legal pads. Nobody sits down in a room together, at least nobody sits down at a place you know about. There may not even be a leaflet. Maybe you just got an email that was forwarded by someone you know slightly and who thought you might be interested. At the bottom there’s a link, in case you want to unsubscribe. If you don’t unsubscribe you get more notices, with petitions to sign or times and places for rallies or teach-ins or marches. Maybe there’s also a link for feedback or a list for virtual conversations or suggestions. If you show up, it’s not to something you put together but to something that was already in place before you arrived. How did you decide on this rally or teach-in? You sat in front of your computer screen, stared at it, pondering. Maybe you emailed somebody you know, asking for their advice. Is it worth going? If it’s on campus you probably did. It matters who will see you, whether you have tenure, how much you’ve published. There are no Tims here. You’ve decided to go. If it’s a teach-in, you’ve got plausible deniability; you’re just there as an observer. If it’s a rally, you can stand to the side. But maybe you won’t do that. The issue is too important. You don’t know the people who will be there, but you will stand among them, walk among them. You will be with them, in some way. Bodies at the same time and place. You agree on the issue, but it’s a virtual agreement, one that does not come through gestures or words but through sharing the same values and the same internet connections. As you march, as you stand there, nearly shoulder to shoulder with others of like mind, you’re already somewhere else, telling this story to someone you know, trying to get them to understand the feeling of solidarity that you are projecting back into this moment. You say to yourself that maybe you should have brought a friend along. There are many ways to conceive the bond between world-changing and life-celebrating. Let me isolate two: one that runs from Merleau-Ponty to Foucault, from the body’s chiasmic relation with the world to the politics of its practices; and the other one running back in the opposite direction. The ontology Merleau-Ponty offers in his late work is one of wonder. Abandoning the sterile philosophical debates about the relation of mind and body, subject and object, about the relation of reason to that which is not reason, or the problem of other minds, his ontology forges a unity of body and world that puts us in immediate contact with all of its aspects. No longer are we to be thought the self-enclosed creatures of the philosophical tradition. We are now in touch with the world, because we are of it. Art, for example, does not appeal solely to our minds; its beauty is not merely a matter of the convergence of our faculties. We are moved by art, often literally moved, because our bodies and the work of art share the same world. As Merleau-Ponty says, ‘I would be at great pains to say where is the painting I am looking at. For I do not look at it as I do a thing; I do not fix it in its place. My gaze wanders in it as in the halos of Being. It is more accurate to say that I see according to it, or with it, than that I see it.’7 It is only because my body is a fold of this world that art can affect me so. But this affection is also a vulnerability. As my look can happen according to a work of art, so it can happen according to a social practice. And even more so in proportion as that social practice and its effects are suffused through the world in which I carry on my life, the world my body navigates throughout the day, every day. I do not have a chance to look according to a painting by Cezanne very often; but I do encounter the effects of normalization as it has filtered through the practices of my employment, of my students’ upbringing, and of my family’s expectations of themselves and one another. The vulnerability of the body, then, is at once its exposure to beauty and its opening to what is intolerable. We might also see things from the other end, starting from politics and ending at the body. I take it that this is what Foucault suggests when he talks about bodies and pleasures at the end of the first volume of the History of Sexuality. If we are a product of our practices and the conception of ourselves and the world that those practices have fostered, so to change our practices is to experiment in new possibilities both for living and, inseparably, for conceiving the world. To experiment in sexuality is not to see where the desire that lies at the core of our being may lead us; that is simply the continuation of our oppression by other means. Rather, it is to construct practices where what is at issue is no longer desire but something else, something that might go by the name of bodies and pleasures. In doing so, we not only act differently, we think differently, both about ourselves and about the world those selves are inseparable from. And because these experiments are practices of our bodies, and because our bodies are encrusted in the world, these experiments become not merely acts of political resistance but new folds in the body/ world nexus. To construct new practices is to appeal to aspects or possibilities of the world that have been previously closed to us. It is to offer novel, and perhaps more tolerable, engagements in the chiasm of body and world. Thus we might say of politics what Merleau-Ponty has said of painting, that we see according to it. Here, I take it, is where the idea of freedom in Foucault lies. For Foucault, freedom is not a metaphysical condition. It does not lie in the nature of being human, nor is it a warping, an atomic swerve, in the web of causal relations in which we find