

EYE BATAILLE

Talan Memmott

La Bataille Commence [97]: The battle begins in Billon, Puy-de-Dôme with the changing of the piss pot, with the abandonment and ultimate death of the diseased yet lovable father (Laius), the blind and corrupted father, the immovable father. (Sisyphus = Syphilis) (This only happens once – the death -- the errand of the piss pot is repeated again and again, before and after the death -- but the beginning of the battle is diachronous.) [15] The battle begins with the botched suicide, the failed suicide, the successful suicide of the mother (Jocasta). The battle begins, follows this doubled death, with a conversion, another death of sorts, a conversion to the Catholic faith. (This will not last, but for the moment it will seem everything, it will become invaluable.) The battle begins; the conversion occurs with and is interrupted by the assassination of Franz Ferdinand. Welcome to the end of the World. Ka-boom! The battle begins (with or without) the war.

Cough, cough...[16] *Despite the sight of blood, despite the glories of Shrapnel's shrapnel, despite thunderous explosions and brilliant, lurid flames, among these charred and deformed statues Eye find nothing, nothing here but the vacuous black hole—State on State, the same old pathetic swagger of Generals looming over their feeble, bloodied dogsbodies. Eye remain unmoved. Cough, cough...* [17] The battle begins in the confusion of the dirty *rituals* of a newborn Catholicism with the dirty ageless *business* of war. *Eye don't think this is enough. There is so much, too much missing. Eye will join (with) the Church, its evil twin.* The battle begins with the Soldier becoming *becoming's*

Priest. *Cough, cough...*[18] *Eye will steal everything.* The battle begins with *becoming's* Priest becoming *becoming*.

First Thesis (of the Sophomore-Librarian) [20]: It is not so odd, really, that the poorest of students becomes the librarian; that in the search for something to hold on to -- other than predominant State Institutions -- the suspect dunce enters the Labyrinth, the ruin, the winding stacks and catalogues of the Library to find refuge in some dark and secret adytum. Suddenly, and with surprise the former dropout emerges transfigured, graduated; Theseus emerges from the Labyrinth, a Librarian emerges from the stacks with a completed thesis, bricolage formed from mildewed history and (five-)thousand year old ghosts. The Archaeologist, the Numismatist, the Priest, the lowest Soldier, here the Sophomore, here the Heretic, all pursue order from disorder, following stray threads backwards, exposing the disorder of the now by denuding all (the) supposed/suspect order(s) of the past ... picking up spare change along the way ... losing faith along the way...(the errand of the Labyrinth is repeated again and again) [Paris 22-42 (*Cough, cough...*), Provence 49-51, Orléans 51]

Eye filled my rug sack with books and papers, sketch pads, and cheap pencils and left for Spain on holiday. Eye wanted to write a book to burn. [22] For the first time, out of the dark, dank stacks of the Library, the Labyrinth of family history, outside the Cathedral, off of the battlefield B. finds himself here in Spain, beneath the brilliant golden sun, a sweating atheological god of sorts, *still* upright criminal *to be*. Open now, and work begins on something other than a book, something other than a romance. Now begins the work of the Librarian, the conservator. The battle begins with an attempt at the

categorization of everything outside of genre, everything that cannot be written except in want. How does one capture and capitulate the ecstatic? The book, the first book will burn for sure – before it is even written. If it can be written ... What words describe the Matador Granero's eye, the first story of the eye? (Like all errands, this will be repeated.) What machine is constructed at the moment of the goading – bull-horn | man-eye? What is the product of this machine – the accidental Minotaur, at the very moment of penetration? The wound, and the dead eye are but ruins; the memory, the vision, the birth of Simone and everything globular. Followed by an afternoon thunderstorm...

