

Letter to a Harsh Žižek*

I'm not admitting anything. In your book you say that the truth of my indirect free speech is a procedure of philosophical buggery, and that Hegel was for me an absolute constitutive exception in the field of taking philosophers from behind, a kind of prohibition of incest that would make me uncannily close to him. Furthermore, you explicitly want to engage in the Hegelian buggery of me, invoking the specter of Hegel taking me from behind. Long live buggery. If that was all the ultimate aim of your book, why bother? But the image of Hegel as a self-buggerer who cannot be taken from behind, as you pose him threaded by a long and plastic penis that can be twisted around, is funny and grotesque at the same time. Let us then stick to such a figure and extend its fixation, just for the lulz of it. In the first place, if Hegel is an unbuggerable self-buggerer, how he could eventually take me from behind, if he is so occupied bugging himself? And if he is so unbuggerable, how can you speak for him, making him say the things you want to say, if you have never penetrated him nor even engendered him a little bearded sweaty monster? Wonderful. If he is not able to take you from behind, and if you are not able to take him from behind neither, not even conceptually, if all what can be taken and received from him is a subtract of his indifference, if he has never loved anyone but himself because of his self-buggery, how is it that you love him so blindly? Is this has something to do with the idea of fist-fucking as the expansion of a concept? Is this Hegel-guy fist-fucking you? Yuck. The grotesque figure of a self-bugged Hegel is nothing compared to the figure of you being fist-fucked by him.

So there is nothing to 'admit'. Is it really that difficult to understand that I was talking about love and the process of depersonalization it meant for me when I decided to speak for myself, in my own name? But you're wrong: the truth of my indirect free speech is not a procedure of buggery but a procedure of philosophical love, a depersonalization through love rather than subjection. How the offspring of this immaculate conception of love would be like, how would it look, if it's mostly overcharged with Nietzsche and Spinoza? What kind of monster would be produced if we bugger from behind the philosophers-we-most-love, the same ones that love and bugger us retroactively? What about them that's so lovable and too fecund to be taken, although in exchange they won't stop to generate love on us? It's very important for the product to be recognized as our own child, a child that's monstrous because it's fully affected of love. The intensive reading of the philosophers-we-love is not a phallic penetration but a conceptual incubation. In the play of this philosophically engendered love, the one who takes the philosophers-we-love from behind is the one who incubates and engenders an affective monster. As it's fully overcharged with affects of joy and love, and while we recognize it as our own son, this affective monster is conceptually 'plushed'. It's The Plush Monster in person; as plush as our dearest uncle Grover who has wonderfully explicated the distinction between 'near' and 'far'; also as plush as The Cookie Monster, who's the most schizo of all the affective monsters. But why can't I get into a delire about plush monsters, if I talk of them like a dog? Lots of gossip, but why not to think all our affective conceptual plush monsters as a joyful orgy of muppets, all together laughing, singing and dancing, in the same plane of immanence, just for the lulz?

with all my regards,

Gilulz Delulz

* The author of this letter claims that a resurrected Gilles Deleuze took him from behind and obligated him to write down its content, for the lulz.