

THE POLYMORPH BODYSHOP

A Surrealist Game & Exhibition

September 5-19, 2019

The Bakery - Atlanta, Georgia

*gravé par Carrelin
1779*

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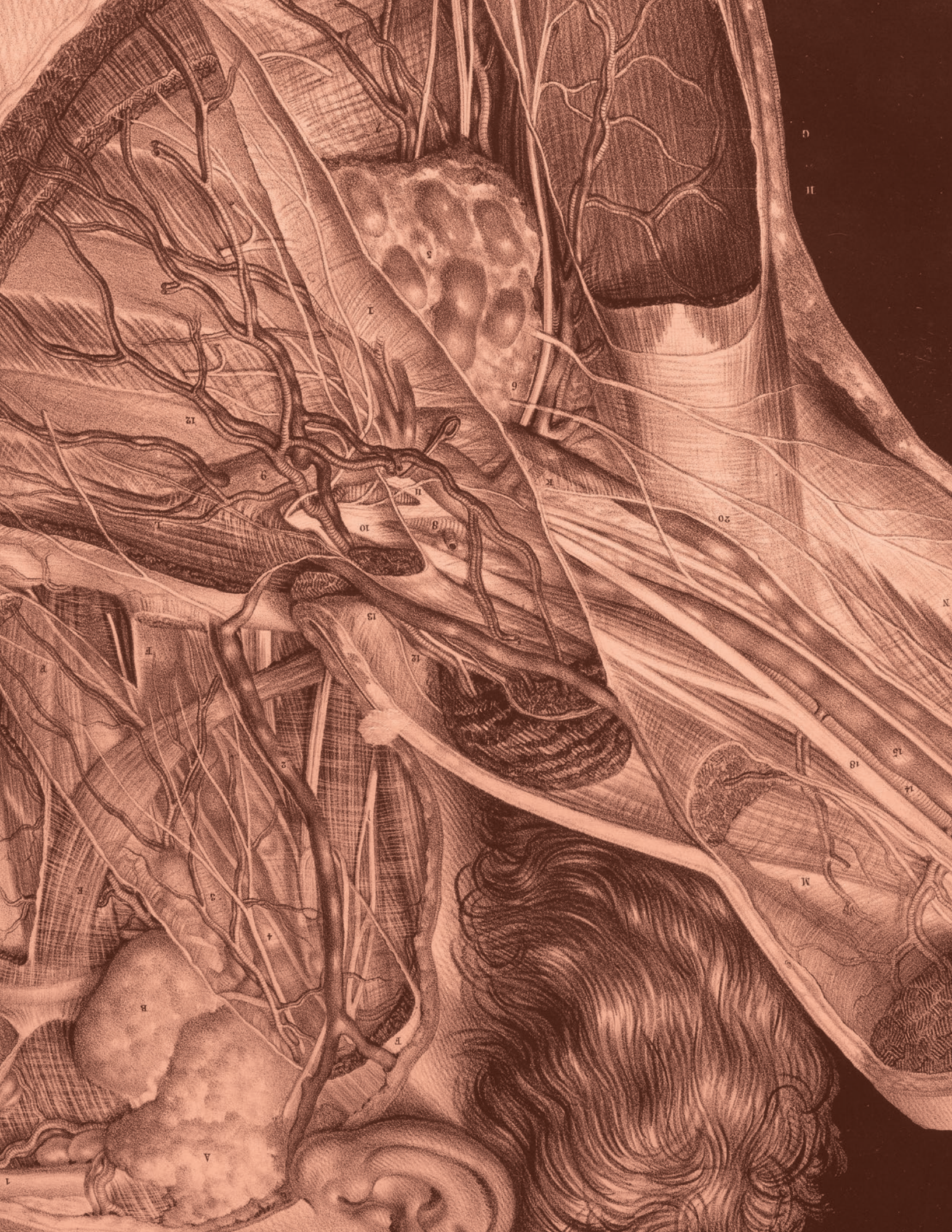
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INTRODUCTION

Behaviours of the Surrealist Body

There will be a geography of flesh and bone that surpasses the everyday limitations and distinctions of the world. Swedenborg called it the “Maximus Homo, The Universal Human”; Artaud pointed to the “Body without Organs”, freed from limitations. You yourself must know it: that shifting borderland between inside and outside, psychic and physical, collective and individual, human and animal, geography and cosmology...

This game and exhibition poses the problem of surrealism and the body—not just in the nostalgic sense of exquisite corpses and headless women, but rather in asking, what does the body mean in the 21st century—and what, despite the corporeal misery of the contemporary world, could it become?

