## 1AC—V1

### 1AC – V1

#### I affirm the appropriation of space by private entities is unjust

#### In an age when American Corpo-Capitalism is in a dizzying tailspin, the time is ripe for a NEW faith, a NEW paradigm, a NEW prophet – That “realigion” Is the Church of the SubGenius™, and that prophet is J.R. “Bob” Dobbs.

#### "Bob" doesn't want everyone to be equally POOR -- he wants all humanity equally RICH!!! RICH!!! RICH BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS --WITHOUT WORKING!!! It's a Church of love AND money, AND SENSE –

#### Common Sense,

#### Sense of Humor,

#### DOLLARS AND CENTS.

#### The world ends tomorrow and YOU MAY DIE! Nothing is static, but by joining the church and vibing with our hilarious arguments you can free yourself from the horrors of life! Or death! There isn’t really a difference anymore!

Dobbs, 80

[When was the Church of the SubGenius formed? No one knows! Some people think it coincides with the Church of Scientology in 1953, But the first traceable publication of this pamphlet was in January 1980! From J.R. “Bob” Dobbs, “SubGenius Pamphlet #1,” Pg 1-3, 9-18-20 // jmk & zc]

REPENT! Quit Your Job! Slack off! The World Ends Tomorrow and YOU MAY DIE! Well, no, probably not…but whatever you do, just keep reading! ARE WE CONTROLLED BY SECRET FORCES? ARE ALIEN SPACE MONSTERS BRINGING A STARTLING NEW WORLD? DO PEOPLE THINK YOURE STRANGE? DO YOU?? …THEN YOU MAY BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! “Unpredictables” are not alone and possess amazing hidden powers of their own! Are You Abnormal? THEN YOU ARE PROBABLY BETTER THAN MOST PEOPLE YES! YOUR KIND SHALL TRIUMPH! If you are what they call "different" -- If you think we're entering a new Dark Ages -- If you see the universe as one vast morbid sense of humor -- If you are looking for an inherently bogus religion that will condone superior degeneracy and tell you that you are "above" everyone else -- If you can help us with a donation – could save your sanity! “You’d PAY to know what you REALLY think.”—Dobbs 1961 FEELING LIKE THERE'S JUST NO SLACK? You may have 'Snapped' already from the information disease! ("The sleep of reason begets monsters.") The Church of the SubGenius recognizes the programming! Look to the High Unpredictables of the Church of the SubGenius for pancultural deprogramming and resynchronization! Perfect your subliminal vision -- edit your memory -- relive your reincarnality! SYNC UP! This is the original Time Control program that has helped thousands to fear no longer the STARK FIST of REMOVAL Become PHYSICALLY ATTRACTIVE -- overnight! Now you, too, can speak to benevolent aliens at the Alter of X-ist Contact. Learn Frame Straightening, Body Repair, Gripe Elaboration, FunKQu, Frenzy Techniques, Excremeditation, the Essentials of Survival and TIME CONTROL. Attettd End O' The World Drills and Chance Labs. Learn to 'Tenlike. Evaluate the so-called "accidents" and "coincidences" in your timestream. Perform long, complicated rites of initiation and rituals of Communionication. Accullate yourself to the Church, where you will be isolated, given a new diet, a new set of habits, and an altered label and appearance. The new void in your bran-pan will be refilled with corrected info and subconsciously implanted ritual experiences. Follow your FOLLIES and COMPULSIONS and become rich like us. Explore the "Zen" of stupidity! Channel chronic procrastination into life-saving paranoia and precise anatityl MAKE WASTE!! YES, YOU MAY BE THE SUBGENIUS, MASTER OF THE STOOGLEY ARTS! Perform the Salute! The most 'NO WAY' new wage religion of them all!! Brain-trust of our species!! Llegó la hora del fin Using SubGenius secrets of BULLDADA and MOREALISM you can now MIRACULOUSLY ELIMINATE COMPULSIVE URGES such as smoking, lethargizing, overeating, insomnia, the inability to take drugs, constipation, old age, sex and money problems, baldness, illness, the Work Instinct, assouliness, and painful shortage of SLACK! This is a certified religion of scorn and vengeance directed at all of THEM, the enemies of us Outsiders. It is "self-help" thorugh scoffing and blaspheming, frenzied fornication and the Tumping of Graven Images. The Church provides answers and miracles in the service of SUREAVOLUTION. "Ignore the man behind the curtain" – Oz The Church of the SubGenius is the ultimate secret order, the superior brain cult for those who "know better" but who demand in the LUST for GRINS a spectacular, special-effects-laden belief system – a 'stuporstition.' This religion, devised by precise mathematical formulae, weirder than the most obscure UFO/Atlantis cults, is invaluable to all superior renegades who, at any time, are justifiably on the edge of insanity and can be made whole only by developing a seventh sense of BLUDGEON HUMOR.

#### There was only ever one debate to be had, that of being versus becoming. This card is extremely complicated and if you even try to answer it you’re gonna lose.

Bataille 1985Georges. "The labyrinth." trans. Allan Stoekl, Visions of Excess, ed. Allan Stoekl (Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1985) 5 (1985). The Labyrinth (1930). Michigan km <3, recut by fhs-cm // JMK // Damien-AD

