# Death of God 1AC- Bataille- NDCA

#### I have a story, just for you!

Nick Land, really weird guy, , Churchill wants to give him to the Natives, British Philosopher, was a lecturer at the University of Warwick, The Thirst for Annihilation: Georges Bataille and Virulent Nihilism, Routledge: New York, 1992, p. 59-61, aln

#### Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours, ran to the market place, and cried incessantly: ‘I seek God! I seek God!’—As many of those who did not believe in God were standing around just then, he provoked much laughter. Has he got lost? asked one. Did he lose his way like a child? asked another. Or is he hiding? Is he afraid of us? Has he gone on a voyage? emigrated?—Thus they yelled and laughed. The madman jumped into their midst and pierced them with his eyes. ‘Whither is God?’ he cried; ‘I will tell you. We have killed him—you and I. All of us are his murderers. But how did we do this? How could we drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What were we doing when we unchained this earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving? Away from all suns? Are we plunging continuously? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there still any up or down? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is not night continuously closing in on us? Do we not need to light lanterns in the morning? Do we hear nothing as yet of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Do we smell nothing as yet of the divine decomposition? Gods, too, decompose. God remains dead. And we have killed him. ‘How shall we comfort ourselves, the murderers of all murderers? What was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet owned has bled to death under our knives: who will wipe this blood off us? What water is there for us to clean ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we have to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must we not ourselves not become gods simply to appear worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed; and whoever is born after us—for the sake of this deed he will belong to a higher history than all history hitherto.’ Here the madman fell silent and looked again at his listeners; and they, too, were silent and stared at him in astonishment. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, and it broke into pieces and went out. ‘I have come too early,’ he said then; ‘my time is not yet. This tremendous event is still on its way, still wandering; it has not yet reached the ears of men. Lightning and thunder require time; the light of the stars requires time; deeds, though done, still require time to be seen and heard. This deed is still more distant from them than the most distant stars—and yet they have done it themselves.’ It has been related that on the same day the madman forced his way into several churches and there struck up his requiem aeternam deo. Led out and called to account, he is said to have replied nothing but: ‘What after all are these churches now if they are not tombs and sepulchers of God?’. God is nowhere to be found, yet there is still so much light! Light that dazzles and maddens; crisp, ruthless light. Space echoes like an immense tomb, yet the stars still burn. Why does the sun take so long to die? Or the moon retain such fidelity to the Earth? Where is the new darkness? The greatest of all unknowings? Is death itself shy of us? The brilliance of God’s non-being provokes a wave of cynical laughter. How strange that God’s last act should be so entertaining! A good joke, but rather an old one now. It spawned innumerable witticisms that circulated in the market-place; a final testament dissipated amongst the buzz of commodity exchange, but they faded fast. What was the death of God anyway? A slight fizz of exuberance in the stock-market? A moderate lightening of the spirit? A relaxation? The end of a badly-scripted play, greeted by the languid effervescence of cheap champagne? For a long time there have been more important things to talk about