Today the technological mediation of experience goes hand in hand with ever more obscure innovations in capitalist accumulation—of corporeality in particular, through the enforced creation of “bodily” data. At the same time, images of the body are still relentlessly proliferated with a view to enshrining its ever-holy position in the marketplace. And no longer hiding, a fresh gang of authoritarians and neofascists continue to glorify these highly limited conceptions of the body as a means to justifying their doctrines social and economic domination.

In this environment, our hypothesis is that surrealist critique needs to “embody” itself in a new way.

It’s in the parts that resist the cohesion of the whole that we hope to see the potential for a new bodily-poetic departure.

Using a “dysmorphic-critical” method, we invited participants in the surrealist movement from around the world to offer something of their own, some piece of their body they love or hate or wish they had, with a view to collectively extending beyond the particularities of little humanity into the cosmological wilderness of sensation.

Their task was to create a part that has broken free from its body. Each player was asked to select a “body part” that meant something to them or stood out to them—one of their own, real or imagined, or even from an animal or object. They were to re-make, characterize or otherwise represent the body part in its newly liberated state, freed from repression and at full liberty to seek its highest pleasure—and send us the result. That is what you see, hear, smell, and touch here today.

The pieces were grouped into poetic “regions” based on anatomical or poetic affinities of their idea. We also made sure to build connections between the various regions of the body to give the whole a network of nerves and a bloodstream of which we who are present are perhaps the little blood cells.

There is much to say on surrealism and the body. It has been an integral element of the movement since the beginning with the famous poems, collages, paintings and objects searching to do things to bodies, to expand their potential, to seduce them, to read them like a magical text. But more important than the mere works or products are the many aspects of “body thinking”. Change life, transform the world—these are still the watchwords of surrealism. We do things with bodies in order that we may, in the end, know more and experience more. In his *Little Anatomy*, the surrealist Hans Bellmer said “the body is comparable to a sentence that invites you to disarticulate it, for the purpose of recombining its actual contents through a series of endless anagrams.” (Trans Jon Graham, Dominion Publishing, 2004) It is the spiralling out of these riddles that excites us, that pushes us forward into newer forms of body thought. Look at the melting ballerina tongue to see the riddle in action.

Where will we find our enigmatic body? In the streets, in bed, together and in strange adventurous zones like the bodyshop. Perhaps not in school. There has been a recent proliferation of “surrealist” academic conferences and cultural events filled with the usual smattering of well meaning and hostile anatomists, surgeons, formaldehyde wielding preservationists. While they perhaps no longer wish to kill us as they once did with misinformation about the “end of the surrealist movement”, they now invite us and ask us to kill and preserve ourselves for them, live and in person. While the quality of the scholarship is not as dismal as it once was, it is unfortunate that they have become as dominant as they are within the movement itself. Surrealists go to these conferences alive and sometimes come out alive, but always leave something behind for the parasites. Parasites can be useful. But Surrealism is not an academic endeavour. Nor should it lean especially on academia for its forward motion—the problem is not how good or bad the research is, but the very real danger that the lines become blurred—that we might mistakenly take events held under the auspices of bureaucratic, repressive and so-called “objective” institutions for a real poetic exploration into the unknown. This time we wanted our bodyparts to stay our own.

Which parts?

In the puppet museum of Atlanta a certain Ravenna from India can be recognized by its multiplicity of heads. During the show, a person mentioned they had dreamed of five identical einsteins. Both of these come close to representing surrealist intersubjectivity, collective activity, the confusion and joy of having no clear hierarchy or leader. The surrealist movement has no one head, but multiple. This means having no leader, no gods, no parents, but many players on equal footing, some communists, some anarchists, and some outside the tradition of stacking hierarchical boxes ontop of every head. The head also has, as The Optic Skull contribution or the Leyak from the House of Mysticum shows, too many or too few features—sometimes all eyes, for observation, sometimes all mouths, for chattering the automatic voice etc. There are many heads, and one big head too, like a great field of megaliths on an island that floats above the cities of humanity.

The surrealist body likewise has a multiplicity of hands, far more than two. You can see this literally in the great amount of hand submissions we received for our exhibition. This could refer to the fact that surrealist activity occurs in many different ways: one hand is being pulled by automatic writing, scribbling furiously, while another is cutting up limbs or tracing the inner secrets of the mind. Other surrealist hands are pointing to odd things on the street, or punching our enemies and breaking noses. Surrealist hands do so much, and none is the “dominant” one. Occasionally we try things with just one hand, to see what happens, but in the end we have more in common with a millipede than a human. But these

are not just a random collection of activities—the left hand knows the right, because for surrealists poetry—real poetry, convulsive and rebellious, is at the core of everything we do.