\*\*This evidence is gender-modified – pronouns are replaced in brackets

Negativity, in other words, the integrity of determination - Hegel I. THE INSUFFICIENCY OF BEINGS [Humans] act in order to be. This must not be understood in the negative sense of conservation (conserving in order not to be thrown out of existence by death), but in the positive sense of a tragic and incessant combat for a satisfaction that is almost beyond reach. From incoherent agitation to crushing sleep, from chatter to turning inward, from overwhelming love to hardening hate, existence sometimes weakens and sometimes accomplishes "being". And not only do states have a variable intensity, but different beings "are" unequally. A dog that runs and barks seems "to be" more than a mute and clinging sponge, the sponge more than the water in which it lives, an influential [human] more than a vacant passerby. In the first movement, where the force that the master has at [their] disposal puts the slave at [their] mercy, the master deprives the slave of a part of [their] being. Much later, in return, the "existence" of the master is impoverished to such an extent that it distances itself from the material elements of life. The slave enriches [their] being to the extent that [they] enslaves these elements by the work to which [their] impotence condemns him. The contradictory movements of degradation and growth attain, in the diffuse development of human existence, a bewildering complexity. The fundamental separation of [humans] into masters and slaves is only the crossed threshold, the entry into the world of specialized functions where personal "existence" empties itself of its contents; a [human] is no longer anything but a part of being, and [their] life, engaged in the game of creation and destruction that goes beyond it, appears as a degraded particle lacking reality. The very fact of assuming that knowledge is a function throws the philosopher back into the world of petty inconsistencies and dissections of lifeless organs. Isolated as much from action as from the dreams that turn action away and echo it in the strange depths of animated life, [they] led astray the very being that [they] chose as the object of [their] uneasy comprehension. "Being" increases in the tumultuous agitation of a life that knows no limits; it wastes away and disappears if [they] who is at the same "being" and knowledge mutilates himself by reducing himself to knowledge. This deficiency can grow even greater if the object of knowledge is no longer being in general but a narrow domain, such as an organ, a mathematical question, a juridical form. Action and dreams do not escape this poverty (each time they are confused with the totality of being), and, in the multicolored immensity of human lives, a limitless insufficiency is revealed; life, finding its endpoint in the happiness of a bugle blower or the snickering of a village chair-renter, is no longer the fulfillment of itself, but is its own ludicrous degradation - its fall is comparable to that of a king onto the floor. At the basis of human life there exists a principle of insufficiency. In isolation, each [human] sees the majority of others as incapable or unworthy of "being". There is found, in all free and slanderous conversation, as an animating theme, the awareness of the vanity and the emptiness of our fellowmen; an apparent stagnant conversation betrays the blind and impotent flight of all life toward an indefinable summit. The sufficiency of each being is endlessly contested by every other. Even the look that expresses love and admiration comes to me as a doubt concerning my reality. A burst of laughter or the expression of repugnance greets each gesture, each sentence or each oversight through which my profound insufficiency is betrayed - just as sobs would be the response to my sudden death, to a total and irremediable omission. This uneasiness on the part of everyone grows and reverberates, since at each detour, with a kind of nausea, [humans] discover their solitude in empty night. The universal night in which everything finds itself - and soon loses itself - would appear to be the existence for nothing, without influence, equivalent to the absence of being, were it not for human nature that emerges within it to give a dramatic importance to being and life. But this absurd night manages to empty itself of "being" and meaning each time a [human] discovers within it human destiny, itself locked in turn in a comic impasse, like a hideous and discordant trumpet blast. That which, in me, demands that there be "being" in the world, "being" and not just the manifest insufficiency of human or nonhuman nature, necessarily projects (at one time or another and in reply to human chatter) divine sufficiency across space, like the reflection of an impotence, of a servilely accepted malady of being. II. THE COMPOSITE CHARACTER OF BEINGS AND THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF FIXING EXISTENCE IN ANY GIVEN *Ipse* Being in the world is so uncertain that I can project it where I want - outside of me. It is a clumsy man, still incapable of eluding the intrigues of nature, who locks being in the me. Being in fact is found NOWHERE and it was an easy game for a sickly malice to discover it to be divine, at the summit of a pyramid formed by the multitude of beings, which has at its base the immensity of the simplest matter. Being could be confined to the electron if ipseity were precisely not lacking in this simple element. The atom itself has a complexity that is too elementary to be determined ipsely. The number of particles that make up a being intervene in a sufficiently heavy and clear way in the constitution of its ipseity; if a knife has its handle and blade indefinitely replaced, it loses even the shadow of its ipseity; it is not the same for a machine which, after six or five years, loses each of the numerous elements that constituted it when new. But the ipseity that is finally apprehended with difficulty in the machine is still only shadowlike. Starting from an extreme complexity, being imposes on reflection more than the precariousness of a fugitive appearance, but this complexity - displaced little by little becomes in turn the labyrinth where what had suddenly come forward strangely loses its way. A sponge is reduced by pounding to a dust of cells; this living dust is formed by a multitude of isolated beings, and is lost in the new sponge that it reconstitutes. A siphonophore fragment is by itself an autonomous being, yet the whole siphonophore, to which this fragment belongs, is itself hardly different from a being possessing unity. Only with linear animals (worms, insects, fish, reptiles, birds and mammals) do the living individual forms definitively lose the faculty of constituting aggregates bound together in a single body. But while societies of nonlinear animals do not exist, superior animals form aggregates without ever giving rise to corporeal links; [humans] as well as beavers or ants form societies of individuals whose bodies are autonomous. But in regard to being, is this autonomy the final appearance, or is it simply error? In men, all existence is tied in particular to language, whose terms determine its modes of appearance within each person. Each person can only represent [their] total existence, if only in [their] own eyes, through the medium of words. Words spring forth in [their] head, laden with a host of human or superhuman lives in relation to which [they] privately exists. Being depends on the mediation of words, which cannot merely present it arbitrarily as "autonomous being," but which must present it profoundly as "being in relation". One need only follow, for a short time, the traces of the repeated circuits of words to discover, in a disconcerting vision, the labyrinthine structure of the human being. What is commonly called knowing - when a [human] knows [their] neighbour - is never anything but existence composed for an instant (in the sense that all existence composes itself - thus the atom composes its unity from variable electrons), which once made of these two beings a whole every bit as real as its parts. A limited number of exchanged phrases, no matter how conventional, sufficed to create the banal interpenetration of two existing juxtaposed regions. The fact that after this short exchange the [human] is aware of knowing [their] neighbour is opposed to a meeting without recognition in the street, as well as to the ignorance of the multitude of beings that one never meets, in the same way that life is opposed to death. The knowledge of human beings thus appears as a mode of biological connection, unstable but just as real as the connections between cells in tissue. The exchange between two human particles in fact possesses the faculty of surviving momentary separation. A [human] is only a particle inserted in unstable and entangled wholes. These wholes are composed in personal life in the form of multiple possibilities, starting with a knowledge that is crossed like a threshold - and the existence of the particle can in no way be isolated from this composition, which agitates it in the midst of a whirlwind of ephemerids. This extreme instability of connections alone permits one to introduce, as a puerile but convenient illusion, a representation of isolated existence turning in on itself. In the most general way, every isolable element of the universe always appears as a particle that can enter into composition with a whole that transcends it. Being is only found as a whole