

# The Farce and the Tragedy: Some Reflections on Žižek's Last Book

Mladen Dolar

*Donald Trump: A Fascist Libertarian* is the title of Žižek's last book (soon to be published), another collection of his sharp interventions into the actuality, gathering a number of columns and comments he has published during the Trump's second ascent to power and his first few months in office. One cannot but be in awe of Žižek's relentless energy, his courageous stance of constantly intervening, throughout his career, in the messy predicaments of historic circumstances, the task all the more difficult with the mess we are witnessing now, I guess the biggest mess we experienced in the course of our lives. There is Žižek's absolute urge 'to take arms against the sea of troubles', against enormous odds – if not quite being able to 'by opposing end them', then at least to provide an opening, to start a process, to try to afford some conceptual tools, rather conceptual weapons, at the times when we most dearly need them. Even if many will not quite agree with some of his moves – and Žižek has always been an *agent provocateur*, not catering for consensus, but rather taking a counterintuitive standpoint against the grain of the commonly accepted, and particularly against the pieties of the left – even if many will not quite agree one cannot but marvel at his sustained and daring endeavor.

On the one hand, this can be taken as a model role of a public intellectual, if this outmoded designation still has a meaning, a perspicacious political commentator. On the other hand, this is obviously not an adequate designation, his position of enunciation is not that of a political analyst but that of a philosopher, his interventions are to be taken against the backdrop of his monumental oeuvre (spanning dozens of books over the last 35 years, and this is only in English), a philosophical oeuvre centrally concerned with highly speculative philosophical matters, say Hegel and Lacan as the two central tenets, both among the most difficult and challenging theorists in the whole of the western canon. This elevated and abstract preoccupation of the bulk of his work stands against its necessary and impossible counterpart in dealing with the contingent, with the immediacy of historical and political conjunctures, where it transpires that the high theory can only properly thrive and be sustained if it reaches into the messiness of the historical moment, if it can yield a militant stance, persevering at the core of the controversies of turbulent times.<sup>1</sup> Speculation and political intervention, theory and 'militancy', the one with the other, the thought of the absolute (be it the failed absolute, as the title of one of Žižek's books runs)<sup>2</sup> and the contingency of the singular mess we are embroiled in, the one with the other, not in coalescence, not through a division of labor, but in a necessary tension and friction; not a mere transposition of theory into some practical guidance, but sustaining their intractable tension. It is the disparity between the two that forms a necessary connection, the absolute doesn't dwell somewhere aloof from this mess, but can only be maintained by confronting the mess that conditions its life, the life of the absolute measured against what seems to be its utter opposite, the banal and the vulgar.

The first major immediate effect Žižek's stance underlying his different interventions in this book is that of opposing the complacency in our despondency, working against the sense of despair that has collectively seized us during the last years and particularly the last months, with events spiraling in a constant whirlwind, with no end in sight, and particularly to counteract the gravest danger of enjoying our helplessness and indignation, enjoying venting our rage against the bad ways of the world, something like the beautiful souls crouching in the righteousness over against the ugly evil world which practically every day presents us with new depths of disarray. This doesn't amount to giving practical advice nor to the wisdom of teaching the world what it ought to be (to use Hegel's famous line), but the relentless endeavor that works towards an opening.

If there have always been an intractable tension and a disparity between the elevation of philosophical speculation and the contingency of the immediate actuality it has ultimately to account for, this tension and disparity have hardly ever been as dramatic as during the time when high theory has to engage with the most trivial, vulgar and obscene that is now condensed and epitomized in the signifier 'Trump'. – By way of digression, it is rather peculiar that we are dealing with a most evocative signifier, evocative by its sound value apart from its signifying value, by evocation of a trumpeting sound that silences all the others, a megaphone that makes conversation impossible,<sup>3</sup> the sound value being perfectly supplemented by the signification of 'to trump' as 'to override, to get the better of'.<sup>4</sup> One can be reminded of Derrida's *Glas*<sup>5</sup> and its reflections on the limits of the arbitrariness of the signifier and its necessary counterpart, or supplement, in the onomatopoeic effects. So here is a signifier that is almost like onomatopoeic, but onomatopoeic of what 'natural' sound?<sup>6</sup>

