# 1NC

They harken back to a long-ago time when indigenous people were victimized, memorialize the losses and try to move forward, proven when they begin the 1AC by talking about the Trail of Tears. But memory doesn't work so simply, we cannot just recall the past unproblematically. What we do is recreate and then simulate our imagination of the past, so we're left with little Indian boys dancing in chicken feathers for our amusement.

Gerald Vizenor (be afraid, be very afraid). Manifest Manners. 1994. Page 41.

The Wahpeton Indian School in North Dakota was conceived in the assimilation vein of manifest manners. The superintendent of the federal boarding school, a retired military officer, had encouraged some of the better students to tribal dance to the music of the Lord's Prayer. These momentous dance performances were held for certain visitors in the gymnasium at the school. A tribal child was invited to perform by the superintendent. The child heard the music and danced on the hardwood basketball court. He wore the simulations of a ceremonial headdress made with chicken feathers that had been stained a bright yellow. The tribal child danced and gestured with his hands, making turns and circles on the polished court. The gestures were sign language to the words of the Lord's Prayer. The superintendent said the child was one of the best of the Indian sign language dancers. The child was lonesome and honored to dance, but the invitation was an annihilation of his tribal remembrance. The superintendent was unaware and unashamed, one of the hardhearted missionaries of manifest manners. The observers were sickened by the scene, but endorsed the performance to save that tribal child the humiliation of his favors to manifest manners. The observers participated in one of the most treacherous simulations of the tribal heart, a dance in chicken feathers to please the missionaries. Would we have been wiser to denounce the child at the time, to undermine the simulations of the dance in the presence of the superintendent? We should have told that child then and there our honest reactions to his dance, but we were his audience of solace. How could we be the assassins of his dreams and survivance?

Natives say “No” to the plan – any risk of Native compliance results in the extermination of both Indigenous culture and the planet

Grace 2000 (Victoria, Professor of Sociology at the University of Canterbury. “Baudrillard’s Challenge: A Feminist Reading.”)

Baudrillard writes that the radical Other is intolerable to the west, which is reliant on its eradication. But contemporarily the Other can be neither exterminated nor accepted, so what is promoted is the negotiable other, the other of difference. He calls this a subtler form of extermination, and one involving all the ‘humanist virtues of modernity’ (TE: 133). What happens to the Other that does not become ‘different’ in confrontation with the west, where those of the west are not the other for the Other? Baudrillard writes of the Alakuluf of Tierra del Fuego, who never sought to understand those from the west, never spoke to them, never negotiated with them. The Alakuluf were the people; there were no others. Those from the west were not ‘different’ but unintelligible. Baudrillard relates how, even after three centuries of contact, the Alakuluf had not adopted any form of western technology. Even though members of the Alakuluf would be slaughtered, it was as if the whites did not exist. ‘They would perish without ever allowing the Whites the privilege of recognising them as different’ (TE: 134). Baudrillard interprets their extermination as it is reflected in the three stages of how they were named or how they named themselves. First they were simply people, ‘Men’ (as translated from Baudrillard’s French into English). Secondly the whites referred to them as ‘foreigners’, using the word they used originally for the whites, and the people came to call themselves by that name. Finally they called themselves by the word ‘Alakuluf’, meaning ‘give, give’, which was the only word they used in the presence of the whites. Thus in Baudrillard’s analysis they were themselves, then strangers to themselves, and finally absent from themselves (TE: 135). Latouche is another author who, following a different route, arrived at similar conclusions: The inability of Third World societies to ‘reflect on their own experience and to invent appropriate solutions to their own problems’ does not come from their congenital inferiority nor from a backwardness, but results from the destruction by the West of their own coherence. (Latouche 1982: 38) Latouche continues to comment how the west has ‘invented destructive material and moral forms capable of ensuring its domination over every other society, and finally to impose on them its supreme value: economic development’.7 An Indian group in North America, the Seminoles, have retained their independence in fierce and defiant rejection of the economic values of the west. Their story is extraordinary (see Caufield 1998). In the mid-1970s the federal government was about to pay them a sizeable monetary compensation for the seizure of their aboriginal lands last century (comprising three-quarters of the state of Florida). The Seminoles sought the help of a lawyer to refuse the compensation. ‘We do not believe in accepting money for the land because the land is not ours to sell. It belongs to everybody.’ The government was going to compel them to accept the money. This group has continued to live in their traditional ways (against incredible odds), and has absolutely refused to get involved with the federal government. This group has struggled since this time to find exactly the right place where they can hold their Green Corn Dance, so crucial to the cycle of existence, the existence of their culture. Their story is one of refusal of obtaining this land in any way that is complicit with the economic values of the west, values they can see would eradicate their culture. ‘The Indian way will die with the end of the world. If they kill the Indian way, prematurely, the world will die with it’ (Bobby Billie, quoted in Caufield 1998: 70). Baudrillard too questions whether the eradication of the kind of singularity of the Alakuluf (and the Seminoles as a different kind of example) will not itself prove fatal to the west. Possibly it is the west that is so singular and will become virally contaminated with the ‘foreignness’ it tried to exterminate, and will one day itself disappear. In fact, Baudrillard does not draw what might appear to be such a clear and absolute distinction between those (few) non-western cultures, like the Alakuluf (and the Seminole), that have not recognised the west, and those that have entered the gamble with ‘difference’. The universal vision of differences, a way for the democratic west to exonerate its past, is met with indifference by the different others. His suggestion is that the west, with its universalising vision, is not the only partner to manipulate otherness for profit. Those members of non-western cultures who adopt a western ‘lifestyle’ to varying degrees do so in ways, he proposes, that never really embrace it as their own, and in some ways it often remains an object of their contempt, derision and amusement. Baudrillard wonders if ‘we’ (westerners) take ‘them’ far more seriously than ‘they’ take ‘us’. In an interview with Nicole Czechowski he makes the remark that ‘it is the Africans who despise us! Their contempt for the way we live and die is much greater than ours for them!’ (Gane 1993: 194). Cultural artefacts and performances are sold for tourist consumption, which, we learn from the media, can’t be tacky replicas; tourists are discerning and want the real thing – authentic Thai, Maori, Indian, etc. culture. This packaging of cultural experiences and things, referred to in one newspaper article as ‘indigenous tourism’,8 can be interpreted both as a form of cultural impoverishment captured and regurgitated in simulated, hyperreal form, and at the same time as a parodic pandering to the superficiality of the west’s construction of ‘difference’: a smart entrepreneurial response to the panicked desire for signs of the real and of difference. This is one example of an important point of tension in Baudrillard’s analysis. It is here that we see the vulnerability of the western edifice of representation, ‘political power’, and economic value predicated on the barring of a symbolic it can never erase, while simultaneously we are aware of the relentless and totalitarian nature of its structure. The totalising quality of the structure of simulation ensures that all attempts to realise ‘cultural authenticity’ will be recaptured through a strategy of deterrence: the system is your friend, cultural difference is valued. As Spivak noted in an interview with Ellen Rooney (1989), the concern that ‘Little India’ in a US city is more Indian than India can be analysed in terms of Baudrillard’s concept of hyperreality: more real than real. The logic of sign value can be considered to be fundamentally ‘anti-culture’ by virtue of its structural eradication, or barring of the symbolic, although, of course, this barring is a mythical construct, albeit with deadly consequences. In this sense, the west is a deculturing force that has swept the globe, a process that has been referred to by Latouche (1989) as ‘the westernization of the world’. Latouche (1989) claims that when one cultural group invades and overwhelms another, there tends to be a period of deculturation followed by some form of acculturation. As the two cultural forms interact the vanquished acquires some new cultural forms as it lives ‘with’ the dominating cultural group (and to some extent, vice-versa). What is unique about westernisation, Latouche argues, is that the process of deculturation is not followed by a process of acculturation. One cannot ‘acculture’ to, or with, a non-culture. In non-western or pre-western processes of conquest the period of deculturation may well be fraught with anguish and malaise, but this cannot be compared to the loss of meaning that follows conquest by the west; he describes this loss of meaning as the ‘source of the only misery which is truly intolerable’ (Latouche 1989: 72). This process ends up with an alienation, the invaded culture cannot understand itself by its own categories but has to use those of the invaders. It no longer has its own desires, but only the desires of the other. This identification with the other occurs only at the imaginary level, the ‘material basis’ does not follow, cannot follow. Fragmented by its insertion in a foreign cultural context, and judged with the criteria of a foreign civilisation, the aggressed culture is already wretched before it has actually been destroyed. Underdevelopment pre-exists in the imaginary before it has been cruelly inscribed in the flesh of Third World people. (Latouche 1982: 42) While Latouche analyses uncompromisingly the cultural devastation that has accompanied the ‘westernisation of the world’, Baudrillard’s viewpoint is that, at the term of this process, it is actually, from another angle, the west that is now the most vulnerable: contrary to the apparent facts which suggest that all cultures are penetrable by the West – that is, corruptible by the universal – it is the West which is eminently penetrable. The other cultures (including those of Eastern Europe), even when they give the impression of selling themselves, of prostituting themselves to material goods or Western ideologies, in fact remain impenetrable behind the mask of prostitution. They can be wiped out physically and morally, but not penetrated. This alienness is linked to their complicity with themselves. The West, for its part, is alien to itself, and anyone can just walk right in. (IE: 48) Accordingly, as Baudrillard observes, it would be a kind of naïve arrogance on the part of the west to assume that it is resented by its ‘others’ for its power and wealth. Baudrillard is clear that, in his analysis, the power of the postcolonised (the indigenous peoples subjugated by the western economic-semiologic order) is not in the reappropriation of their lands, their privileges, their autonomy (that is obviously a victory for the west), but rather in their capacity to infect the west with that which it does not understand and cannot encompass: the symbolic power of culture that destabilises any pretence to the universal and the coded instantiation of the real. To link again with the New Zealand example cited above, casting Maori within a discourse of ‘difference’ (and for that matter ‘Maori development’) furthers the demise of their symbolic power.