composed of particles whose relative autonomy is maintained. These two principles dominate the uncertain presence of an ipse being across a distance that never ceases to put everything in question. Emerging in universal play as unforeseeable chance, with extreme dread imperatively becoming the demand for universality, carried away to vertigo by the movement that composes it, the ipse being that presents itself as a universal is only a challenge to the diffuse immensity that escapes its precarious violence, the tragic negation of all that is not its own bewildered phantom's chance. But, as a man, this being falls into the meanders of the knowledge of [their] fellowmen, which absorbs [their] substance in order to reduce it to a component of what goes beyond the virulent madness of [their] autonomy in the total night of the world. Abdication and inevitable fatigue - due to the fact that "being" is, par excellence, that which, desired to the point of dread, cannot be endured - plunge human beings into a foggy labyrinth formed by the multitude of "acquaintances" with which signs of life and phrases can be exchanged. But when [they] escapes the dread of "being" through this flight - a "being" that is autonomous and isolated in night - a [human] is thrown back into insufficiency, at least if [they] cannot find outside of himself the blinding flash that [they] had been unable to endure within himself, without whose intensity [their] life is but an impoverishment, of which [they] feels obscurely ashamed. III. THE STRUCTURE OF THE LABYRINTH Emerging out of an inconeivable void into the play of beings, as a lost satellite of two phantoms (one with a bristly beard, the other softer, her head decorated with a bun), it is in the father and mother who transcend [them] that the miniscule human being first encountered the illusion of sufficiency. In the complexity and entanglement of wholes, to which the human particle belongs, this satellite-like mode of existence never entirely disappears. A particular being not only acts as an element of a shapeless and structureless whole (a part of the world of unimportant "acquaintances" and chatter), but also as a peripheral element orbiting around a nucleus where being hardens. What the lost child had found in the self-assured existence of the all-powerful beings who took care of [them] is now sought by the abadoned [human] wherever knots and concentrations are formed throughout a vast incoherence. Each particular being delegates to the group of those situated at the centre of the multitudes the task of realizing the inherent totality of "being". [they] is content to be a part of a total existence, which even in the simplest cases retains a diffuse character. Thus relatively stable wholes are produced, whose centre is a city, in its early form a corolla that encloses a double pistil of sovereign and god. In the case where many cities abdicate their central function in favour of a single city, an empire forms around a capital where sovereignity and the gods are concentrated; the gravitation around a centre then degrades the existence of peripheral cities, where the organs that constituted the totality of being wilt. By degrees, a more and more complex movement of group composition raises to the point of universality the human race, but it seems that universality, at the summit, causes all existence to explode and decomposes it with violence. The universal god destroys rather than supports the human aggregates that raise [their] ghost. [they] himself is only dead, whether a mythical delirium set [them] up to be adored as a cadaver covered with wounds, or whether through [their] very universality [they] becomes, more than any other, incapable of stopping the loss of being with the cracked partitions of ipseity. IV. THE MODALITIES OF COMPOSITION AND DECOMPOSITION OF BEING The city that little by little empties itself of life, in favour of a more brilliant and attractive city, is the expressive image of the play of existence engaged in composition. Because of the composing attraction, composition empties elements of the greatest part of their being, and this benefits the centre - in other words, it benefits composite being. There is the added fact that, in a given domain, if the attraction of a certain centre is stronger than that of a neighbouring centre, the second centre then goes into decline. The action of powerful poles of attraction across the human world thus reduces, depending on their force of resistance, a multitude of personal beings to the state of empty shadows, especially when the pole of attraction on which they depend itself declines, due to the action of another more powerful pole. Thus if one imagines the effects of an influential current of attraction on a more or less arbitrarily isolated form of activity, a style of clothing created in a certain city devalues the clothes worn up to that time and, consequently, it devalues those who wear them within the limits of the influence of this city. This devaluation is stronger if, in a neighbouring country, the fashions of a more brilliant city have already outclassed those of the first city. The objective character of these relations is registered in reality when the contempt and laughter manifested in a given centre are not compensated for by anything elsewhere, and when they exert an effective fascination. The effort made on the periphery to "keep up with fashion" demonstrates the inability of the peripheral particles to exist by themselves. Laughter intervenes in these value determinations of being as the expression of the circuit of movements of attraction across a human field. It manifests itself each time a change in level suddenly occurs: it characterizes all vacant lives as ridiculous. A kind of incandescent joy - the explosive and sudden revelation of the presence of being - is liberated each time a striking appearance is contrasted with its absence, with the human void. Laughter casts a glance, charged with the mortal violence of being, into the void of being, into the void of life. But laughter is not only the composition of those it assembles into a unique convulsion; it most often decomposes without consequence, and sometimes with a virulence that is so pernicious that it even puts in question composition itself, and the wholes across which it functions. Laughter attains not only the peripheral regions of existence, and its object is not only the existence of fools and children (of those who remain vacant); through a necessary reversal, it is sent back from the child to its father and from the periphery to the centre, each time the father or the centre in turn reveals an insufficiency comparable to that of the particles that orbit around it. Such a central insufficiency can be ritually revealed (in saturnalia or in a festival of the ass as well as in the puerile grimaces of the father amusing [their] child). It can be revealed by the very action of children or the "poor" each time exhaustion withers and weakens authority, allowing its precarious character to be seen. In both cases, a dominant necessity manifests itself, and the profound nature of being is disclosed. Being can complete itself and attain the menacing grandeur of imperative totality; this accomplishment only serves to project it with a greater violence into the vacant night. The relative insufficiency of peripheral existences is absolute insufficiency in total existence. Above knowable existences, laughter traverses the human pyramid like a network of endless waves that renew themselves in all directions. This reverberation convulsion chokes, from one end to the other, the innumerable being of [human] - opened at the summit by the agony of God in a black night. V. THE MONSTER IN THE NIGHT OF THE LABYRINTH Being attains the blinding flash in tragic annihilation. Laughter only assumes its fullest impact on being at the moment when, in the fall that it unleashes, a representation of death is cynically recognised. It is not only the composition of elements that constitutes the incandescence of being, but its decomposition in its mortal form. The difference in levels that provokes common laughter - which opposes the lack of an absurd life to the plenitude of successful being - can be replaced by that which opposes the summit of imperative elevation to the dark abyss that obliterates all existence. Laughter is thus assumed by the totality of being. Renouncing the avaricious malice of the scapegoat, being itself, to the extent that it is the sum of existences at the limits of the night, is spasmodically shaken by the idea of the ground giving way beneath its feet. It is in universality (where, due to solitude, the possibility of facing death through war appears) that the necessity of engaging in a struggle, no longer with an equal group but with nothingness, becomes clear. THE UNIVERSAL resembles a bull, sometimes absorbed in the nonchalance of animality and abandoned to the secret paleness of death, and sometimes hurled by the rage of ruin into the void ceaselessly opened before it by a skeletal torero. But the void it meets is also the nudity it espouses TO THE EXTENT THAT IT IS A MONSTER lightly assuming many crimes, and it is no longer, like the bull, the plaything of nothingness, because nothingness itself is its plaything; it only throws itself into nothingness in order to tear it apart and to illuminate the night for an instant, with an immense laugh - a laugh it never would have attained if this nothingness had not totally opened beneath its feet.<b>Georges Bataille</b>