Surrealist feet and legs. We dare not underestimate them. A foot-object shows us an upside down golden mummy doll wrapped in a cast. Thinking with our feet. Perhaps she is characteristic of surrealist walking, wanderlust, quite possibly the defining activity of surrealist exploration since the turn of the new millennium. Poetic materialism requires motion. Surrealists are often outdoor cats and often guard their freedom to run, walk, or slither away from anything that compromises their sense of integrity, or that bores them. Surrealist feet don't march. They are the feet of the militant walker seeking out new psycho-geographical features. They are also the feet that stumble into worthless places, exteriorities, those extraneous zones of a city where there is nothing in particular for profit and where anything can happen for poetry. Surrealism walks with the legs of the sleepwalker, intermingling the reality of dreams and waking life with a hopes of finding convulsive beauty in a more real world. We are not escapist or fantasists...Our steps turn towards greater reality. This was confirmed by some of the walks and games played during the course of this exhibition: a few times now we have discovered "parts" of the body, replicas or perhaps objective confirmations of the polymorph bodyshop exhibit in the external world. We have found corresponding bodyparts in the shape and objects amassed on a random walk downtown, in a swamp, in an abandoned antiques market, a graveyard...To again quote Bellmer's anatomy "What is not confirmed by chance has no validity."

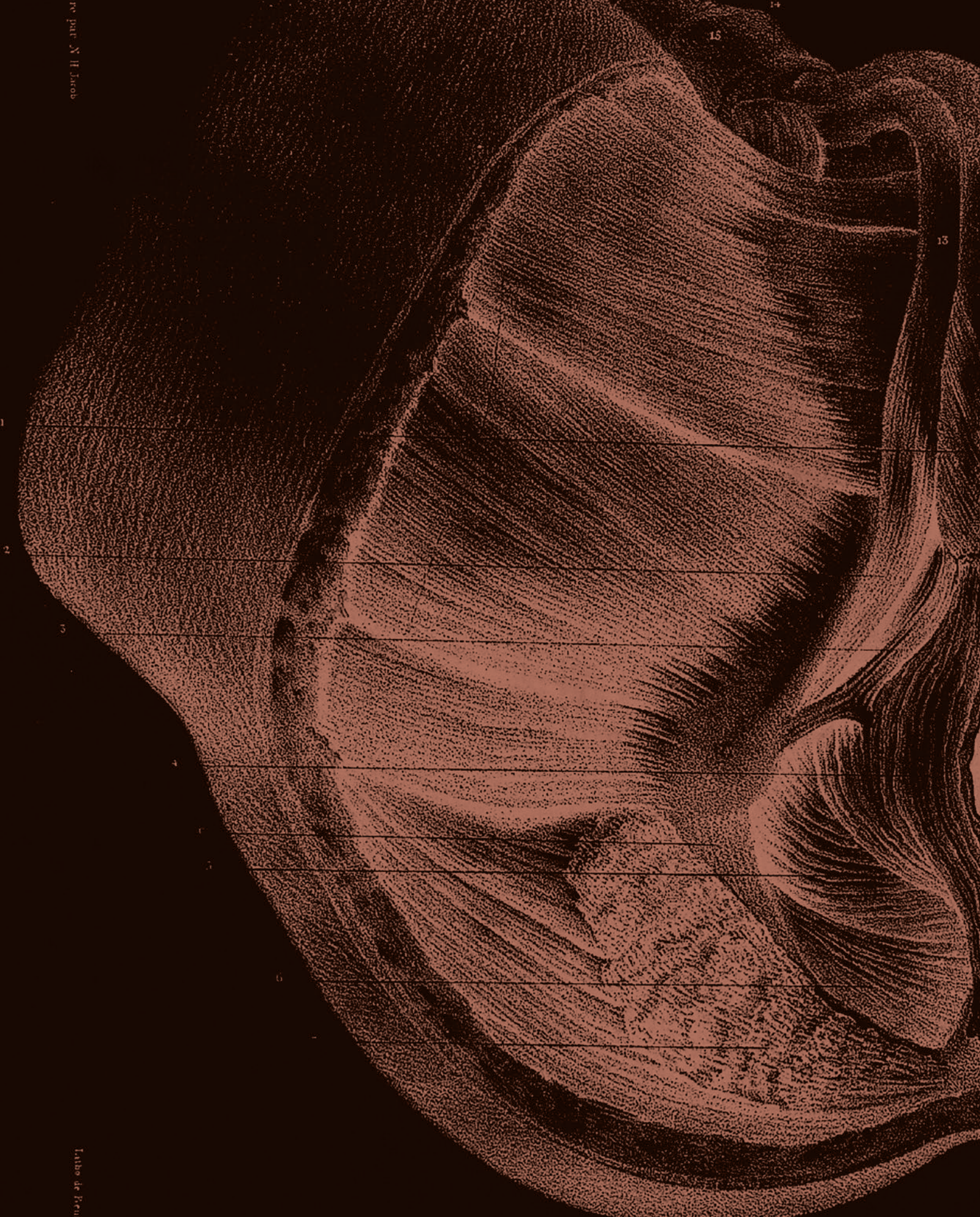
As far as the generative organs go, surrealism certainly is androgynous, both in the alchemical sense of creating a newer, higher reality out of fragments and in the activist and feminist sense of fighting for justice against the many patriarchal and oedipal structures that dominate our everyday existence. We were very happy to see the proliferation of vaginas, placentae etc and not a proliferation of phallogentric objects. Instead we have a wall of wombs and generation, not as objects of seduction for the male gaze, but as creations of power and magic from female surrealists fighting everyday for their integrity and their right to bodily autonomy against misandrists, homophobes, and the wide gallery of fascists who need to be tastefully castrated and put on display in a vacuum sealed cage as soon as possible.