Rejecting the psychodrama of re-appropriating autonomy is critical for the Native in maintaining their position of radical foreignness – the position in which all their power to destabilize western rule lies.

Jean Baudrillard (Paris, France). ISSN: 1705-6411 Volume 3, Number 1 (January 2006) The Melodrama of Difference (Or, The Revenge of the Colonized). Oh yeah, Baudrillard is totally an indian/native studies BALLER.

Does the other exist for the Savage or the Primitive? Some relationships are asymmetrical: the one may be the other for the other without this implying that the other is the other for the one. I may be other for him even though he is not the other for me. The Alakaluf of Tierra del Fuego were wiped out without ever having sought to understand the Whites, without ever even speaking to them or negotiating with them. They called themselves 'Men' - and there were no others. In their eyes the Whites were not even different: they were unintelligible. They evinced no surprise at the newcomers' vast wealth and amazing technology. Despite three centuries of contact, the Alakaluf adopted not a single Western technique, continuing, for instance, to row around in skiffs. The Whites might oppress and slaughter them, but it was for all the world as if they did not exist. The Alakaluf were to be annihilated without conceding anything of their otherness. They would never be assimilated - indeed, they would never even reach the stage of difference. They would perish without ever allowing the Whites the privilege of recognizing them as different. The Alakaluf were simply irrecuperable. For the Whites, nevertheless, they were 1 'others' - beings that were different yet still human, or at least human enough to be evangelized, exploited, and killed. As a sovereign people the Alakaluf called themselves 'Men'. Then the Whites applied to them the name that they had originally applied to the Whites: 'Foreigners'. They eventually came to refer to themselves as 'foreigners' in their own language. In later times they called themselves 'Alakaluf' - the only word that they still pronounced in front of Whites, meaning 'Give, give'. They thus ended up with a designation connoting the mendacity to which they had been reduced. First, then, they were themselves, then strangers to themselves, and finally absent from themselves: three names reflecting three stages of their extermination. Naturally their murder is to be attributed to those who possess the universalizing vision, those who manipulate otherness for their own profit. In their singularity, which could not even conceive of the Other, the Alakaluf were inevitably vanquished. But who can say that the elimination of this singularity will not turn out, in the long run, to be fatal for the Whites too? Who can say that radical foreignness will not have its revenge - that, though effectively conjured away by colonial humanism, it will not return in the form of a virus in the bloodstream of the Whites, dooming them to disappear themselves one day in much the same way as the Alakaluf. Everything is subservient to the system, yet at the same time escapes its control. Those groups around the world who adopt the Western lifestyle never really identify with it, and indeed are secretly contemptuous of it. They remain excentric with respect to this value system. Their way of assimilating, of often being more fanatical in their observance of Western manners than Westerners themselves, has an obviously parodic, aping quality: they are engaged in a sort of bricolage with the broken bits and pieces of the Enlightenment, of 'progress'. Even when they negotiate or ally themselves with the West, they continue to believe that their own way is fundamentally the right one. Perhaps, like the Alakalut these groups will disappear without ever having taken the Whites seriously. (For our part we take them very seriously indeed, whether our aim is to assimilate them or destroy them: they are even fast becoming the crucial - negative - reference point of our whole value system.) The Whites will perhaps themselves disappear one day without ever having understood that their whiteness is merely the result of the promiscuity and confusion of all races and cultures, just as the whiteness of white light is simply the resolution of the melodrama of all colours. And just as colours become comparable amongst themselves only when they are measured against a universal scale of wavelengths, so cultures become comparable only when they are set against a structural scale of differences. But there is a double standard here, for it is only for Western culture that other cultures are different. For those other cultures themselves, Whites are not even different - they are non-existent, phantoms from another world. Outward conversion to Western ways invariably conceals inward scoffing at Western hegemony. One is put in mind of those Dogons who made up dreams to humour their psychoanalysts and then offered these dreams to the analysts as gifts. Once we despised other cultures; now we respect them. They do not respect our culture, however; they feel nothing but an immense condescension for it. We may have won the right by conquest to exploit and subjugate these cultures, but they have offered themselves the luxury of mystifying us. The strangest feeling one is left with after reading Bruce Chatwin's Songlines is a lingering perplexity about the reality of the 'lines' themselves: do these poetic and musical itineraries, these songs, this 'dreamtime', really exist or not? In all these accounts there is a hint of mystification; a kind of mythic optical illusion seems to be operating. It is as though the Aboriginals were fobbing us off. While unveiling the profoundest and most authentic of truths (the Austral myth at its most mysterious), they also play up the most modern and hypothetical of considerations: the irresolvability of any narrative, absolute doubt as to the origins. For us to believe these fabulous things, we need to feel that they themselves believe them. But these Aboriginals seem to take a mischievous pleasure in being allusive and evasive. They give a few clues, but never tell us the rules of the game, and one cannot help getting the impression that they are improvising, pandering to our phantasies, but withholding any reassurance that what they are telling us is true. This is doubtless their way of keeping their secrets while at the same time poking fun at us - for in the end we are the only people who want to believe these tales. The Aboriginals' secret resides not in what they omit to say, however, but entirely within the thread, within the indecipherable filigree of the narrative; we are confronted by an ironic form here, by a mythology of appearances. And in the manipulation of this form the Aboriginals are far more adept than we are. We Whites are liable to remain mystified for a good while yet. The simulation of Western values is universal once one gets beyond the boundaries of our culture. Is it not true, though, that in our heart of hearts we ourselves, who are neither Alakaluf nor Aboriginal, neither Dogon nor Arab, fail signally to take our own values seriously? Do we not embrace them with the same affectation and inner unconcern - and are we not ourselves equally unimpressed by all our shows of force, all our technological and ideological pretensions? Nevertheless, it will be a long time before the utopian abstraction of our universal vision of differences is demolished in our own eyes, whereas all other cultures have already given their own response - namely, universal indifference. It is not even remotely a matter of rehabilitating the Aboriginals, or finding them a place in the chorus of human rights, for their revenge lies elsewhere. It lies in their power to destabilize Western rule. It lies in their phantom presence, their viral, spectral presence in the synapses of our brains, in the circuitry of our rocketship, as 'Alien'; in the way in which the Whites have caught the virus of origins, of Indianness, of Aboriginality, of Patagonicity. We murdered all this, but now it infects our blood, into which it has been inexorably transfused and infiltrated. The revenge of the colonized is in no sense the reappropriation by Indians or Aboriginals of their lands, privileges or autonomy: that is our victory. Rather, that revenge may be seen in the way in which the Whites have been mysteriously made aware of the disarray of their own culture, the way in which they have been overwhelmed by an ancestral torpor and are now succumbing little by little to the grip of 'dream time'. This reversal is a worldwide phenomenon. It is now becoming clear that everything we once thought dead and buried, everything we thought left behind for ever by the ineluctable march of universal progress, is not dead at all, but on the contrary likely to return - not as some archaic or nostalgic vestige (all our indefatigable museumification notwithstanding), but with a vehemence and a virulence that are modern in every sense - and to reach the very heart of our ultrasophisticated but ultra-vulnerable systems, which it will easily convulse from within without mounting a frontal attack. Such is the destiny of radical otherness - a destiny that no homily of reconciliation and no apologia for difference is going to alter.

