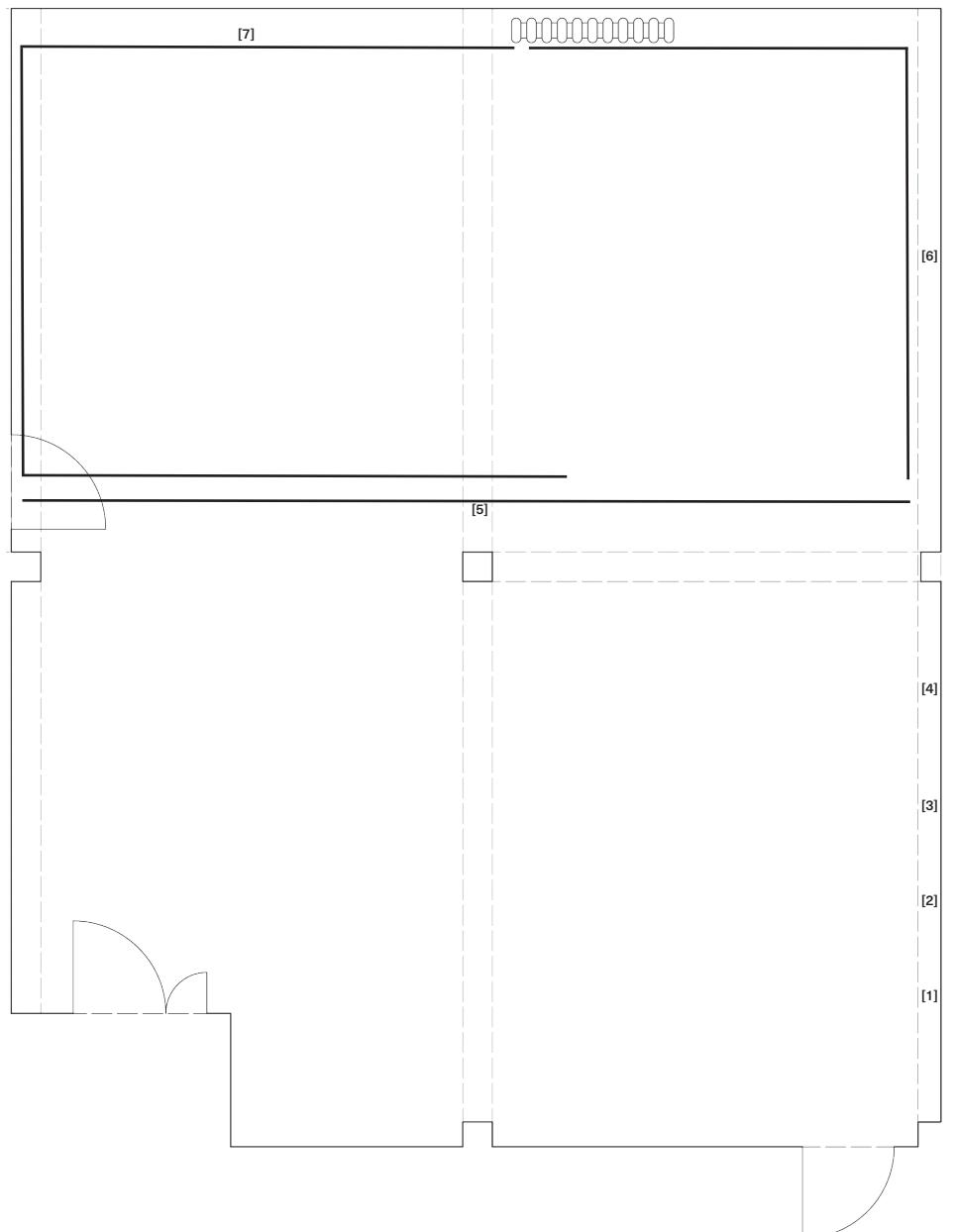


Charly Mirambeau

Spillover  
06.11.2025–29.11.2025

Curated by Gaia Del Santo  
Text by Quentin Dubois  
Translation by James Horton



[1] *Solar anus (art worker)*, 2025  
Aluminium, cotton threads, pin, plastic, sequin,  
acrylic on plywood  
93 x 125 x 4 cm

[2] *Solar anus (Mary Everest Boole)*, 2025  
Aluminium, cotton threads, pin, paper, acrylic on  
plywood  
93 x 125 x 4 cm

<sup>[3]</sup> Strong upon me the life that does not exhibit itself, yet contains all the rest, 2025  
Aluminium, binder on plywood  
73 x 53 x 4 cm