#### THAT’S RIGHT

#### -If you think debate tournaments have too much debating and not enough of that special something that oozes out of the in-between

#### -If you’ve heard every impact so many times you’ve started a collection

#### -If you have learned to live off nothing but coffee, vapes, and spreading alone

#### -If you’re so tired of judging boring rounds that in the last five rounds, you have seriously considered playing valorant in the 1NC

#### -If you can help us with a donation

#### Then J.R. “Bob” Dobbs has something for you!

#### You can’t beat “Bob”! Something for nothing, eternal salvation or triple your money back, THE SUBGENIUS MUST HAVE SLACK!

#### And “Bob” agrees--- in an age of Space banking and appropriation of space, accepting the Alien gods which stand before you is necessary to reject the human diseases of war, disease and inquisitions The “Bob”Apocryphon 94

[When was the Church of the SubGenius formed? No one knows! Some people think it coincides with the Church of Scientology in 1953, But the first traceable publication of this pamphlet was in January 1980! The “Bob”Apocryphon: Hidden Teachings and Deuterocanonical Texts of J. R. “Bob” DobbsPg 1-3, 9-18-20, 1994 // jmk & zc]

The history of the world is intervention in human affairs by spirit entities in hundreds of different forms. We’re not so much being fished for, but shopped for; they “take us off the shelves” whenever they please. What our ancestors thought was a ‘miracle contract’ through which we’d curry the gods’ favor has turned out to be a sucker deal whereby we’re being bred and fattened by SPACE BANKERS for resale and consumption in the coldest bowels of space. THAT’S why we need “BOB” DOBBS, Earth’s GREATEST salesman, on OUR side. ALL secret societies teach different, sometimes overlapping fragments of the Knowledge we are about to share, but only “Bob” has been able to fit together all the puzzle-pieces of the “Contract,” the “Bill of Sale” of our species! Only he can interpret the fine print. Only HE can wheel and deal on our behalf when the “Collection Company” shows up in 1998. For, though he may not yet figure in all Earth religions, “Bob” is a MAJOR FIGURE in the VASTLY MORE ANCIENT PROPHECIES of ALL ALIEN RACES... including the Xists themselves!! But even the mighty Xists are merely ‘forceps’ used by yet greater beings who might as well be observing us through metaphysical microscopes. The Xists were “possessed” by JHVH-1, who was Himself “possessed” by an ocean-like psi-mind moss brain which grows in a gaseous galaxy, which in turn was “possessed” by an Elder God which was born as a lump in the expanding Heat Bubble of the Big Bang, itself a tiny belch from the GREAT GREY GERBIL. There’s no point in seeking to comprehend these entities or their power struggles. Hoping to fathom the Xists would be like trying to psychoanalyze the Cosmos; JHVH-1 and the Elder Gods are beyond even the fantasy of our understanding. However, from careful scrutiny of Prescripture and of Dobbs’ memos regarding his sales meetings, we can glean scattered clues which hint at the natures and motives of these beings. We must first clarify the differences between aliens, gods, the collective unconscious, and hoaxes. Don’t confuse the gods — of which there are two vying tribes, Elder Gods and Rebel Gods — with petty entities and aliens like Jesus, the Greys, the Yacatisma, Satan, the Xists or the Zists. Those are relatively minor forces of our own little bubble of space-time, and, like us, they too must still eke out a living. They are but ‘sheep dogs’ for the actual MASTERS — the “dark pitiless gods who sleep,” the beings which the Mutantean Yeti associated with “an appalling cosmic morbid humor... the compassionless... who find life’s sufferings amusing.”1 The gods’ only interest in our physical Universe seems to be the high-frequency vibrations emitted by living brains during periods of pain, tension, fear, expectation, ecstacy and violent death. Since human behavioral diseases such as religion and nationalism generate wars, inquisitions, pogroms, etc., They subtly manipulate us into opposing groups, setting up situations in which They can obtain as much anguish and sorrow as They desire. The only reason the Con hasn’t overtly tried to destroy the Church yet is that they know we’re the natural, fated, chosen tools of the gods, and possessed of Slack powers they themselves do not understand. They want to infiltrate us, hinder us, steal our secrets, and only THEN snuff us. This is why the number of people who know the actual location of The SubGenius Foundation office can be counted on four hands. Even the Earthly unearthly – mere discarnate entities – pose threats. If the weird forces ever did lose patience with us, and get organized, think what they could do. They’re as technologically inclined as we are, if they want to be. The average modern poltergeist can turn appliances on and off, leave messages on tape decks, etc. What if a distressed nuclear weapons engineer, trained in launch protocol, were to commit suicide in a missile silo? The silo might thenceforth be HAUNTED by his leftover, embittered ‘lower soul,’ which was too confused to cling to its higher counterpart and go to the Vats. It mopes around, halfway in our reality, trying to make contact but unable to, and is eventually driven mad while gaining experience in discharging electrical circuitry in that missile silo by sheer poltergeist hate-force... or, it could get into the radar viewscreens at NORAD and deliberately appear as blips indicating incoming North Korean missiles. Did you ever wonder what a nuclear blast would do to your SOUL?? If ever there was something that could erase parts of more than one reality, it’s that. Setting off a nuke might be the only way for a ghost to commit suicide! We dare not dwell upon these things any longer, lest we give our spirit readers BIG IDEAS. “When the SLEEPING WAKE, those now living will not die, and those now dead shall stumble throughout the cities of madness, whirling electromagnetic energy during the Night of “Bob.” THE BOOK shall be rewritten, its pages scrawled with the terrifying WRIT of THE CHILD THAT HAS COME.” — Found by Rev. Shuerholz among the writings of Wilbur Von Jünst Among the gods, the aliens, the entities and the collective unconscious, only the hoaxes seem to be on our side. Luckily, the hoaxes we’re talking about are REAL. Whereas, regarding intelligence, the Greys and Deros might as well be our equals, ghosts (deceased Pinks too stupid or obsessive to “cross over”30) are much lower on the chain — down near gerbils and hamsters. Most of them are mere demonic “holograms” that surf listlessly across the psychic spectrum, repeating their inane loops of mournfulness over and over again, seeking a temporary fix of reality through human interface. They mean to frighten you just enough for a whiff of the pstench of FEAR, that little “buzz” that keeps them hanging around. The worst a ghost can do is scare you, manipulate psychic energy and make funny shapes. They can’t kill you, except by fright. Besides, they know that if they did kill you, you’d soon be on their plane, looking to get some payback. We are all relentlessly bombarded by subconscious mental assault, from Elder Gods trying to influence us one way, Saucer Aliens trying to hypnotize us another way, Succubi and Incubi raping our superegos, Deros and Yacatisma feeding us nightmares... One reason we had to invent television, radios and boom boxes was to keep them out of our heads. That’s what civilization itself is all about: to build up enough SHEER NOISE that we DROWN OUT the ghosts and monsters. But, is the isolationist path the right one? To Dobbs, every stream, building, field, and tree is associated with a ludicrous SubGenius god or spirit, most of them largely ineffectual.31 Would it not behoove us to entreat some of these entities for help, rather than fleeing indiscriminately from ALL Ascended Beings? That senile Po’bucker spray-painting “Welcome Lord Jesus” on his home-made UFO landing pad may seem silly to us at first glance, but he’s got the right idea: every object, word, and symbol — every individual blade of grass — must be precisely positioned, as in the Chinese concept of feng shui, to banish unwanted influences. The slightest antiConspiracy gesture, no matter how subtle, even if witnessed only by yourself, has unbelievable Karmic repercussions affecting all things upon the globe at the all-important subatomic level. So if you want to ride the Bobmobile down the endless Highway of Slack, you’ll need the Keys and Incantations and Sacred Seals that serve as small change when you smash through the gate of each Tollbooth.

#### We are the executioners of your whole artificial reality, who, knife in hand, shout “I belong to the sovereign realm of the Church to of the SubGenius! I withdraw you, victim, from this world where your value to the planet was overdetermined by the machinic logics of capital and welcome you to the new one! Forget about the disads, the counterplans, the Kritiks--- naturalizing the exteriorization of control over the cosmos creates an ever evolving model of calculative approaches to the inunderstandable.