Second Thesis (of the Moment) [28]:

Simone and the Cardinal
sit beneath a tree
P – I – S – S
– I – N – G

(The errand of the piss pot redux)

Eggs, Eyes, Bullocks, Buttocks, the World, everything globular ... Piss, Milk, Blood, the seven Seas, all liquids of different clarity and viscosity ... The Cardinal shares these sacraments with Simone, and with the novice Marcelle, exchanging the mundane for the extreme by way of bodily allegory. Nothing is as it seems. As Magritte has stated, *everything that is visible hides something else that is visible*. And, so he sees into the wardrobe, finds Marcelle weeping there, still, some twenty years later. (see: *Philosophy in the Bedroom* [48]) If indeed it can be written, what words best describe the horrible sight of the Minotaur Granero's eye, the raw balls of the bull, Simone's buttocks, the dead eye of the Matador? The second Story of the Eye: *a shriek of unmeasured horror*

coincided with a brief orgasm ... a bleeding nose ... Granero's body, the right eye dangling from the head.

It is from this point forward and before that the Cardinal, B. begins, the battle begins against the body proper. The project as laid out over a number of text, over a number of years is not engendered by a destruction of the body, but the destruction of the propriety of the body, privileging a shaky architecture for the body, an unstable house of cards as its actuality. The project of the Librarian from now -- and before [27] -- until at least the next war is the (re)construction of the body, the ruin, the ridiculous and extreme body; turning the body into Documents (deadlines, you know), turning corpus into corpus, into a certain, specialized form of *documentia*.

This battle begins in the most improbable place -- entering through the exit to turn everything to parody. Here, now [27] the anus is spectacular, shining bright and pristine like the Spanish sun. Pure, both day and night... *Eye see this and am mesmerized, Eye see this and feel the entire world. Eye look on in horror. Eye enter through the eye you enter me.* [29] The upright criminal, the Architect embraces the full-feeling anguish, the guilt of all bodies and continues. Being, balanced by two odd digits, two all too human digits -- not the entirety of the flattened foot, not all of the toes; just the big toe... [29] Without these, we -- the world -- would totter. The all too human of this architecture doesn't end at the lowest, the big toe. From the Solar Anus to Eye, from Eye to Big Toe, Big Toe to Mouth, the Librarian rearranges the body, not even alphabetically, deranges and reengineers the body, moving here then there (here and there, here to there) to stitch it up... so to speak. [30] The pinnacle will not be placed upon the structure until after the

death of the Architect; the pineal eye does not emerge till after the death of the Librarian – when spring has sprung. [Five years posthumous, 67]

It is a strange phenomenon when the highest meets the lowest [23], when the snake loops back to bite its own ass. Thought and shit commingle; the sacred and the profane, the conscious and the unconscious, always sibling, become conjoined twins, a singular monstrosity... Such is the case, at least initially, when our friend, our hero the Librarian meets the Poet-Pope in the streets of Paris. This will not last. Despite a mutual concern for consciousness and its double, the Poet cannot see the Librarian's thought through the shit. The Anal Retentive Poet can't stand the waste, the refuse. It makes him uncomfortable; it makes him mistrust the Librarian, questioning his rigor, calling his work shit. *Eye will join (with) this Church, its evil twin.*

It is a strange phenomenon when the Anal Retentive converts to being an Expulsive, carries a hatchet, carries a grudge ... between the Library and the Bordello, the Librarian becomes the Enemy Combatant. [30] The Poet-Pope, the Anal Retentive, the Aesthete, this corpse now wears death's mask, his own death mask and a crown of thorns. He'd always dreamed of being the martyr to his own cause, fabricating threats again and again. Threatened by the Painter, by the Actor... The Anal Retentive Paranoiac-Pope, this corpse still wears death's mask, his own, and a crown of thorns... Rotting, and all that is left is a series of interesting writing exercises.

The Actress leaves with the Psychoanalyst. [34] Laure enters.

Colette as Acker:

It is about time, don't you think, to take a break, to begin hating each other for awhile?

