Simulation simulacra pdf

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THE PRECESSION OF SIMULACRA

Jean Baudrillard

The simulacrum is never that which conceals the truth - it is the truth which conceals that there is none.

The simulacrum is true (Ecclesiastes)

If we were able to take as the finest allegory of simulation the Borges tale where the cartographers of the Empire draw up a map so detailed that it ends up exactly covering the territory (but where the decline of the Empire sees this map become frayed and finally ruined a few showly still discernible in the deserts – the metaphysical beauty



Simulacra and Simulation (The Body in Theory: Histories of Cultural Materialism)



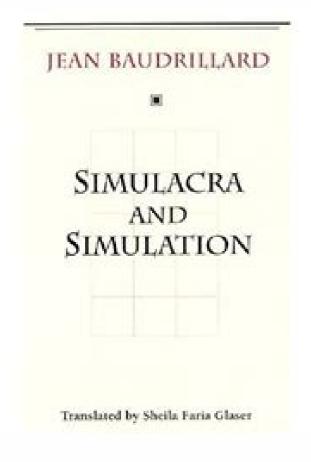
From Jean Baudrillard - Simulacra and Simulations (198 Translated by Sheila Faria Glaser (1994)

VII. Hypermarket and Hypercommodity

From thirty follometers all around, the arrows point you toward these large triage centers that are the hypermarkets, toward this hypercanks of the commodity where in many regards a whole new sociality is eshocrated. It remains to be seen how the hypermarket centralizes and redutribuses a whole new sociality is eshocrated. It remains to be seen how the hypermarket centralizes and redutribuses a whole region and population, how it concentrates and rationalizes time, trajectories, practices - creating an immerse to-and-from novement totally similar to that of suburban communes, absorbed and ejected affired times by their morits place.

At the deepest level, another kind of work is at issue here, the work of acculturation, of confrontation, of examination, of the social code, and of the verdict; people go there to find and to select objects - responses to all the questions they may ask; themselves; or, rather, they themselves come in response to the functional and directed question that the objects constitute. The objects are no longer commodities: they are no longer even signs whose meaning and message one could decopter and appropriate for crosself, they are the ones that interrogate us, and we are summoned to answer them, and the answer is information nor communication, but referendum, perpetual test, circular response, verification of the code.

No relief, no perspective, no vanishing point where the gaze might risk losing itself, but a total screen where, in their uninterrupted display, the billboards and the products themselves act as equivalent and surface display, where a previous deletion by a consumer might have left some kind of a hole. The self-service also adds to this absence of depth: the same homogeneous space, without mediation, brings together men and things - a space of direct manipulation. But who manipulates whom? Even repression is integrated as a sign in this universe of essuation. The crucius of survalidates where the threshold is the product of the cont



Simulation simulacra hyperreality. Simulacra and simulation simulacra examples. Simulation simulacra and simulacra and simulacra matrix. Simulation simulacra difference.

If you can only see these words, then you require a newer version of your web browser, one that is capable of viewing frames. © 1996-2014, Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates Jean Baudrillard from Jean Baudrillard from Jean Baudrillard, Selected Writings, ed. Mark Poster (Stanford University Press, 1988), pp.166-184. The simulacrum is never that which conceals that there is none. The simulacrum is true. If we were able to take as the finest allegory of simulation the Borges tale where, with the decline of the Empire this map becomes frayed and finally

