

# *“L’animal que donc je suis (à suivre)”*

## Ah, Silvio: Berlusconi Derided

Bernard McGuirk •



“Risorgimento” © Steve Bell *The Guardian* 27 February 2013

The re-emergence *de profundis cloacae* of Steve Bell’s favourite *bête brune* may have “scared Brussels and Berlin, scared the markets, and scared the Italians themselves”, according to the editorial of the same day which reminisced: “Asked a few years ago whether he was worried about the political situation in his country, an Italian economist replied: ‘I’m not worried but I’m desperate’” (*The Guardian* 27 February 2013: 30). For Bell, however, as for myriad seekers of banana-skin supplements to the cartoon cavalcade of the twenty-year burlesque of Silvio Berlusconi’s Italian job, here was the

---

• University of Nottingham

irresistible moment to re-capture the tragic-comic misadventure which had just led Umberto Eco to concede that *Il Cavaliere* “was a genius, an evil genius, but a genius” (*Good Italy, Bad Italy: Girlfriend in a Coma*, BBC 4, 26 February 2013).

The philosopher-novelist himself, in his earlier political plea for an “ethical semiotics of silence” (Eco 2010: 21), might well have been reading the *graffiti* on the wall as pointing to the forthcoming resignation, in November 2011, on the part of Forza Italia’s bronzed SB, to the inevitability that *l’homme c’est la merde qui attend la chasse d’eau*. The message, it is now known, signaled but an ephemeral flush of failure prior to a noisy refloating, on the ship (sic) of state, of the unsinkable ex-crooner:



© Steve Bell *The Guardian* 9 November 2011

Nostalgically, the resurgence of scatology in Bell’s off-shore engagement with a latter-day continental counterpart to allied stench, on the home and transatlantic fronts, prompts a grand tour re-enacted across the space of the political cartoon on both, and all, sides of the water. Closet semioticians themselves, numerous practitioners of satire’s tacit art have taken up the challenge that “one of the problems that we can confront [...] is a semiotics of silence in politics [...] in political discourse [...] silence as the creation of suspense [...] as menace [...] as negotiation” (Eco 2010: 22). And, often, what is plumbed, for instance, in Altan’s *La Repubblica* banana motifs, or in Bell’s *The Guardian* unpeeling of BerlusTony, is a cross-dressing topography of mutually aping cultures:



“Pouting like monkeys”© Steve Bell 28 April 2004

Before the tour begins, and in order more comfortably to cross the channel of such comparisons, a precautionary customs-check on the baggage in hand may be carried out.

### **Semiotics and cultural turns: histories of difference**

The relatively low profile of that discipline termed “semiotics” in various Anglo-Saxon traditions can be addressed by looking back at the ways in which critical theory emerged differently, in those cultural spaces, as an academic practice or practices. Various points of entry might be explored, be it through linguistics, philosophy, literary criticism, cultural studies or numerous derivatives thereof. In summary, it is first necessary to recognize and account for a notorious tension between two intellectual traditions and a degree of resistance against so-called “continental” philosophy, and its supposed stemming from idealist or mentalist traditions, in stubbornly empiricist cultures typified – not apocryphally – by the nineteenth-century *Times* of London headline which gave rise to Christopher Norris’s in-depth meditation “‘Fog Over Channel, Continent Isolated’: Theory, Philosophy and the Great Divide” (Norris 2004).<sup>1</sup>

Since the so-called structural revolution hit Anglo-Saxon academe in the mid-to-late 1970s, it has become easier to identify modes in which the different traditions have come to work together, if not always harmoniously, at least in recognition of the potential benefits of learning to live with the other’s modes of thinking and of

---

<sup>1</sup> Russell Brockbank’s 1948 cartoon of his comic archetype Major Upsett reading a newspaper headlined “Fog in Channel, Continent Isolated” might serve the less philosophically inclined reader to an equally effective purpose.

analysing texts of all kinds. Instead of regarding as mutually exclusive alternatives: a) modes of analysis whereby identifiable structures might evoke or even account for possible or hypothetical meanings and: b) arguments based ostensibly on empirically observed facts and either a common-sense or, alternatively, a logical positivist expression of them, many critics have ceded ground and even opted for hybrid instruments of reading signs as wor(l)ds. The play works in English to predictable effect; but the handy reminder of the function and power of words in the world will suffice for my present purpose of meditating on that peculiar genre of images, sometimes with words attached, in the habitually humorous world of the political cartoon.

