# 1AC

## Part 1: Framework

**Empathy is the first question of ethics. In order to have a moral obligation to accept or reject the resolution, we must first have moral obligations towards the other. Before debating normative ethics, we must first find the procedure through which we give the other moral value. We must center policy that enables people to recognize the humanity of the other.**

#### The concept of the human is a relational subjectivity created in the context of a “we.” Our relations to one another determine whose lives are recognizable as fully human. Therefore, life is constituted via our political relationships derived from vulnerability, not just our biological functions.

Butler 1 (2004)

Butler, Judith. Researcher and Professor at UC Berkeley (2004) Precarious Life: The Powers of Mourning and Violence. London: Verso, Print. (p.20) // Park City NL

I propose to **start**, and to end, **with the question of the human** (as if there were any other way for us to start or end!). We start here not because there is a human condition that is universally shared-this is surely not yet the case. The question that preoccupies me **in the light of recent global violence** is, **Who counts as human?** Whose lives count as lives? And, finally, What makes for' a grievable life? Despite our differences in location and history, my guess is that **it is possible to appeal to a "we," for all of us have some notion of what it is to have lost somebody. Loss has made a tenuous "we" of us all**. And **if we have lost, then it follows that we have had, that we have desired and loved, that we have struggled** and find the conditions for our desire. We have all lost in recent decades from AIDS, but there are other losses that amidst us, from illness and from global conflict; and there is the fact as well that women and minorities, including sexual minorities, are, as a community, subjected to violence, exposed to its possibility, ixf not its realization. **This means that each of us is constituted politically in part by virtue of the social vulnerability of our bodies-as a site of desire and physical vulnerability**, as a site of a publicity at once assertive and exposed. **Loss and vulnerability seem to follow from our being socially constituted bodies, attached to others, at risk of losing those attachments, exposed to others, at risk of violence by virtue of that exposure.**

**This means we must first evaluate the relational question of being vulnerable because it determines who counts under any other framework.**

#### A politics of grief is crucial to collective consciousness, class or otherwise, because it de-privitizes our phenomenological experience of politics and everyday life. This ensures we recognize others as human and address their struggles.

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Butler, Judith. Researcher and Professor at UC Berkeley (2004) Precarious Life: The Powers of Mourning and Violence. London: Verso, Print. (p.23) // Park City NL  
Many people think that **grief** is privatizing, that it returns us to a solitary situation and is, in that sense, depoliticizing. But I think it **furnishes a sense of political community** of a complex order, and it does this first of all **by bringing to the fore the relational ties that have implications for theorizing fundamental dependency and ethical responsibility.** **If my fate is not** originally or finally **separable from yours, then the "we" is traversed by a relationality that we cannot easily argue against**; or, rather, we can argue against it, but we would be denying something fundamental about the social conditions of our very formation. A consequential grammatical quandary follows. In the effort to explain these relations, I might be said to "have" them, but what does "having" imply? I might sit back and try to enumerate them to you. I might explain what this friendship means, what that lover meant or means to me. I would be constituting myself in such an instance as a detached narrator of my relations. Dramatizing my detachment, I might perhaps only be showing that the form of attachment I am demonstrating is trying to minimize its own relationality, is invoking it as an option, as something that does not touch on the question of what sustains me fundamentally What **grief displays**, in contrast, is **the thrall in which our relations with others hold us**, in ways that we cannot always recount or explain**, in ways that** often **interrupt the self-conscious account of ourselves** we might try to provide, in ways that challenge the very notion of ourselves as autonomous and in controL **I might try to tell a story here about what I am feeling, but it would have to be a story in which the very "I" who seeks to tell the story is stopped in the midst of the telling; the very "I" is called into question by its relation to the Other**, a relation that does not precisely reduce me to speechlessness, but does nevertheless clutter my speech with signs of its undoing. I tell a story about the relations I choose, only to expose, somewhere along the way, the way I am gripped and undone by these very relations.My narrative falters, as it must **Let's face it. We're undone by each other. And if we're not, we're missing something.**

#### A politics of vulnerability determines our relations to one another and is therefore crucial to making decisions that prioritize human life and prevent violence. I control a key meta-ethical question of how we identify evil and suffering.