ourselves. To seek our freedom in a space apart from our encrustation in the world is not so much to liberate ourselves from its influence as to build our own private prison. Foucault once said: There’s an optimism that consists in saying that things couldn’t be better. My optimism would consist rather in saying that so many things can be changed, fragile as they are, bound up more with circumstances than with necessities, more arbitrary than self-evident, more a matter of complex, but temporary, historical circumstances than with inevitable anthropological constraints . . .8 That is where to discover our freedom. And what happens from there? From the meetings, from the rallies, from the petitions and the teach-ins? What happens next? There is, after all, always a next. If you win this time – end aid to the contras, divest from apartheid South Africa, force debt-forgiveness by technologically advanced countries – there is always more to do. There is the de-unionization of workers, there are gay rights, there is Burma, there are the Palestinians, the Tibetans. There will always be Tibetans, even if they aren’t in Tibet, even if they aren’t Asian. But is that the only question: Next? Or is that just the question we focus on? What’s the next move in this campaign, what’s the next campaign? Isn’t there more going on than that? After all, engaging in political organizing is a practice, or a group of practices. It contributes to making you who you are. It’s where the power is, and where your life is, and where the intersection of your life and those of others (many of whom you will never meet, even if it’s for their sake that you’re involved) and the buildings and streets of your town is. This moment when you are seeking to change the world, whether by making a suggestion in a meeting or singing at a rally or marching in silence or asking for a signature on a petition, is not a moment in which you don’t exist. It’s not a moment of yours that you sacrifice for others so that it no longer belongs to you. It remains a moment of your life, sedimenting in you to make you what you will become, emerging out of a past that is yours as well. What will you make of it, this moment? How will you be with others, those others around you who also do not cease to exist when they begin to organize or to protest or to resist? The illusion is to think that this has nothing to do with you. You’ve made a decision to participate in world-changing. Will that be all there is to it? Will it seem to you a simple sacrifice, for this small period of time, of who you are for the sake of others? Are you, for this moment, a political ascetic? Asceticism like that is dangerous. Freedom lies not in our distance from the world but in the historically fragile and contingent ways we are folded into it, just as we ourselves are folds of it. If we take Merleau-Ponty’s Being not as a rigid foundation or a truth behind appearances but as the historical folding and refolding of a univocity, then our freedom lies in the possibility of other foldings. Merleau-Ponty is not insensitive to this point. His elusive concept of the invisible seems to gesture in this direction. Of painting, he writes: the proper essence of the visible is to have a layer of invisibility in the strict sense, which it makes present as a certain absence . . . There is that which reaches the eye directly, the frontal properties of the visible; but there is also that which reaches it from below . . . and that which reaches it from above . . . where it no longer participates in the heaviness of origins but in free accomplishments.9 Elsewhere, in The Visible and the Invisible, he says: if . . . the surface of the visible, is doubled up over its whole extension with an invisible reserve; and if, finally, in our flesh as the flesh of things, the actual, empirical, ontic visible, by a sort of folding back, invagination, or padding, exhibits a visibility, a possibility that is not the shadow of the actual but its principle . . . an interior horizon and an exterior horizon between which the actual visible is a partitioning and which, nonetheless, open indefinitely only upon other visibles . . .10 What are we to make of these references? We can, to be sure, see the hand of Heidegger in them. But we may also, and for present purposes more relevantly, see an intersection with Foucault’s work on freedom. There is an ontology of freedom at work here, one that situates freedom not in the private reserve of an individual but in the unfinished character of any historical situation. There is more to our historical juncture, as there is to a painting, than appears to us on the surface of its visibility. The trick is to recognize this, and to take advantage of it, not only with our thoughts but with our lives. And that is why, in the end, there can be no such thing as a sad revolutionary. To seek to change the world is to offer a new form of life-celebration. It is to articulate a fresh way of being, which is at once a way of seeing, thinking, acting, and being acted upon. It is to fold Being once again upon itself, this time at a new point, to see what that might yield. There is, as Foucault often reminds us, no guarantee that this fold will not itself turn out to contain the intolerable. In a complex world with which we are inescapably entwined, a world we cannot view from above or outside, there is no certainty about the results of our experiments. Our politics are constructed from the same vulnerability that is the stuff of our art and our daily practices. But to refuse to experiment is to resign oneself to the intolerable; it is to abandon both the struggle to change the world and the opportunity to celebrate living within it. And to seek one