We should also not forget the surrealist tail. In the early 19th century, while Napoleon was scattering bodies around Europe and smothering whatever was left of the promise of the great French and even greater Haitian Revolutions, a certain Charles Fourier began to write his utopian theories for a harmonious world. In his highly eroticized future, humanity

would hurl itself into the throes of pleasure, intermingling all the senses and creating a world of almost perpetual orgasm on all possible fronts. Eventually humanity would evolve the “archibras”, a kind of prehensile tail with an eyeball at the end, which would serve useful functions but would primarily be a tool for ghastly new forms of pleasure undreamed of by our current sad state. The many tactile works serve to show the potential eroticization of all things, the power of touch, and beauty as convulsion. Likewise the tail as vertebrae, with wings, as the stupendously beautiful butterflies show us—especially, since they are in a book, they could be referring the Fourierist idea of the “butterfly” personality, that supreme form of intellectual pleasure that finds stimulation in flitting from one thing to the next, a perpetual Alice in a perpetual game of chess beyond the looking glass. Surrealism was once described as the prehensile tail of romanticism, the tail that wags the dog.

We could speak at length about the eyes that see and that dream, or the strange sense organs of whales. The body grows on ideas and feeds on the external world. In the end, the surrealist body is not just a good child. It does not have all of its limbs intact. It is broken, and mending, because surrealism itself is a break with the world as it is, all of its petty compromises and sad everyday realities which we seek to overcome through a systematic and revolutionary critique. The surrealist body exists outside of civilization. If you leave the walls far behind perhaps you can meet it too.

-The Mormyrids



15

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13

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An anatomical engraving of a human torso, showing the ribcage, spine, and internal organs. The image is rendered in a dark, textured style with fine lines and shading. The text is overlaid on the central part of the image.

THE OPERATING THEATRE

*How, from an agglomeration of disparate of limbs,
organs, and sensations, a new form of life came to be.*

Take a peek behind the membrane...



WHY BE SO ATTACHED TO YOUR PENIS?

by Ron Sakolsky

I haven't seen anything like this before.

- Bernard Picton, curator of marine invertebrates, National Museum of Northern Ireland

Could the surreal imagination of even Karel Capek in his most biting satirical novel, *War With The Newts*, ever have conceived of a game-changer the likes of *chromodoris reticulata*, a red and white sea slug that can actually shed its own penis after mating and then replenish said appendage the very next day. This disappearing penis trick is not the angst-ridden male nightmare erected by King Missile in their 1992 single, "Detachable Penis," or the liberating sexual fantasy of temporary phallic disposability as a matter of choice which also pops up in that same song. Rather, it is a verifiable fact of nature recently discovered by Japanese researchers. The astounding results of their study were published in the Royal Society's *Biology Letters* journal in February, 2013.

The unassuming thumb-sized shell-less mollusk in question, which inhabits the same warm waters of South East Asia as those in which Capek's fictionalized newts were first discovered, has singlehandedly turned "civilized" notions of phallocentric sexuality inside out. Practicing a sex life that is quite unnerving to the border cops of sexual repression, it seems that this shape-shifting creature is a "simultaneous hermaphrodite" or, in plain language, it has male and female sexual organs which it can use at the same time when mating. So much for antiquated notions like penis envy! This versatile switch-hitting sea slug, with its exuberant double-barreled sexuality, might just be the most highly evolved creature in the animal world. During copulation, since both of the randy slugs involved can freely give and receive sperm, there can be two distinct parallel penises and vaginas at play in any mating situation. Fancy that!