[4] To celebrate the need of comrades, 2025  
Aluminium, cotton threads, pin, paper, wood filler  
on plywood  
165 x 143 x 4 cm

<sup>[5]</sup> *Spillover (Clutching my pearls)*, 2025  
Silk-screen prints on fire hose, water, steel  
Dimensions variable

[6] *Spillover (Hands on me)*, 2025  
Silk-screen prints on fire hose, water, steel  
Dimensions variable

[7] *Spillover (No error in mother nature's work)*,  
2025  
Silk-screen prints on fire hose, water, steel  
Dimensions variable

## A History of the Anus II: Revelation of the Doctrine of the Nervous World<sup>1</sup>

I love him whose soul is so overfull that he forgetteth himself, and all things are in him: thus all things become his downgoing.<sup>2</sup>  
Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*

### Prelude

The flesh remembers what has been imposed upon it from outside, against the tumult of its own drives: *the organism*. Less a prison than an elegant suit of armour like those drawn by Papa Schreber, the ever-vigilant organism guards against unruly excess. A plating or cap that prevents the leaking of undisciplined flows, that stifles the emotions that might transform the body into their *suppôt*.

The Anus, the first organ to be created, takes form only to be stolen away, individualised, designated as the first frontier of what we will call *the social body*. The Anus was privatised long before the word “property” took on its meaning :

Our modern societies have instead undertaken a vast privatisation of the organs, which corresponds to the decoding of flows that have become abstract. The first organ to suffer privatisation, removal from the social field, was the anus. It was the anus that offered itself as a model for privatisation, at the same time as money came to express the flows’ new state of abstraction. Hence the relative truth of psychoanalytic remarks concerning the anal nature of monetary economy. But the “logical” order is the following: the substitution of abstract quantity for the coded flows; the resulting collective disinvestment of the organs, on the model of the anus; the constitution of private persons as individual centres of organs and functions derived from the abstract quantity.<sup>3</sup>

Indeed, this primitive organisation and administration of the body by way of the organism is a smoothing over, a sealing up: it is the matrix of all the censorship that is to come. It is the history and the underground workings of this flattening censorship<sup>4</sup> that must be exhumed, because the insidious privatisation of the Anus effects nothing less than a general anaesthetising of the body’s drives: once this bodily citadel has fallen, the rest falters, and quickly succumbs to the empire of the tyrannical organism. It is from this process that arises the organisation and administration of the body, the production of the silence that hushes the orifices and the nerves.

### How the Anus was Dug

The first anus was dug at the initiative of the despotic Heliogabalus, a sacred and burning orifice through which the world was upturned and disfigured. Everything rushed forth into it: charioteers by the dozen, Syrian mysteries, the reprimands of landowners, the urine of seditious soldiers. But already the bourgeoisie and its petty cortège of surgeons had set about filling it in: it took more than ten thousand operations and several centuries to suture the despotic gash, to ensure that the social contract to come would hold firm. The bourgeoisie sewed up the raw flesh of humanity and made of this thing that it produced – a smooth, smooth body

<sup>1</sup> Quentin Dubois, “Histoire de l’Anus I : l’Orfèvre et l’Éducateur”, 2022. Text written for *Das Gold der Liebe* at the festival Curated by (Vienna) and presented again in the exhibition *On the Origins of the 21st Century or the Fall of Communism as Seen in Gay Pornography* at the Hamburg Kunsteireien (2025-2026). URL: <https://trouoir.org/Histoire-de-l-anus-l-l-orfevre-et-l-educateur>

<sup>2</sup> Friedrich Nietzsche, trans. Thomas Common, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, New York, The Modern Library, 1917, p. 10. Translations in the present text are original unless otherwise stated.

<sup>3</sup> Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, trans. Robert Hurley, Mark Seem and Helen R. Lane, *Anti-Oedipus*, University of Minnesota Press, 2000, pp.112-113.

<sup>4</sup> I evoke censorship not as a repression of a desire but rather as a smoothing out: a channelling into organs, into the functions of these organs (functionalism) according to the new forms of property of the social body. Michel Foucault underscored the weakness of what he referred to as the repressive hypothesis – the notion of a repressed desire in need of liberation; however, Foucault’s conception of productive power is not incompatible with my proposal to analyse the repressive effects produced by this power.