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Butler, Judith. Researcher and Professor at UC Berkeley (2004) Precarious Life: The Powers of Mourning and Violence. London: Verso, Print. (p.30-1) // Park City NL

Let us return to the issue of grief, to the moments in which one undergoes something outside one's control and finds that one is beside oneself, not at one with oneself. Perhaps we can say that grief contains the possibility of apprehending a mode of dispossession that is fundamental to who I am. This possibility does not dispute the fact of my autonomy, but it does qualify that claim through recourse to the fundamental sociality of embodied life, the ways in which we are, from the start and by virtue of being a bodily being, already given over, beyond ourselves, implicated in lives that are not our own. If I do not always know what seizes me on such occasions, and if I do not always know what it is in another person that I have lost, it may be that this sphere of dispossession is precisely the one that exposes my unknowingness, the unconscious imprint of my primary sociality. Can this insight lead to a normative reorientation for politics? Can this situation of mourning---one that is so dramatic for those in social movements who have undergone innumerable losses-supply a perspective by which to begin to apprehend the contemporary global situation? Mourning, fear, anxiety, rage. In the United States, we have been surrounded with violence, having perpetrated it and perpetrating it still, having suffered it, living in fear of it, planning more of it, if not an open future of infinite war in the name of a "war on terrorism." **Violence is surely a touch of the worst order**, a way a primary human vulnerability to other humans is exposed in its most terrifying way, **a way in which we are given over, without control, to the will of another, a way in which life itself can be expunged by the willful action of another.** To the extent that we commit violence, we are acting on another, putting the other at risk, causing the other damage, threatening to expunge the mher. In a way, we all live with this particular vulnerability, a vulnerability to the other that is part of bodily life, a vulnerability to a sudden address from elsewhere that we cannot preempt. This vulnerability, however, becomes highly exacerbated under certain social and political conditions, especially those in which violence is a way of life and the means to secure selfdefense are limited. Mindfulness of this vulnerability can become the basis of claims for non-military political solutions, just as denial of this vulnerability through a fantasy of mastery (an institutionalized fantasy of mastery) can fuel the instruments of war. **We cannot**, however, **will away this vulnerability**. **We must attend to it**, even abide by it, **as we begin to think about what politics might be implied by staying with the thought of corporeal vulnerability** itself….Is there something to be gained in the political domain by maintaining grief as part of the framework within which we think our international ties? If we stay with the sense of loss, are we left feeling only passive and powerless, as some might fear? Or are we, rather, returned to a sense of human vulnerability, to our collective responsibility for the physical lives of one another? Could the experience of a dislocation of First World safelY not condition the insight into the radically inequitable ways that corporeal vulnerability is distributed globally? **To foreclose that vulnerability**, to banish it, to make ourselves secure at the expense of every other human consideration **is to eradicate one of the most important resources from which we must take our bearings** and find our way. To grieve, and **to make grief itself into a resource for polities**, is not to be resigned to inaction, but it **may be understood as the slow process by which we develop a point of identification with suffering itself**. The disorientation of grief-"Who have I become?" or, indeed, "What is left of me?" "What is it in the Other that I have lost?"­ posits the "I" in the mode of unknowingness But **this can be a point of departure for a** new understanding of the narcissistic preoccupation of melancholia which can be moved into a **consideration of the vulnerability of others.** Then we might critically evaluate and oppose the conditions under which certain human lives are more vulnerable than others, and thus certain human lives are more grievable than others

#### We can only grieve violence by decentering our narcissistic first-person representations of it. Listening to narratives of the victimized is necessary to engage in a politics of grief. Thus, the role of the judge is to vote for the debater who best uses decentered narratives to support their side of the resolution. Anything else justifies the status quo model of debate where we read statsitics about mass death but never engage with stories of loss, creating political apathy and moral complacency.