ruined, a few shreds still discernible in the deserts - the metaphysical beauty of this ruined abstraction, bearing witness to an imperial pride and rotting like a carcass, returning to the substance of the soil, rather as an aging double ends up being confused with the real thing), this fable would then have come full circle for us, and now has nothing but the discrete charm of second-order simulacra.l Abstraction today is no longer that of the map, the double, the mirror or the concept. Simulation is no longer that of a territory, a referential being or a substance. It is the generation by models of a real without origin or reality: a hyperreal. The territory no longer precedes the map, nor survives it. Henceforth, it is the map that precedes the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory and if we were to revive the fable today, it would be the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is the map that engenders the map that engenders the map that enganges are slowly rotting across the map that Empire, but our own. The desert of the real itself. In fact, even inverted, the fable is useless. Perhaps only the allegory of the Empire remains. For it is with the real, coincide with their simulation models. But it is no longer a question of either maps or territory. Something has disappeared: the sovereign difference between them that was the abstraction's charm. For it is the difference which forms the poetry of the map and the charm of the real. This representational imaginary, which both culminates in and is engulfed by the cartographer's mad project of an ideal coextensivity between the map and the territory, disappears with simulation, whose operation is nuclear and genetic, and no longer specular and discursive. With it goes all of metaphysics. No more mirror of being and appearances, of the real and its concept; no more imaginary coextensivity: rather, genetic miniaturization is the dimension of simulation. The real is produced from miniaturized units, from matrices, memory banks and command models - and with these it can be reproduced an indefinite number of times. It no longer has to be rational, since it is no longer has to be rational. In fact, since it is no longer has to be rational in fact, since it is no longer has to be rational in fact, since it is no longer has to be rational in fact, since it is no longer has to be rational. enveloped by an imaginary, it is no longer real at all. It is a hyperreal: the product of an irradiation synthesis of combinatory models in a hyperspace without atmosphere. In this passage to a space whose curvature is no longer that of the real, nor of truth, the age of simulation thus begins with a liquidation of all referentials - worse: by their art)ficial resurrection in systems of signs, which are a more ductile material than meaning, in that they lend themselves to all systems of equivalence, all binary oppositions and all combinatory algebra. It is no longer a question of substituting signs of the real for the real itself; that is, an operation to deter every real process by its operational double, a metastable, programmatic, perfect descriptive machine which provides all the signs of the real and short-circuits all its vicissitudes. Never again will the real have to be produced: this is the vital function of the model in a system of death, or rather of anticipated resurrection which no longer leaves any chance even in the event of death. A hyperreal henceforth sheltered from the imaginary, and from any distinction between the real and the simulated generation of difference. The divine irreference of images To dissimulate is to feign not to have what one has. To simulate is to feign to have what one hasn't. One implies a presence, the other an absence. But the matter is more complicated, since to simulate is not simply to feign: "Someone who feigns an illness can simply go to bed and pretend he is ill. Someone who simulates an illness produces in himself some of the symptoms" (Littre). Thus, feigning or dissimulating leaves the reality principle intact: the difference is always clear, it is only masked; whereas simulation threatens the difference between "true" and "false", between "true" and "false", between "true" and "false", between "true" and "imaginary". Since the simulator produces "true" symptoms, is he or she ill or not? The simulator cannot be treated objectively either as ill, or as not ill. Psychology and medicine stop at this point, before a thereafter undiscoverable truth of the illness. For if any symptom can be "produced," and can no longer be accepted as a fact of nature, then every illness may be considered as simulatable and simulated, and medicine loses its meaning since it only knows how to treat "true" illnesses by their objective causes. Psychosomatics evolves in a dubious way on the edge of the illness principle. As for psychoanalysis, it transfers the symptom from the organic to the unconscious? Why couldn't the "work" of the unconscious be "produced" in the same way as any other symptom in classical medicine? Dreams already are. The alienist, of course, claims that "for each form of the mental alienation there is a particular order in the succession of symptoms, of which the simulator is unaware and in the absence of which the alienist is unlikely to be deceived." This (which dates from 1865) in order to save at all cost the truth principle, and to escape the specter raised by simulation: namely that truth, reference and objective caues have ceased to exist. What can medicine do with something which floats on either side of illness, on either side of health, or with the reduplication of illness in a discourse that is no longer true or false? What can psychoanalysis do with the reduplication of the discourse of simulations that can never be unmasked, since it isn't false either? What can the army do with simulators? Traditionally, following a direct principle of identification, it unmasks and punishes them. Today, it can reform an excellent simulator as though he were equivalent to a "real" homosexual, heart-case or lunatic. Even military psychology retreats from the Cartesian