

## 23 *Maxims for Anatomy.*

By Nicholas Packwood

1

Boredom is excess.

2

Nothing succeeds like excess.

3

Excess in nonsense as some kind of stimulation which just past too much is nonsensical. Torture and boredom are kissing cousins, just across each other from parted lips. Torture, by definition, cannot be experienced as excess. Past the line traced deep red into flesh it numbs out, is overwritten and exhausted past noticing. This is the little known reason for the failure of water torture.

4

Or can it work that way? Does this formula not imply the alchemist's transformation of torture in excess... literally bored to tears. Long slow movies can do this. Magic is the transgression of skin-like distinctions of torture and boredom. Kissing cousins fucking through porous communicative mathematics. Or is this a game of semantics? Another boredom. Really.

5

Neighbours fighting all the time. Hear it so often, stomp on the floor, call police, blasts of fire out back window and nothing changes. Then the noise stops. Now achieved a selective and useful stupidity. Too much to handle, even erratic stimulation is ignored like breathing and all but uncomfortable bowel movements. Boredom covers like a blanket or long lost membrane. Bowel movements trace a long brown four dimensional line ignored by all but the most erratic and selective genealogists. Nietzsche got it ass-backwards. Philosophers must provoke tortuous bowel movements and therefore profit from poor climate and nutrition. A kind of reminder too much for the over-wimp. Who needs this 98lb weakling anyway? Dead backwards the face of God stares out Nietzsche's rear belching books and prophecies. Shooting fire into the night the neighbours long unloved and forgotten.

6

Impacted bowels turn the trick of it. So to speak. Boredom and excess do not "is" each other but are rather always already in/different.

7

Nothing exceeds success but boredom. The road has not ended at the end but has eaten its tail and thereby escaped not tangentially (as some nomads would have it) but rather in a polar orientation. Swallowed not by the mouth but by the asshole. Bound for boredom.

8

Constipation does not imply blockage but movement. A species of persistent stimulation. A provocation. Uncomfortable, tortuous, the only line of flight is an ejecta sometimes rocket-like. Boredom is, in this instance, the release of a monstrous child. "Who needs Oedipus?" the fucker gurgles as it sticks in the knife. A gut wound ruled ungentlemanly and more correctly, unanythingly. No identity required the shit-kiddy goes for daddy's insides before setting eyes on forbidden fruits of any description. Painfully, undeniably an-Oedipal gripping and reluctant. An unwanted tenant finally given the heave ho and who can say it's for the worse? No language need apply - the sign smeared in brown hieroglyphs in Niles of flesh and porcelain. The knife requires no grammar. Fuck the apparatus... should never have come for that second helping.

9

Rocket crap is excess.

10

Everything in moderation may too be characterized by boredom. Sucking neither too much nor too little does not produce the same effect as no cock or the same damned cock all the time. Think of the penillion, an improvisation on song played fast then slow then fast again. Dancers talk about this sort of thing as do musicians. Improvisation helps but does not answer any questions or point a way out. The idea is not a metaphysics or ends doctrine or final questions with answers attached, but asking why ask in the first place. This answer isn't an answer either. "Don't bother asking. After that it's cocks, cocks, cocks all the way down..."

11

As the point past torture is nonsensical so excess cannot be experienced. This is not some Jamesian ineffability but a question of definitions. Excess has burnt out the nerves leaving

canyons in its wake. Excess may only be experienced at a distance or after the fact. This necessitates two bodies split from one another. In this sense Aristotle was perfectly half right. Bottoms constitute a body or field upon which the play of tops may be carried out. As the strategy of the slave is the

contract so the strategy of the master is lesson-giving. Here the contract may be understood as

both ultimate and penultimate sensation in anticipation of excess. The lesson, conversely, is the apprehension of excess possible only at a distance.

12

Only objects may be taught lessons. Only subjects may sign contracts. Only subjects may teach lessons. Only objects may bind subjects. This last is seduction.

13

As excess may only be apprehended at a distance so the infernal machine of visuality has produced cognition and perception in models consistent with this rule. Descartes hit the target, but it was the size of a barn.

14

Love is joy with an object. Fear is sorrow with an object. Here Spinoza has bit his own ass. Love is joy experienced through object. Fear is sorrow experienced through object. Anything direct renders love and sorrow relative forms of torture and therefore in/different. Love and sorrow in excess are only possible at a distance and are apprehended through instruction. Discipline is an object's path to the point before the end of torture. Torture ends when perfect love and perfect fear are realized. They had to invent God as an audience if not for their slaves then for their own perfect bottoms. Spinoza re-inscribes the rule by biting his ass then shooting up his asshole.

15

*Ressentiment* is excess at a distance. The sheep know only torture and wish for an ineffability which can only disappoint them. They are always already as close as they can get. Grunting. Muttering. They would not know boredom if it bit them in the ass.

16

Slaves and masters are in/different. Torture bordering on boredom is the rule for all. These

relations are only a question of position. Neither triumphs over the other as neither could be distinct in any case.

17

Nothing succeeds excess but boredom. There is no afterwards to sensation except by proxy and at a distance. And Jesus wept but felt nothing. He was bored to tears.

18

So what is this nothing? Nothing is the condition of excess. No nothing as subject as this would be nonsense. Nothing is only at a distance. They invent God as nowhere man to make sense of nothing. His job to watch and make object where else no nothing anywhere.

19

Excess is spectacular and the only complete spectacle. This is necessarily at a distance or after the fact. All other sensation is possible and most do not bother in the first place. To do so simply invokes another boredom and, in this way, another excess. Not to say this does not happen all the damned time. There is no accounting for stupidity. But as excess is only sensible as second order experience it is the only show in town worth putting out for.

20

All science is voyeurism and peeping-Thomism. Feverish masturbatory torture at a distance. Creepy infantile self-castrating sense through nonsense. As the rules play it out objects shoot their wad while subjects watch. The erection is always close at hand but is useless short of an anatomical impossibility. AnaThomists to peeping-Thomists: "Go fuck yourselves!"

21

Marcus Aurelius understood indigestion and its uses.

22

Of course Foucault did his best thinking at the baths. Perhaps he thought of nothing else - it would be hard to explain the walls and cubicles at every turn. Excess at a distance stripped to its fundamentals, of course Foucault was head fucked into the apparatus, demons have a way with configurations. Sex as torture produced with Fordist efficiency. Utility, money economy and semantics are all sorcery governed by a belief in the incest tabu. Here torture and excess may long for each other but are held apart by the law when in fact they are kissing cousins and more. Torture fucks itself into excess and thereby disappears up its own ass. A portable hole. Only

assholes practice safer semiosis.

23

The practice of transgression takes its shorthand as magic. Torture becomes excess and becomes nothing. A disappearing act. That is not to say it no longer "is-es" but that it no longer appears. Vision of a sort only thinks itself as subject jacking off to object on this edge of obliteration at its end mathematics. Bataille in black robes leading a critical mass. When sensation fails, boredom rules bodies after math. Simultaneity of affect equals a full measure of hot white ejecta. The subject spurts having found object in itself as its own threshold is crossed. The two are one only in boredom. Maybe. A millennium of in/difference with more screams to give the lie to the whole process.