After copulation, each sea slug simply drops, ejects or snaps off its thread-like organ as the grand finale. Ouch, you might say! While geckos are willing to part with their tails, few animals would be willing to part with their penises. No problem though, since each slug has two internally-coiled back-up penises, each of which it can use about twenty-four hours after a sexual liaison. Then, to top it off, once all three penises have been spent, the creature is capable of eventually growing new ones. At one level, such

a unique sexuality is all about the none-too-liberating goal of continuously breeding more slugs. Yet, at another, the creature's transcendence of normative gender categories upsets the Adam and Eve applecart and questions the dualistic assumptions of Noah's Ark . At this latter level, its sluggish defiance of conventional male/female biology is positively blasphemous.

Maybe, as Canadian journalist Tabatha Southey has wittily opined, the discovery of the sex life of chromodoros reticulata is even the real reason for Pope Benedict XVI's unprecedented resignation that same year. If he believes, as did his papal predecessor, John Paul II, that animals have souls, then what's a pontiff to do?

Consider the moral issues a detachable penis raises: If one of God's creatures uses a different penis every time he has sex, is he a virgin each time? Would any sea slug drawn into the service of the Lord have to stop being a priest for the 24 hours she didn't have a penis? All of this would be enough to throw any pontiff into spiritual crisis, but, what's more, the sea slug penis in question appears to be covered with tiny spines that scrape out any competing sperm inside the vagina-like organ of his/her partner as he himself attempts fertilization. What Pope wouldn't feel overwhelmed?

Perhaps then it is only appropriate to end this inspiringly unsettling story by hereby formally nominating the humble sea slug for surrealist "anti-sainthood". And fortunately for these lively creatures, Luciferian logic does not require the nominee to be dead as Catholic church dogma does for sainthood. As an anti-authoritarian bearer of light, chromodoris reticulata illuminates our wildest dreams like an impossible anarchic silhouette shining brightly against the dark landscape of religious fundamentalism.

Smell me, squeeze me, watch me grow...







The Intergalactic Atlas of the clitoris
 pages -> and => warbler cluster ->
 rambler => Chantrress => Windlass Cluster
 Erubato - C Wanderer A? The compacted
 Apiary & The monkey puzzle Nebula t?

EXTENDED PAROXYSM

by Th. D. Typaldos & Maria Brothers

Within my stomach, asteroids emerge and steroid hormones create ethylene plaques. My stomach it swells, then it diminishes. It tries to survive; it tries to learn how to die. Air bubbles, high voltage cables my stomach electrifies three cities lost over the Atlantis. A sincere illusion of an active accumulation of migraines causes spasms, and its pulses are measured in cinematic clarity frames.

Within my stomach, what could have set the strings in motion? My stomach the pain of the past lies within the pleasure of my tomorrow. Seething magnetic gills grow silk patches that only hear the blemished moan of gleaming acids. A cacophony of nerves rippling through my being, and the diverse placements of kaleidoscopic walls breath visions through their articulated ego.

(Paragraph 1 by Th. D. Typaldos Paragraph 2 by Maria Brothers (Maria A.), July 2019)

ΕΚΤΕΝΕΙΣ ΠΑΡΟΞΥΣΜΟΣ

by Th. D. Typaldos & Maria Brothers

Μέσα στο στομάχι μου αστεροειδείς ξεπροβάλλουν και στεροειδείς ορμόνες δημιουργούν πλάκες α ιθυλένιου. Το στομάχι μου, μία διογκώνεται, μία σμικραίνει. Προσπαθεί να επιβιώσει, προσπαθεί να μάθει πώς να πεθαίνει. Φυσαλίδες του αέρα, καλώδια υψηλής τάσης το στομάχι μου ηλεκτροδοτεί τρεις πόλεις χαμένες πάνω από την Ατλαντίδα. Η άδολη ψευδαίσθηση μίας ενεργητικής συσσώρευσης ημικρανιών, προκαλεί σπασμούς κι οι σφυγμοί του, μετριούνται σε καρέ κινηματογραφικής ευκρίνειας.

Μέσα στο στομάχι μου, τι θα μπορούσε να έχει θέσει τις χορδές σε κίνηση; Το στομάχι μου ο πόνος του παρελθόντος βρίσκεται μέσ α στην ευχαρίστηση της αυριανής μου. Τα κοχλασμένα μαγνητικά βράγχια αναπτύσσονται με μεταξωτά έμπλαστρα που ακούνε μόνο τους ατελής στεναγμούς των αστραφτερών οξέων. Μια κακοφωνία των νεύρων που κυματίζει μέσα απο την ύπαρξή μου, και οι ποικιλόμορφες θέσε ις των καλειδοσκοπικών τειχών αναπνέουν οράματα μέσα απο το εύγλωττο εγώ τους.