As structuralisms were succeeded by post-structuralisms, and particularly through the work of Jacques Derrida (after the Austin/Searle debates of an earlier period), pre-, intra-, and post-structural modes of thinking and writing have intruded ever more overtly in Anglo-Saxon critical and reading practices. By the same token, one has witnessed the slipping into some fields of semiotics of elements which have come to constitute what is often, and not without controversy, called socio-semiotics or the semiotics of culture. As a consequence, sign systems elaborated to account for ideal, imagined, textual possibilities have come to confront, and be confronted by, pragmatic *contextual culture/s* under analysis from and within myriad – often conflicting – political and institutional practices.

### ***Animot liberation***

*Animal*: I was tempted [...] to forge another word in the singular, at the same time close but radically foreign, a chimerical word that sounded as though it contravened the laws of the French language, *l'animot* [...] *Ecce animot* [...] We have to envisage the existence of “living creatures” whose plurality cannot be assembled within the single figure of an animality that is simply opposed to humanity [...] *Ecce animot* [...] assuming the title of an autobiographical animal, in the form of a risky, fabulous, or chimerical response to the question “But me, who am I?” (Derrida 2002: 409; 416).

In seeking to account for an Anglo-Saxon “embrace” of Jacques Derrida – that has often been firmer even than in Francophone *milieux* – it is pertinent to stress the attraction of his rehabilitation of the ever-looming spectres of politics *within* the times

and spaces of any and all structurations; in the hauntings of Marx, for example, by *Hamlet*.

“The time is out of joint”, already, always, and also in the political cartoon: the image and the icon, too. At play in the analysis which follows will be the *déjà (et toujours) vu* grammar of *cliché* qua truism, whenever the *sine qua non* of recognition, or instant recognisability, is enlisted by the cartoonist, whose iconography is often supplemented by captions. A (pre-) supplementarity of images alone might and can work; but lexical support is available in the labels, bubbles and quotations not just of words but rather, in this genre most overtly, of “les animots”.

In pursuing possibly risky, fabulous or chimerical responses to the question “But me, who am I?”, it will become apparent that, in the to-ing and fro-ing between images and words, between metaphors and metonyms, the cartoonist, too, deploys a close but radically foreign grammar. The plurality of relations explored in the creative act of othering the other, often in rendering it abject, will habitually involve the absorption of a simultaneously othered, even abject, self. Rarely is that risk more overtly run than in the caricatural projection of a political opponent... or ally.

The supplementing difference between Derrida’s original French “L’animal que donc je suis (à suivre)” and the rendering into English of his translator, David Wills, “The Animal That I Am (More to Follow)” opens, further, an inviting space of potential subversion. The chance exchange of gazes between feline and catalyst “humanity”, momentarily embodied by Derrida himself as, and in, the circumstance of his essay’s entry into radical foreignness, plumbs both “ce regard dit animal” / “this gaze called animal” and “la limite abyssale de l’humain” / “the abyssal limit of the human” (Derrida 2004: 263). Interrogation of dominant political figures via the caricatural gaze of the cartoonist will “follow”, here, with ever “more” to come; not least in the trans-genre artist’s fathoming the depths of both “abyssal” and the abysmal. Linguistic distortion will be seen to gel with figurative monstrosity as animalization assumes the grammatical role of cross-eyeing the other. But where, where am I/eye? “The place of aporia is at the border, before a door, threshold line, or the approach of the other as such” (Derrida 1993: 12).

The invitation “de faire une réflexion critique sur l’actualité, l’influence et le destin de la philosophie de Derrida et de la déconstruction” for the present number of *Quadranti* prompts a supplement to the lengthy meditation on the potential of using