Clark 10 (Nigel Clark, professor in the Lancaster Environment Center at Lancaster University (UK), "Inhuman Nature: Sociable Life on a Dynamic Planet.", page 130-136 emma millar)

Bataille is as much a poet and a provocateur as a diagnostician. He offers nothing like Latour’s attempt to lay out and knit together the core functions of a workable collective, and it’s well known that his own stab at assembling the kind of community he desired – with a sacrificial logic at its heart – came to little. Moreover, as Jean Baudrillard warns, we need to be as wary of the naturalizing of a prodigious and explosive cosmos as Bataille is of the modern economist’s (or environmentalist’s) tendency to make recourse to a parsimonious and circulatory one (1993: 157–8). It may be a fine line, but I am arguing that there is a difference between taking a wager on how the world works (and committing oneself to an engagement with the challenges a specific model or ontology raises for social life) and wielding laws of nature as the authorization of specific social arrangements or political stances. Bataille undoubtedly drifts to and fro across this blurry divide, but the gist of his vision of excess is the posing of a problem without the dictation of an answer. We are, after all, free to ignore the build-up of energy and let vast conflagrations catch us unaware. We are equally at leave to unleash our accumulated arsenals in cruel, selfish or suicidal ways – as a theorist writing in the shadow of the cold war nuclear arms race knew only too well. The idea that we might consume or squander a surplus ‘generously’ is just one of a number of options. But what a possibility! If Bataille overstates his case, if he stokes up the fiery energies of the universe so as to favour his own obsessions, it is because his idea of a magnanimous, non-utilitarian unloading of wealth has so few precedents in modern Western thought. True gifts, he insists, arrive from beyond the closed circuitry of exchange and calculation, and do not expect a return (1993: 370–1). Such gestures are a continuity of the exorbitant energy of the sun, a perpetuation of the monstrous outpouring of solar energy – on a more intimate scale. ‘(T)o live’, Bataille intones, ‘signifies for you not only the flux and the fleeting play of light which are united in you, but the passage of warmth or light from one being to another’, to recall a line I cited in Chapter 3 (1988: 94). Paroxysms of generosity go with the flow of the world’s tumultuousness, by operating on the same immoderate and discontinuous terrain. They prevent the dangerous amassing of energy or productive potential, not deliberately, but as the fortuitous sideeffect of acts worth doing purely for their own sake. In this way – incidentally, secretly, joyfully – the gift subverts the logic of enclosure and accumulation. Bucking decades of studious evasion of Bataille’s potential contribution to environmentalism, Allan Stoekl has recently proposed that we take seriously the idea that a glorious and gratuitous disposal of pent-up riches might offer relief from the current ecological predicament: Just as in The Accursed Share, where the survival of the planet will be the unforeseen, unintended consequence of a gift-giving (energy expenditure) oriented not around a weapons build up but around a squandering (give-away) of wealth, so too in the future we can posit sustainability as the unintended aftereffect of a politics of giving. (2007: 142) In its own way, this is no more paradoxical than the claim that the modern project of rendering life secure, predictable and transparent paves the way to disaster (an insight that loops together the Frankfurt School, Bataille and Ulrich Beck). And neither is it as alien to contemporary climate change politics as it may first appear. It is hard to tell at what point the most exacting pursuit of environmental or energetic justice, or the most advanced simulations of terrestrial climate, begin to tip into something other-than-quantifiable. With an eye attuned to Bataille’s musing on the limits of knowledge, Kathryn Yusoff speaks of a modelling of global climate so complex and all-encompassing that it begins to reveal excesses of its own: a digital earth that itself functions as an ‘ever-evolving model … a continuous organism of change, adjustment, and reconfiguration’ (2009: 1013). Gratuitous disorder, that is to say, hatched out of the endeavour to make sense of the world. Elsewhere, if we take a second look at some of the more searching attempts to apportion responsibility and make amends for global climate change, these too seem at risk of edging over a threshold of calculability and dropping into unfathomable depths. Aubrey Meyer’s principle of contraction and convergence, while hinging on the absolute equitability of allocating every person on earth the right to the same quantity of carbon emissions, in practice calls for a dramatic reduction in the non-renewable energy use of the most industrialized populations. Still more extreme is Andrew Simms’ conception of climate change as an expression of ‘ecological debt’ which could only be addressed by way of a settlement between the Global North and South that accounts for all the historical as well as the geographical disparities in energy and resource use. But Simms is not simply asking us to do all the sums, nor insisting on ‘the inescapably fraught exercise’ of pricing nature (2005: 106). He is trying to tip current ways of conceiving of economic debt on their head: attempting to incite ‘a fundamental realignment of who owes whom in the international economy’ – and thus justifying a massive global redistribution of wealth (2005: 183). For all their anchoring in a conventional model of justice, what makes such proposals start to resonate with Bataille’s dream of a ‘modern-day potlatch’ on a global scale is that the overcoming of current differentials in wealth is not presented as a prelude for a fully universal resumption of growth (see Stoekl, 2007: 58). It is more in the manner of a onceand-for-all blow-out of Western prosperity: a power down impelled by a sense that the imminence of catastrophic climate change makes a mockery of existing economic axioms. What’s more to the point is that such fantasies of mass, unilateral dissipation of industrial riches are no rare thing amongst environmentally conscious radicals. Indignation over the ecological–economic injustices of the current world order certainly drives a great deal of thought and activism. But whether this deep-seated sense that ‘the poor, the weak, the hungry, deserve better’ (Wisner, cited in Philo, 2005: 444) actually requires an accurate score-sheet of inequity and disparity is debatable. Tunnel under the reliance on rationalization of ethico-political standpoints, and what so often seems to be coursing beneath is a desire to reach out to those in need that exceeds any requirement of proof, any justification or accounting. Bataille’s writing, in other words, may not so much demand a dramatic overhaul of the dreams of green-tinged radical criticism, as give shape and intensity to a will to generosity and discharge that already pervades the genre. To put it another way, he reminds us that the process of politicization need not necessarily take as its object a state of affairs that is demonstrably already ‘political’. Bataille’s opening of earthly economies to the dynamics of the universe, the abrupt climate change paradigm’s opening of the current climatic condition to the rhythms and pulsing of extra-human earth, do not necessarily threaten the imperative to act in a just way. They may indeed extend the scope of the political. Or point to an ‘excess’ that perennially animates the more adventurous pursuits of justice. At least this is what Jacques Derrida (1992b) is suggesting when he offers his own conception of a justice that goes beyond what is owed, calculated or ‘right’. Any justice worthy of the name, Derrida argues, cannot simply attend to circumstances that can be contained within the closed circle of simple causality or proven culpability. For this would reduce it to law or to economics. Justice, in the expanded sense, must be able to respond to those events so singular or so surprising that there are no precedents, no regulations in place. It must be ready to come into its own when ‘an irruption … punctures the horizon, interrupting any performative organisation, any convention, or any context that can be or could be dominated by a conventionality’ (Derrida, 2001a: 245, author’s italics). However, a notion of the just which is inherently excessive, which embodies ‘a responsibility without limits’ (1992b: 19), Derrida concedes, is also dangerous. For even if we are vigilant, the turn to a ‘justice’ which has at its heart an incalculability, a lack of restraint, a boundless compassion dices with injustice and irresponsibility: ‘Left to itself, the incalculable and giving idea of justice is always very close to the bad, even to the worst for it can always be reappropriated by the most perverse calculation’ (1992b: 28). Nowhere is this prospect more ominous, more fateful, than in the risk that by foregrounding the innate volatility of the earth’s climate we occlude those dimensions of the current crisis that are ‘our’ own responsibility, and thereby play into the hands of those interests that would undermine the nascent and fragile architectures of transnational climate governance. Many commentators have noted how easily Bataille’s celebration of excess could slip into an apologetic for selfishness or violence (see Habermas, 1987: 235–6; Nancy, 1991: 39), a possibility he himself was aware of, if not always adequately attentive to. But there is certainly a recurring tension in his work between growth and loss, knowledge and non-knowledge, the measurable and the unfathomable – an interminable struggle captured in Edith Wyschogrod’s verdict that Bataille’s subject was forever ‘teetering between … orgy and abstinence’ (1990: 145). No less than Bataille’s own concern with redistributing global wealth, the ‘perhaps impossible vision of an ecologically just world’ under the shadow of catastrophic shifts in the earth’s climate seems to demand an even more rigorous accounting, in spite of the need to engage with the overwhelming of exchangeable values. Or as Derrida announces: ‘incalculable justice requires us to calculate’; it summons us to ‘negotiate the relation between the calculable and the incalculable’ (1992b: 28, author’s italics) – in an aporetic logic we have already encountered in Chapter 3. In relation to the ethicizing and politicizing of abrupt climate changes to come, we are short of guidelines for a workable fusion of the utterly immeasurable and the approximately knowable, though we should not look past the considerable resources that Latour’s expanded parliaments offer us. As recent critiques suggest, the most comprehensive attempts so far to calculate and regulate global carbon emissions may have set out from the wrong assumptions, thus courting complete failure while precluding more fair and feasible options (Lohmann, 2005). We should not rule out the possibility that a massive injection of Bataillean generosity earlier in the proceedings may have helped open other options – and might still. I suggested above that there are promising tendencies toward a more-than-calculable justice in certain strands of Western political ecology and ecologized politics. But the over-industrialized world – ‘sick with wealth’ as Bataille would have it – may not be the only or best place to start (see Land, 1992: 33). The Day after Tomorrow may have denied the people of Mexico a fictional opportunity for unconditional generosity, but real life might yet prove more fruitful. Speaking of the need for ‘an excessive response that breaks with the vicious circuit of accounting in the Arctic’, Kathryn Yusoff notes the reluctance of the Inuit to concede to an economic logic: citing Aqqaluk Lynge, President of the Inuit Circumpolar Council, Greenland, ‘(t)he magnitude of the climate change challenge is such that a response of a higher order is needed’ (2009: 1026). Half a world away, the people of Kiribati still await offers of a new land on which to relocate, as the evidence mounts that their islands will become uninhabitable sometime this century. In the study of gift-giving, the Pacific has historically loomed large, with Marcel Mauss (1990 [1950]) notably marshalling available accounts to conclude that the gifting in question set in train relations of reciprocity or counter-giving: rendering them less an alternative to economic relations as a primitive pre-precursor of rational, calculated exchange. It was an argument that once again positioned Europe as the cultural– economic headland and left the Pacific and the rest of the periphery playing catch-up. But in the face of imminent demise, Kiribati has made a gesture for which there can be no reciprocation, an offering which breaks profoundly with the logic of exchange and with the conditionality of the gift. At a 2006 UN biodiversity conference, the tiny Pacific nation pledged to set aside a huge area of its national waters as a new marine reserve, one which would encompass some of the planet’s richest coral reef ecosystems as well as being the only significant stretch of deep ocean under protection (Fogarty, 2008). Later, during an economic downturn in which many other nation states began skimping or reneging on their environmental obligations, Kiribati unexpectedly announced a doubling in the size of the designated zone – bringing the reserve up to 410,500 square kilometres – around the size of California – making it the world’s largest maritime protected area. Oceanographer and climatologist James McCarthy described the establishment of the reserve as a ‘remarkable gift to the world’, while Kiribati president Anote Tong said of the decision: ‘It was an opportunity to make that last stand. It was our contribution to humanity’ (cited in Whitney, 2008). Next to the parsimonious and instrumental parleying that predominates in global climate change politics, Kiribati’s exorbitant bequeathing of oceanic estate breathes a new logic. The gesture is unlikely to be devoid of self-interest, but there’s something deeply provocative about responding to the prospect of territorial loss with an ever bigger territorial give-away: a perpetual endowment that trumps protectionism with abyssal generosity (Clark, 2010c). Bataille, we suspect, would have approved. Though even he may have been surprised to find that one of the most extravagant acts of ‘squandering’ of our time came from one of the ‘poorest’ countries on the planet. Or should that read ‘least sick with wealth’.