in market-places. The things they save the expensive champagne for. Perhaps they laugh a little at God’s demise occasionally, but they are bored by it. Even his taxidermists have deserted him, the best of them at any rate. Those that remain are mostly the otherwise unemployable; the second rate, the incompetent or unenthusiastic. So he deteriorates still, becoming more moth-eaten and absurd. If they laugh at all it is because Jahweh has come to seem so much like a neglected teddy-bear; balding, one arm hanging loose, an eye coming away. When they were children stories about bears had frightened them. Not any more. There was always something shoddy about this God. Lost on the way to being, and to us. Even lost, for a little while, on the way to death. A stumbler, an unwitting clown, everything he does is botched, improvised, ostentatious; his past a mix of gaucherie and tantrum. His diminishing flock rarely ask him about scientific matters any more, few of them dare ask themselves. He long ago dropped out of such classes, to the secret relief of his family. For a while they insisted that he had other gifts—ineffable ones—and (with the blindness of mothers) praised the ageing infant’s good nature, which they said had calmed down a lot. One can only smile. Maybe it is that we brought out the worst in him. For who could doubt God’s fear of us? Was he not omniscient? Did he not always see the rusty dagger in our hands? And we were created in his image! (The corporealization of his hatred for himself.) What tatters of self-love remained to him came apart at this sight. To reign over all things, as the archetype of man. A piteous enough truth to exhibit. Few things approximate so closely to infinity as the humorous incommensurability between man and the sum of the universe. To span such a gulf within oneself is to live an idiocy. To be not only an animal, but a depraved one: an aborted animal, a sick animal, a delirious animal. Upon first seeing a rabid dog one thinks it is becoming human. This is not a promising basis for divinity. If he hid from us it was only in attempting to hide his eyes; to block us out. Yet amongst the accidents of his omniscience—or of his inexistence—was included the absence of eyelids. We burnt on his sleep-starved retina like harsh stars. Our deicide crawled like a rash upon his skin. He could only stare at us, and our history ensued; a convulsion of lethal horror. Of course, he made innumerable attempts at emigration, but who would have him? Who wants a second-hand God? Philosophy provided only a temporary refuge; rebelling eventually against his bad manners. How nostalgic he was of his days as a carpenter, once he had become a tramp. It is tempting to dredge into our lassitude, seeking another end for God. Might he not have been allowed to retire? The state would surely have granted him a modest pension After all, few would dispute that senile tyrants make wretched victims. It seems scarcely more dignified to kill God than to slaughter a dog when it becomes too old to work. It is rare to find one who takes much pride in slaughtering God these days. More common is a vague feeling of impurity; one has soiled oneself by bothering with something so vile and corrupt. That God was ever permitted residence amongst us is a source of embarrassment, or, at best, of uneasy humour. It is understandable that many should feel vaguely bad about God, was he not a little too vulnerable, old, and pitiful to kill? Should we not greet his inexistence with an impatient ‘of course’, and turn to more serious things? Do we really lack the delicacy to let God die quietly, on his own, like a dog? It is true that we probably merited a better God to sacrifice. It is not unreasonable to imagine that a cosmos that spawned a Herakleitus deserved a more dignified ruler than the grumpy old ape of Occidental monotheism. Nevertheless, it is pointless nursing such regrets. They belong to the mournful ‘might have beens’ of our history; decided long before we had a chance to shop around for a God.