clarifies and hesitates to draw the distinction between true and false, between the "produced" symptom and the authentic symptom. "If he acts crazy so well, then he must be mad," Nor is it mistaken; in the sense that all lunatics are simulators, and this lack of distinction is the worst form of subversion. Against it, classical reason armed itself with all its categories. But it is this today which again outflanks them, submerging the truth principle. Outside of medicine and the army, favored terrains of simulation, the affair goes back to religion and the simulacrum of divinity: "I forbade any simulacrum in the temples because the divinity when it reveals itself in icons, when it is multiplied in simulacra? Does it remain the supreme authority, simply incarnated in images as a visible theology? Or is it volatilized into simulacra which alone deploy their pomp and power of fascination - the visible machinery of icons being substituted for the pure and intelligible Idea of God? This is precisely what was feared by the Iconoclasts, whose millennial guarrel is still with us today. 3 Their rage to destroy images rose precisely because they sensed this omnipotence of simulacra, this facility they have of erasing God from the consciousnesses of people, and the overwhelming, destructive truth which they simulacra exist; indeed that God himself has only ever been any God; that only simulacra exist; indeed that God himself has only ever been able to believe that images only occulted or masked the Platonic idea of God, there would have been no reason to destroy them. One can live with the idea of a distorted truth. But their metaphysical despair came from the idea that the images concealed nothing at all, and that in fact they were not images, such as the original model would have made them, but actually perfect simulacra forever radiant with their own fascination. But this death of the divine referential has to be exorcised at all cost. It can be seen that the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused of despising and denying images, were in fact the ones who accorded them their actual worth, unlike the iconoclasts, who are often accused to the ones who accorded to the other actual worth. to venerate God at one remove. But the converse can also be said, namely that the iconolaters possesed the most modern and adventurous minds, since, underneath the idea of the apparition of God in the mirror of images, they already enacted his death and his disappearance in the epiphany of his representations (which they perhaps knew no longer represented anything, and that they were purely a game, but that this was precisely the greatest game - knowing also that it is dangerous to unmask images, since they dissimulate the fact that there is nothing behind them). This was the approach of the Jesuits, who based their politics on the virtual disappearance of God and on the worldly and spectacular manipulation of consciences - the evanescence of God in the epiphany of power - the end of transcendence, which no longer serves as alibi for a strategy completely free of influences and signs. Behind the baroque of images: murderers of the real; murderers of the real; murderers of their own model as the Byzantine icons could murder the divine identity. To this murderous capacity is opposed the dialectical capacity of representations as a visible and intelligible mediation of the real. All of Western faith and good faith was engaged in this wager on representations as a visible and intelligible mediation of the real. depth of meaning, that a sign could exchange for meaning and that something could guarantee this existence? Then the whole system becomes weightless; it is no longer anything but a gigantic simulacrum: not unreal, but a simulacrum, never again exchanging for what is real, but exchanging in itself, in an umnterrupted circuit without reference or circumference So it is with simulation, insofar as it is opposed to representation. Representation starts from the principle that the sign and the real are equivalent (even if this equivalence is Utopian, it is a fundamental ax~om). Conversely, simulation starts from the Utopia of this principle of equivalence, from the sign as reversion and death sentence of every reference. Whereas representation tries to absorb simulation by interpreting it as false representation, simulation envelops the whole edifice of representation as itself a simulacrum. These would be the successive phases of the image: 1 It is the reflection of a basic reality. 2 It masks and perverts a basic reality. 3 It masks the absence of a basic reality. 4 It bears no relation to any reality whatever: it is its own pure simulacrum. In the first case, the image is a good appearance: the representation is of the order of sacrament. In the second, it is an evil appearance: of the order of malefice. In the third, it plays at being an appearance at all, but of simulation. The transition from signs which dissimulate something to signs which dissimulate that there is nothing, marks the decisive turning pomt. The first implies a theology of truth and secrecy (to which the notmn of ideology still belongs). The second inaugurates an age of simulacra and simulation, in which there is no longer any God to recognize his own, nor any last judgement to separate truth from false, the real from its art)ficial resurrection, since everything is already dead and risen in advance. When the real is no longer what it used to be, nostalgia assumes its full meaning. There is a proliferation of the true, of the lived experience; a resurrection of the figurative where the object and substance have disappeared. And there is a panic-stricken production of the real and the referential, above and parallel to the panic of material production. This is how simulation appears in the phase that concerns us: a strategy of the real, neo-real and hyperreal, whose universal double is a strategy of deterrence. Hyperreal and imaginary Disneyland is a perfect model of all the entangled orders of simulation. To begin with it is a play of illusions and phantasms: pirates, the frontier, future world, etc. This imaginary