What If the Angel of History Were a Dog?

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ABSTRACT

My title question comes from Walter Benjamin’s ninth thesis on the philosophy of history. The answer I explore is that she is howling. I engage with some of the implications of the howling of living beings in a time of death. My concern is with death, and I must distinguish between two contexts of death. The first is the fact of death that inheres in life. Life, with the exception of some bacteria, involves death both for individuals and, it now seems, in much longer time frames, for most species. Death, as a corollary to life, happens to all of us complex creatures. In this context of death I will be working with the idea that living things are bound into ecological communities of life and death, and further that these communities are fields of matter within which life is making and unmaking itself in time and place. The second context I discuss differs from the first in being a uniquely human invention: the context that we now call man-made mass death. I am concerned with the desire for destruction that is perhaps best termed the will-to-destruction.

FULL TEXT:

PDF

DOI: https://doi.org/10.5130/csr.v12i1.3414

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ISSN: 1837-8692

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about this city that intrigues me. They call it the city that never sleeps, and I have to certainly agree. A friend and me have been going for walks in the evening. We've been going to this park called 'hanging garden'. What do you guys think? Could a soul take the form of a dog? Both me and my friend saw it, although it seemed more attached to me. Let me know what you guys think:) Tweet. Other hauntings by Mac_Barbie93. White dog goes by a few different names: white lightning, light whiskey, white whiskey. No matter what you call it though, it's the basis for all American whiskey. As it comes off the still, all whiskey is essentially white dog. To be sold as white dog (or any of it's other names), this un-aged, raw whiskey isn't required to spend any time aging before it's bottled. So the bottles of white dog you see for sale in stores? Yep, those are simply full of raw, un-aged whiskey, or what the moonshiners would have probably just called hooch. The spirit has never seen the inside of a barrel. Our mash bill is 72% corn, 18% rye and 10% barley, but like all whiskeys, the majority of our whiskey's flavor comes from the barrel. And in our case, we're not content to simply use charred new white oak barrels. Much of early Islamic history available today is based on the Hadith and is challenged for lack of basis in primary source material. Chapter: Angels do not enter a house in which there is a dog or a picture. 'Aisha reported that Gabriel (peace be upon him) made a promise with Allah’s Messenger [Muhammad] (may peace be upon him) to come at a definite hour; that hour came but he did not visit him. And there was in his hand (in the hand of Allah’s Apostle) a staff. What angel of God would physically and repeatedly assault ("pressed me so hard that I could not bear it any more") a man, rendering him cowering and fearful? Muhammad’s account contradicts every account of angelic encounters in the Bible. That was no Angel Gabriel. It was a demon.