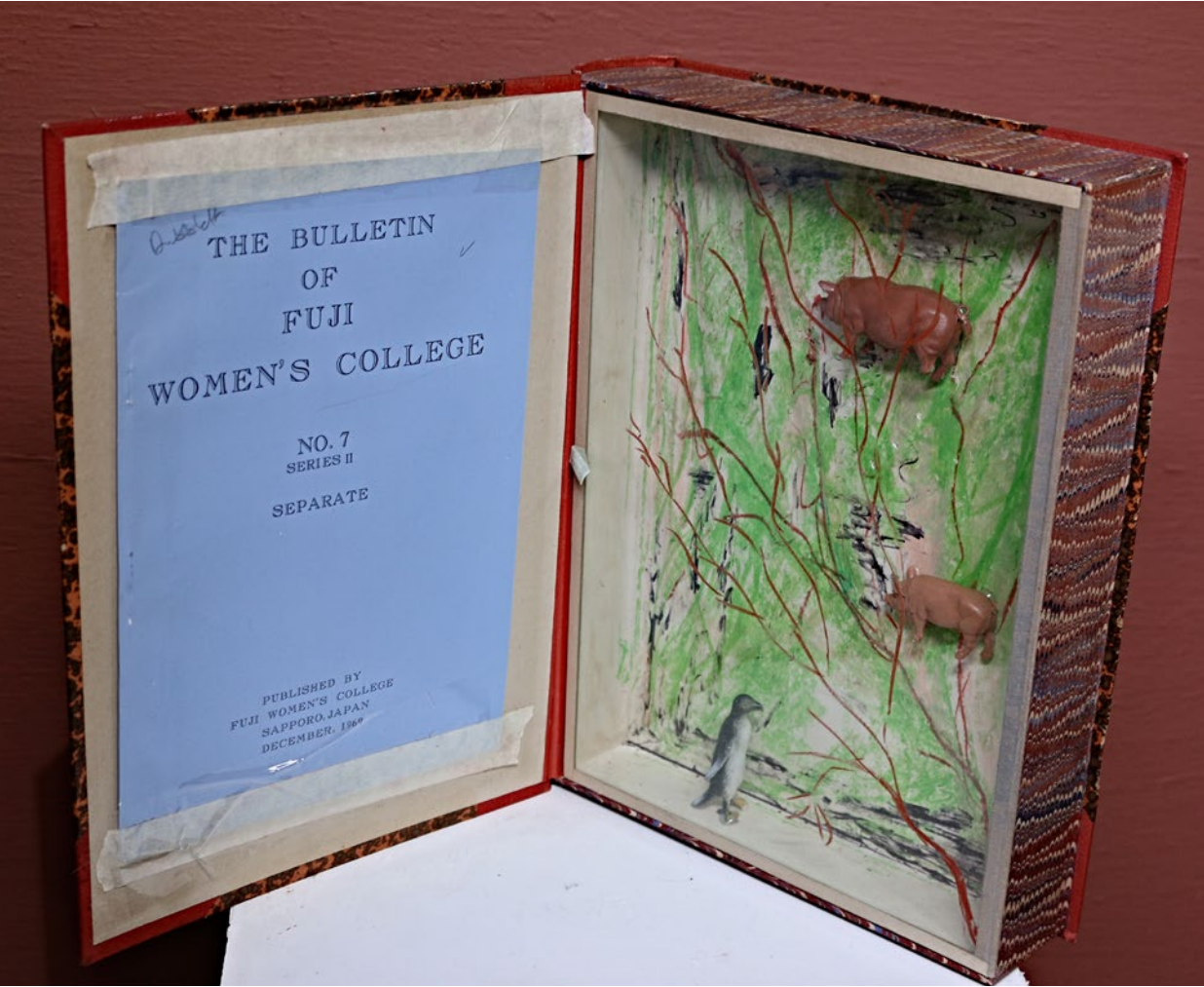
(Παράγραφος 1 Θ. Δ. Τυπάλδος Παράγραφος 2 Μαρία Α., Ιούλιος 2019)



Herr Tintenfisch checks the temperature of the oven



The pleasures of the intellect are also corporeal pleasures





A SKULL'S EPITAPH

by Joël Gayraud

Yes I bequeath you, my sovereign queen,
This hollow box open to the wind's fretting
Fit for both spiders and fatal forgetting
As it quietly laughs in its horror serene.
Under this skull my burning thoughts wavered,
The fervor of love that I once for you held
And the fire of passions that constantly swelled
When to me you refused your most secretive favors.
Now in the library, kept as a sample,
You will preserve it, this single example;
And when past this bookshelf you happen hover,
Pulling to bed some new and strange lover
As you offer your pleasures, then perhaps, as you linger,
You might then caress me with your gentle fingers.