'Trump' figures in the title of Žižek's book and the name is strangely resistant to the multiple and sustained assurances (by Žižek and many others) that this is not about 'Trump' (they sound almost like Freud's notorious 'this is not my mother'),<sup>7</sup> that 'Trump' is merely a symptom, a shorthand for a number of processes that started well before and that made it possible for him to emerge in this role, with all the history of liberalism that produced it. That he is merely a fetish that blinds us for the antagonisms that his massive appearance obfuscates (and Žižek gladly reminds us of Freud's notorious scenario of the production of a fetish, the last thing one sees before confronting the void of castration). The name is something that blinds us for the (supposed) real that stands behind the dazzling and repulsive image and the evocative signifier, so let's talk about the real instead of being blinded – but can we? It constantly turns out that we can't address the real without talking about what obfuscates it, and there is hardly an image that obfuscates in such a massive way, itself taking on the traits of the real. Žižek himself admits to this sin, which is the

major predicament of any theory trying to spell out this historic moment, 'to grasp its time in thought', as Hegel's adage goes, namely to the sin of simultaneous fascination and disgust, the impossibility of circumventing something that transfixes so that we cannot avert the gaze and turn our attention to 'real' problems, however much we try. Something that forces and directs our gaze and imposes his agenda on us, producing the effect of paralysis.

Dealing with the high theory of Hegel (among others) and confronting the trivial, the vulgar and the obscene – is there a contradiction between the two? Are the two extremes irreconcilable? But Hegel himself gives us a cue, or an instigation. He says in the *Phenomenology*: "But the worse the conception, the less sometimes does it occur to one wherein its badness specifically lies, and the harder it is to analyze it."<sup>8</sup> So Hegel's line is that there may be something so bad that it seemingly doesn't even need or deserve figuring out where its badness lies, yet this is the toughest problem for thought – why something so obviously and conspicuously bad can function at all, and one wonders at the possibility of its very existence. It's precisely the trivial and the vulgar that demand the highest speculative efforts. – Hegel's quote, by the way, comes from the section on phrenology, on this fake and ridiculous science, a sham, a caricature of a science, but which leads Hegel to one of his most speculative insights, the notorious infinite judgment 'the spirit is a bone' – maybe the whole question is whether there is an infinite judgment that could trump 'Trump'? If phrenology is a caricature of a science, then we have to do here precisely with a caricature, caricature pertains to Trump's figure itself, a caricature of a 'master' which is more insidious than a supposed 'serious' master. This is why it's impossible to make a parody of him, he is already and excessively a parody himself, from the outset on.<sup>9</sup>

So Hegel imposes this task of thought on us not to shy away, but to stop and consider the bad, and even more, to confront the worst. Yet this may also present our point of separation from Hegel, the dividing line, for the quote continues: "For only what is wholly bad [the worst] is implicitly charged with the immediate necessity of turning round into its opposite."<sup>10</sup> Here we have Hegel's adamant conviction, the closet (or rather quite patent) optimism of this thoroughly shrewd man, namely that history is ultimately progressing towards the better, despite its taking strange and catastrophic turns; that the worst will necessarily be overturned, that the worst will capsize, as it were, by its inner necessity (immediate necessity? – but this is the apex of mediation); that things have to proceed all the length to the worst, to the bottom, so that they will eventually inevitably yield the good. Ultimately, there is reason in history, or to put it in Lacanian parlance, there is the big Other underlying the vagaries of historical development (shall we say the invisible hand of the Other?), even and especially through the biggest disasters. But the lesson of the time

that separates us from Hegel, and particularly the lesson of the last few decades, is rather: it can always get worse. There can be no counting on an overturn, no 'unmittelbare Notwendigkeit, sich zu verkehren', no easy dialectic – but a dialectic to be reinvented against all odds, enormous odds? A very difficult kind of dialectic with no predictability and no guarantee? If it glaringly appears that there is no reason in history, we are still in the position of having to figure out the reason for this absence of reason (as Frank Ruda has pointed out), thus pushing Hegel to the utmost, perhaps pushing his notions beyond what he was willing to allow or to concede. To put it in a nutshell: not giving up on the Other nor on its lack – the two arguably always hanged together, we are just facing a particularly drastic instance of it.