Our mutual abuse is our only possession now, the only thing neither yours nor mine. Turn your back and walk away. Say goodbye fucker: close your eyes, put down your pen, you're as good as dead. But, I am not your killer. Look at yourself, your sad portrait is the most damaging weapon – your face, your hands, your words. Say goodbye fucker: look away, put down your pen before you kill me. [circa 36]

Acker as Colette:

Life doesn't exist inside language: too bad for me. [*My Mother: Demonology*, 93]

Third Thesis (of the Moment) [38]:

Georgy Porgy
Georges Bataille
Fucked Colette
And then she died

(The errand of the piss pot redux)

[39]

Nietzsche as Nietzsche:
I am ... dove ... serpent ... pig

Bataille as Nietzsche:

I AM ... I am (devoured, devoured, absorbed, annihilated) (by; death, fever) (in; somber space, joy before death) ... I MYSELF AM WAR ...

Fourth Thesis (Catalogue: Leng-Tch'e) [39]:

At the conclusion of this hopscotch, this decade there stands a rotting xoana, a monument to decline. This monster - *an I that cannot think and yet still is* - one might suppose, wanders toward the now only on occasion, and only through extreme feelings of bliss and despair, forming the universal human emotional labrys. A dangerous relic defines contemporary madness. Without a method for the filtering of sensual content -

every affect has an extreme effect. The middle is null, made a zero. The headless monstrosity marks the point at which one says YES to the facts of fiction and waste.

Departing Turin,

Reaching stars unreachable

Beyond the cosmic ass...

At Knossos, five thousand year old bodies spin, stagger wailing... We enter here in search of the Lady -- to meander through her twisting dark then darker corridors. This is where we must get lost -- in the pit of the stomach... Moving backwards - toward intrigue -- the true face of Ariadne -- slipping in the residue of base, forgotten cults dedicated to mysterious specks and sparks ... feeling everything in the guts ... peaks and caves, bees and honey, snakes and bulls, goats and milk, wine and women... The collected fragments of these meta-historical sparks, already digested, indexed into the system, hidden from actuality, course through the acephalic body, through every State really, with or without the knowledge of the author. These spontaneous machines, transmissions and collisions of proto-conscious elements as they flow through the body - terminal to terminal - are rendered in the now as mysterious feeling - something extra-visceral.

A hideous mask replaces the phallus, is a screen, an interface between interpenetrating forces from above and below, placed here to conceal what has been appropriated from the body for the assemblage of an idol meant to overwhelm, to induce madness as a cure. (not pictured) The mask is a reminder of once celebrated base values -

the awakening of a dead god through the re-attachment of its member, referable back through the Dionysian mysteries, to the Egyptian myth of Osiris. The acephalic figure is perhaps more ancient - an image so stark, already sacrificed - the ruins from which divine organs are harvested.

Beyond despair, counting down - five to one, we enter/exit into a wilderness - a dark fabulon where our only interest is survival. Feeling any/everything a threat -- to being, to continuation... This transmission of identity is a modality of fear. And, from our weakest eye/I, we focus rigorously upon any/every spark and target - turning toward vengeance, the will to corrupt - the will to create frivolity from what is dire.

The Monster holds not a dagger, but a trowel... For digging his way up and out of the Underworld ... somewhere confused with Hades... Dionysus, Orpheus... The journey to hell and back is timeless literary fodder - the very soil. What is concerned here is cultivation - the assurance of a swift return of everything that stimulates. As such, the trowel/dagger is a "sign" of hope.

The extremity of bliss, this spark, spurt, flash is unsustainable - a wide-eyed momentary look into the fecund. We cherish it this way, and daydream, supposing through detoured sensual traffic, the radiant pulse -- the magma of being, arriving in eruptions, melting into innocence -- the truth that when abstracted, split through reason, results in oblivion.

Folly enters;

taking exactly seven giant steps to cross the stage, tossing rose petals off, out of view, behind the curtain, into an open grave.

Folly exits (Dirty) [45] disappearing into a puddle of Nietzschean goo. [44]

The battle ends in the ruins of a library. [62]