Derrida's notion of *les animots* to open up a particular mode of analysis appropriate to the genre of the political cartoon. There, in “*La liberazione degli animots*” (McGuirk 2008), the *animations* traced were those of the South Atlantic, notably in pursuit of albatross and penguin effects of the 1982 Malvinas-Falklands conflict and its continuing legacy in a present era of renewed speculation on the oil deposits and fisheries riches still sought after by an ever-acquisitive United Kingdom in the face of a toned down but sporadically drum-and-breast beating Argentina. It was in the opening phase of that 1982 conflict, too, that Steve Bell spawned his own early encounter with *animation*, albeit as yet unlabelled *à la* Derrida but coinciding with the organizing tenets and discourses of his more-than-thirty-year lampooning of the transmogrified subject-object-signs of his own negotiations with the political suspense and menace of Eco's exhortation. For his relentless unveiling of the faces of the dogs of war and the poodles of politics, born in and of the Thatcher era, has been developed in consonance with the configurations of cultures and of cartoonists well beyond the shores of any and all insularities. His will be the thread that will guide us into and sometimes out of the labyrinth of a silent semiotics; beyond mere animations in confronting the minotaur of man and beast, of image and word, that haunts the political cartoon.

Here, and primarily, I wish to echo, in transference, the basic rhythms of my earlier analysis as a prompt to move, via further and different *animations*, to an evocation of a contemporarily cartooned Italy within an international arena of caricatural politics. An Italian readership might thus find that, in any recognition of its own identity, the interrogative “But me, who am I?” will be conceived inseparably from another, sovereign query: “But he, who is he?”. Thereby, such sign-readers or decipherers will also have had to pass through a cartoon game of their own; of hide in order to seek; of smile in order *not* to speak the name of a markedly *biographical animot*. If *d'après* Roland Barthes “to read is to struggle to name” (Barthes 1974: xl), to caricature – by contrast – will be shown to border, to draw on, even to whisper, a love for the *burlesque* that dare not speak its name.<sup>2</sup>

### Cartographies of the “abject” other: *animaps*

---

<sup>2</sup> Other than at election time? Under the headline *Election deadlock spooks Europe*, “Italy's general election resulted in an unexpected deadlock [...] Silvio Berlusconi's centre-right bloc took 29.18 percent of votes for the lower house”, quantified the flatus accompanying the haunting *risorgimento* (*The Week* 2 March 2013: 5).

In Italy, the deployment of gagging injunctions or the censoring of comedians has revealed the pragmatism – the *catenaccio* – of committing your defensive fouls before the next viable attack can be mounted, whether by *La Repubblica* or in such as Sabina Guzzanti's bombardment of Berlusconi's RAI in her 2005 documentary *Viva Zapatero!*<sup>3</sup> In bringing to the fore caricatural depictions of and in conflict, the present analysis further adopts an international comparative approach to cartoonists from different cultures who later, and elsewhere, whether in the Gulf War, the Iraq or Afghanistan conflicts, begin, at least, to come to terms with a “radically foreign” self-in-other/other-in-self, so that we, too, confronting Derrida's *animots*, are tempted “to envisage the existence of ‘living creatures’ whose plurality cannot be assembled within the single figure of an animality that is simply opposed to humanity”.

We shall see how the abjected other is multiplied as it is transmogrified... but, by the same token and, as Derrida had long before warned, “we can pronounce not a single destructive proposition which has not already had to slip into the form, the logic, and the implicit postulations of precisely what it seeks to contest” (Derrida 1978: 280). The challenge posed to the cartoonist by the depiction of political alliances and their oft-unintended effects and, not least, indeed, through the liberation of their *animots*, is to recognize that there is nothing which is not already and always, soul-searchingly and conflictually, inseparably figurative *and* textual. *Ecce anima?* There are “risky, fabulous, or chimerical responses” to that question, too. But they, who are they? And how are they to be recognized?

---

<sup>3</sup> See *Viva Zapatero!* Sabina Guzzanti's take on the clash over a late-night political satire programme broadcast on RAI-3. The show, *RAIot*, having targeted the then Italian Prime Minister, Silvio Berlusconi, was cancelled after the first episode on the categorical grounds that it was supposed to be political not satirical.



Anonymously distributed poster, March 2003

Too late? Take your partners, please, for the next (war) dance? Yet wait... *ipsa dixit*: “there is no such thing as society; there are only men and women” (Margaret Thatcher 31 October 1987). No meeting half-way? The risk-taking response of the poster detects the chimera, the *unreality* effect of the easy passing of the spurious mantle of power; for so long as the silent image performs the farce – the *fabula* – of national delusion. The two shall not be one in the marriage of convenience made in hellish coupling. The third term – *Il n’y a pas de hors-texte* – is neither one nor the other. It is, inseparably in the genre of the cartoon, both *animage* and *animot*.