#### We are becoming the High Unpredictables of the Church of the SubGenius who absolutely refuse to take ourselves seriously! Framing the debate in laughter we find ourselves and Others by breaking from western conceptions of desire – we are not everything, we will eventually disappear and we know absolutely nothing – but we’re okay with that! Are you?

Bordun 13 (Troy M. Bordun, PhD in Philosophy and Cultural Studies, Western University, “Georges Bataille, Philosopher of Laughter,” <https://ir.lib.uwo.ca/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1000&context=mllgradconference>, pages 2-8, accessed 10/29/20, emma millar)

Expenditure is a loss of bodily energy, finding that expenditure pleasurable (if we are able) in excessive loss to the point of exhaustion. This exhaustion, of energy or one’s wealth, the two are the same, brings us closer to the very core of existence, human or otherwise: death and the desire to return to the continuity or fluidity of the universe. The Bataillean subject expends recklessly for no other purpose than that expenditure. Whether we are climaxing in sexual activity or donating all of our wealth, this loss, and the anxiety that stems from not being able to preserve ourselves for tomorrow, is joyous in a Spinozist sense. We experience the universe in its indifferent response to life and death and remove ourselves from the all-important place atop a hierarchy of other forms of life. Once we meditate on such a brute fact, refuse to take ourselves so seriously in a constant pursuit of some higher end, we laugh. 2. Setting the Stage To elaborate on what Bataille calls a philosophy of laughter, we can turn to his book Inner Experience. It takes the form of short and scattered essays written in the 30s up until its publication in 1943 (re-published and expanded in 1954).3 Its form is more like a diary than a philosophical text; but between the vague personal experiences Bataille relates are profound philosophical statements which give us much work to do. What I want to do then is leap into this text by way of laughter. It is perhaps the most significant of experiences Bataille writes on, I think mostly because it is an excellent blanket term and practice from which he discusses all the other themes and practices developed in the rest of his work. As well, I hope this account of laughter gives us a different perspective on the term, and furthermore, on ethics. The Preface to Inner Experience does not hesitate. This “ontology” is to outline a mode of being removed from the intoxicating aroma of “the desire to be everything”. Such a desire is defined by the construction of “narcotics” to avoid sufferings: we identify with the “entirety of the universe”, believe ourselves to be immortal, put hope for salvation in gods. Heidegger’s solipsistic Dasein, with its affirmation that everything is for the individual, or Immanuel Kant’s universalized morality, are two such examples, the latter Bataille notes in passing while the former seemed to trouble Bataille for many years. Herein one finds the key to man’s integrity: “NO LONGER TO WANT TO BE EVERYTHING, [which] is the hatred of salvation” (IE, 174). When two certainties are embraced, namely that we are not everything and that we will eventually disappear, one touches upon an inner experience, a finding of your respective place in the universe. When separated from the intoxication of the desire to be everything, we find, in addition, a place filled with laughter. The subject of Inner Experience is, firstly, the self-acknowledged suffering of disintoxication, from those narcotics which sustain a coherent and illusory stable identity, and secondly, to scale the summit to the “extreme limit of the possible.” 3. A Philosophy of Laughter In 1920, a then young Bataille was in London pursuing his studies at the British Museum. While there he was lucky enough to have dinner with Henri Bergson. Bataille knew he was a philosopher, but had not, up until this point, read him (and it seems by this year he had not read any philosophy). Prior to the meeting he picked up Bergson’s Laughter (1900). After reading and meeting the man, Bataille described feeling disappointed, by both the work and the author behind it. It was this year however that Bataille found the key to his thinking: laughter (IE, 66).4 32 years following he restates this finding and sums his oeuvre in the lecture, “Nonknowledge, Laughter, and Tears”: In fact, I can say that, insofar as I am doing philosophical work, my philosophy is a philosophy of laughter. It is a philosophy founded on the experience of laughter, and it does not even claim to go further. It is a philosophy that doesn’t concern itself with problems other than those that have been given to me in this precise experience.5 Bergson’s book, despite it being a disappointment, still “impassioned” Bataille because it was possible to reflect on such a topic. Laughter appears in Bataille’s work in the same way as sacrifice and poetry; it is another articulation of what he calls nonknowledge; that which escapes reason and understanding, those experiences (contra the transmission of logic and information) which are not within the realm of project, or as I began with, for the sake of simplicity, nonknowledge is the instant of unproductive expenditure. In other words, it is the unknown which causes us to laugh (NLT, 135). Indeed, it is the unexpected happenings which are the most unknown, and make us laugh most heavily (NLT, 136). When we shed our stable identities which are comprised of seriousness, projects, immortality, and the like, Bataille describes this experience of nonknowledge as laughter. Laughter bursts forth as well, as I started with, in unproductive expenditure. It is also true that some of the most fear-inducing events are those that require us to expend recklessly. It would mean the world to our long-time friend if we could fly across the ocean to spend time with her; despite neuroses and taboos, your partner asks for a more transgressive sexual experience; 20 below zero and a person cracks the ice on a lake and is calling for help. In each of these instances we could easily stop ourselves: “I do not have the time, because of all the work I need to do, and I also don’t have the money”; “I would never do that sort of perverse thing”; “I too might drown”. We make such statements because we believe ourselves to be far more important than the other individual, all the while lacking the awareness that we make similar demands. This egoism, the refusal to shed even a part of it, is the unethical for Bataille. We step out of ourselves and encounter the other ethically in an intimate moment when lives are at stake. This moment comes when what we believe to be our existence, as the only and most important one there is, is also the moment in which our destruction is no longer such a great loss. …I consider my coming into the world – which depended on the birth and conjunction of a given man and woman, then on the moment of their conjunction. There exists, in fact, a unique moment in relation to the possibility of me – and thus the infinite improbability of this coming into the world appears. For if the tiniest difference had occurred in the course of the successive events of which I am the result, in place of this me, integrally avid to be me, there would have been “an other.”6 This meditation demarcates the end of solipsism because the I that I believed myself to be is contingent upon unproductive expenditures (sexual intercourse) and the recklessness that is demanded. The ego, which I carry proudly around, was brought into existence by a chance that two individuals collided in an infinitely large universe. Precisely this meditation, and others like it, is the sort that is akin to the mystics. When we embrace our existence as one no more grand than any other it is possible then to expend for another’s pleasure and well-being, which we hope, can never be sufficiently articulated due to the fits of laughter between or among the persons involved. Laughter is the forming of a community or communion. How I arrived at this thesis will be the project of the next few pages. Let’s take a trivial example: one has a chance meeting on the street with a friend. This produces a brief chuckle (NLT, 135). Another: a fly on an orator nose’s (IE, 61).7 A third: a woman falls on the street or a serious man slips on a banana peel.8 We would not laugh if the woman who fell on the sidewalk had instead dropped from a window, and furthermore, if she had been one who mattered to us. The latter scenario fills us with immense anguish and horror, while the former is comic. But the two situations are in fact related for they both propel us out of the seriousness with which we live our lives: “When you laugh, you perceive yourself to be the accomplice of a destruction of what you are” (IE, 192). The burst of laughter touches on the limits of the possible; we perceive and understand ourselves as mortals when the person across from us appears comic or absurd. This is no naïve childishness. Gilles de Rais never laughed. This Gilles de Rais was a 15th century child murderer, who also fought alongside Joan of Arc. He murdered anywhere between 40 and 250 children for the goal of immortality. Bataille wrote an essay on him in the 1950s, his interest being somewhat similar to the