world is supposed to be what makes the operation successful. But, what draws the crowds is undoubtedly much more the social microcosm, the miniaturized and religious revelling in real America, in its delights and drawbacks. You park outside, queue up inside, and are totally abandoned at the exit. In this imaginary world the only phantasmagoria is in the inherent warmth and affection of the crowd, and in that aufficiently excessive number of gadgets used there to specifically maintain the multitudinous affect. The contrast with the absolute solitude of the parking lot - a veritable concentration camp - is total. Or rather: inside, a whole range of gadgets magnetize the crowd into direct flows; outside, solitude is directed onto a single gadget; the automobile. By an extraordinary coincidence (one that undoubtedly belongs to the peculiar enchantment of this universe), this deepfrozen infantile world happens to have been conceived and realized by a man who is himself now cryogenized; Walt Disney, who awaits his resurrection at minus 180 degrees centigrade. The objective profile of the United States, then, may be traced throughout Disneyland, even down to the morphology of individuals and the crowd. All its values are exalted here, in miniature and comic-strip form. Embalmed and pactfied. Whence the possibility of an ideological analysis of Disneyland (L. Marin does it well in Utopies, jeux d'espaces): digest of the American way of life, panegyric to American values, idealized transposition of a contradictory reality. To be sure. But this conceals something else, and that "ideological" blanket exactly serves to cover over a third-order simulation: Disneyland is there to conceal the fact that it is the social in its entirety, in its banal omnipresence, which is carceral). Disneyland is presented as imaginary in order to make us believe that the rest is real, when in fact all of Los Angeles and the America surrounding it are no longer real, but of the hyperreal and of simulation. It is no longer real, and thus of saving the reality principle The Disneyland imaginary is neither true nor false: it is a deterrence machine set up in order to rejuvenate in reverse the fiction of the real. Whence the debility, the infantile degeneration of this imaginary. It ~s meant to be an infantile world, in order to make us believe that the adults are elsewhere, in the "real" world, and to conceal the fact that real childishness is everywhere, particularly among those adults who go there to act the child in order to foster illusions of their real childishness. Moreover, Disneyland is not the only one. Enchanted Village, Magic Mountain, Marine World: Los Angeles is encircled by these "imaginary stations" which feed reality, reality-energy, to a town whose mystery is precisely that it is nothing more than a network of endless, unreal circulation: a town of fabulous proportions, but without space or dimensions. As much as electrical and nuclear power stations, as much as film studios, this town, which is nothing more than an immense script and a perpetual motion picture, needs this old imaginary made up of childhood signals and faked phantasms for its sympathetic nervous system. Political incantation Watergate. Same scenario as Disneyland (an imaginary effect concealing that there is no difference between the facts and their denunciation (identical methods are employed by the CIA and the Washington Post journalists). Same operation, though this time tending towards the imaginary as a means to regenerate a moral and political principle, towards the imaginary as a means to regenerate a moral and political principle in distress. The denunciation of scandal always pays homage to the law. And Watergate above all succeeded in imposing the idea that Watergate was a scandal - in this sense it was an extraordinary operation of intoxication: the reinjection of a large dose of political morality on a global scale. It could be said along with Bourdieu that: "The specific character of every relation of force is to dissimulate itself as such, and to acquire all its force only because it is so dissimulated"; understood as follows: capital, which is immoral and unscrupulous, can only function behind a moral superstructure, and whoever regenerates this public mocality (by indignation, denunciation, etc.) spontaneously furthers the; order of capital, as did the Washington Post journalists. But this is still only the formula of ideology, and when Bourdieu enunciates it, he takes "relation of force" to mean the truth of capitalist domination, and he denounces this relation of force as itself a scandal: he therefore occupies the same job of purging and reviving moral order, an order of truth wherein the genuine symbolic violence of the social order is engendered, well beyond all relations of force, which are only elements of its indifferent and shifting configuration in the moral and political consciousnesses of people. All that capital asks of us is to receive it as rational or to combat it in the name of rationality, to receive it as moral or to combat it in the name of morality. For they are identical, meaning they can be read another way: before, the task was to dissimulate scandal; today, the task was today and task was to this dissimulation masking a strengthening of morality, a moral panic as we approach the primal (mise-en-)scene of capital: its instantaneous cruelty; its incomprehensible ferocity; its fundamental immorality - these are what are scandalous, unaccountable for in that system of moral and economic equivalence which remains the axiom of leftist thought, from Enlightenment theory to communism. Capital doesn't give a damn about the idea of the contract which is imputed to it: it is a monstrous unprincipled undertaking, nothing more. Rather, it is "enlightened" thought which seeks to control capital by imposing rules on it. And all that recrimination which replaced revolutionary thought today comes down to reproaching capital for not following the rules of the game. "Power is unjust; its justice; capital exploits us; etc." - as if capital were linked by a contract to the social contract and furfill its

