



The Solar Anus

By Georges Bataille
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It is clear that the world is purely parodic , in other words , that each thing seen is the parody of another , or is the same thing in a deceptive form . Ever since sentences started to circulate in brains devoted to reflection , an effort at total identification has been made , because with the aid of a copula each sentence ties one thing to another; all things would be visibly connected if one could discover at a single glance and in its totality the tracings of an Ariadne's thread leading thought into its own labyrinth . But the copula of terms is no less irritating than the copulation of bodies. And when I scream I AM THE SUN an integral erection results , because the verb to be is the vehicle of amorous frenzy.

Everyone is aware that life is parodic and that it lacks an interpretation .

Thus lead i s the parody o f gold .
Air is the parody of water .
The brain is the parody of the equator.
Coitus is the parody of crime .

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