discussion here.9 A childish ignorance places all faith in the knowledge of grown-ups, or like Gilles de Rais, in alchemy and conjuring demons – and we must, according to Bataille, contest what we think we know, question authority – and such is not accomplished by feigning naivety or leaving projects solely in the hands of others, or in Gilles de Rais’ case salvation in the hands of the demons he conjured (IE, 42). One must know anguish to be able to laugh, one must know that the grave seriousness we give to our projects should reduce us to laughter and tears: The most serious seem to me to be children, who don’t know they are children: they separate me from true children who know it and laugh at being. But to be a child, one must know that the serious exists – elsewhere and mattering little – if not, the child could no longer laugh nor know anguish. (IE, 44) Thus laughing is not as Thomas Hobbes theorized: one is not superior to another; one does not degrade another to heighten himself. Such a laugh is the exemplar behaviour of the naïve child, to know more than the one who laughed at. “[N]o one laughs at a scholar,” Bataille mentions, “for to see in him childishness would demand that one surpass him, as much as a grown-up surpasses the child” (IE, 42). Instead, laughter is pulling the rug out from under. It is seriousness taken aback, that orator determined to convince the audience of the gravity and weight of his position, the audience engrossed in this profound revelation about the nature of existence; and then in an instant the crowd is thrown into subdued giggles as this man who had solved the problems of the universe has a fly land on the tip of his nose, and at once are pulled back to reality (the dismissal of the will to know, to be everything). Mikkel Borch-Jacobsen’s essay, “The Laughter of Being”, provides an account of Bataille’s practice of laughter drawing the full connection between laughing and, as I said above, dying. The kind of reality Bataille suggests is one that is also replete with others: we cannot truly laugh unless it is with others. When two individuals burst, “we lose ourselves in another, and, with him, in this great panic laughter which gathers us together around our own loss, our own death.”10 Thus one cannot really theorize laughter as Bergson does; it must be experienced and practiced. When we laugh we laugh at being. One cannot be everything and such a realization, manifests in the midst of seriousness gone awry. Individuals appear to be self-sufficient wholes, making their way about the world oblivious to their place in the universe. When a person crashes into a lamp-post however, as in Jacques Tati's film Mon Oncle (1958), there is a certain joy in seeing this as we witness the limitations of human existence.11 The sovereign individual – a person who recognizes his or her independence from a reality of seriousness, naïve childishness, utilitarianism running amuck – witnesses the fall from the whole and Borch-Jacobsen asserts that one who mocks being possesses more being than the one who appears insufficient.12 But, like the woman or fellow-man crashing into a lamp-post, the sovereign person falls too: we come to identify with the person who crashes into the lamp-post because we too are the same, i.e., a limited and finite being.13 One who shares a laugh does so in the absence of anguish, and yet in the same movement, anguish is the cause of the burst (IE, 96). Sovereignty calls for the confrontation and then moving passed the moment of anguish – the anguish, a technical term for Bataille, felt in the face of unproductive expenditure or death, such as the fear-inducing events mentioned above. To articulate this in a less mortifying and more everyday-like occurrence: when two autonomous individuals see a serious man slip on a banana peel, they lock eyes at first, and then explode in laughter. Such behaviour for Bataille is true communication, two seemingly independent beings harkening back to what is means to be a human being – in touch with the animal side of our nature (the present moment).14 Alphonso Lingis makes a clever note of this in a very Bataillean manner: Language is not the primary medium, then, for communication. It is not in speaking to another that we cease to deal with him or her as an instrument or obstacle, and recognize his or her subjectivity. It is in laughter and tears that we have the feeling of being there for others. We do not laugh alone and for ourselves alone.15 To laugh at being is to laugh at death. Think hard about your future: death is surely absent says Sigmund Freud in “Timely Reflections on War and Death”. To slip out of project and seriousness, for Bataille, is to tread alongside death. True, when one falls on the sidewalk it is she who dies, but we identify and slip with her into an experience of finitude. In laughter, and in laughing at a festival like the Day of the Dead, we are laughing because we too are the dead.16 “The strangest mystery to be found in laughter is attached to the fact that we rejoice in something that puts the equilibrium of life in danger” (NLT, 144). This remark gives us a rather precise definition of laughter: we laugh when a risk presents itself as a confrontation/identification with death. Bataille placed himself within the history of philosophical thought, this much he makes clear in the post-script to Inner Experience. Where he differs from traditional philosophy – if inner experience is taken as fundamental to his thinking – is an assertion of praxis over theory: “what counts in no longer the statement of wind,” Bataille poetically illustrates, “but the wind” (IE, 13). It took him many years before he read his first book of philosophy, and whether we can even say Bergson’s Laughter is within the canon of the history of philosophy, it would be longer still before he tackled a work of any significance. When he finally did get around to reading philosophy (Fyodor Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Plato, through Lev Shestov around 1923 [AS, 154]), he studied in a way altogether different from philosophy students, and further, wanted to study subjects outside the discipline (NLT, 139). But he describes in the first volume of The Accursed Share that his work, despite its interdisciplinary leanings and at least in that text, is an ethical project. Laughter then is the moment we no longer maintain the individualism inherent in other modes of ethical thinking. We throw ourselves into a lake to save the drowning person and if we are successful, through laughter and tears, in exhaustion huddled together on the shore, experience a kind of ecstasy or joy. This is not the categorical imperative at work; I did not jump into the lake because I secretly hope the drowning person would do the same for me. Neither is it reciprocity, in which individuals come to mutually agree that we are both equal and we can compromise on various endeavours, etc. When a friend asks another to appear at her birthday party and the other fails to show citing important work as the reason for her absence, reciprocity commands understanding from each other which results in a vicious cycle of varying acceptances and rejections such that no one is happy. In this form of ethical seriousness the ego remains – the individuals involved demand recognition that their project is the more pressing. With Bataille however, seriousness founders and laughter explodes when without hesitation we give ourselves to others, not for reciprocity, improving our own happiness, or because Kant tells us to; no, we do so because of the energy that is excessive to our normal everyday, and in that expenditure of it directed in such a way toward the well-being and pleasure of the other, we connect and communicate with them in the most ethical way we can. And in so doing, laugh ecstatically. To think philosophically for Bataille is to break into laughs and sobs. In these sovereign moments, apart from them having any use, we find a kind of thinking: “to laugh is to think,” he casually notes. What makes us laugh is the moment the object, person or autonomous self has been taken out of useful activity, its utilitarian purpose, and is destroyed in frenzy, in excess.17 Such laughter is truth: the falling away of an object or other person as the sign of finitude. In such a moment I see my own falling into the void as well. To take each moment as serious, as something which is for the future – most explicitly for my work on Bataille and laughter, the serious quality of sustaining bodily integrity and a safe amount of wealth to preserve ourselves for tomorrow (“Always keep at least two months extra pay in your bank account in case you lose your job”, we so often hear) – is to miss the sovereign operations Bataille writes of, including the one that I have explicitly discussed: giving yourself away to save others. If a person negates the present, does not throw himself into the lake, he becomes the object of the sovereign individual’s laughter or on a larger scale, is publicly ridiculed. In seriousness there is a lack of meaning Bataille argues; when a concentrated person slips on a banana peel or a fly lands on the orator’s nose, it is these instants given to us by chance that we laugh and “open the depths of worlds” with “gratuitous affirmation” (MM, 90). Laughter is life and likewise philosophy.18