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obligation towards the whole of society (at the same time, no need for revolution: it is enough that capital accept the rational formula of exchange). Capital in fact has never been linked by a contract to the society it dominates. It is a sorcery of the society it dominates. It is a sorcery of the society and should be responded to as such. It is not a scandal to be
denounced according to moral and economic rationality, but - challenge to take up according to symbolic law. Moebius: spiralling negativity Hence Watergate was only a trap set by the character called "Deep Throat," who was said to be a Republican
grey eminence manipulating the leftist journalists in order to get rid of Nixon - and why not? All hypotheses are possible, although this one is superfluous: the work of the Right is done very well, and spontaneously, by the Left on its own. Besides, it would be naive to see an embittered good conscience at work here. For the Right itself also
spontaneously does the work of the Left. All the hypotheses of manipulation are reversible in an endless whirligig. For manipulation is a floating causality where positivity and negativity engender and overlap with one another; where there is no longer any active or passive. It is by putting an arbitrary stop to this revolving causality that a principle of
 political reality can be saved. It is by the simulation of a conventional, restricted perspective field, where the premises and consequences of any act or event are calculable, that a political credibility can be maintained (including, of course, "objective" analysis, struggle, etc.) But if the entire cycle of any act or event is envisaged in a system where
linear continuity and dialectical polarity no longer exist, in a field unhinged by simulation, then all determinates at the end of the cycle having benefited everyone and been scattered in all directions. Is any given bombing in Italy the work of leftist extremists; or of extreme right-wing provocation; or staged by
centrists to bring every terrorist extreme into disrepute and to shore up its own failing power; or again, is it a police-inspired scenario in order to appeal to calls for public security? All this is equally true, and the search for proof- indeed the objectivity of the fact- does not check this vertigo of interpretation. We are in a logic of simulation which has
nothing to do with a logic of facts and an order of reasons. Simulation is characterized by a precession of the models come first, and their orbital (like the bomb) circulation constitutes the genuine magnetic field of events. Facts no longer have any trajectory of their own, they arise at the intersection of
the models; a single fact may even be engendered by all the models at once. This anticipation, this precession, this short-circuit, this confusion of the fact with its model (no more dialectical polarity, no more dialectical polarity, no more dialectical polarity, no more dialectical polarity.
most contradictory - all are true, in the sense that their truth is exchangeable, in the image of the models from which they proceed, in a generalized cycle. The communists attack the socialist party as though they wanted to shatter the union of the Left. They sanction the idea that their reticence stems from a more radical political exigency. In fact, it is
because they don't want power. But do they not want it at this conjuncture because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general, or because it is unfavorable for the Left in general for the Left 
simultaneously: 1 That there is nothing to fear, since the communists, if they come to power, will change nothing in its fundamental capitalist mechanism. 2 That there is nothing to fear, since the communists, if they come to power (for the reason that they don't want to); and even if they do take it up, they will only ever wield it by proxy. 3 That in fact power, genuine
power, no longer exists, and hence there is no risk of anybody seizing it over. 4 But more: 1, Berlinguer, am not frightened of seeing the communists seize
power (and with good reason, even for a communist). All the above is simultaneously true. This is the secret of a discourse that is no longer only ambiguous, as political discourses can be, but that conveys the impossibility of a determinate position of discourse that is no longer only ambiguous, as political discourses can be, but that conveys the impossibility of a determinate position of power, the impossibility of a determinate position of power, the impossibility of a determinate position of power are not possible.
 It traverses all discourses without their wanting it. Who will unravel this imbroglio? The Gordian knot can at least be cut. As for the Moebius strip, if it is split in two, it results in an additional spiral without there being any possibility of resolving its surfaces (here the reversible continuity of hypotheses). Hades of simulation, which is no longer one of
 torture, but of the subtle, maleficent, elusive twisting of meaning4 - where even those condemned at Burgos are still a gik from Franco to Western democracy, which finds m them the occasion to regenerate its own flagging humamsm, and whose indignant protestation consolidates in return Franco's regime by uniting the Spanish masses against
foreign intervention? Where is the truth in all that, when such collusions admirably knit together without their authors even knowing it? The conjunction of the system and its extreme alternative like two ends of a curved mirror, the "vicious" curvature of a political space henceforth magnetized, circularized, reversibilized from right to lek a torsion
that is like the evil demon of commutation, the whole system, the infinity of capital folded back over its own sur&ce: transfinite? And isn't it the same with desire and libidinal space? The conjunction of desire and metamorphosis of the law (which is why it is so well as the law).
received at the moment): only capital takes pleasure, Lyotard said, before coming to think that we take pleasure in Deleuze: an enigmatic reversal which brings this desire that is "revolutionary by itself, and as if involuntarily, in wanting what it wants," to want its own repression and to invest paranoid and
fascist systems? A malign torsion which reduces this revolution of desire to the same fundamental ambiguity as the other, historical revolution. All the referentials intermingle their discourses in a circular, Moebian compulsion. Not so long ago sex and work were savagely opposed terms: today both are dissolved into the same type of demand
Formerly the discourse on history took its force from opposing itself to the one on nature, the discourse on desire to the one on power: today they exchange their signifiers and their scenarios. It would take too long to run through the whole range of operational negativity, of all those scenarios of deterrence which, like Watergate, try to revive a