### **Ein Bericht für eine Akademie... and aping reality**

In Franz Kafka’s 1917 short story “A report to an Academy”, an ape named Red Peter has learned to behave like a human. He reports to an academy the story of how he brought about his transformation, explaining that he adapted not out of any desire to be human but as a means of escape from his cage. Life imitates – apes – the art of the cartoon with renewed and wilful ignorance; prefiguring the fused “Pouting like monkeys” of his BerlusTony depiction of April 2004, Bell himself had already captured the confused self-abjection of a three-way special relationship... in “God’s own country”. Flushed with Thatcher-inherited self-delusion that a “United” Albion had re-found its historic place and role on a world(ly) stage through its 1982 adventurism, a b(l)ushing Premier bends the knee to the Almighty with a hell-bent

President as easily as he was soon to scratch armpits with a Prim(at)e Minister. It takes two to tango... but who is to be or not to be next embraced? In the *pas de deux* from Argentina versus the United Kingdom, through the United States to the European Union, Steve Bell's choreographies will ever have changed and the numbers will be re-orchestrated as old singers change their tune, their partners and their look. *Toupé* or not *toupé*... that is the question as the *danse macabre* threatens; and the suits get ever smarter, the ties fit ever tighter and the performance is ever limper:



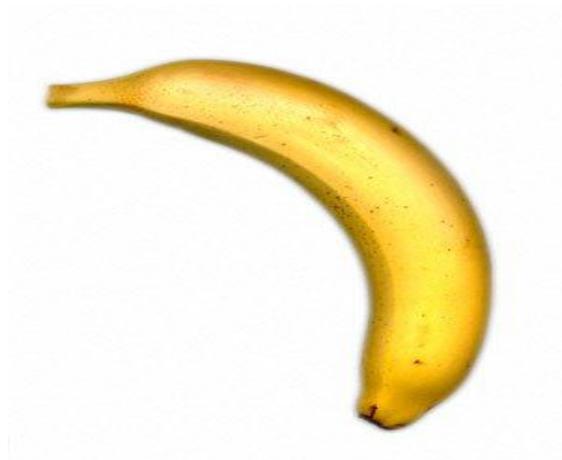
© Steve Bell *The Guardian* 30 January 2003

But we, who are we? And where?

Revisiting media representations of the political and cultural imaginary by now juxtaposing a British pragmatics with a specifically Italian rhetoric, official or parodic, a no less burlesqued topography or *animotschaung* prompts the enticing socio-semiotic play of *graffiti* decodings. To be or not to be a metaphor or a metonym, that is a question for the rhetoricians. But not the only one... *Banimot* singular? *Banimots* plural? That is a challenge to political cartoonists in “the form” – their genre – “of a risky, fabulous, or chimerical response to the question” of the newsworthiness that re-situates the power-

blocks and the debris of ideological walls, breached or still-to-be stormed, of mass-media as well as of other, demonized, “evil” empires.

**The thing *is* the *animot...* *not* the animal**



... a singular (privatized) banana?

**The public thing is the *res publica***



... plural (market-branded) bananas?

In a national re-mapping of the *Repubblica italiana* in the world of *media* news, a hybrid language, a palimpsest iconography, a prematurely *unaging* Cavaliere, and a stammeringly articulate self, all are reconfigured to spell out, to “forge”, a *locus amoenus*; a location desired with both vehemence and *El Dorado*-driven nostalgia for that primeval banana republic of an authoritarian cartographer’s dream. Another instance – a primal scene – from some Italo-partnered axis of yesteryear? But this is the wor(l)d

“contravened”, this is the imagi/Nation, of the vignette, the animation of the contemporary internet-borne political cartoon:



© artist unknown

An incoherent language, “simply opposed to humanity”...? Or a discourse of *animotion*?