aspect without the other – life-celebration without world-changing, world-changing without life-celebration – is to refuse to acknowledge the chiasm of body and world that is the wellspring of both. If we are to celebrate our lives, if we are to change our world, then perhaps the best place to begin to think is our bodies, which are the openings to celebration and to change, and perhaps the point at which the war within us that I spoke of earlier can be both waged and resolved. That is the fragile beauty that, in their different ways, both Merleau- Ponty and Foucault have placed before us. The question before us is whether, in our lives and in our politics, we can be worthy of it. So how might you be a political body, woven into the fabric of the world as a celebrator and as a changer? You went to the meeting, and then to the demonstration. How was it there? Were the bodies in harmony or in counterpoint? Did you sing with your feet, did your voice soar? Did your mind come alive? Did you see possibilities you had not seen before? Were there people whose words or clothes, or even the way they walked hand in hand (how long has it been since you’ve walked hand in hand with someone out in public?) offer you a possibility, or make you feel alive as well as righteous? And how about those people off to the side, the ones on the sidewalk watching? Maybe they just stared, or maybe nodded as you went past. Or maybe some of them shouted at you to stop blocking the streets with your nonsense. Did you recoil within yourself, see yourself as in a mirror, or as the person at Sartre’s keyhole who’s just been caught? Did you feel superior to them, smug in your knowledge? Or did they, too, show you something you might learn from? Are they you at another moment, a moment in the past or in the future? Are they your parents that you have not explained to, sat down beside, or just shared a meal with? That one over there, the old man slightly stooped in the long overcoat: whom does he remind you of? What message might he have unwittingly brought for you? And why does it have to be a demonstration? You go to a few meetings, a few more demonstrations. You write some letters to legislators. You send an email to the President. And then more meetings. The next thing you know, you’re involved in a political campaign. By then you may have stopped asking why. This is how it goes: demonstrations, meetings with legislators, internet contacts. Does it have to be like this? Are demonstrations and meetings your only means? Do they become, sooner or later, not only means but ends? And what kinds of ends? In some sense they should always be ends: a meeting is a celebration, after all. But there are other ends as well. You go to the meeting because that fulfills your obligation to your political conscience. Does it come to that? There are other means, other ends. Other means/ends. Some people ride bicycles, en masse, slowly through crowded urban streets. You want environmentalism? Then have it. The streets are beautiful with their tall corniced buildings and wide avenues. To ride a bike through these streets instead of hiding in the armor of a car would be exhilarating. If enough of you do it together it would make for a pleasant ride, as well as a little lived environmentalism. Would you want to call it a demonstration? Would it matter? There are others as well who do other things with their bodies, more dangerous things. Some people have gone to Palestine in order to put their bodies between the Palestinians and the Israeli soldiers and settlers who attack them. They lie down next to Palestinians in front of the bulldozers that would destroy homes or build a wall through a family’s olive orchard. They feel the bodies of those they are in solidarity with. They smell the soil of Palestine as they lay there. Sometimes, they are harmed by it. A young woman, Rachel Corrie, was deliberately crushed by a US bulldozer operated by an Israeli soldier as she kneeled in front of a Palestinian home, hoping to stop its demolition. To do politics with one’s body can be like this. To resist, to celebrate, is also to be vulnerable. The world that you embrace, the world of which you are a part, can kill you too. And so you experiment. You try this and you try that. You are a phenomenologist and a genealogist. You sense what is around you, attend to the way your body is encrusted in your political involvements. And you know that that sensing has its own history, a history that often escapes you even as it envelops you. There is always more to what you are, and to what you are involved in, than you can know. So you try to keep vigilant, seeking the possibilities without scorning the realities. It’s a difficult balance. You can neglect it if you like. Many do. But your body is there, woven into the fabric of all the other bodies, animate and inanimate. Whether you like it or not, whether you recognize it or not. The only question is whether you will take up the world that you are of, or leave it to others, to those others who would be more than willing to take your world up for you.

## T

### 2NC on

**On means explicitly attached to or unified with**

**Dictinary.com, nd** <http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/on>

**1.**

so as to be or remain supported by or suspended from: *Putyour package down on the table; Hang your coat on the hook.* **2.** so as to be attached to or unified with: *Hang the picture onthe wall. Paste the label on the package.* **3.** so as to be a covering or wrapping for: *Put the blanket on thebaby. Put aluminum foil on the lamb chops before freezing them.* **4.** in connection, association, or cooperation with; as a part orelement of: *to serve on a jury.*