moribund principle by simulated scandal, phantasm, murder - a sort of hormonal treatment by negativity and crisis. It is always a question of proving the strike; proving the system by crisis and capital by revolution; and for that matter proving
ethnology by the dispossession of its object (the Tasaday). Without counting: proving pedagogy by anti-pedagogy; proving psychiatry, etc., etc. Everything is metamorphosed into its inverse in order to be perpetuated in its purged form. Every form of power, every situation
speaks of itself by denial, in order to attempt to escape, by simulation of death, its real agony. Power can stage its own murder to rediscover a glimmer of existence and legitimacy. Thus with the American presidents: the Kennedys are murder to rediscover a glimmer of existence and legitimacy. Thus with the American presidents: the Kennedys are murder to rediscover a glimmer of existence and legitimacy.
attempts, to simulated murders. But they nevertheless needed that aura of an art)ficial menace to conceal that they were nothing other than mannequins of power. In olden days the king (also the god) had to die - that was his strength. Today he does his miserable utmost to pretend to die, so as to preserve the blessing of power. But even this is gone.
To seek new blood in its own death, to renew the cycle by the mirror of crisis, negativity and atti-power: this is the only alibi of every power, of every institution attempting to break the vicious circle of its irresponsibility and its fundamental nonexistence, of its deja-wort. Strategy of the real Of the same order as the impossibility of
rediscovering an absolute level of the real, is the impossibility of staging an illusion. Illusion is no longer possible. It is the whole political problem of the parody, of hypersimulation or offensive simulation, which is posed here. For example: it would be interesting to see whether the repressive apparatus would not
react more violently to a simulated hold up than to a real one? For a real hold up only upsets the order of things, the right of property, whereas a simulated hold up interferes with the very principle of reality. Transgression and violence are less serious, for they only contest the distribution of the real. Simulation is infinitely more dangerous since it
always suggests, over and above its object, that law and order themselves might really be nothing more than a simulated theft? There is no
 "objective" difference: the same gestures and the same signs exist as for a real theft; in fact the signs mclme neither to one side nor the other. As far as the established order is concerned, they are always of the order of the real. Go and organize a fake hold up. Be sure to check that your weapons are harmless, and take the most trustworthy hostage
so that no life is in danger (otherwise you risk committing an offence). Demand ransom, and arrange it so that the operation creates the greatest commotion possible. In brief, stay close to the "truth", so as to test the reaction of the apparatus to a perfect simulation. But you won't succeed: the web of art)ficial signs will be inextricably mixed up with
real elements (a police officer will really shoot on sight; a bank customer will faint and die of a heart attack; they will really turn the phoney ransom over to you). In brief, you will unwittingly find yourself immediately in the real, one of whose functions is precisely to devour every attempt at simulation, to reduce everything to some reality: that's
exactly how the established order is, well before institutions and justice come into play. In this impossibility of isolating the process of simulation must be seen the whole thrust of an order that can only see and understand m terms of some reality, because it can function nowhere else. The simulation of an offence, if it is patent, will either be punished
more lightly (because it has no "consequences") or be punished as an offence to public office (for example, if one triggered off a police operation "for nothing") - but never as simulation, since it is precisely as such that no equivalence with the real is possible, and hence no repression either. The challenge of simulation is irreceivable by power. How
can you punish the simulation of virtue? Yet as such it is as serious as the simulation of crime. Parody makes obedience and transgression equivalent, and that is the most serious crime, since it cancels out the difference upon which the law is a second-order simulacrum whereas
simulation is a third-order simulacrum, beyond true and false, beyond equivalences, beyond true and false, beyond 
army they would rather take the simulator as a true madman). But this becomes more and more difficult, for it is practically impossible to isolate the process of simulation; through the force of inertia of the apparatus of simulation and of power's impotency):
namely, it is now impossible to isolate the process of the real. Thus all hold ups, hijacks and the like are now as it were simulation hold ups, in the sense that they are inscribed in advance in the decoding and orchestration rituals of the media, anticipated in their mode of presentation and possible consequences. In brief, where
they function as a set of signs dedicated exclusively to their recurrence as signs, and no longer to the longe
demonstrations, crises, etc.5), that they are precisely unverifiable by an order which can only dominate referentials, a determinate power which can only dominate a determinate world, but which can only dominate referentials, a determinate power which can only dominate referentials, and the restaurance of simulation
about that weightless nebula no longer obeying the law of gravitation of the real - power itself eventually breaking apart in this space and becoming a simulation). The only weapon of power, its only strategy against this defection, is to reinject
realness and referentiality everywhere, in order to convince us of the economy and the finalities of production. For that purpose it prefers the discourse of crisis, but also - why not? - the discourse of desire. "Take your desires for reality!" can be understood as the ultimate slogan of power, for in a nonreferential
world even the confusian of the reality principle with the desire principle is less dangerous than contagious hyperreality. One remains among principles, and there power is always right. Hyperreality and simulation are deterrents of every principle and of every objective; they turn against power this deterrence which is so well utilized for a long time
itself. For, finally, it was capital which was the first to feed throughout its history on the destruction of every referential, of every human goal, which shattered every ideal distinction between true and false, good and evil, in order to establish a radical law of equivalence and exchange, the iron law of its power. It was the first to practice deterrence,
