

# DISAGREEMENT WITH IMMOBILITY

"Poetry is all that is in disagreement with the immobility of reality."  
(Medek & Medkova)

## Unimpressed

by weak alchemy which only conjures up everyday speech out of everyday speech  
by public poetry rodeos for beer money  
by wan liberals spouting to wan liberals in college auditoriums or in lofts  
by the imagination bent to the therapeutic or the merely useful  
by substitute gratifications designed to vent our desires  
by fake enthusiasms that only lead to a fatigue of spirit  
by everything which society grudgingly provides a "space" for  
by the societal currents which drain our batteries to support its dim light  
by "career creators" who compete for prestige or authority  
by voluntary restrictions passed off and accepted as original thought



"There is too much  
to be invented to waste time  
on imitation or competition!"  
(Alice Farley)

## Of course

There remain - in this dilute world - notable exceptions to the anemia, certain small explosions (they tend to be isolated and brilliant as novas) of pointed criticism almost accidentally dropped from a reporter's mouth, or fleeting parodies on television, anti-authoritarian humors that have somehow slipped under the fence and escaped into the free air, freewheeling terrorism against the attractions of order at any cost, and individuals who refuse to play along.

But society as we know it does NOT encourage such currents.

And we above all else desire the society that DOES.

Instead of the marvelous sense of collective festivity and creative sharing which should be central to life, the casual games that lead to art, the free-floating discussions between economic and societal equals, we find an abundance of reified conformist, commodity and status oriented "entertainment" behavior. In the places where we would most expect to find unified action in imagination - poetry groups, art "scenes" - there stand instead competitive contests and social-ladder climbing, and all the paid-for artistic accountancy of the academic approach: moral outrage dressed in the soothing sing-song of L.L. Bean ecstasies.



In the face of the most grotesque challenges to human life we find - as succor - poetic minstrel shows and the lowest burlesque. We find simple platitudes offered up as deep truths. We find pursuit of possessions and of shallow amusements offered as evidence of success and a life well-lived. We understand that in their desire to find something meaningful in a world denuded of most possibilities and reduced instead to a few options, people will cling to whatever is available.

Such taming of the imagination dulls us into ignoring our unique potential and distrusting our collective power, as we subordinate all function to what Fredy Perlman called "Leviathanic Integuments" - "armoring" against the material and ideological control structures of capitalist civilization. Can such "poetic protectionism" suffice at the moment we most called upon to attack rather than indulge in "hobbies" and "distractions"? Can we afford to crawl back into that shell called "liberalism"?



# FOR A SURREALIST

## CREATIVE ACTION

integrates convulsive, spontaneous perception and expression inspired by desire seeking its fulfillment.

## POETRY

explores and plays in realities constantly in motion.  
is the "seizing of the means of production of language and image" (R. Burk).  
is a means of liberation and combat.  
makes war against the banal, rational, utilitarian degradation of human possibility, a degradation in which people become passive objects manipulated, and willing victims of their own myopia.

Otherwise and elsewhere, narrow, sectarian, and alienating corruptions of creativity reinforce, and are reinforced by, the contemporary social fabric that blankets our lives in colorless utilitarian uniforms, while we sit counting the pretty buttons.

Those who are charged with the responsibility for order at any cost tolerate poetry only when it can be channeled for commercial gain (a huge book deal, a record or two, bus fare, and the occasional mini-doughnut) or plucked for a featherless sexual display in the henhouse of literature. Easy praise is the opium of the masses. So we understand why Shakespeare's controlled inebriation of language, for others Poe's knotty psychologies, or Rimbaud's desperate hermeticisms are allowed to loiter in sanctioned spaces, even though they occasionally corrupt a vulnerable "consumer".

Fortunately, authentic poetic vision is beyond the poem.

Even the heaviest blanket of perverse self-restraint cannot prevent the truly creative dreamer from waking up from this bed of confusion. When we sleep it will be on our terms.

Poetry as a force of liberation, "can be compared to electricity,"  
which has "good and bad conductors."  
(Karel Teige)

We must assert our freedom  
to remake the world starting with ourselves.

This demands an overturning of all restrictions (personal or social) upon imaginative exploration. Surrealism is an exalted, violent, humorous, mysterious, erotic, playful sensibility seeking to become collective -- an expression of wildness against the domestication of thought, language, and the life-force itself. It is a sun shining upon these cold batteries. It is the one "reason" we can ascribe to without wincing.

Surrealism is a creative/destructive, revolutionary consciousness that can be found and liberated in all of us. It is ready to inspire us to transform and transcend the current depreciated reality, the poverty of our daily living, not for "unreality", but for a meaningful, liberating conviviality -- an enhanced reality, a *SUR*reality -- where the imagination is fully integrated and powerfully ACTIVE.

"Poetry must be made by all, not by one."  
(Lautréamont/Ducasse)

"The blood has stopped fighting itself/frightening itself/it wants to break out  
of this place although someone has to talk to it someone should talk to it

in a clear tone and possibly in Spanish a gift from the cactus rose  
or in Chinese a gift from a comet if blood speaks Chinese

if blood is the mandarin orange in the communist body that is the People's body  
that is I mean the woman nested in every revolution's red trunk a body of pearl doves

of armored violins a body of shredded newspapers of shredded love letters  
glued together by Freud one night about a campfire a body of ghost stories

concerning a scented universe haunted by our sex the irreducible stain  
on a soluble church door that solvent calligraph our sex the body's body

the sex of sex migrant berry of condensation tears raining condensation tears  
raining from clouds always threatening to rain senses into the veil

of peace and pieces an assassination of the skin as the hands arrive at the body  
in lincusines of time and time as swollen carnivorous cardinals perch upon your lips but have  
gone to sleep."

Herman Yurt *A Perturbation of Swallows*

"Will I be haunted by blood's rabid rose?  
Her Blue Gila! Her Blue Gila!  
All night sex screams "She!"  
upon hospital drums  
and tracks reappear soaking through paved skin  
history already drunk by breakfast.  
I have been walking the inner city  
entirely upon bridges  
while the birds  
cathedral above the rivers like white flames  
struck from my head by  
Her Blue Gila! Her Blue Gila!  
Will I be haunted by blood's rabid rose?"

Elaine Uther *The Semi-Orifices of the Skirt*