Monumentalizing – they monumentalize a lost indigenous culture and read Indian history as obituary. This causes what Vizenor calls manifest manners and Baudrillard calls viral difference – we force the other into our preconcieved frame so that we can know, understand, and interact with them more smoothly, so that there is no resistance from those living Indian people.

Gerald Vizenor (be afraid, be very afraid). Manifest Manners. 1994. Page 8.

Thomas Jefferson, James Fenimore Cooper, Francis Parkman, George Bancroft, and other masters of manifest manners in the nineteenth century, and earlier, represented tribal cultures as the other to them "Language did the capturing, building Indian society to a future of certain extinction,': wrote Larzer Ziff in *Writing in the New Nation.* "Treating living Indians as sources for a literary construction of a vanished way of life rather than as members of a vital continuing culture, such writers used words to replace rather than to represent Indian reality." The simulations of manifest manners are treacherous and elusive in histories; how ironic that the most secure simulations are unreal sensations, and become the real without a referent to an actual tribal remembrance. Tribal realities are superseded by simulations of the unreal, and tribal wisdom is weakened by those imitations, however sincere. The pleasures of silence, natural reason, the rights of consciousness, transformations of the marvelous, and the pleasure of trickster stories are misconstrued in the simulations of dominance; manifest manners are the absence of the real in the ruins of tribal representations. Those who "memorialized rather than perpetuated" a tribal presence and wrote "Indian history as obituary" were unconsciously collaborating "with those bent on physical extermination," argued Ziff. "The process of literary annihilation would be checked only when Indian writers began representing their own culture."

Fuck Ward Churchill – Their Churchill evidence says that Indians lived in this idyllic, stone-age culture where they respected the environment, no one was racist or sexist, and everyone could come together and sing Kumbayah. And Churchill says if we just gave the land back, Indians would return to this stone-age society. This just invests us in the myth of the noble savage, which ensures Indians are subsumed under colonialism, even if they're given the equivalent of their four acres and a mule.

Gerald Vizenor (be afraid, be very afraid). Manifest Manners. 1994. Page 24-25.

President Ronald Reagan, for instance, told university students on his official visit to Moscow, "Maybe we made a mistake in trying to maintain Indian cultures. Maybe we should not have humored them in wanting to stay in that kind of primitive lifestyle." William Least Heat-Moon, the author of *Blue Highways* and *PrairyErth,* is another cause of manifest manners and simulations in the literature of dominance. "If there really are such things as American longings," he wrote in a foreword to the new edition of *Old Indian Trails* by Walter McClintock, "surely one of them must be the wish to put aside our modernity with all its emptiness and complex disturbances and to go live as the Indians did before the Europeans descended here. Perhaps even better, to join a tribe with old ways and discover whether life with people only slightly beyond a stone-age culture is sweeter than ours, to learn whether tribal Americans truly built their lives around a harmony and balance between humankind and the rest of nature." Heat-Moon assumes a surname and embraces pronouns that would undermine his own intended identities as a postindian author. He simulates the presence of the tribal other as "slightly beyond a stoneage culture" and denies an obvious tribal attribution with the phrase, "sweeter than ours." In *PrairyErth* he creates a county with manifest manners and no more than a romantic trace of native tribal cultures. The tribes were reduced to curious silhouettes, not the stories of survivance. Alas, he is amused by a character named Venerable Tashmoo, "a Canadian, with some Ojibway blood." He said, "If Tecumseh had owned a Chevy, he'd never have said selling a county was like trying to sell air or the clouds." Charles A. Lindbergh, the aviator and adventurer, wrote in his lucid *Autobiography of Values* that his grandfather, who had emigrated from Sweden and settled in Minnesota, "started the community's first school in his farm granary." The school, of course, is an admirable remembrance, but the land, the stolen land and removal of tribal families to reservations, was a mere mention in the literature of dominance. "Children of those days lived in constant fear of Indians, though the Chippewa were friendly and even if, as grownups told them quite truthfully, there was no longer any danger from the Sioux. Now and then, when parents were out of hearing, boys would hide in bushes and whoop like savages to frighten sisters and their friends." The manifest manners were the tired simulations of savagism, at least, that his parents would not hear but in the pleasure of his memories. "When the real is no longer what it used to be, nostalgia assumes its full meaning," wrote Baudrillard in *Simulacra and Simulations.* "There is a proliferation of myths of origin and signs of reality; of second-hand truth, objectivity and authenticity." Nostalgia, and the melancholia of dominance, are common sources of simulations in manifest manners; mother earth and the shamans of the other are summoned to surrender their peace and harmonies in spiritual movements. Ed McGaa, the postindian warrior of simulations and sun dance ceremonies, nominated a new rainbow tribe to counter savagism and manifest manners. "The red people had no need to consider migration from their nature-based system," he wrote in *Rainbow Tribe.* "Their land was kept pure and clean. It was still very productive and was not overpopulated." He claims that such "treasures" as "harmonious sociology, unselfish leadership, warm family kinship, and honest justice" proliferated in traditional tribal cultures. The simulations of his rainbow tribe are treacherous, in one sense, because nostalgia is the absence of the real, not the presence of imagination and the wild seasons of peace. The rainbow tribe is a diversion, it would seem, a simulation marooned in the romance of the noble savage and the unattainable salvation of absolute boredom and melancholy.

Politics is already dead, means there's only a risk they make Indians care about the government because they want their 4 acres and a mule too. Only this can revive politics and make us invest in the logic of colonization.

Jean Baudrillard. Forget Foucault. Translated by Nicole Dufresne. 1977. Page 50-54.