– the *model*; made of its blade the correcting dogma of a new humanity. A humanism of the scalpel, its butchers enriched. The mercantile human was born of the closed-up hole. If bourgeois literature considers the mouth as a chalice, it is only so as to better distract from the vast stitched pocket of the anus – a shopkeeper's humanism, tightfisted, retracted, and greedily stockpiling flows; a humanism whose purse-strings are forever pulled taut. This humanism lives by the laws it learned in toilet-training, lives, that is, through an obsession with retention. It bears many names: banker, appliance salesman, publisher of evil books, *sé-castrateur de l'esprit*. All these experts in retention belong to the priesthood of generalised continence.

The geology of morals begins here, in the epic of the pierced flesh of the world. A visceral fear seeps from every pore of this bourgeois worldview: the fear of opening up, the fear of feeling the world enter. All this *hatred of the bowels* that Huxley evoked. We would be wrong to begin any universal history by the question of penetration alone: in reality, it is only through a supplemental gesture that penetration positions itself as the primary act of digging up in a simulacre of sodomy. In the particular case that concerns us, it is a question of digging up the universal history of capitalism, of an *excavation*. From this vantage point, we can observe two attitudes that persist and act over the ages: digging and smoothing, cutting and suturing. This is what must be explained: how the Anus was dug and how it was privatised. It is only later that penetration comes into play, after this privatisation has taken place and been fixed as a rule for our civilisational aggression.

Hence :

The sovereign gesture : excavation

The reactionary gesture : suturing

The only thing the humanist butcher fears: the history of the Anus. It is first and foremost a history of a diversion into falsehood, the diversion of *impulsive life*, of that fantastic electricity that runs along every nerve, and in particular those of the gut. It was in the 18th century, in the midst of commerce's triumph, that the body's protests began to make themselves felt once more. How strange to think that the century of the encyclopaedia also became impassioned for a *theory of the nerves!* But let there be no mistake: this theory of the nerves was not an attempt to liquidate God or secularise the body. On the contrary, it stemmed from a theory of monstrous revolt: the organs conspiring against treason and throwing off their wholly unjust administration through the intensity of their nerves and their connections. Of course, it was these very organs that risked clouding judgment, and which even threatened at times to seize power and commit an absolute crime against the organisation of the body: "The nerves are the slaves, often the ministers, and sometimes the despots of the brain (womb, violent passions etc.). Everything goes for the best when the brain commands the nerves; everything goes for the worst when the rebellious nerves command the brain."<sup>5</sup>

Hence a century became fascinated by the nerves and discussed the mysterious fuel that fed their crimes. One figure stands out for his exploration of the body: Sade. What made him particularly singular was his method of choice, namely *cruelty*. It was thanks to this method that Sade was able to explore the innards in such depth, searching out affronts to his pleasure in the very energetic movements of phantasms. It was long held that Sade's writing was guided by a frenzied search for pleasure; yet it was rather a search for proof of this wicked God who had made crime the universal law of all bodies and indeed of nature itself. We could say that Sade was a veritable anatomist of the interior, who sought to open up the body to liberate nerval energy and to locate God in an orgiastic cruelty through "the electric particles of [the] nervous fluid."<sup>6</sup> He discovered these nervous fluids upon the battlefield where he waged war against the organism.

5 Denis Diderot, *Éléments de physiologie*, P. Quintili, Paris, Honoré-Champion, 2002, p. 177.

6 Marquis de Sade, *L'histoire de Juliette*, part III.

## The Revelation of the Doctrine of the Fibrous Immanence of God

So we can say there is only one history, albeit one known only to a few: the history of the nerves. No conquests, no military parades, no vain combats or crossings of the Rubicon, no class war without the nerves-in-fusion, tensed to breaking point; no capital seized, burned and built again without a wracking of the nerves; no siege, no sacking, no Bastille, even, without a collective spasm of the nerves, which serve as the channel from which the praxic line of flight emerges. And if the historians are to be believed, and Rome's fall came through the appetite of its stomach and the stench of its intestines, then this collapse is surely one of the great nervous shudderings of history. Hence all of politics is first and foremost a physiological process.

History is not rational but nervous. Civilisation is the name of a particular orientation of the nerves, nerves which are no longer good for anything but killing, closing in upon themselves, and *sublimating*. Civilisation transforms discharge into confession and rage into morality. However, it is also amidst this civilisational ugliness that two oppositional forces emerged. Sade gave us the intuition of the nerve and its general economy, while Schreber pointed to its divine revelation and its world-spanning connection. It is to these two figures that we owe this doctrine of the nerves, the only true economic explanation that I have been able to find to date.