### 1AC – V1 Framing

#### The role of the ballot is to choose the best orientation towards death---

#### [1] Predictability--- the orientation towards death is the core question of every debate and the only predictable question of every topic--- every team should be prepared to question it

#### [2] The short-term destruction of human civilization is inevitable – means the only relevant question is how we orient ourselves towards it--- that’s Bordun

#### [3] Utilitarianism relies on a limited ideology--- Battile ’85 their model constrains death to a biological binary and ignores key historical occurrences which fall under metaphysical death--- i.e. trail of tears, middle passage, surveillance post 9/11

#### [4] Deontology and ethical models rely on purity politics which cascade into authenticity testing and homogenization of knowledge--- there is no core ethical framework because by the same logics preserving racism is the most “ethical option” for a racist judge

#### [5] Prefer questioning our response to conflict instead of what happens--- alternative causes create a chicken or the egg question which means only framing the debate around the end result guarantees debates that result in education and self reflection

#### And we get 1AR theory- [1] Reciprocal--- they get both speeches to make theory claims--- 1AR is the only time to respond to potential abuse [2] Strat skew--- no 1AR theory justifies 2NR RVIs, 1NCs with 50 counterplans and arbitrary theory violations [3] Clash--- it’s the only check against the time skew which is LD speech times--- call them out for bad actions

#### No neg RVIs--- they artificially explode the theory debate and function as a strat skew for the 1AR--- offense and defense against theory interps is sufficient and resolves all neg offense