With Foucault, we always brush against political determination in its last instance. One form dominates and is diffracted into the models characteristic of the prison, the military, the asylum, and disciplinary action. This form is no longer rooted in ordinary relations of production (these, on the contrary are modeled after it); this form seems to find its procedural system within itself and this represents enormous progress over the illusion of *establishing* power in a substance of production or of desire. Foucault unmasks all the final or causal illusions concerning power, but he does not tell us anything *concerning the simulacrum of power itself*. Power is an irreversible principle of organization because it fabricates the real (always more and more of the real), effecting a quadrature, nomenclature, and dictature without appeal; nowhere does it cancel itself out, become entangled in itself, or mingle with death. In this sense, even if it has no finality and no last judgment, power returns to its own identity again as a *final principle:* it is the last term, the irreducible web, the last tale that can be told; it is what structures the indeterminate equation of the word. According to Foucault, this is the *come-on that power offers,* and it is not simply a discursive trap. What Foucault does not see is that power is never there and that its institution, like the institution of spatial perspective versus "real" space in the Renaissance, is only a simulation of perspective-it is no more reality than economic accumulation-and what a tremendous trap that is. Whether of time, value, the subject, etc., the axiom and the myth of a real or possible accumulation govern us everywhere, although we *know* that nothing is ever amassed and that stockpiles are self-consuming, like modern megalopolis, or like overloaded memories. Any attempt at accumulation is ruined in advance by the void. \* Something in us disaccumulates unto death, undoes, destroys, liquidates, and disconnects so that we can resist the pressure of the real, and live. Something at the bottom of the whole system of production *resists the infinite expansion of production-other*wise, we would all be already buried. There is something in power that resists as well, and we see no difference here between those who enforce it and those who submit to it: this distinction has become meaningless, not because the roles are interchangeable but because power is *in its form reversible,* because on one side and the other something holds out against the unilateral exercise and the infinite expansion of power, just as elsewhere against the infinite expansion of production. This resistance is not a "desire" it is what causes power to come undone in exact proportion to its logical and irreversible extension. And it's taking place everywhere today. In fact, the whole analysis of power needs to be reconsidered. To have power or not, to take it or lose it, to incarnate it or to challenge it: if this were power, it would not even exist. Foucault tells us something else; power is something that functions; " ... power is not an institution, and not a structure; neither is it a certain strength we are endowed with; it is the name that one attributes to a complex strategical situation in a particular society" *(The History of Sexuality,* p. 93). Neither central, nor unilateral, nor dominant, power is distributional; like a vector, it operates through relays and transmissions. Because it is an immanent, unlimited field of forces, we still do not understand what power runs into and against what it stumbles since it is expansion, pure magnetization. However, if power were this magnetic infiltration ad infinitum of the social field, it would long ago have ceased meeting with any resistance. Inversely, if it were the one-sidedness of an act of submission, as in the traditional "optic," it would long ago have been overthrown everywhere. It would have collapsed under the pressure of antagonistic forces. Yet this has never happened, apart from a few "historical" exceptions. For "materialist" thinking, this can only appear to be an internally insoluble problem: why don't "dominated" masses immediately overthrow power? Why fascism? Against this unilateral theory (but we understand why it survives, particularly among "revolutionaries" –they would really like power for themselves), against this native vision, but also against Foucault's functional vision in terms of relays and transmissions, we must say that *power is something that is exchanged.* Not in the economical sense, but in the sense that power is executed according to a reversible cycle of seduction, challenge, and ruse (neither axis nor indefinite relay, but a cycle). And if power cannot be exchanged in this sense, it simply disappears. We must say that power *seduces,* but not in the vulgar sense of a complicit form of desire on the part of those who are dominated- this comes down to basing it in the desire of others, which is really going overboard in taking people for idiots-no, power seduces by that reversibility which haunts it, and upon which a minimal symbolic cycle is set up. Dominators and dominated exist no more than victims and executioners. (While exploiters and exploited do in fact exist, they are on different sides because there is no reversibility in production, which is precisely the point: nothing essential happens at that level) With power there are no antagonistic positions: it is carried out according to a cycle of seduction. The one-sidedness of a force relation never exists, a one-sidedness upon which a power "structure" might be established, or a form of "reality" for power and its perpetual movement, which is linear and final in the traditional vision but radiating and spiraling in Foucault. Unilateral or segmentary: this is the dream of power imposed on us by reason. But nothing yearns to be that way; everything seeks its own death, including power. Or rather-but this is the same thing-everything wants to be exchanged, reversed, or abolished in a cycle (this is in fact why neither repression nor the unconscious exists: reversibility is always already there). *That alone is what seduces deep down,* and that alone constitutes pure *jouissance,* while power only satisfies a particular form of hegemonic logic belonging to reason. Seduction is elsewhere. Seduction is stronger than power because it is a reversible and mortal process, while power wants to be irreversible like value, as well as cumulative and immortal like value. Power shares all the illusions of the real and of production; it wants to belong to the order of the real and so falls over into the imaginary and into self superstition (helped by theories which analyze it even if only to challenge it). Seduction, however, does not partake of the real order. It never belongs to the order of force or to force relations. It is precisely for this reason that seduction envelops the whole *real* process of power, as well as the whole *real* order of production, with this never-ending reversibility and disaccumulation-without which *neither power nor production would even exist*. Behind power, or at the very heart of power and of production, there is a void which gives them today a last glimmer of reality. Without that which reverses them, cancels them, and seduces them, they would never have attained reality. Besides, the real has never interested anyone. It is the locus of disenchantment par excellence, the locus of simulacrum of accumulation against death. Nothing could be worse. It is the imaginary catastrophe standing behind them that sometimes makes reality and the truth fascinating. Do you think that power, economy, sex-all the *real's* big numbers-would have stood up one single instant without a fascination to support them which originates precisely in the inversed mirror where they are reflected and continually reversed, and where their imaginary catastrophe generates a tangible and immanent gratification? Today especially, the real is no more than a stockpile of dead matter, dead bodies, and dead language. It still makes us feel secure today to evaluate this *stock of what is real* (let's not talk about energy: the ecological complaint hides the fact that it is not material energy which is disappearing on the species' horizon but the *energy of the real,* the reality of the real and of every serious possibility, capitalistic or revolutionary, of managing the real). If the horizon of production has vanished, then the horizon of speech, sexuality, or desire can still carry on; there will always be something to liberate, to enjoy, and to exchange with others through words: now that's real, that's substantial, that's prospective stock. That's power.

Even if they do solve colonization, this only makes Indian people responsible for themselves.

Baudrillard ’05 (The Intelligence of Evil)

Freedom? A dream! Everyone aspires to it, or at least gives the impression of aspiring fervently to it. If it is an illusion, it has become a vital illusion. In morality, mores and mentalities, this movement, which seems to well up from the depths of history, is towards irrevocable emancipation. And if some aspects may seem excessive or contradictory, we still experience the dizzying thrill of this emancipation. Better: the whole of our system turns this liberation into a duty, a moral obligation – to the point where it is difficult to distinguish this liberation compulsion from a ‘natural’ aspiration towards, a ‘natural’ demand for, freedom. Now, it is clear that, where all forms of servitude are concerned, everyone wants to throw them off; where all forms of constraint are concerned – physical constrains or constraints of law – everyone wishes to be free of them. This is such a vital reaction that there is barely, in the end, any need of an idea of freedom to express it. Things become problematic when the prospect arises for the subject of being answerable solely for him/herself in an undifferentiated universe. For this symbolic disobligation is accompanied by a general deregulation. And it is in this universe of free electrons – free to become anything whatever in a system of generalized exchange – that we see growing. Simultaneously, a contradictory impulse, a resistance to this availability of everyone and everything that is every bit as deep as the desire for freedom. A passion for rules of whatever kind that is equal to the passion for deregulation. In the anthropological depths of the species, the demand for rules is as fundamental as the demand to be free from them. No one can say which is the more basic. What we can see, after a long period of ascendancy for the process of liberation, is the resurrection of all those movements that are more and more steadfastly resistant to boundless emancipation and total immunity. A desire for rules that has nothing to do with submission to the law. It might even be said to run directly counter to it, since, whereas the law is abstract and universal, the rule, for its part, is a two-way obligation. And it is neither of the order of law. Nore of duty, nor of moral and psychological law.

This also means there's only a risk they cause tyranny of the self, which is comparatively the worst form of violence.