abstraction, disconnection, deterritorialization, etc.; and if it was capital which fostered reality principle, it was also the first to liquidate it in the extermination of every use value, of every real equivalence, of production and wealth, in the very sensation we have of the unreality of the stakes and the omnipotence of manipulation. Now, it is
this very logic which is today hardened even more against it. And when it wants to fight this catastrophic spiral by secreting one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality, on which to found one last glimmer of reality glimmer of realit
simulation, disintegrating every contradiction by means of the production of equivalent signs. When it is threatened today by simulation (the threat of vanishing in the play of signs), power risks the real, risks crisis, it gambles on remanufacturing artificial, social, economic, -political stakes. This is a question of life or death for it. But it is too late.
Whence the characteristic hysteria of our time: the hysteria of production and reproduction, that of goods and commodities, that of la belle epoque of political economy, no longer makes any sense of its own, and has not for some time. What society seeks through production, and overproduction, is the restoration of
the real which escapes it. That is why contemporary "material" production is itself hyperreal. It retains all the features, the whole discourse of traditional production, but it is nothing more than its scaled-down refraction (thus the hyperrealists fasten in a striking resemblance a real from which has fled all meaning and charm, all the profundity and
energy of representation). Thus the hyperrealism of simulation is expressed everywhere by the real's striking resemblance to itself. Power, too, for some time now produces nothing but signs of power - a holy union which forms
around the disappearance of power. Everybody belongs to it more or less in fear of the collapse of the political. And in the end the game of power comes down to nothing more than the critical obsession with its death; an obsession with its death; and obsession with its death; an obsession with its death; an obsession with its death; an obsession with its death; and obsession with its death
disappeared, logically we will be under the total spell of power - a haunting memory already foreshadowed everywhere, manifesting at one and the same time the satisfaction of having got rid of it (nobody wants it any more, everybody unloads it on others) and grieving its loss. Melancholy for societies without power: this has already given rise to
fascism, that overdose of a powerful referential in a society which cannot terminate its mourning. But we are still in the same boat: none of our societies know how to manage their mourning for the real, for power, for the social itself, which is implicated in this same breakdown. And it is by an art)ficial revitalization of all this that we try to escape it.
Undoubtedly this will even end up in socialism. By an unforeseen twist of events and an irony which no longer belongs to history, it is through the death of God that religions emerge. A twisted coming, a perverse event, an unintelligible reversion to the logic of reason. As is the fact that
power is no longer present except to conceal that there is none. A simulation which can go on indefinitely, since -unlike "true" power which is, or was, a structure, a strategy, a relation of force, a stake - this is nothing but the object of a social demand, and hence subject to the law of supply and demand, rather than to violence and death. Completely
 expunged from the political dimension, it is dependent, like any other commodity, on production and mass consumption. Its spark has disappeared; only the fiction of a political universe is saved. Likewise with work. The spark has subtly
become something else: a need (as Marx ideally envisaged it, but not at all in the same sense), the object of a social "demand," like leisure, to which it is equivalent in the general run of life's options. A demand exactly proportional to the loss of stake in the work process. The same change in fortune as for power: the scenario of work is there to
conceal the fact that the work-real, the production-real, has disappeared. And for that matter so has the strike, and resumed production, as is the
custom in a "self-managed" job, in exactly the same terms as before, by declaring themselves (and virtually being) in a state of permanent strike. This isn't a science-fiction dream: everywhere it is a question of a doubling of the work process. And of a double or locum for the strike process - strikes which are incorporated like obsolescence in objects,
like crises in production. Then there are no longer any strikes or work, but both simultaneously, that is to say melodrama (not to say melodrama) of production, collective dramaturgy upon the empty stage of the social. It is no longer a question of the ideology of work - of the traditional
ethic that obscures the "real" labour process and the "objective" process of exploitation- but of the scenario of power, but of the scenario of power 
is always the aim of ideological analysis to restore the objective process; it is always a false problem to want to restore the truth beneath the simulacrum. This is ultimately why power is so in accord with ideological discourses and discourses and discourses and discourses on ideology, for these are all discourses of truth - always good, even and especially if they are revolutionary, to
counter the mortal blows of simulation. Notes 1 Counterfeit and reproduction imply always an anguish, a disquieting foreignness: the uneasiness before the photograph, considered like a witch's trick - and more generally before any technical apparatus, which is always an apparatus of reproduction, is related by Benjamin to the uneasiness before the
mirror-image. There is already sorcery at work in the mirror. But how much more so when this image can be detached from the mirror and be transported, stocked, reproduced at will (cf. The Student of Prague, where the devil detaches the image of the student from the mirror and harrasses him to death by the intermediary of this image). All
reproduction implies therefore a kind of black magic, from the fact of being seduced by one's own image in the water, like Narcissus, to being haunted by the double and, who knows, to the mortal turning back of this vast technique, McLuhan) and that returns to
him, cancelled and distorted -endless reproduction of himself and his power to the limits of the world. Reproduction is diabolical in its very essence; it makes something fundamental vacillate. This has hardly changed for us: simulation (that we describe here as the operation of the code) is still and always the place of a gigantic enterprise of