Different from, and more than, any move from metaphor to metonym, Derrida’s “*Ecce animot* [goes on] assuming the title of an autobiographical animal”. It “cannot be assembled within the single figure of an animality that is simply opposed to humanity”, wherever the *locus*, whosoever *los locos*. Whatever the “chimerical response to the question ‘But me, who am I?’”:



© Altan *La Repubblica* 24 October 2008

### Absence becomes a totality

Totalitarianism? There where there is nobody else, can anybody be? Altan, the front-page propagator of the national daily *La Repubblica*'s depiction of what has become, for him, for it, and for the newspaper's readership, the perennial banana republican, performs for Italy a function which apes the *animotions* of the cartoon genre under analysis. "Get it into your head"... Nobody else matters; in the one-man-show of vaudeville, the embodied *mot* is presumed to suffice; singularly, the space is, perforce, said to be occupied. Or is it? An even earlier primal rhythm echoes out. Recall Noah's Ark:



© TotallyLooksLike.com

"E basta", applied univocally to the *animot*, has allowed the cartoonist effectively to assemble an identikit of sovereign power and its *de facto* economy. *De iure*, and zoologically, the solution to the crime, of both animality and humanity, requires not the traditional detective's *cherchez l'homme* but the structural alternative of *cherchez l'autre*. *Scimmiottando, ma non troppo*, Rai 1 journalist Bruno Vespa is portrayed as grooming his Prime Minister on the talk-show *Porta a Porta*. Why *non troppo*?... because, *de facto*, he must leave air-time for it to work vice-versa. Otherwise – and borrowing from Kafka – that "academy" called the Italian electorate will not be impressed enough to deliver. A third term... or a "Third House".

**"Hey, hey, straight or gay, try it once the other way" <sup>4</sup>**

---

<sup>4</sup> A classic piece of English pluralist, and pragmatic, graffiti of the nineteen-seventies; prior to the structural revolution's breaking through the customs barrier of Dover and other ports south.



© artist unknown

Bananas travel, whether originally from West Africa to Europe and thence to the republics of the New World or, *d'après* Woody Allen, from Hollywood across the global screen. Literal, metonymical and metaphorical applications abound, opposing the fixity of straight decoding or one-to-one equivalences. Britain's resistance to the European Union, for example, is saturated (or sozzled) with the bewilderment of an electorate less than intoxicated by the imposition of rules, "continental" structures perceived to impose quality controls on its common supermarkets and a standard shape on its fruity if ever-sovereign s(h)elves. Round apples, perfect pears... straight bananas. The cartoonist draws on the gay-bar culture of political resistance to deliver a more varied product, a less than homogeneous society in a putatively heterogeneous space of signifying. Pragmatic reading unveils. Bananas come out. *Voilà!*

Far be it from me to perform an over-determined reading of "the space of the banana" – or its many spaces. Such a "risky" gesture might drive me back to an excessively British *animation*, a however multiple socio-semiotics, a "chimerical" pluralism of finding signification framed within EU "regulations" but within culturally "othered" selves. Of bending the rules whilst others play it straight. And who is the "I" that could do that? Or the "We"?...

## Straight? Or a little bent?



© Altan *La Repubblica* 13 May 2010

*Buona forchetta?* “It takes a long spoon to sup with the Devil”. For Altan’s caption says: “There’s no money for Federalism” – “And what about asking the mob?”

If the economy of the *animot* will not stretch to a federalism that can encompass a structurally sound *and* logically positive union, may it suffice to recall that all bananas are formed in a bunch; originally, a wild bunch?<sup>5</sup> A mob. There where “basta” was will bastards be... Whether in straightforward polysemia or in a bent semiotics, pragmatism always rules:

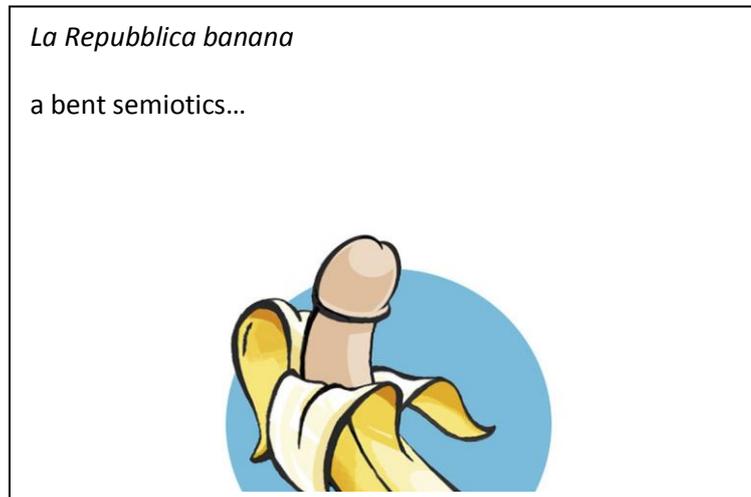
---

<sup>5</sup> The reference to Sam Peckinpah’s *The Wild Bunch* reminds us not only of aging outlaws looking for a final big score but also that “bunch”, “mob” and “cricca” are virtual synonyms.