Baudrillard '93 (Jean, The transparency of evil : essays on extreme phenomena / Jean Baudrillard ; translated by James Benedict. London : New York : Verso, 1993. P. 167-168)

At all events, it is better to be controlled by someone else than by oneself. Better to be oppressed, exploited, persecuted and manipulated by someone other than oneself. In this sense the entire movement for liberation and emancipation, inasmuch as it is predicated on a demand for greater autonomy – or, in other words, on a more complete introjection of all forms of control and constraint under the banner of freedom – is a regression. Whatever it may be that comes to us from elsewhere, even the worst exploitation, the very fact that it comes from elsewhere is positive. This is why alienation has its advantages, even though it is so often denounced as the dispossession of the self, with the other treated in consequence as an age-old enemy holding the alienated part of us captive. The inverse theory, that of disalienation, is equally simplistic, holding as it does that the subject merely has to reappropriate his alienated will and his alienated desire. From this perspective everything that befalls the subject as a result of his own efforts is good, because it is authentic; while everything that comes from outside the subject is dubbed inauthentic, merely because it does not fall within the sphere of his freedom. Exactly the opposite position is the one that has to be stressed, while at the same time broadening the paradox. For just as it is better to be controlled by someone else rather than by oneself, it is likewise always better to be made happy, or unhappy, by someone else rather than by oneself. It is always better to depend in life on something that does not depend on us. In this way I can avoid any kind of servitude, I am not obliged to submit to something that does not depend on me – including my own existence. I am free of my birth – and in the same sense I can be free of my death. There has never been any true freedom apart from this one. The source of all interplay, of everything that is in play, of all passion, of all seduction, is that which is completely foreign to us, yet has power over us. That which is Other, that which we have to seduce.

Victimization – representing indigenous victimization feeds the idea that the real Indians are dead, and all that remains are essentially victims, nothing more than alcoholics and casino-owners in need of the gifts of the West. This turns the case.

Sandy Grande. Red Pedagogy: Native American Social and Political Thought. 2004. Page 93-94.

Indeed, the marketplace is flooded with the tragic stories of American Indians as lost cultures and lost peoples. Moreover, such stories are told and retold as history, as part of America's dark and distant past. Within the contexts of whitestream history, the consequence of genocide is typically depicted as an egregious but perhaps unavoidable consequence of the country's belief in manifest destiny. While I would never argue that stories depicting the tragedy of genocide (e.g., Indian boarding schools, the Trail of Tears) are not centrally important to the telling of American history, their prominence in the discourse becomes problematic when considered in the wider context of whitestream consumption. In other words, why are these stories upheld as a prime-time programs in the commodified network of Indian history? What is gained from the proliferation of essentialist portrayals of Whitestream domination and Indian subjugation? Such stories, in fact , serve several purposes, none of which contribute to the emancipatory project of American Indians. First, by propagating romanticized images of American Indians as perpetual victims while simultaneously marginalizing the work of indigenous intellectuals and social critics, whitestream publishers maintain control over the epistemic frames of the discourse and thus over the fund of available knowledge on American Indians. The desire for such control is underwritten by the understanding that critical scholarship threatens the myth of the ever-evolving democratization of Indian-white relations. Second, essentialist accounts of Indian history ( framed in good- vs. bad-guy terms) allow the consumer to fault rogue groups of dogmatic missionaries and wayward military officers for the slow but steady erosion of indigenous life . thereby distancing themselves and mainstream government from the ongoing project of cultural genocide. Third, the virtually exclusive focus on Indian history allows the whitestream to ignore contemporary issues facing American Indian communities. As a result. Indians as a modern people remain invisible, allowing a wide array of distorted myths to flourish as contemporary reality: that all the "real" Indians are extinct, that all surviving Indians are either alcoholics or gaming entrepreneurs. Meanwhile, as these images are circulated . the intensive. ongoing court battles over land, natural resources, and federal recognition are relegated to the margins of the discourse. fueling the great lie of the twenty-first century-that Americas "Indian problem" has long been solved.

Accommodation – Their affirmative creates an Indian theme park, where you can vote for Indians and be a good liberal for 2 hours at a time. However, this is enacted without ever dealing meaningfully with Indian scholarship – it's what Churchill describes when he says liberals say “Yes, that's important too” but then puts indigenous issues on the back-burner. Within the debate context, this is nothing more than accommodation.

Sandy Grande. Red Pedagogy: Native American Social and Political Thought. 2004. Page 92-93.

Indeed, various critical scholars have revealed “essentialism” as an integral part of the overall project of domination working to hold American Indians (and other subaltern peoples) to the “polemical and creative needs of whites.” With respect to Native peoples, Deloria argues that the predominant image of the American Indian – the nature-loving, noble savage – persists to serve the whitestream need to escape the deadening effects of modernity. He writes: “[Whites] are discontented with their society, their government, their religion, and everything around them and nothing is more appealing than to cast aside all inhibitions and strive back into the wilderness, or at least a wilderness theme park, seeking the nobility of the wily savage who once physically fought civilization and now, symbolically at least, is prepared to do it again.” Deloria's somewhat cynical reference to the “wilderness theme park” describes the propensity of whitestream America to satisfy its need for “authenticity” via climate-controlled, voyeuristic tours through the lives and experiences of “authentic” peoples. In this instance, “discontented” whites maintain psychological control over the overconsumption of modern society by requiring Indians to remain nature-loving primitives. The parasitic relationship between whitestream desire, capitalist imperatives, and American Indians does not end here. Indeed, while the American Indian intellectual community has managed to wrest a degree of control over the question of “who is Indian,” is has yet to muster the capability to fetter the powers of capitalism. Thus, the impact of capitalist desire on the intellectual sovereignty of indigenous peoples remains significant, particularly in the academy. For example, indigenous scholar Elizabeth Cook-Lyn questions why the same editors and agents who solicit her “life story” also routinely reject her scholarly work. She writes: “[W]hile I may have a reasonable understanding why a state-run university press would not want to publish research that has little good to say about America's relationship to tribes … I am at a loss as to explain why anyone would be more interested in my life story (which for one thing is quite unremarkable.” The explanation, of course, is that the marketable narrative is that which subscribes to the whitestream notion of Indian as romantic figure, not Indian as a scholar and social critic – a predisposition that works to favor cultural/literary forms of indigenous writing over critical forms. As Warrior observes, the current discourse is more interested in “the Charles Eastman [Sioux] who grew up in a traditional Sioux home than in the Charles Eastman who attended Mark Twain's seventieth birthday party of who read a paper at the First Universal Races Conference with W.E.B. Dubois.”

* + 1. The affirmative’s reduction of radical alterity to difference points to a complicity in a system of accommodate or banish – in this paradigm, the radical other must be exterminated. They can either destroy themselves by assimilating into the system of difference, the flows of affect, or they will face destruction at the hands of those who wish to integrate them.

**Baudrillard 90**

(Jean, French philosopher and writer) “The Transparency of Evil: Essays on Extreme Phenomenon” Pg. 146

**To master the universal symbols of otherness and difference is to master the world. Those who conceptualize difference are anthropologically superior -** naturally, **because it is they who invented anthropology.** And **they have all the rights, because rights, too, are their invention. Those who do not conceptualize difference, who do not play the game of difference, must be exterminated. The Indians** of America, **when the Spanish landed, are a case in point. They understood nothing about difference; they inhabited radical otherness.** (The Spaniards were not different in their eyes: they were simply gods, and that was that.) **This is the reason for the fury with which the Spaniards set about destroying these peoples,** a fury for which there was no religious justification, nor economic justification, nor any other kind of justification, except for the fact that the Indians were guilty of an absolute crime: their failure to under- stand difference. **When they found themselves obliged to become part of an otherness no longer radical, but negotiable under the aegis of the universal concept, they preferred mass self-immolation - whence the fervour with which they,** for their part, **allowed themselves to die: a counterpart to the Spaniards' mad urge to kill. The Indians' strange collusion in their own extermination represented their only way of keeping the secret of otherness.**

And only refusing the aff's action and encounter with natives people allows us to evade colonization. You cannot colonize that which you never come in contact with.