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Butler, Judith. Researcher and Professor at UC Berkeley (2004) Precarious Life: The Powers of Mourning and Violence. London: Verso, Print. // Park City NL

The point 1 would like to underscore here is that **a frame for understanding violence emerges in tandem with** the **experience**, and that **the frame works** both **to preclude certain kinds of questions**, certain kinds of historical inquiries, and to function as a moral justification for retaliation. It seems crucial to attend to this frame, by why there is not a greater public repudiation by Muslim leaders (though many organizations have done that), we cannOt quite under­ stand why it might be difficult for Muslim leaders to join publicly with the United States on this issue even as they condemn quite clearly the acts of violence. **Our own acts of violence do not receive graphic coverage in the press**, and **so they remain** acts that are **justified** in the name of self­ defense, hut by a noble cause, namely, the rooting out of terrorism. At one point during the war against Afghanistan, it was reported that the Northern Alliance may have slaughtered a village: Was this to he investigated and, if confirmed, prosecuted as a war crime? When a bleeding child or dead body on Afghan soil emerges in the press coverage, it is not relayed as pan of the horror of war, but only in the service of a criticism of the military's capacity to aim its bombs right. We castigate ourselves for nOt aiming beuer, as if the end goal is to aim right. We do not, however, take the sign of destroyed life and decimated peoples as something for which we are responsible, or indeed understand how that decimation works to confirm the United States as performing atrocities. Our own acts are not considered terrorist. And there is no history of acts that is relevant to the self­ understanding we form in the light of these terrible events. There is no relevant prehistory to the events of September II, since to begin to teU the story a different way, to ask how things came to this, is already to complicate the question of agency which, no doubt, leads to the fear of moral equivocation. In order to condemn these acts as inexcusable, absolutely wrong, in order to sustain the all"ective structure in which we are, on the one hand, victimized and, on the other, engaged in a righteous cause of rooting Ollt terror, we have to begin the story with the experience of violence we suffered. **We** have to **shore up the first-person point of view, and preclude** from the telling **accounts that** might involve a **decenter**ing of **the narrative "I"** within the international political domain. This decen­ teeing is experienced as pan of the wound that we have suffered, though, so we cannot inhabit that poSition. This decentering is precisely what we seek to rectify through a recentering. A narrative form emerges to compensate for the enormous narcissistic wound opened up by the public display of our physical vulnerability. Our response, accordingly, is not to enter into international coalitions where we understand ourselves to be working with institutionally established routes of consensus-building. We relegate the United Nations to a second-order deliberative body, and insist instead on American unilateralism. And subsequently we ask, Who is with us? Who is against us? As a result, we respond to the exposure of vulnerability with an assertion of US "leadership," showing once again the contempt we have for international coalitions that are not built and led by us. Such coalitions do nOt conflict with US supremacy, but confirm it, stoke it, insist upon it, with long-term implications for the future shape and possibility of global cooperation. Perhaps the question cannot be heard at all, but I would still like to ask: Can we find another meaning, and another pOSSibility, for the decentering of the first-person narrative within the global frame­ work? I do not mean that the SlOry of being attacked should not be told. I do not mean that the story that begins with September II should not be told. These stories have to be told, and they are being told, despite the enormous trauma that undermines narrative capacity in these instances. But if we are to come understand ourselves as global actors, and acting within a historically established field, and one that has other actions in play, we will need to emerge from the narrative perspective of US unilateralism and, as it were, its defensive structures, to consider the ways in which our lives are profoundly implicated in the lives of others. My friends on the Left joke about having lost their First World complacency. Yes, this is true. But do we now seek to restore it as a way of healing from this wound? Or do we allow the challenge to First World complacency 10 stand and begin to build a different politics on its basis? My sense is that **being open to** the **explanations**, poorly circulated as they are in the United States, that might help us take stock **of how the world has come to take this form will involve us in a different order of responsibility.** **The ability to narrate ourselves** not from the first person alone, but **from**, say, **the position of the third, or** to receive an accOunt delivered in **the second, can** acrually work to **expand our understanding of** the forms thaI **global power** has taken. But instead of remaining open to a consequential decentering of First Worldism, we tend to dismiss any effort at explanation, as if to explain these events would accord them rationality, as if to explain these events would involve us in a sympathetic identification with the oppressor, as if to understand these events would involve building a justificatory framework for them. Our fear of under­ standing a point of view belies a deeper fear that we shaU be taken up by it, find it is contagious, become infected in a morally perilous way by the thinklng of the presumed enemy. But why do we assume this? We claim to have gone to war in order to "root out" the sources of terror, according to Bush, but do we think that finding the individuals responsible for the attacks on the United States will constitute having gotten to the roOt? Do we nO( imagine that the invasion of a sovereign country with a substantial Muslim popu­ lation, supporting the military regime in Pakistan that actively and violently suppresses free speech, obliterating lives and villages and homes and hospitals, will nOt foster more adamant and widely disseminated anti-American sentiment and political organizing? Are we not, strategically speaking, interested in ameliorating this violence? Are we not, ethically speaking, obligated to stop its further dissemination, to consider our role in instigating it, and to foment and cultivate another sense of a culturally and religiously diverse global political culture?