Žižek makes one of the harshest (and I guess the most heart-breaking) pronouncements on the very first page, in the first paragraph of his new book, namely that 'Trump' is an event.<sup>11</sup> The most depressing declaration comes already as the opening salvo, the emancipatory notion of event that Badiou made such a great case for now appearing in the guise of its starkest opposite, the opening of generic truth procedures taking the shape of their closure, an event to prevent truth procedures, an event to prevent the event – a *prevent*, one is tempted to say, or better a PR-event<sup>12</sup> – but maybe, such is the tacit assumption or hope, by preventing opening up a site for the event? – One cannot but sadly agree with this statement, yet this poses a whole range of questions about the nature of an event. The event, in Žižek's initial simple definition, is something that changes the very parameters of the situation, of our world, globally – but globally, one must hasten to add, is not universally – or is it so that it affects universality itself? Does the global undoing of universality affect the nature of the universal?

It is as if 'Trump' would in a way present the wet dream of the left, single-handedly bringing about the end of neoliberalism, catastrophically so by bringing it to its fascist consequences, the end of this seemingly invincible monster that kept growing since the eighties, hijacking the dream, or rather the fantasy, of a smooth progress of capitalism within democratic confines for the benefit of all, the fantasy of the post-war era, the time after the defeat the fascist excrescence, essentially the fantasy of social democracy. – One should perhaps remind that neoliberalism survived its biggest crisis (2008 ff.) only to become stronger, with the immense losses of big businesses, losses that were the result of deregulation, being socialized, shifted without further ado on the shoulders of tax payers, by the agency of the most massive state intervention in economy in the whole economic history, in the name of the ideology that massively swore by deregulation. This paradox forms a significant background of the subsequent developments – the huge economic disaster whose perpetrators got away with complete impunity. – If 'Trump' is an event, this is by marking the end of a certain era, the

era which nevertheless and with all the caveats still took for granted the validity of laws and regulations defining national and international relations, or at least put up the appearance of abiding by some basic laws and regulations, even if constantly twisting them – but the appearances matter, as Žižek keeps pointing out again and again. And an era, to make it quick, that was still abiding by some allegiance to facts and arguments, again at least putting up the appearance thereof, the pretense that can be laid bare, but the pretense matters.

The name of the event could be, in Lacanian shorthand: the demise of the big Other. Is this yet another demise of the big Other, another one in the line of complaints of the past two centuries? The big Other seems to have always been an endangered species (and particularly with the advent of modernity), at the same time absolutely necessary and constantly haunted by the lack (which is another way of addressing the dilemma of whether there is reason in history). Ultimately, Lacan maintained that the Other lacks, *l'Autre manque*, that it ultimately doesn't exist, so 'Trump' can be seen as a catastrophic practitioner of a basic tenet of the Lacanian theory. One can remember the Jewish joke that Freud was so fond of: you are telling me that the Other doesn't exist when I know full well that the Other doesn't exist, so why are you lying to me?

During Trump's first term Aaron Schuster made an off-handed remark about the relationship of 'Trump' (and other figures of the new authoritarian populism) to the big Other, suggesting that he (they) simultaneously maintains three positions: first, there is no big Other; second, I am just a mouthpiece or an agent of the big Other (one can see this with his constant bragging 'this is the most important shift in history, this is the biggest political event ever, these are the biggest crowds ever' etc., justifying himself in the eyes of the supposed big Other of history, boasting in the face of some allegedly objective authority, and on the other hand with his paranoid fear of appearing weak in the eyes of the Other; hence also the need for the humiliation of the weak); and third, I am the big Other ('nobody knows what I will do' etc.).<sup>13</sup> Most of Trump's pronouncements can perhaps be summarized by these three categories (and one could extend it by a fourth, say 'I have the biggest Other ever', 'my Other is bigger than yours'), which strangely emulate the famous Freud's argument of the broken kettle ('I never borrowed the kettle at all; it was already broken when I borrowed it; I returned it undamaged').<sup>14</sup> This is an argument which blatantly amounts to the admission of guilt, given the contradictory lines of justification (each of which could make sense if pursued separately) – but this argument strangely works the moment when the admission of guilt is taken for granted and ceases to be an issue. 'I (implicitly) admit guilt, so what?', no consequences follow. What counts is the cheek of making the argument nevertheless, the audacity, the boldness, the impertinence, the impudence, the calculation with impunity, which all make the series of lies and constant contradictions a proof of