**In public... and in private**



© Tonus undated



© artist unknown

**Il mondo alla rovescia**

The world – upside down, back to front, inside out –“cannot be assembled within the single figure of an animality that is simply opposed to humanity”. Nor can

the *animot* be reduced to the banality of the *double entendre*. There where binaries were will intrusions be... “risky, fabulous, or chimerical”. Berlusconi’s *buona scopetta*, or “final big score”, will already always be heard as *buona scopata*, or his “final big score”... the indifference between, and the *différance* within, one Italian ear and its other. Or leg:



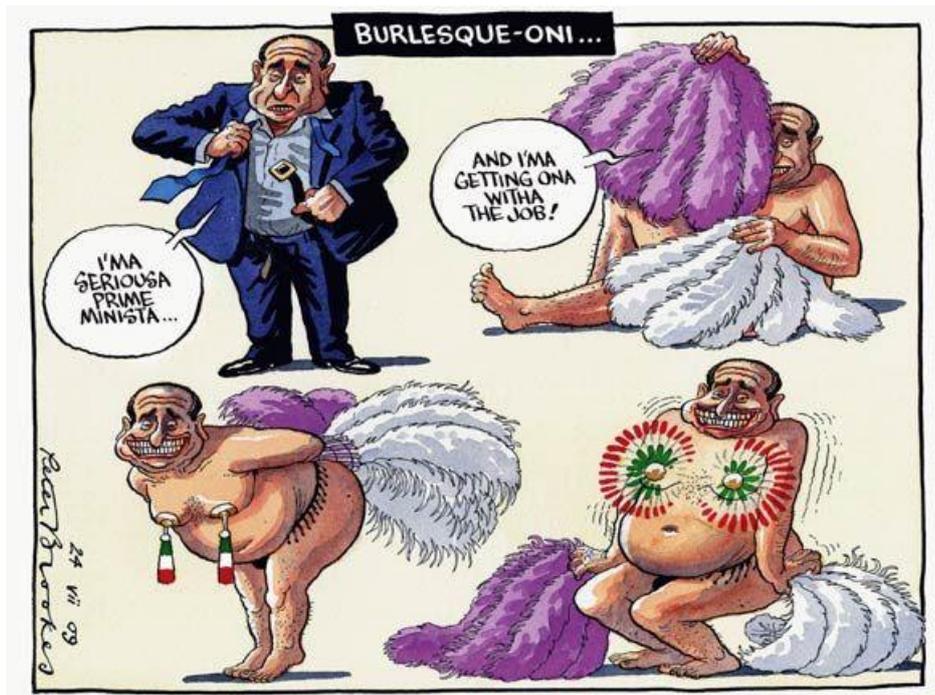
© Peter Brookes *The Times* 7 April 2011

There where topograph was will cartograph be, an eloquently silent semiotics – loosely-tied interstitial, smirkingly intercrural – coming between the self and its other; Mediterranean-laden imagination of a nation still struggling with its reality as a post-Imperial power? There where (Roman) Empire was would figment be; epigraph to a last-gasp going down of (and on) (intra-) colonialism. *Ecce animot*, assuming the title of an autobiographical animal: “But he, who is he?” *Scopettato*, or just whisked off his feet, “he” had already and always returned to the breast/s. *Amor a Roma – ça vaux deux villes*:



© Peter Brookes *The Times* 8 April 2009

*Lapsus linguae* and a G8 summit – an economics of infinity – turned on its head;  
vaudeville-cum-burlesque:



© Peter Brookes *The Times* 24 July 2009

Unlike a J D, “surpris nu, en silence, par le regard d’un animal, par exemple, les yeux d’un chat” / “surprised naked, in silence, by the gaze of an animal, for example, the eyes of a cat” (Derrida, 2002; 253), an S(oh!)B, caught unsurprised and unsurprisingly less naked than stripped of the human, parades unbuttoned whilst displaying the unzipped banana republic Carmen Mirandaism of a cocksure breastiality:



© Edoardo Baraldi undated

*Quo vadis?* Off to an “elegant *soirée*”... *Iipse* dicks it – via bunga bunga – to a Ruby *con*.