#### Literary narratives can form communities beyond the boundaries of recognizability and enable us to grieve the losses of those we are seemingly disconnected with. A literature that builds concept of shared destiny and responsibility can push a politics of vulnerability based in collective struggle.

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DARDA, JOSEPH. “Precarious World: Rethinking Global Fiction in Mohsin Hamid’s ‘The Reluctant Fundamentalist.’” *Mosaic: An Interdisciplinary Critical Journal*, vol. 47, no. 3, University of Manitoba, 2014, pp. 107–22, [http://www.jstor.org/stable/44029864. //](http://www.jstor.org/stable/44029864.%20//) Park City NL

The idea of global literature has provoked no small amount of uncertainty and anxiety among its critics. Is this merely American or Western literature disguised as global culture? Is the category too unfocused to be a meaningful or constructive area of study? Does global literature efface cultural, ethnic, racial, and regional differences? Is it the domain of privileged jetsetters alone? These issues animate many of the studies theorizing the genre. Shameem Black, for one, articulates what she calls "border-crossing fiction," a genre grounded in an ethics of humility. These contemporary authors do not assume they can altogether understand someone else's life and instead foreground the struggle to mediate social difference (3-4). The ethics that emerge are not about understanding but the always-unfinished search for it. Black's border-crossing fiction thus negotiates difference without committing the "representational violence" or "ventriloquism" of which these works might otherwise be accused. Rebecca Walkowitz in a similar way celebrates "cosmopolitan modernist" literature that is less about leading a cosmopolitan lifestyle than thinking as a cosmopolitan. These **writers challenge the boundary distinguishing local from global by imagining the world**, even when they cannot see it. The features of modernist style - "wandering consciousness, paratactic syntax, recursive plotting, collage, and portmanteau language" - are critical, she argues, to thinking globally in the twentieth century and today (6-7). The sense of global belonging or community is also central to many of these hypotheses. Rita Barnard, for example, mobilizes Benedict Anderson's theory of the novel's "national imagination "to posit a "fiction of the global. "Whereas the national novel is built on the idea of a shared past, **the global novel is built on the idea of a shared future and the responsibility that it necessitates** (214). This is best embodied, she suggests, in the "hyperlink" narrative structure of many contemporary films and literary works dramatizing global inter-reliance. Jessica Berman also sees global literature as a community-forming endeavour. This **literature stages "radically new forms of** cosmopolitan **communities" by imagining** a sense of **belonging** that goes **beyond the** immediately **recognizable and familiar** (27). Like Walkowitz, she focuses on modernistfiction, underscoring literature's capacity for making and remaking community. **Literary works** do more than reflect global change, she contends; they also **facilitate** it **[global change].** These global literary theories, in short, emphasize the ways in which **literature might** introduce and **fortify a global imaginary**. This **world-making literature is** no doubt **critical to fostering global understanding.** But there is also a need for fiction that brings to light those forces that negate the border crossing ethics of Black's study or the global responsibility of Barnard's. This fiction, what I am calling critical global fiction, does not discount the need to create international alliances; it rather sees the struggle against militarism and brutality itself as a site for a global coming-together. In advancing this claim, I am recruiting three ideas from Butler's theory of precarious life. First, war influences the norms by which we recognize life ( "recognizability" ) . Second, to counteract this system of norms we must understand the human as "precarious," as faced with life's end from the start, and differentially so. Third, acknowledging our shared precariousness might form the basis of an international coalition committed to contesting those forces that differentially subject some to life's precariousness ("precarity"). I am not, however, suggesting that Butler's theory is the master key for all global literature or even Hamid's novel. These ideas are already beginning to circulate in The Reluctant Fundamentalist and other literary works. They are, à la Raymond Williams, structures of feeling. What **philosophy can** offer here is a clear and thorough **account** of **the ideas literature is already evoking** and staging.