‘authenticity’ beyond justification and accountability. Ultimately all Trump’s arguments are the broken kettle arguments, and this is their point, not their weakness but their strength. This is why the critique triumphantly pointing out their contradictions misses the mark. The inconsistency functions precisely as the pledge of a higher ‘truth’ beyond mere accuracy, consistency or non-contradiction.<sup>15</sup> What counts is rather the display of *jouissance* that doesn’t care about justification; *jouissance* getting away with impunity. The brazen display of *jouissance* trumps the arguments, and this is precisely what produces the major trait of this type of power, namely its obscenity – not the hidden enjoyment concealed from the Other as a secret, but the ostentatious exhibition of enjoyment. This is the enjoyment in the Other, the Other appears as the figure of enjoyment, as opposed to the Other of rules and justifications. – But ultimately, and this is the key question, is this the demise of the big Other or rather the emergence of another kind of big Other, quite beyond the figure of Trump and his likes? An intractable big Other? The big Other run amok, ultimately collapsing the distance between the symbolic and the real?

There is something telling in the logic of historic repetition, the fact that ‘Trump’ became an event in this sense only when repeated. The first time round it could still be understood as an aberration, it was inconceivable at the time that a person like this could actually become a president, and thus it was spontaneously taken to be an exception; while the second time is completely in line with Hegel’s take on repetition in history in his *Philosophy of History*: “Through repetition, what at the beginning seemed to be merely accidental and possible, becomes actual and established.”<sup>16</sup> This is the remark that instigated Marx’s famous rejoinder, namely that Hegel forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce.<sup>17</sup> But Trump blurs the lines: his first term largely tended to be seen already as a farce – so shall we say first as farce, then as tragedy? Or maybe rather extending Marx’s line by ‘then as Trump’, the unique blend of tragedy and farce, the parody of their quasi-dialectical synthesis. The tragedy in the guise of fake, the caricature, the parody, the clownishness, the buffoonery – as if the caricature of fascism (if this is indeed the proper designation, Žižek espouses it with some essential qualifications and reservations) emerges as more insidious than the original, it is precisely through the fake, the sham and the parody that it touches upon the real.

A while ago I devoted some work to the concept of authority,<sup>18</sup> taking as a starting point Hannah Arendt’s famous paper “What is authority” (1953), where she argues that authority cannot be reduced to either coercion or to persuasion and the power of argument. If one is coerced this is not submission to authority, and being persuaded by argument is not enough for the exercise of authority, there is an irreducible surplus over the two. Let’s say, in a simplified way, that symbolic authority maintains itself precisely by not displaying violence upon which it is nevertheless grafted, in the form of an implicit threat. The moment it has to display its brutal

force it loses authority, i.e. the symbolic efficacy which sustains social ties. When it has to send tanks on the streets it displays its weakness, this is the moment of crisis of the symbolic authority. But the baffling thing with Trump is that he fundamentally doesn't care about the symbolic authority, he already presupposes its crisis and takes it for granted, he declares its collapse and starts precisely from there, by inverting the terms of the problem. He thrives on displaying the manifest force as the source of authority: this can take a tell-tale caricature form of the display of the military parade on his birthday, but along with it the crudest form of bombing a whole country into submission; and in between, say the ostensive and calculated violence of deportations proudly shown on TV, the dirty work that the power used to do secretly now put on full display; sending the National Guard and the marines to the streets of LA (not to stifle but to incite more riots); blackmailing the foes and the allies alike with the military and the economic force, establishing the politics as the form of blackmail from the position of superior force. Hence dealing only with the powerful, with what appears as the strong men, Putin, Netanyahu, Xi, Orban ..., strong men comparing their muscles, negotiating the division of the zones of interest. The position of authority is in this universe based on the alleged real of the power of coercion – with no attempt at symbolic justification, with no concern for universality (universality is precisely opening the prospect of 'for all', as opposed to 'for us' or 'for some'). These operations ultimately amount to collapsing the symbolic on the (alleged) real – which in the psychoanalytic book technically spells psychosis, the deactivation of symbolic efficacy. Whereas the philosophic intervention ultimately depends on the possibility of reactivating the symbolic efficacy and opening up the prospect of universality. This is what Žižek tries to do with each of his interventions.