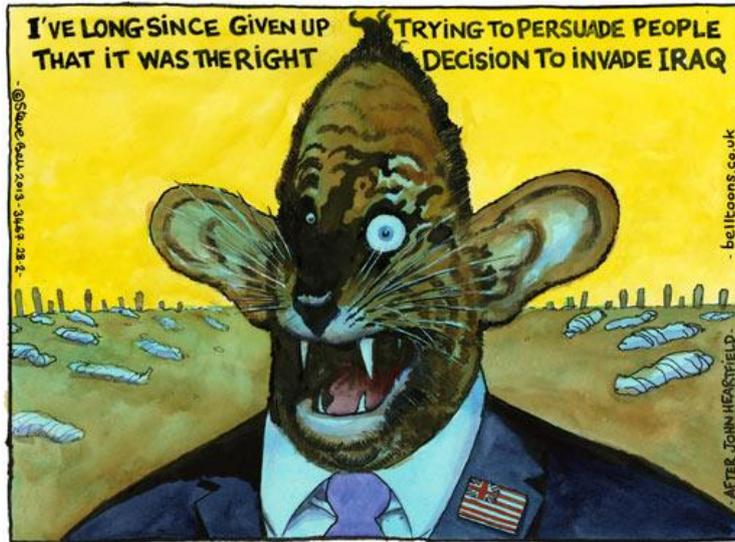
### SPQR?

Birds of a feather f... together? Senatus Populusque Romanus? Or, *vox populi*, – as the cartoonist-cum-voice of the people cries fowl – St/rutting Peacock Qua Republic:



© Steve Bell *The Guardian* 16 February 2011

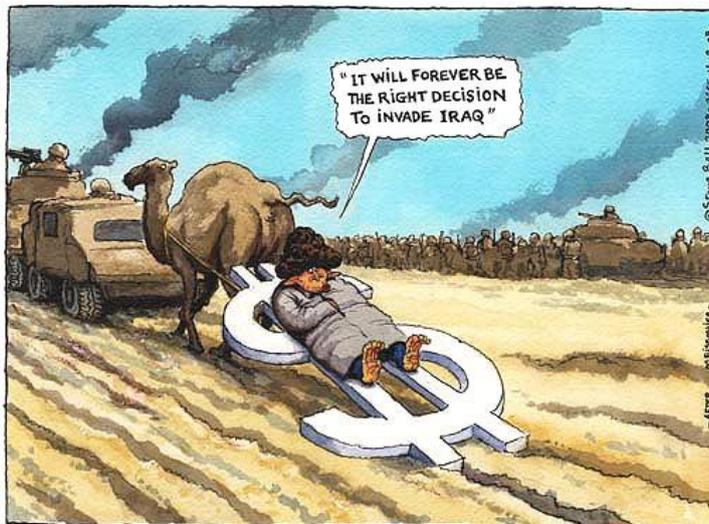
In an *animot* city of mutually aping cultures, the simulacrum of pouting like monkeys will no longer suffice; now, inseparably differentiating and integrating (with a calculatedly disfigured *quel-culo a seguire*), again, “we have to envisage the existence of ‘living creatures’ whose plurality cannot be assembled within the single figure of an animality”. In the new republic of letters, WNQR derives from, performing in, the same alphabet as WOMD (a “wanker” with or without a “weapon of mass destruction”):



© Steve Bell *The Guardian* 27 February 2013

Even when his goose is cooked, *homo politicus* has to be envisaged, existing amongst still-living creatures, camp followers of perpetual war, in the *animot* hyena packs of Uncle Sam.

**Pax Americana... *Caveat victor***



© Steve Bell *The Guardian* 14 March 2008

“It will forever be the right decision to invade Iraq”... Or, in “God’s own country”, forever *Right*. Almost five years after the invasion of Iraq, George Bush, defended his decision to go to war in a speech to religious broadcasters in Tennessee. There where chimpanzee deals with camel will the \$ sign – for “shit” = “money” in US slang – draw its line in the sand, in the sick transit of *homo oeconomicus*; an eternal return of *de profundis cloacae*?

**Mirror, mirror, on the war, who is the furriest of them all?**



I apologize f  
this latest en  
I can't find a  
chimp makin  
a face as dur  
as this one.  
-Rich

Too rich? Whilst the internet will ever throw up uncontrollable and uncensored (missing) links, it also prompts unapologetically playful chains of association.