#### Rather than normatively affirm the resolution Alex and I affirm a sacrifice of the resolution.

#### Even in debate we worship a God- a God we call the resolution. Round 1 Greenhill- Cuban embargo aff with an econ advantage and heg, answer with T, politics, XO, Cap K. Round 1 Golden Desert- K aff, answer with framework and go for Shively. Round 1 Berkeley- you’re aff, go for hege solves every impact in the world and boom goes the dynamite. All these arguments reduce us to slaves to our resolution, a resolution with a God complex that demands infinite servitude to be rewarded with “education, decision making skills”.

Geoffrey Sirc writes,

Geoffrey Sirc, likes circles, PhD Composition Theory at the University of Minnesota, Professor in the Department of English at the University of Minnesota, Godless Composition, Tormented Writing, http://jaconlinejournal.com/archives/vol15.3/sirc-godless.pdf, JAC Vol. 15 No. 3- 1995, aln

A Summa Athioiogica for composition means a writing without the God of Meaning, without the Commandment of Project. An insubstantial writing: "The difference between sacrifice (sacredness) and (theological) divine substance can be easily noted. Sacredness is the opposite of substance" (Guilty 34). Bataillean composition lacerates, wrecks, leads one to the edge of the abyss. God becomes the central point de capiton in a system which defines, mediates, only partially obscures: "I hold the apprehension of God ... to be an obstacle in the movement which carries us to the more obscure apprehension of the unknown" (Inner 5). Composition substitutes the being and system of religion for the profound, inarticulate nothingness of the sacred. Any system, any philosophy of composition, must be dissolved, "and being dissolved into this new way of thinking, it finds itself to be no longer anything but the heir to a fabulous mystical theology, but missing a God and wiping the slate clean" (Inner 9). Composition's theology posits a salvation, a world of successful writing for us and our students, a methodology (whether formal or pOlitical) to lead us out of despair to that world. Bataille terms notions of salvation "the most odious of evasions" (Inner 12). Composition's spirituality exorcises chance; it comes to its salvation through an effort of will. Such method runs counter to an atheological mysticism attuned to randomness rather than ritual, living a life "measured only by the sun and rain, dismissing categories of language" (Guilty 58). We want to lead others (and be led ourselves) out of despair, but there is only despair, "an anguished desire, but a desire and no other desire ... the absence of hope, of all enticement ... the state of deserted expanses and-I can imagine-of the sun" (Inner 38). Every tale is a tale of unsatisfied desire: "the sole truth of man, glimpsed at last, is to be a supplication without response" (Inner 13). Composition assumes satisfaction, success, desires satisfaction. Its needs are clearly defined, and they only lack fulfillment. "An absence of need [is] more unfortunate than the absence of satisfaction," Bataille wrote in his essay "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (223). Composition needs to wreck itself in order to expose its fundamental need for need. "True desire is a desire for desire, not satisfaction" is Hollier's gloss ("A Tale"xii), and Bataille brushes away any concern with trying to fill desire's emptiness: "To be honest, pleasure scarcely matters. It's received as an extra" (Guilty 160). To speak of success, when every experience is partly failed? All that matters is that you have been vulnerable, empty, open. In his thirst, his hunger, his idiotic groping for the ungraspable, he could be my student, my self: "in little time I felt myself emptied, trying to grasp once again in vain the ungraspable which had definitely just escaped; I felt then idiotic" (Inner 126). Inflected according to satisfaction rather than desire, composition turns excrescent. "Thirst without thirst needs too much to drink" (Guilty 34). Composition as I know it today sublimates the need for need in an artificial economy of the "real," a writing without torment, in which various effects must be pursued and satisfied in serious, meaningful effort: "People must have agreed among themselves (or among others) that this or that is advisable in view of this or that result, this or that gain. Without these crude artifices they wouldn't have committed themselves to the behavior that marks out decline (the infinite sadness, the ridiculous seriousness required by the effort!)" (On 35-36). What this ensures is the impossibility of true communication. Rather than success, we need to be imperfected: "you could not become the mirror of a heart-rending reality if you did not have to be broken" (Inner 96). Composition's insistence on salvation makes it a world-without-end. There is no death in composition, no void where existence is lost, undone. Composition needs its negation, needs its death. Its "illusion of sufficiency" needs its insufficiency (Inner 87). But the world of death, anguiSh, laceration, fragmentation, laughter, sacrifice, ecstasy-the world lit by the dark sun-is nowhere in composition. Bataille describes a dynamic that could be composition's, in its insistence on salvation and its denial of death: "in seeking the summit, we find anguish. But in fleeing anguish, we fall into the emptiest poverty (Inner 86). Anguish is composition's neglected way of knowing, torment its wasted hermeneutic. Anything