Baudrillard 1993 (Jean, Transparency of Evil, page 193-6)

The very scale of the efforts made to exterminate the Other is testimony to the Other's indestructibility, and by extension to the indestructible totality of Otherness. Such is the power of this idea, and such is the power of the facts. Radical otherness survives everything: conquest, racism, extermination, the virus of difference, the psychodrama of alienation. On the one hand, the Other is always-already dead; on the other hand, the Other is indestructible. This is the Great Game. The ultimate inscrutability of beings, as of peoples. Segalen: 'The inscrutability of races, which is merely the extension to races of the inscrutability of individuals.' The survival of exoticism depends entirely on the impossibility of encounter, fusion and the exchange of differences. Fortunately, all this is an illusion - the illusion of subjectivity itself. [Baudrillard continues…] Radical otherness is simultaneously impossible to find and irreducible. lmpossible to find as otherness *per se* (obviously a dream); but at the same time irreducible as a symbolic rule of the game, as a rule of the game that governs the world. The promiscuity and general confusion in which differences exist do not affect this rule of the game as such: it is not a rational law, nor is it a demonstrative process - we shall never have either metaphysical or scientific proof of this principle of foreignness and incomprehensibility: we simply have to accept it. The worst thing here is understanding, which is sentimental and useless. True knowledge is knowledge of exactly what we can never understand in the other, knowledge of what it is in the other that makes the other not oneself and hence someone who can in no sense become separated from oneself, nor alienated by any look of ours, nor instituted by us in either identity or difference. (Never question others about their identity. In the case of. America, the question of American identity was never at issue: the issue was America's foreignness). If we do not understand the savage, it is for the same reason that he does not understand himself (the term 'savage' conveys this foreignness better than all later euphemisms). The rule of exoticism thus implies that one should not be fooled by understanding, by intimacy, by the country, by travel, by picturesqueness/or by oneself. The realm of radical exoticism, moreover, is not necessarily a function of travel: 'It is not essential, in order to feel the shock [of the exotic], to revive the old-fashioned episode of the voyage. [. . .] The fact remains that such an episode and its setting are better than any other subterfuge for reaching this brutal, rapid and pitiless hand-to-hand conflict and making each blow count.' Travel is a subterfuge, then - but it is the most appropriate one of all. The power of the antipodes: the critical power of travel. The finest period of the Other: Jean de Lhory, Montesquieu, Segalen. It is the moment when otherness erupts that is sublime. The eighteenth century. The other must be maintained in his foreignness. Barthes and Japan. America. Try not to apprehend the other as difference. This is Segalen's principle of l'Exote. No pretension to truth. Disgust for trivial exoticism. At the same time, do not seek to abolish oneself in face of the other. That was Isabelle Eberhardt's temptation: fused form equals mystical confusion. Her response to the question 'How can one be an Arab?' was to try to become an Arab, by rejecting her own foreignness. It was inevitable that she should die as a result, and it was an Arab who cast her into the sea to erase her apostasy. Rimbaud, for his part, never sought fusion. His foreignness with respect to his own culture was too great for him to need any mystical diversion. Patagonia. Phantasy of disappearance. The disappearance of the Indians, your own disappearance, that of all culture, all landscape, in the bleakness of your mists and ice. In essence, though, all these things are disappearing right here in Europe too: we are all Alakaluf. Why this geographical dispersion? The last word here is that it is better to put an end to a process of creeping disappearance (ours) by means of a live sojourn in a aisible form of disappearance. All translations into action are imaginary solutions. That is why 'Patagonia' goes so well with 'Pataphysics', which is the science of imaginary solutions. Pataphysics and agonistics: Patagonistics. What we seek in travel is neither discovery nor trade but rather a gentle deterritorialization: we want to be taken over by the journey - in other words, by absence. As our metal vectors transcend meridians, oceans and poles, absence takes on a fleshly quality. The clandestineness of the depths of private life gives way to annihilation by longitude and latitude. But in the end the body tires of not knowing where it is, even if the mind finds this absence exalting, as if it were a quality proper to itself. Perhaps, after all, what we seek in others is the same gentle deterritorialization that we seek in travel. Instead of one's own desire, instead of discovery, we are tempted by exile in the desire of the other, or by the desire of the other as an ocean to cross. The looks and gestures of lovers already have the distance of exile about them; the language of lovers is an expatriation in words that are afraid to signify; and the bodies of lovers are a tender hologram to eye and hand, offering no resistance and hence susceptible of being criss crossed l,ike air space by desire. We move around with circumspection on a mental planet of circumvolutions, and from our excesses and passions we bring back the same transparent memories as we do from our travels. Travel is comparable to relationships with others. The voyage as metamorphosis, as anamorphosis, of the Earth. The feminine as metamorphosis and anamorphosiso f the masculine.T ransferencea s deliverance from one's own sex or one's own culture. It is this form of travel, founded on expulsion and deliverance that has now taken the place of the classical voyage, the voyage of discovery. Travel today is spatial and orbital, vectored - the kind of travel which, by virtue of its speed, also plays with time. Such is the voyage in the Age of Aquarius: a voyage into versatility, into the reversibility of seasons and cultures. Escape from the illusion of intimacy. Once the peripheral extension of a central activity, a diversion from an enduring place of origin, travel has all of a sudden changed its meaning: it now constitutes an original dimension, the dimension of no return, the new primal scene. It has thus become truly exotic - the future's answer to the former decentredness of primitive society. At the same time, whereas travel once served to confirm the increasing monotony of countries and peoples, the planet-wide levelling of cultures, and was pursued with the masochism that underlies the illusions of the tourist, travel now leads, by contrast, to radical exoticism, and serves to confirm the fundamental incompatibility of cultures. Travel was once a means of being elsewhere, or of being nowhere. Today it is the only way we have of feeling that we are somewhere. At home, surrounded by information, by screens, I am no longer anywhere, but rather everywhere in the world at once, in the midst of a universal banality - a banality that is the same in every country. To arrive in a new city, or in a new language, is suddenly to find oneself here and nowhere else. The body rediscovers how to look. Delivered from images, it rediscovers the imagination.

# 2NC

**The Buffalo is their golden cow, an animal ritualistically sacrificed with no expectation of relationship or subjectivity. We no longer need it as a beast, as humanized – we need to add more space or market improvements to force subjectivity upon it as a site of production – more and more buffalo narratives… it's a beast and we should leave it that way.**