Schreber, wholly possessed by God – the universal prostitute of economic exchanges – devised the first materialist theology of the nerves. Its terms were more or less as follows: God becomes incarnate in conduction, revelation becomes electric, humanity is selected in an affective shock. God as an immanent intensity, as a conductive energy. The immanence of God to the nerves makes Him into the greatest materialist theory of history, one that came to Schreber through the profound act of penetration with the divine. His theory is a materialist one not because it would deny God but because it embodies Him nervously, and in this way, makes it possible to feel Him. Schreber, the nervous wife of a cruel God who has placed his body at the disposition of the brothel of humanity – because henceforth the world communicates by penetrating Schreber, every soul is connected to Schreber's Anus – translated into the theological terms Sade's discovery of the nerves. And it was in this way that Schreber himself birthed a new generation of beings. What interests us here is the anti-humanism of the monstrosity that this would engender.

## The Defeat of the Organism: An Anti-humanist Programme

"If an anti-humanist movement exists, then it is surely that one, where the machine-sex, the organs for connection occupy almost all of the desire that is expressed. As we have so often and so disapprovingly been told, we are machines for coming [*machines à jouir*]."<sup>7</sup>

Whereas bourgeois humanism underpins the production of individuals, Schreber's doctrine draws on nervous circuits, where relations are not moral but electric, to produce something else entirely: *monsters*, abject leftovers of consolidated fluxes, which break through in a praxis of holes and a flesh without subject. In this way, they overturn the priesthood of continence – the so aptly named *humanists*. Sade explored this production of monsters: he did not kill the human but rather heated it up to the point of monstrosity, at which nerval excitation liquidates all consciousness and guilt surrounding one's actions. His objective was to produce *accomplices* for his enterprise of global perversion. Indeed, we ought to mistrust the bourgeois who speak of *utopia*: the humanist idea of pacification requires an economic site where generalised exchange can take place and obscure subjugation: "The appropriation of perverse aptitudes has its analogue in the opposite situation, that of the existing economic regime: the appropriation of wealth by a select few establishes a *fraud in psychic exchanges* in the same way as it does in the distribution of material goods. The "economic" monster polarises the "psychic" monster – in the absence of an economy founded upon the psychic cha-

<sup>7</sup> Guy Hocquenghem, "Aux pédérastes incompréhensibles", *La dérive homosexuelle*, Paris, Jean-Pierre Delarge, 1977, p. 52. Translation JH.

racter of exchanges – in a pathological interpretation (of the laws) of supply and demand.”<sup>8</sup>

It can thus be established that any materialist approach to history must proceed from Schreber’s grand theory of the nerves; that it must recognise this theory as the source of the *sexual sweat*<sup>9</sup> and make of monstrosity an anti-humanist politics: “The remedy would seem to lie in a *remystification* capable of generating new conditions of life that could account for the creative force of the impulses.”<sup>10</sup> It is in these concise terms that Klossowski summarises a programme of *integral monstrosity*. Klossowski names this miraculous return to myth in the flesh the *praxis of simulacre*; for Schreber, it is the *miracle of eviration*. Put another way, it is *counter-civilisational*. Preciado was right to invoke his cosmopolitan anus, but we must go further still, and take up the Anus as part of a global exchange and a counter-civilisational (or *desublimating*) strategy similar to that felt by Schreber, God’s whore who undid the armour of his father and relocated the domain of the soul to the nerves. The defeat of the organism is thus proclaimed: “The body without organs is flesh and nerve; a wave runs throughout it, tracing out its levels; sensation is something like the encounter of this wave with the forces acting upon the body [...].”<sup>11</sup>

To think through this history of nerves is to reflect upon industrial law: the nervous current as the economy of the world, its spasms as distribution, and desire as a factory. Following Renaud-Selim Sanli<sup>12</sup>, it is in these terms that we can understand the nervous decisions of our age: the fascist *agitations* and their emanation in quasi-divine rays which are now provoking a war of nerves. And now that the law of human industry is known to us, we must invest our energies in a relational anti-humanism: that much discussed *new economy of bodies and pleasures*, a theology of the electric spasm that makes possible the return of mystery.

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8 Pierre Klossowski, *Les derniers travaux de Gulliver suivi de Sade et Fourier*, Montpellier, Fata Morgana, 1974, p. 51.

9 P. Guyotat, “Ton ciel à la sueur de ton sexe”, *Vivre*, Paris, Denoël, 1984, p. 189.

10 P. Klossowski, *Nietzsche et le cercle vicieux*, Paris, Mercure de France, 1969, p. 195.

11 G. Deleuze, *Francis Bacon. Logique de la sensation*, Paris, Seuil, 2002, p. 48.

12 Renaud-Selim Sanli, “Un monde nerveusement libre ? Tactiques sensorielles du technofascisme”, *Trou Noir*, n° 5, p. 197-221.

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