**On this topic, we must look to literature that fosters an intergalactic community in the face of violence. Science-fiction gives us the tools to imagine lives under private space colonization and orient our politics towards that experience. Whether something really will happen is not the question, but rather what narratives tell us about the moral underpinnings of private space appropriation.**

## Part 2: Arrakis

**For citation purposes, this narrative is based on *Dune,* by Frank Herbert.**

**We were never told the about the early history of Arrakis. It wasn’t important; all that mattered was the spice. Arrakis is a desert planet – inhospitable to most life, but rich in spice, a psychoactive drug with clairvoyant powers. The ruling houses fight over who controls the spice trade: the brutal Harkkonens? The noble Atreides? The powerful imperium? No matter who, three things are constant:**

1. **The biggest profits go to the CHOAM company and its shareholders, who really own the spice.**
2. **The space guild demands spice to enlighten its navigators, no matter the cost.**
3. **The Fremen, Arrakis’ native people, are ignored in favor of profit at best, and terrorized at worst.**

**Chani tells Paul that “You were not born to the spice as we were!” Colonists from across the galaxy will only understand Arrakis as a resource, not as a living planet with people who depend on it.** **All the Fremen have known is suffering! The problem on Arrakis is not one ruling dynasty, but the history of colonialism that continues no matter who leads. The Harkonnens lead ethnic cleansing campaigns, sending ornithopters to gun down any Fremen spotted out in the open. But the Atreides were just as bad, only more clever. Duke Leto was kind, but only because he wanted to conscript the Fremen. When he honored Stilgar, there was no respect, only the cunning ambition of a colonizer scrambling for more raw materials to be sacrificed. Paul led the Fremen against the Harkkonens, but only to secure his own place on the throne, and he married the princess Irulan instead of his desert concubine, Chani. Neither great house cared about plans to terraform Arrakis – the loss of spice fields was too high a price to pay for Fremen lives. Even Pardot-Kynes was an offworld savoir pushing his own ecological agenda on a sovereign people! Just as trans-Atlantic colonialism can’t be explained as a wrongdoing of the British or Spanish empire, colonialism on Arrakis cannot be explained as a fault of one great house. The problem is buried deep in the spice sands that are appropriated for filthy profits.**

**The root of every colonialism on Arrakis was profit for corporations that owned outer space. The great houses may have been the faces of colonialism, but the real motivators were the CHOAM corporation and the space guild. Both of these organizations had a monopoly on physical outer space and were seeking to milk every ounce of money from it. The private ownership of outer space in *Dune* drives endless violence, structural and explicit, on Arrakis. Thus, I affirm resolved: the appropriation of outer space by private entities is unjust. Private appropriation of outer space never helps the homeworld working classes: the farmers of Caladan live in poverty no matter which great house has Arrakis. But worse, those who live and work in outer space are constantly exploited for the sake of profit, but worse than workers at home, because they are out of sight and out of mind: their lives are ungrievable. Is all this worth it for a few aristocrats’ profit? No! When we consider the plight of the colonized, the advance of space colonization must be stopped. Jessica was right that “Mercy was the ability to stop, if only for a moment. There was no mercy where there could be no stopping.”**