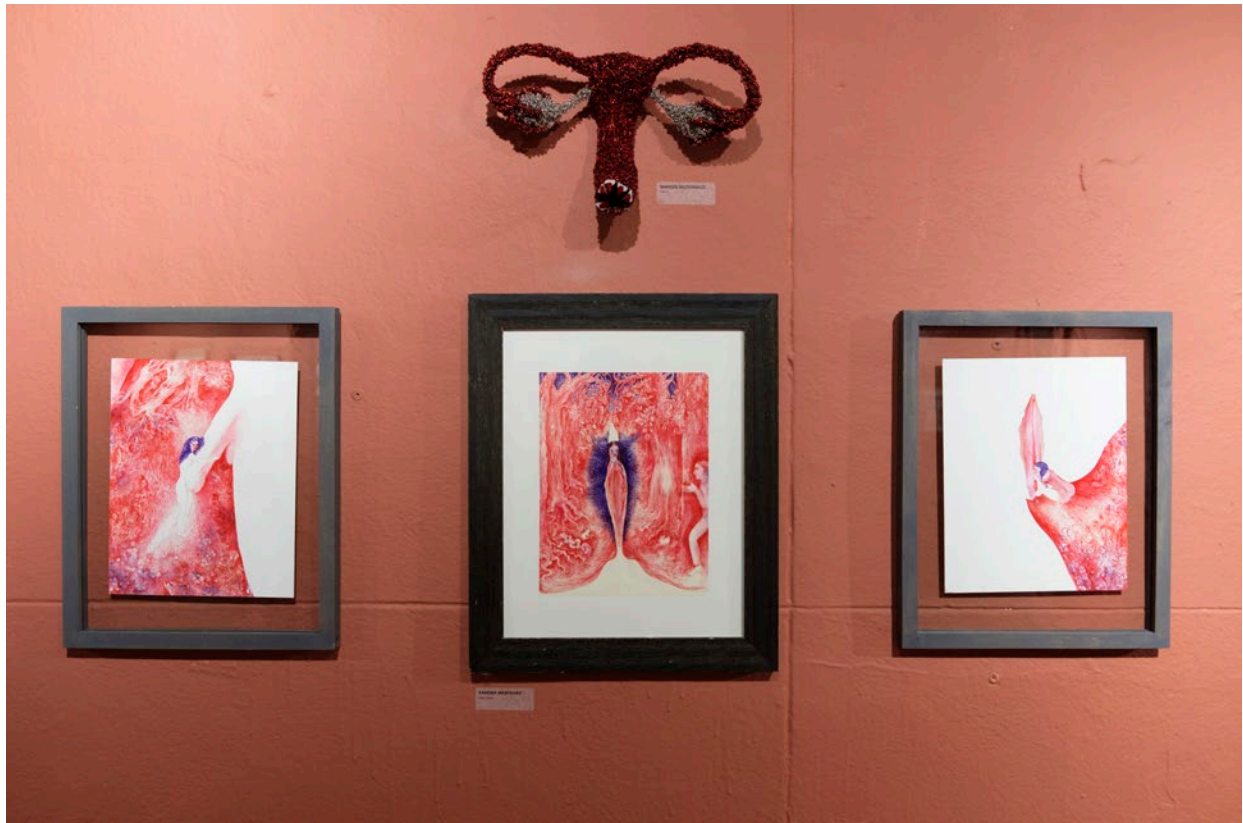
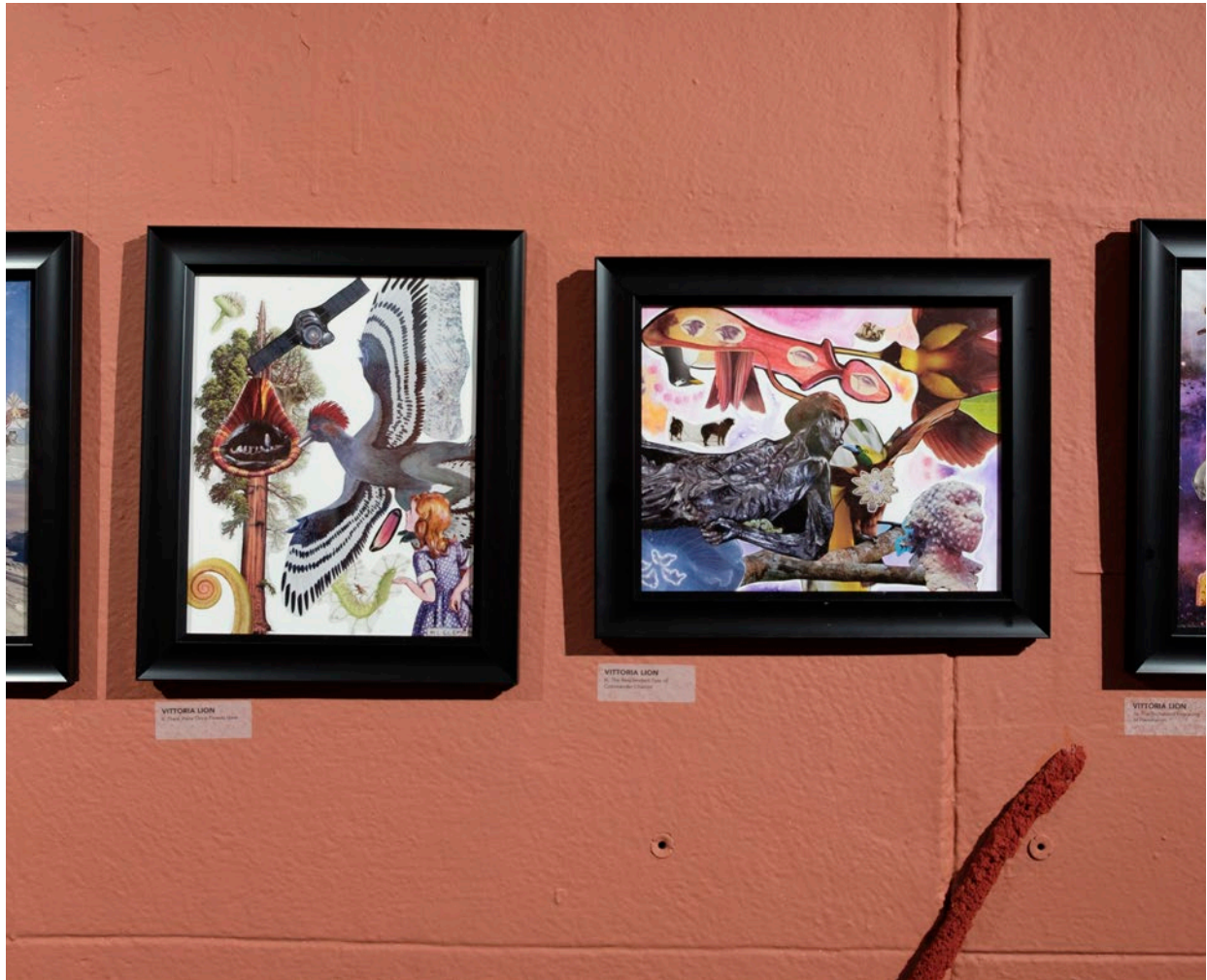
tr. by Jason Abdelhadi