else not circumscripted by death is dead already, a dodge of existence. The terror must not be resolved or rationalized. It is the basis of communication, the principle of humanity, of sovereignty: "it breaks down the barriers of isolation .... And it is ... in this bringing together, where breath is suspended, that human existence reaches the decisive moment ofits abandonment and its rupture in the darkness of the universe" (Inner 192). The realm of knowledge, the world of discourse, is an evasion. Despite its denial (a denial which implicates it in the grotesque simulations of the present day), there is nothing in composition, "that's not threatened by death, nothing that couldn't vanish tomorrow" (Guilty 61). All withers under the heat of the solar desert. Commentary 547 In order to provide the distance of present-day man from the "desert", of the man with the thousand cacaphonic idiocies (almost scientific, ideology, blissful joking, progress, touching sentimentality, belief in machines, in big words, and, to conclude, discordance and totalignorance of the unknown), Iwillsayofthe "desert" that it is the most complete abandonment of the concerns of the "present-day man", being the continuation of the "ancient man", which the enactment of festivals regulated. He is not a return to the past; he has undergone the corruption of the "present-day man" and nothing has more place within him that the devastation which it leaves-it gives to the "desert" its "desert-like" truth; the memory of Plato, of Christianity and above all-the most hideous-the memory of modern ideas, extend behind him like fields of ashes. (Inner 28) The desert-dwellers have evaded the other world's evasions. They are outlanders, outlaws. Their transgressive crimes are laughter and sacrifice (Inner 98). Sacrifice, for example, acknowledges the negation, feeds it. Our sacrifice allows us to deliver a part of ourselves, metonymically, to the realm of destruction. Poetry, for example, becomes a sacrifice of words, wasted in the hope of capturing an excess that can't be represented. Composition's idea of successful writing, of salvation in writing, only makes sense in its restricted economy. Its systems are all action-oriented, goal directed: "I have imagined you, the reader, as a person who writes to make something happen ... whatever your goals are, you are interested in discovering better ways to achieve them" (Flower 1). This writing is far removed from the general economy of poetry, where representational logics aren't so neat; it amounts to the degraded utilitarianism of, say, successfully ordering a hamburger in a fast-food restaurant. It posits a happy faith in writing, rather than a disbelief, a disgust, an elusion. My goals are to forget my goals, to avoid them; what I want to make happen is nothing. What I mean to make un-happen is almost everything. I am interested in discovering what writing can't capture. Or, finally, my goal is as simple as this: a train pulls into a station somewhere on the planet, and I'm leaning against the window. I want acknowledgement that there is no less meaning in that moment than in the whole of composition. I'd be ashamed of a composition that claimed truth in its "better ways," and saw none in my moment of inner experience there in the train station (Guilty 30). Composition is endlessly standards, formulae, ways, methods, techniques; it is almost always a "calculated" writing and so rarely poetry. It wants no part of what escapes its ways, of the supplement, the allegory, the remainder, the doomed part, the accident, the perversion, the error-which is poetry: "A calculated use of words, the negation of poetry, destroys chance and reduces things to what they are. Using words poetically involves a perversion akin to the hellish beauty of faces or bodies-which death reduces to nothing" (Guilty 78). Composition's economy is one of reciprocity, profit, and accounts. Success underwrites it ("nothing is more embarrassing, as far as I'm concerned,thansuccess:[Guilty95]). Successinourpedagogiesisunderwritten; if you do x, Y will happen: "If good writers and problem-solvers have a secret power, it is planning .... The twenty minutes you spend planning can save you hours in writing" (Flower 58). It is a slave's consciousness: 548 lAC Avaricious, anal, unable to "be done" with things, it was the slave who quietly stockpiled his disadvantages to secure compensation in a future heaven. He took secret payoffs for his petty sacrifices, surreptitiously profited from every pain. Unlike the noble consciousness- wasteful, extravagant, Zarathustra's "squanderer with a thousand hands"-the slave waited, counted, plotted the advantage in every setback, took the measure of every loss. (Comay 67) What of the excess beyond calculation, Bataille wonders? What of discourse as non-sense, given asa gift, in the expectation of nothing? What of life commensurate only to nature (a starry night, a bird's song, a lightning flash)? Somewhere, at some point, a train pulls into a station, and it was not expected to almost have so many answers; somewhere a young student writes some lines on lce-T, not quite suiting the scope of the assignment, and the reader of those lines is haunted. Such a writing, not fitting into the exchange logic, becomes economically transgressive, "exposing the prevailing ideology of just exchange between equals as just the mask worn by the system to cover up the real inequities of the day" (Comay 67-68). Where is the lavishness of composition?