Whether via *animots* or the animouthings of half-concealed interests, the economic aping of transatlantic relationships, special or specious, will ever demand deciphering. For there is no show without Punchinello and his slapstick... no special relationship that cannot be victim of a *commedia dell'arte* heist. *The Italian Job*? Again? Or *The return of WNQOR*... of that new alliance cum old animation picture *BerlusTony*?

## Pax Romana? *Caveat emptor*



© Steve Bell *The Guardian* 18 February 2009

Will no one rid me of this troublesome beast, this animality? Thus in Italian or in English, in RAIItalia or in the dis-United Kingdom, such cartoonists as Altan and Bell, perhaps desperately seeking, in their continuing attempted cross-dressing down (and out) of the topographically irrepressible, “to envisage [...] an animality that is simply opposed to humanity”, have depicted an ever-cavalier creature of the depths, debased currency-dealer and debaser of the *animot*. *Ecce*:



© Altan *La Repubblica* 10 November 2011

Will he/it go away? Not without a little reminder for you... As Bell, in his turn, and under the anxiety of influence, no doubt, had also wondered:



© Steve Bell *The Guardian* 15 December 2010

Can he/it be destroyed? Or is the cartoon, too, but a latter-day stoker of that repressed “animality that is simply opposed to humanity”? Always and already Bram... inality?

### **Mourning becomes the *animot***

To imagine no spectral surplus in the art of the cartoon would be to condemn any national culture where the historical moment is perceived to be a time out of joint, or where the State is deemed to be in irresolvable debt, and where the only work to be essayed might be that of mourning, would be to accept and simultaneously condemn that State to further abjection. For Derrida, the relation in question is evoked in the subtitle of *Specters of Marx*, namely, *the State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, and the New International*; and in his categorical “there is no singular memory [...] all work is mourning” [...] “Ego=ghost. Therefore ‘I am’ would mean ‘I am haunted’” (Derrida, 1994, 133). The risky, fabulous, or chimerical response to the question “But me, who am I?” is: Wherever there is *animot, es spuket*, “it spooks”.<sup>6</sup>

---

<sup>6</sup> c.f.: “Wherever there is Ego, *es spuket*, ‘it spooks’” (Derrida 1994: 133).

## References

- Barthes, R. (1974). *S/Z*. (trans. R. Miller). New York: Hill and Wang.
- Bell, S. (1983). *The If Chronicles*. London: Methuen.
- Derrida, J. (1978). *Writing and Difference* (trans. Alan Bass). London: Routledge and Kegan Paul.
- Derrida, J. (1993) *Aporia. Dying - awaiting (one another at) the "limits of truth"*. (trans. Thomas Dutoit). Stanford, California: Stanford University Press.
- Derrida, J. (1994). *Specters of Marx, the State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, and the New International* (trans. Peggy Kamuf). New York: Routledge.
- Derrida J. (2004). L'animal que donc je suis (à suivre). In Marie Louise Mallet (ed.), *La démocratie à venir: autour de Jacques Derrida*. Paris: Gallilée.
- Derrida J. (2002). The Animal That I Am (More to Follow) (trans, David Wills). *Critical Enquiry* 28, 2, , 369-418.
- Eco, U. (2010). Per una semiotica del silenzio In, F. Montanari (ed.), *Politica* 2.0. Roma, Carocci, 17-21.
- Emmott, W. (2013). *Good Italy, Bad Italy: Girlfriend in a Coma*, BBC 4, February 26.
- Guzzanti, S. (2005). *Viva Zapatero!*, documentary film.
- McGuirk, B. (2008). *La liberazione degli animots*. In R. Grandi & C. Demaria (eds.), *Marketing e rappresentazione dei conflitti. Media, opinione pubblica, costruzione del consenso*. Bologna: Bononia University Press, pp. 277-313.
- Norris, C. (2004). Fog Over Channel, Continent Isolated: Theory, Philosophy and the Great Divide. In I. Callus & S. Herbrechter (eds.), *Critical Studies Post-Theory, Culture, Criticism*, pp. 113-137.
- The Guardian* (2013). Editorial, (February 27).
- Unsigned. (2013). Election deadlock spooks Europe, *The Week*, March 2, p. 5.