

Robin Blaser / EVEN ON SUNDAY

I don't know anything about God but what the human record tells me — in whatever languages I can muster — or by turning to translators — or the centuries — of that blasphemy which defines god's nature by our own hatred and prayers for vengeance and dominance — that *he* (lower case and questionable pronoun) would destroy by a hideous disease one lover of another — or by war, a nation for what uprightness and economic hide-and-seek — and *he* (lower case and questionable pronoun) is on the side of the always-ignorance of politics in which we trust — the *polis* is at the “bottom of the sea,” as Hannah Arendt noticed — and *he* (lower case and interrogated pronoun) walks among the manipulated incompetences of public thought

where I had hoped to find myself ordinary among others in the streets — a “murmuring voice of societies”

and so one thinks them over — blasphemies all, against multiplicity, which is all anyone knows about god — and one can only hate them so much without becoming *halt and lame in their kingdom of single mindedness* — their having taken a book to have been once and forever, the language behind language that no one has ever spoken — god's what-knot and *mystical rags* we call flags

as a friend said, “I'm going to become fundamentalist and call everybody asshole”

and what would the gods be if I asked them — our nakedness didn't quite fit — out, as it is, of nature — yet, there is a sentiment at the *intersection between life and thought* — streaks of beyondness in that careless relation

October came in August and petunias straggled, sprawling white faces one at a time, lobelia browned and continued blue — the neighbors cut down the sexual cottonwood which kept the whole block from repainting door-steps for over a month — by the

fluffs of its happiness —

so we are in the midst of a *metaphysical washout* — take for example, Verlaine and Rimbaud — as Hans Mayer says: *Being shut out of the social order, they sought to heighten their condition by, say, publically embracing in Brussels and thus providing the formula for a new ‘condition humaine’ that called out to be created* — both failed — both remained in *outsiderdom* — one continued to rhyme, the other gave up the whole damned creation — behind this, an Enlightenment, which I’ll return to

and Sylvie asked,

“But what became of the Man?”

“Well, the Lion springed at him. But it came so slow, it were three weeks in the air —”

“Did the Man wait for it all that time?” I asked.

“Course he didn’t!” Bruno replied, gliding head-first down the stem of a fox-glove, for the story was evidently close to its end.

“He sold his house, and he packed up his things, while the Lion were coming. And he went and lived in another town. So the Lion ate the wrong man.”

*This was evidently the Moral...*said Lewis Carroll

the moral is that something does devour the *existential given* — Rimbaud, Mayer writes, *does not intertwine with visions of Sodom in order to provoke heaven’s fire; it is simply the sole possibility of his own self-acceptance*

being shut out of the social order — Rimbaud writes *de posséder la vérité dans une âme et un corps*, which Mayer interprets to say *being alive in the full sense of body and soul* — the truth is being alive, until you break on it

ah, Laius, when you ran off with the youth Chryssipus, the Sphinx flew to a whistling stop in Thebes — and fire fell on Sodomites, on each one of them, and, I’ll be damned, almost everybody — tell me a tale to explain sublime biology — then, tell me another to explain sublime human nature — and murder, unmythologized, fell on 20th-century outsiders — pollution of what in the momentary hangup of the vast biology of things, desiring? — a covenant with whom?

androsphinx, recumbent lion with the head of a man, answer me — that is to say, each one of us

the sublime, dear everybody and everyday, is not so simply human — overwhelms — *uncanny* is Hannah Arendt's word for the face of it — *dangerous* — *severe*, as a blow — *mysterious* — on which the *existential given* floats — the passions of

and Hans Mayer notes the tying and untying that confines things: *At the height of the Victorian era, the Bible is once again, as in Cromwell's time,...the spiritual and social foundation of everyday life* — O, the once-again in which we trust — *Declaration is made in the Bible of what is proper for woman and what is not. The Bible depicts that which God punished in Sodom. St. Paul only confirmed the curse* — one's mind may have a certain affinity with Christopher Marlowe's, if it is true, as his roommate Thomas Kyd tells us, that he thought the apostle Paul a swindler — who taught a curdled godhead and a curdling view of the *existential given* — and the black milk of it is blasphemy, so to revile existence

in the midst of this, an Enlightenment which first and foremost posited an *equality of men and women, including homosexuals* — religion and sexuality go hand in hand in the apple-light

it was not to be merely law, like free speech, but a *mental practice* — what developed, in the guise of a Darwinian terror advancing in evolutionary form, was the lion body with a man's head, walking in the garden, so that *the underlying principles of liberty and equality, not even taking fraternity into account, inordinately encouraged combatting all forms of outsiderdom in favor of what Ihab Hassan calls 'quantities of normed phenomena'* — normed existence excludes the *existential given*, not being alive in the full sense of body and soul — and *extends, not merely perverts* that which calls itself normality into political form but Mayer asks, *what is it then if the precipitating step outside, into the margins, is a condition of birth, a result of one's sex, parentage, physical or spiritual makeup?* — Then *one's existence itself becomes a breaking of boundaries*

we can thereby return to ourselves a *measure of freedom*, and take form — the work of a lifetime — in this breaking of boundaries —

against, as Mayer says, a *global disposition of thought toward annihilation, which thinks to admit only majorities in the future and is determined to equate minorities with 'worthless life'* — *Worthless are the Jews, there the blacks [and*

aboriginals], somewhere else (and everywhere) the homosexuals, women of the type of Judith and Delilah, not least the intellectuals keen on individuation....

"They should all be gassed": the expression has crept into everyday language

Woman is not equal to man. Man is a manly man, whatever is to be understood by that: the feminine man stands out from the race and thereby becomes worthless life. Shylock must be exterminated: the only final solutions are fire and gas

extreme remedies — pharmakons — Mayer reminds us, have been proposed: for example, Klaus Mann writing in 1949 — remember when that was! — *calls for...the concerted mass suicide of intellectuals: to bring public opinion in the world, in the integrity and autonomy of which he quite clearly still believed, to its right senses*

well, we know now that this would disappear with a headline in the Entertainment pages, or it might make the Arts and Books section along with obituaries and sportsmanship, in the *Globe & Mail* — and intellectuals? — Mann had not noticed that point in the space of intelligence where they join the system, higgledy-piggledy — I think of that recent hustle in the United States, offering the end of history like a dinky-toy, democracy, pinking, blueing, and off-whiting in plastic — "My goodness!" everyone said, "They've discovered Hegel!" and *Time Magazine* thought he was little known — and I said, "My goodness! Francis Fukuyama, so we finally got here, there, anywhere"

so to be reminded once again of Puddin'head Wilson: *It was wonderful to find America, but it would have been more wonderful to miss it*

this unified mankind — for that's who's there, quantity or lump, at the end of a materialist's or an idealist's history — *conceived*, Mayer writes, *as a homogenized humanity. Woe to outsiders*

so that was it, was it? an *Enlightenment that promised equality to men and women, including homosexuals!* — an age in the hole, running three centuries, surely allows one to say, "Listen, you assholes, a *metaphysical washout* means you've lost your top soil"

and this system aims exactly — *at the heart of our social existence* — to be an outsider *by virtue of our existence* — like statues come to life by moonlight in the child's desiring mind — has the advantage of voices, and their attentions, each to each, among quantified multitudes who wander *the computations and rationalities that belong to no one* — also going, going, gone into the *corpus Christianum* with its sadly separated body and soul

among these voices, I think of Montaigne: *Embraces remembered (or still vaguely hoped for) are 'our final accolades'*

in whose arms

even on Sunday

with considered use of
Hans Mayer's *Outsiders*
written for Gay Games III,
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