**Baudrillard 1995** (Jean, Simulacra Simulations, from the chapter “The Animals: Territory and Metamorphoses”)

Once animals had a more sacred, more divine character than men. There is not even a reign of the "human" in primitive societies, and for a long time the animal order has been the order of reference. Only the animal is worth being sacrificed, as a god, the sacrifice of man only comes afterward, according to a degraded order. Men qualify only by their affiliation to the animal: the Bororos "are" macaws. This is not of the pre-logical or psychoanalytic order - nor of the mental order of classification, to which Levi-Strauss reduced the animal effigy (even if it is still fabulous that animals served as a language, this was also part of their divinity) - no, this signifies that Bororos and macaws are part of a cycle, and that the figure of the cycle **excludes any division of species**, any of the distinctive oppositions upon which we live. The structural opposition is diabolic, it **divides and confronts distinct identities: such is the division of the Human, which throws beasts into the Inhuman - the cycle, itself, is symbolic: it abolishes the positions in a reversible enchainment** - in this sense, the Bororos "are" macaws, in the same way that the Canaque say the dead walk among the living. (Does Deleuze envision something like that in his becoming-animal and when he says "Be the rose panther!"?) Whatever it may be, animals have always had, until our era, a divine or sacrificial nobility that all mythologies recount. Even murder by hunting is still a symbolic relation, as opposed to an experimental dissection. **Even domestication is still a symbolic relation, as opposed to industrial breeding**. One only has to look at the status of animals in peasant society. And the status of domestication, which presupposes land, a clan, a system of parentage of which the animals are a part, must not be confused with the status of the domestic pet - the only type of animals that are left to us outside reserves and breeding stations - dogs, cats, birds, hamsters, all packed together in the affection of their master. **The trajectory animals have followed, from divine sacrifice to dog cemeteries with atmospheric music, from sacred defiance to ecological sentimentality, speaks loudly enough of the vulgarization of the status of man himself - it once again describes an unexpected reciprocity between the two.** In particular, our sentimentality toward animals is a sure sign of the disdain in which we hold them. It is proportional to this disdain. It is in proportion to **being relegated to irresponsibility, to the inhuman, that the animal becomes worthy of the human ritual of affection and protection**, just as the child does in direct proportion to being relegated to a status of innocence and childishness. Sentimentality is nothing but the infinitely degraded form of bestiality, the racist commiseration, in which we ridiculously cloak animals to the point of rendering them sentimental themselves. **Those who used to sacrifice animals did not take them for beasts**. And even the Middle Ages, which **condemned and punished them in due form**, was in this way much closer to them than we are, we who are filled with horror at this practice. **They held them to be guilty: which was a way of honoring them**. **We take them for nothing, and it is on this basis that we are "human" with them. We no longer sacrifice them, we no longer punish them, and we are proud of it, but it is simply that we have domesticated them, worse: that we have made of them a racially inferior world, no longer even worthy of our justice, but only of our affection and social charity, no longer worthy of punishment and of death, but only of experimentation and extermination like meat from the butchery**. **It is the re-absorption of all violence in regard to them that today forms the monstrosity of beasts. The violence of sacrifice, which is one of "intimacy"** (Bataille), **has been succeeded by the sentimental or experimental violence that is one of distance.** **Monstrosity has changed in meaning**. The original monstrosity of the beast, object of terror and fascination, but never negative, always ambivalent, object of exchange also and of metaphor, in sacrifice, in mythology, in the heraldic bestiary, and even in our dreams and our phantasms - this monstrosity, rich in every threat and every metamorphosis, one that is secretly resolved in the living culture of men, and that is a form of alliance, has been exchanged for a **spectacular monstrosity**: that of King Kong wrenched from his jungle and transformed into a music-hall star. Formerly, the cultural hero annihilated the beast, the dragon, the monster - and from the spilt blood plants, men, culture were born; today, it is the beast King Kong who comes to **sack our industrial metropolises, who comes to liberate us from our culture, a culture dead from having purged itself of all real monstrosity and from having broken its pact with it** (which was expressed in the film by the primitive gift of the woman). The profound seduction of the film comes from this inversion of meaning: **all inhumanity has gone over to the side of men, all humanity has gone over to the side of captive bestiality**, and to the respective seduction of man and of beast, monstrous seduction of one order by the other, the human and the bestial. Kong dies for having renewed, through seduction, this possibility of the metamorphosis of one reign into another, this incestuous promiscuity between beasts and men (though one that is never realized, except in a symbolic and ritual mode). In the end, the progression that the beast followed is not different form that of madness and childhood, of sex or negritude. **A logic of exclusion**, of reclusion, of discrimination and necessarily, in return, a logic of reversion, reversible violence that makes it so that all of society finally aligns itself on the axioms of madness, of childhood, of sexuality, and of inferior races (purged, it must be said, of the radical interrogation to which, from the very heart of their exclusion, they lent importance). The convergence of processes of civilization is astounding. **Animals, like the dead, and so many others, have followed this uninterrupted process of annexation through extermination, which consists of liquidation, then of making the extinct species speak, of making them present the confession of their disappearance**. Making animals speak, as one has made the insane, children, sex (Foucault) speak. This is even deluded in regard to animals, whose principle of uncertainty, which they have caused to weigh on men since the rupture in their alliance with men, resides in the fact that they do not speak.

**Purging animality from our world in this fashion is the starting point of total extinction**

**Baudrillard 1999** (Transparency of Evil, p. 61)

The Boy in the Bubble is a prefigurement of the future - of that total asepsis, that total extirpation of germs, which is the biological form of transparency. He epitomizes the kind of vacuum-sealed existence hitherto reserved for bacteria and particles in laboratories but now destined for us as, more and more, we are vacuum-pressed like records, vacuum-packed like deep-frozen foods and vacuum-enclosed for death as victims of fanatical therapeutic measures. That we think and reflect in a vacuum is demonstrated by the ubiquitousness of artificial intelligence It is not absurd to suppose that **the extermination of man begins with the extermination of man's germs.** One has only to consider the human being himself, complete with his emotions, his passions, his laughter, his sex and his secretions, to conclude that man is nothing but a dirty little germ - an irrational virus marring a universe of transparency. Once he has been purged, once everything has been cleaned up and all infection - whether of a social or a baciilary kind - has been driven out, then only the virus of sadness will remain in a mortally clean and mortally sophisticated world. **Thought, itself a sort of network of antibodies and natural immune defences,** is also highly vulnerable. It is in acute danger of being conveniently replaced by an electronic cerebrospinal **bubble from which any animal** or metaphysical reflex **has been expunged**. Even without all the technological advantages of the Boy in the Bubble, we are already living in the bubble ourselves - already, like those characters in Bosch paintings, enclosed in a crystal sphere: a transparent envelope in which we have taken refuge and where we remain, bereft of everything yet overprotected, doomed to artificial immunity, continual transfusions and, at the slightest contact with the world outside, **instant death.**

# 1NR

Lawler 12 [Volume 9, Number 3 (October 2012) The King Must Die: Pataphysical Exegesis of an American Presidency Dr. James Lawler (James Lawler is an Assistant Professor in Philosophy at the State University of New York at Buffalo)]

I think that each of us can resist. I don’t get the impression there could be any organised political resistance as such. It would always be an exception, and whatever you do will always be ‘exceptional’ in that sense. A work of art is a singularity, and all these singularities can create holes, interstices, voids et cetera, in the metastatic fullness of culture. But I don’t see them coalescing, combining into a kind of anti-power that could invest the other (Baudrillard, 1996:2). In her article “Jean Baudrillard and Jacques Derrida: At the limits of Thought” (2008), Sally Hart argues that Baudrillard offers two forms of practical political response to our Age of Simulation:the individual resistances described in the above passage, and “reversals” arising from the intrinsically excessive nature of the System, in such phenomena as AIDS, cancer, computer viruses, and terrorism. In this second category, Hart includes the passive resistance of the masses, the very silence of the silent majority, as a reversive strategy in the face of the System’s oppressive power. Hart writes: In the same context of the “obesity of the system,” Baudrillard also talks of the scandalous resistance of “the masses” as a nameless, faceless no-thing-ness which increases exponentially at the same time as the social and information, these masses “refusing to be spoken of as well as to speak,” forcing the system into overdrive, as “power” is revealed as nothing but an “empty simulacrum.” Hart is unhappy with Baudrillard’s restricted conception of the political alternatives. She argues that Jacques Derrida provides a framework for a return to mass political engagement in which the System itself can be seen to function in politically positive ways. The agency for such additional possibilities for resistance is provided by the traditional European liberal devotion to realizing universal values. Whereas for Baudrillard the rise of the “global” has put an end to the previous era of the “universal,” Derrida’s thought, Hart argues, reinvigorates the modern European project of achieving the universal values of democracy and human rights through the outreach of the global System itself: While at this point it is hard to argue with much of what Baudrillard has to say about Europe I cannot (will not!) accept that, after Derrida, we are unable to re-think the European spirit of the universal in a re-worked ethico-political space (albeit one transformed in our techno-media age) which might enable us to utilize the potential benefits of globalization while minimising its potentially harmful effects – indeed Derrida argues democracy and human rights stand a better chance of being realised where globalization occurs. For while Derrida recognises that a certain (European) Western capitalist, imperialist spirit (one reaching obesity in the American model it helped spawn) has indeed been destructive – leading to (World) wars, imperialism, colonization, genocides and the like – he cannot foreclose on another messianic (and most importantly) European spirit which promises not the elimination of all otherness but a new world order infinitely open to otherness. Baudrillard might well respond along the lines of remarks he made during a conference: (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q3kgjjTE0dk&feature=list\_related&playnext=1&list=SP2B53370C61600BDA) in which he replies to a question regarding the political alternative to the rule of simulation and spectacle, in essence: You are already liberated. Liberation is no longer a messianic dream. It has already happened, or is in the process of happening, thanks precisely to the System’s globalization. There is therefore no need therefore to provide the System with an alibi from the left for what it has already achieved, or is in the process of achieving. Of course this “liberation” takes place along the lines of the System itself. It is, by comparison with “European” and traditional liberal thought, a degraded, American form of liberation. It is not the right to read Proust – nevertheless readily available on Kindle in one minute for $10 – but, more likely, the right to wear Nike running shoes going for $300. But for all the degradation, this is an historical advance for millions of people who had been living in abject poverty and under oppressive regimes and are now climbing into the brave new world. But this perspective opens up the crucial question: what to do after the orgy? Once liberation has been achieved, then what? And if the answer is – address the inequalities that still exist in the world, because not everyone has as yet been liberated – this not only postpones the inevitable posing of the question, but fails to address the degradation of the realization of liberation itself.