Perhaps the most bewildering and debilitating aspect of this 'Trump' phenomenon (with all the caveats 'this is not about Trump' etc.) is that everything happens in full view, in full display, it seems that nothing is hidden beyond the glittering show-offish surface that we are forced to watch day in day out, defeated by its all too obvious and tragically successful attention grabbing. It is as if there is no need to go beyond or behind the manifest – and this was precisely the task of the traditional leftist ideology critique, to lift the veil of the ideological façade and display the hidden forces that underlie the ideological make-believe, to expose the real antagonisms that ideology obfuscates, the real interests that are the hidden spring of its seeming universal appeal.<sup>19</sup> The critique of ideology becomes utterly powerless when it seems that its object willingly displays all the hidden secrets that it was supposed to debunk. This is precisely what forms the overwhelming obscenity of this kind of power, shamelessly displayed.

What is obscene? The notion can be brought into vicinity in line with Freud's articulation of the uncanny: something comes to light that

should have remained hidden, one sees something that shouldn't have been seen.<sup>20</sup> What should have been hidden has come to light – but what is it? Is it a truth that comes to the fore with this exposure of the hidden? Anything but. To be sure, there was always an obscene side to power, its shameful hidden secrets, its blunt self-interest behind the pretense of ideals, its greed, its narcissistic megalomania, its vulgarity, its petty envy, jealousy, its vindictive nature and malice, but what is new is that now they are put in full display. The business of the classical critique of ideology was to debunk the façade, but what if the object of critique willfully and shamelessly displays the reverse part, and finds precisely in this the major resource of its authority? Are we finally seeing its hidden truth, unveiled, without dissimulation? Quite the contrary, what we see is a double lure, a meta-lure, as it were. Obscenity is the way that the very unveiling starts functioning as a veil; the shadowy hidden part does its apparent coming out and starts acting as the biggest boost of delusion. The emperor may take off all his clothes, and people may cry 'emperor is naked', pointing out the obvious, but to no avail. Even more, the emperor may proudly cry out: look, I am naked (not a bad way to summarize Trump's habitus), thus being always in advance of the outraged critics. This is actually the great title of the book by Yuval Kreznitzer, *The Emperor's New Nudity*,<sup>21</sup> the slogan that spells out this constellation in the most economical way, and the book itself presents both the historical lines of force that led us to this point and the urgency imposed by the present conundrum. As I already said, this has like the structure of the Freudian joke (meta-joke?): why are you so massively demonstrating to me that power is obscene, when I know full well that power is obscene – so why are you lying to me? There is the mechanism by which lifting the illusion actually heightens and enhances the illusion; the lifting of the veil turns into the most obdurate veil. Freudianly speaking, what looks like lifting the repression (and Trump looks like the most shamelessly unrepressed person around) is the sign that the repression itself gets repressed. This is maybe the simplest diagnosis qualifying this present moment – the astounding degree to which the repression itself can get repressed.

If Trump is an event, in the most depressing and the most thwarted meaning of the word, and if the name of this event could be the demise of the big Other, then the most pervasive and insidious sign of this is the unprecedented rise of shamelessness, hardly ever experienced, and of shamelessness presented as liberation against the oppressive restrictions of the symbolic. There is on the one hand the reaction of fascination with someone – with a growing number of people in power, some of the richest and the most powerful people in the world – displaying this shamelessness without any scruples or regards, mistaking this for courage; but there is also a growing starkly opposed reaction, increasingly shared around the globe, that of feeling deeply ashamed when faced with the spectacle of shamelessness. It pertains to shame that one can feel a

deep shame on behalf of the other who blatantly doesn't feel ashamed. And I will end with Deleuze and Guattari who in their *What is philosophy?* (1991) at some point, perhaps surprisingly and in another context, speak of the shame of our participation in the spectacle of power and the market ideology, and take this shame, the call for the awareness of shame, as the biggest incentive to philosophy, its driving force in present day, its *Triebfeder* in the Kantian sense (a necessarily pathological spur of the non-pathological, as it were). I take this, in a different spirit from theirs, to be in line with what I called before the effort to reactivate the powers of the symbolic and to hold on to the opening to the universal which permeates Žižek's endeavor.