manipulation, of control and of death, just like the imitative object (primitive statuette, image of photo) always had as objective an operation of black image. 2 There is furthermore in Monod's book a flagrant contradiction, which reflects the ambiguity of all current science. His discourse concerns the code, that is the third-order simulacra, but it does
so still according to "scientific" schemes of the second-order - objectiveness, "scientific" ethic of knowledge, science's principle of truth and transcendence. All things incompatible with the indeterminable models of the third-order. 3 "It's the feeble 'definition' of TV which condemns its spectator to rearranging the few points retained into a kind of
abstract work. He participates suddenly in the creation of a reality that was only just presented to him in dots: the television watcher is in the position of an individual who is asked to project his own fantasies on inkblots that are not supposed to represent anything." TV as perpetual Rorshach test. And furthermore: "The TV image requires each instant
that we 'close' the spaces in the mesh by a convulsive sensuous participation that is profoundly kinetic and tactile." 4 "The Medium is the Message" is the very slogan of the political economy of the sign, when it enters into the third-order simulation - the distinction between the medium and the message characterizes instead sign) fication of the
second-order. 5 The entire current "psychological" situation is characterized by this shortcircuit. Doesn't emancipation of children and teenagers, once the initial phase of revolt is passed and once there has been established the principle of the right to emancipation, seem like the real emancipation of parents. And the young (students, high-schoolers,
 adolescents) seem to sense it in their always more insistent demand (though still as paradoxical) for the presence and advice of parents or of teachers. Alone at last, free and responsible, it seemed to them suddenly that other people possibly have absconded with their true liberty. Therefore, there is no question of "leaving them be." They're going to
hassle them, not with any emotional or material spontaneous demand, but with an exigency that has been premeditated and corrected by an implicit oedipal knowledge. Hyperdependence (much greater than before) distored by irony and refusal, parody of libidinous original mechanisms. Demand without content, without referent, unjust) fied, but for
all that all the more severe - naked demand with no possible answer. The contents of knowledge (teaching) or of affective relations, the pedagogical or familial referent having been eliminated in the act of emancipation, there remains only a demand linked to the empty form of the institution- perverse demand, and for that reason all the more
obstinate. "Transferable" desire (that is to say non-referential), desire that has been fed by lack, by the place left vacant, "liberated," desire captured in its own vertiginous image, desire of desire, as pure form, hyperreal. Deprived of symbolic substance, it doubles back upon itself, draws its energy from its own reflection and its
disappointment with itself. This is literally today the "demand," and it is obvious that unlike the "classical" objective or transferable relations this one here is insoluble and interminable. Simulated Oedipus. François Richard: "Students asked to be seduced either bodily or verbally. But also they are aware of this and they play the game, ironically. 'Give
us your knowledge, your presence, you have the word, speak, you are there for that.' Contestation certainly, but not only: the more authority as such. They play at Oedipus also, to deny it all the more vehemently. The 'teach', he's Daddy, they say; it's fun, you play at incest, malaise, the
untouchable, at being a tease - in order to de-sexualize finally." Like one under analysis who asks for Oedipus back again, who tells the "oedipal" stories, who has the "analytical" dreams to satisfy the supposed request of the analysis who asks for Oedipus back again, who tells the "oedipal" stories, who has the "analytical" dreams to satisfy the supposed request of the analysis who asks for Oedipus back again, who tells the "oedipal" stories, who has the "analytical" dreams to satisfy the supposed request of the analysis who asks for Oedipus back again, who tells the "oedipal" stories, who has the "analytical" dreams to satisfy the supposed request of the analysis who asks for Oedipus back again, who tells the "oedipal" stories, who has the "analytical" dreams to satisfy the supposed request of the analysis who asks for Oedipus back again, who tells the "oedipal" stories again, a
close, approaches, dominates- but this isn't desire, it's simulation. Oedipal psychodrama of simulation (neither less real nor less dramatic for all that). Very different from the real libidinal stakes of knowledge and power or even of a real mourning for the absence of same (as could have happened after 1968 in the universities). Now we've reached the
phase of desperate reproduction, and where the stakes are nil, the simulacrum is maximal - exacerbated and parodied simulation at one and the same reasons. The interminable as psychoanalysis and for the same reasons. The interminable as psychoanalysis and for the same reasons.
 liquidation by simulation, of the impossible psychoanalysis because it is itself, from now on, that produces and reproduces the unconscious. Just as revolution dies of the exchange of the critical signs of political economy. This short-circuit was well
known to Freud in the form of the gift of the analytic dream, or with the "uninformed" patients, in the form of the gift of their analytic knowledge. But this was still interpreted as resistance, as detour, and did not put fundamentally into question either the process of analysis or the principle of transference. It is another thing entirely when the
unconscious itself, the discourse of the unconscious becomes unfindable - according to the same scenario of simulative anticipation that we have seen at work on all levels with the machines of the third order. The analysis then can no longer end, it becomes logically and historically interminable, since it stabilizes on a puppetsubstance of
reproduction, an unconscious programmed on demand - an impossible-to-break-through point around which the whole analysis is rearranged. The messages of the unconscious have been short-circuited by the psychoanalysis is rearranged. The messages of the unconscious have been short-circuited by the psychoanalysis is rearranged. The messages of the unconscious have been short-circuited by the psychoanalysis is rearranged.
necessary to add the hyperreal, which captures and obstructs the functioning of the three orders. 6 Athenian democracy, much more advanced than our own, had reached the point where the vote was considered as payment for a service, after all other repressive solutions had been tried and found wanting in order to insure a quorum.
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