Fernando ’09 [Jeremy, Jeremy, Jean Baudrillard Fellow at the European Graduate School and Fellow of Tembusu College at The National University of Singapore. He received his MA in Media Philosophy from the European Graduate School (2006) and an MA in English Literature from Nanyang Technological University (2008). “reading blindly”]

In order to be responsible, one must be able to respond to the needs of the other without subsuming the other under one's conception; in other words, the other must not merely become a reflection of one's self. That would be merely the construction of the other in order to react to her or him: the result is a literal circle, a masturbatory circle, the self responding to itself. In order to have true responsibility, one must maintain the otherness of the other whilst responding. This means that the other always remains fully other to the self: one responds to the needs of the other whilst not fully understanding what these very needs are. At the moment of response, in the terms of Werner Hamacher's elegant and deceptively simple formulation, "understanding is in want of understanding":24 the self does not merely act towards the other, it is responding, communicating, negotiating. Responsibility is not a prescribed act-a one-way projection of the self onto the other-but a response: two-way and in full communion between the self and the other. The problem with a responsibility that is known a priori (in the form of an ethics that is predetermined) is that there is no consideration of the singularity of the situation. This is the problem that Jacques Lacan points out in Kant avec Sade-in such a case, there is no other that is responded to, as no matter what the situation is, the method is always the same; whilst this doesn't necessarily mean that the resulting response is exactly the same, it does subsume the situation under the same conception, the same category. In this manner, the will of the other is not taken into account; in effect, the will of the other-and he other her- or himself-is effaced. A true response to the needs of the other has to take into account the unique situation that both the self and the other are in at any moment. The Levinasian approach to ethics addresses the issue of the other, but ultimately is lacking in response as well, not in the sense of effacing the other, but, ironically, in its attempt to fully understand the other's needs. By claiming to privilege the "visage of the Other" and emptying the self up to the point of be coming "hostage for the Other," what occurs is an inverted arrogance: as if I am the centre whose existence threatens all others ... confer[ing] on [it] a central position: this very prohibition to assert [the self] makes [it] into the neutral medium, the place from which the truth about the [other] is accessible.26 What happens in this situation is, the self absorbs the other under its own categories: there is a total consumption of the other. More precisely, the self simulates the other-the response is not to the other but rather to the simulacra of the other. Hence, the self is actually responding to its own projected needs; the other exists, but as an imaginary other. Anytime the claim is made that the other is centered, to the extent that, in Levinasian terms, "subjectivity is being hostage"27-taking the place of and being a sacrifice for the other--even if the intention is to fully understand the other in order to respond to her or his needs, what occurs is the disappearance of the other via simulation: another other is created, there is no longer an other. In order for a true response, a full understanding of the other must never be assumed, or even attempted; in this sense, the "visage" of the other must always be (at least partially) hidden. This hidden "visage" of the other is not merely what Slavoj Zizek claims when he says, "The true ethical step is one beyond the face of the other, the one of suspending the hold of the face: the choice against the face, for the third."28 Zizek's claim is that in privileging the third over the "visage," one is able to have an ethics that isjust (in the legal sense), for then one can "abstract [the face of the Other] and refocus onto the faceless Thirds in the background."29 Whilst the Zizekian gesture allows one to perform ajustice (which, in his conception, has to be blind to specifics, as in every instance, one can alwaysjustif)t whatever her or his actions are; for instance, personal shortcomings such as the failing nature of man), this is an ethics which privileges the material situation ("the faceless Thirds") whilst effacing the other completely. In the selfs act of "indifference," what one does is indeed "suspend one's power of imagination" JO with respect to the other, but what occurs instead is that this imagination is transposed to the "faceless Thirds." In this manner, what is occurring is a simulation of the "faceless Thirds" and their needs. So whilst escaping the Levinasian trap of simulating the other, the Zizekian gesture merely simulates the "faceless others." Indeed, this is not "simply the Derridian-Kierkegaardian point that I always betray the Other because tout autre est un autre, because I have to make a choice to select who my neighbour is from the mass of the Thirds,"JI but is rather a mere reversal of that statement-an "I betray the other because I refuse to select from the thirds" or, even more radically, "I betray both the other and all others because I am merely subsuming all of you under my conception-I have made ALL of you my absolute other(s)."J2 The site of responsibility is indeed the third, but not as Zizek posits it, for the third exists not as an externality to the other (in the form of the faceless others), but rather in the other her or himself. In responding to and with the needs of the other, the self has to communicate with the other in order to uncover these needs. Communication takes place in the third itself, for true communication is not merely the exchange of information (which requires a flattening-out of differences-which we see in the Zizekian gesture-in order for this exchangeability to take place), but rather is a process where the two parties connect and touch each other. Communication, as Lucretius posits, takes place in the skin (the simulacrum) between the two parties, and it is in that space that the two parties negotiate.33 In this sense, there is no direct transfer of meaning (as posited, for instance, in the Shannon-Weaver model, where every miscommunication is due to interference and misinterpretation of codes), but rather, meaning itself is an emergent property of the process of communication. There is no such thing as miscommunication: communication itself is an event, and by definition, its result cannot be predetermined. Responding to the other takes place in the third-between the self and the other-and it is at this site that the needs of the other potentially emerge. There is no doubt that there is an exchange that takes place in communication--otherwise, one will emerge from any process of communication completely unchanged (which is not true). But the exchange that takes place is not one of a direct information exchange; this would be the realm of a general exchange, an exchange of one unit of information for another. This is communication conceived as an economic exchange, where all differences have to be flattened (or abstracted from a use-value to an exchangevalue), and perhaps the sense of meaning that is derived from the act is, then, its surplus value. This fits in perfectly with the logic of capital: communication as a process that is calculable, predictable, and which produces surplus value that guarantees its continual cycle. An analogy of this would be one of furniture in the modern context: each piece of furniture no longer has a meaning in itself(the last of this is perhaps "Dad's chair," which on Iy he can sit in), except for the fact that it is part of the overall design of that particular room. In this manner, each piece is perfectly substitutable with any other piece; take any chair out and replace it with another chair-as long as it fits in with the overall design, it will work: functionality is the key here. The "ambience" of the room is the concept that determ ines the individual pieces of furniture, which only have meaning insofar as being part of the network that is the room itself: each piece is individual, but not singular.34 In a concept of communication in which there is a direct exchange of information, each word functions like a piece of furniture: nothing has meaning in itself, and there is no singularity; individual words have meaning only as part of a network of other words, constructions, sentences, other sentences, and so on. Communication itself would be subsumed under functionality (that is, the purpose of communication would be predetermined-exchange a particular piece of information). This is the only way in which one can deem that miscommunication took place: only with an aim that is set can any failure be determined and calculated. With such a concept of communication, the importance of each person is determined by her position in the network, and, by extension, each person is completely and utterly replaceable, exchangeable. Each person is individual, but not singular.