Nor is it only in the extreme situations described by Primo Levi that we experience the shame of being human. We also experience it in insignificant conditions, before the meanness and vulgarity of existence that haunts democracies, before the propagation of these modes of existence and of thought-for-the-market, and before the values, ideals, and opinions of our time. The ignominy of the possibilities of life that we are offered appears from within. We do not feel ourselves outside of our time but continue to undergo shameful compromises with it. This feeling of shame is one of philosophy's most powerful motifs.<sup>22</sup>

1 I can add that this has always been so, I have the privilege of having known Slavoj and closely collaborated with him during the seventies in Ljubljana, fifty years ago, at the time when he was completely unknown abroad, confined to the backwaters of a socialist country at the periphery of worldly events. At the time it was his particular and peculiar stance and insistence on Marxism that caused troubles with the state ideology that put Marxism on its banner. It was not his espousal of non-Marxist theories that got him into trouble, but his insistence on a different kind of Marxist engagement. And it was so during the downfall of socialism, with the new independence of Slovenia, the emergence of a new political constellation, when he actually ran for the position of a member of Slovene presidency at the first democratic elections, at the moment that marked the possibility of a new invention of the social (beyond the then socialism) – but the moment was missed. – I cannot dwell on this here, this is the stuff of another kind of discussion.

2 Žižek 2020.

3 Cf. Saunders 2007. Saunders brilliantly anticipated Trump by imagining a cocktail party where “a guy walks in with a megaphone. He’s not the smartest person at the party, or the most experienced, or the most articulate. But he’s got that megaphone.” The effect is not only that the ‘normal’ conversation can’t go on, but also that he manages to make everyone in the room stupider.

4 “Politics trumps business at this year’s Cannes festival”, runs a recent dictionary example.

5 Derrida 1986.

6 My English friends tell me that in children’s parlance in kindergartens allegedly ‘to trump’ means ‘to fart’. Maybe this is the natural sound it’s emulating.

7 The first sentence of Žižek’s book runs: “This booklet is not about Donald Trump – so why is his name in the title?”

8 Hegel 1977, p. 206.

9 Cf. Terry Gilliam, of Monty Python fame: “Not even the Pythons in their 1960s pomp could match the surreal madcap nature of the presidency. [...] The reality is funnier than anything one can do.” (<https://www.theguardian.com/culture/2018/mar/17/donald-trump-is-funnier-than-monty-python-says-terry-gilliam>).

10 Ibid. Here is the German original: “Aber je schlechter der Gedanke ist, desto weniger fällt es zuweilen auf, worin bestimmt seine Schlechtigkeit liegt, und desto schwerer ist es, sie auseinanderzulegen. ... Denn erst das ganz Schlechte hat die unmittelbare Notwendigkeit an sich, sich zu verkehren.” (TWA 3, p. 257)

11 “The second term of Trump’s presidency is an event – not in the noble sense evoked by Alain Badiou but in the catastrophic sense of an occurrence which makes us aware that a world as we knew it has ended.”

12 I owe these puns to Frank Ruda.

13 Schuster 2020. “... to pretend as if there were no Other; to make oneself the mouthpiece of the Other; to identify the Other with one’s charismatic persona.” (p. 190). The entire book by three authors presented one of the most astute reflections on Trump’s first term and needs urgently to be reread.

14 Cf. Freud 1976a, p. 100. Freud 1976b, p. 197.

15 This could sound like a terrible parody of Hegel’s famous line “*Contradictio est regula veri, non contradictio falsi*” (“Contradiction is the rule of truth, non-contradiction of the false” – this is what Hegel presented as one of the theses to be discussed at his habilitation defense in August 1801; TWA 2, p. 533). Trump has all the makings of a disastrous practicing Hegelian, but undermining the very notion of truth.

16 “Durch die Wiederholung wird das, was im Anfang nur als zufällig und möglich erschien, zu einem Wirklichen und Bastätigten.” Hegel gives two examples from the then immediate recent history: “Thus Napoleon was defeated twice, and twice the Bourbons were driven out.” (TWA 12, p. 380)

17 Marx 1999 <https://www.marxists.org/archive/marx/works/1852/18th-brumaire/ch01.htm>

18 Cf. Dolar 2025, pp. 63-79. See also Dolar 2023, pp. 7-13.

19 I wrote about this at more length in Dolar 2020, pp. 671-680, I partly rely on that. But that was written against the backdrop of Trump’s first term, now all the mechanisms became harsher and more ostensive by repetition.

20 “Uncanny is what one calls everything that was meant to remain secret and hidden and has come into the open.” Freud 2003, p. 132.

21 Kremnitzer 2025.

22 Deleuze & Guattari 1994, p. 107-108.

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