BLASON DU CRÂNE

by Joël Gayraud

Oui, je veux vous léguer, maîtresse souveraine,
Cette boîte vacante ouverte aux vents coulis,
Propice à l'araignée comme aux fatals oublis
Et qui rit sourdement dans son horreur sereine.
Sous ce crâne ont brûlé des pensées inquiètes,
Les ferveurs de l'amour que je vous ai vouées
Et le feu des passions sans cesse rejouées
Quand vous m'abandonniez vos faveurs plus secrètes.
Dans la bibliothèque, à titre de relique,
Vous le conserverez, cet exemplaire unique;
Et quand vous passerez devant son étagère,
Entraînant vers le lit quelque nouvel amant
Offert à vos plaisirs, alors, distraitement,
Vous me caresserez de votre main légère.

There were once forests here...





JOURNEY TO THE HOLY-HAND

by Sa'ad Hassan

So indelicate!

From the TV downstairs, entomologists talk mastication and boilerplate-biology
as your penis matures to its second larval instar.

Islamic scholar: the pilgrim seeks the heart of the sacred

Your hand drifts towards your secret heart.

“Ya allah, such danger!” comes your father’s voice from downstairs
as the TV introduces him to the hunger of insects
and your hand blitzes the Maginot line of your pelvis.

Islamic scholar: The sacred stone must be circled seven times

Your hand makes its lubricated revolutions and you lose count.

The bedroom mirror wants no part of the scene,
and you prostrate it, and the portrait of your parents, face down
thinking, ‘turn-about is fair play.’

The Jains next-door sweep insects off their deck
with a neat flourish and murmur “compassion”
as passion reshapes your hand to a whirling dervish. The fine bristles
of your pubic hair polish your wrists.

Islamic scholar: the light of God shines upon the pilgrim

A sheen of sweat and slick globs glisten from your palm.

Holiness is no different than care;

So careful are your ministrations, so tender your anointments,

So indelicate your shaky gasps –

Somewhere a cicada shreds the seconds with its shrieking



"Goin' my way?"

Consider the the funny bone...





Eloquence comes in flesh and bone

THE BREASTS OF THE FAIRY

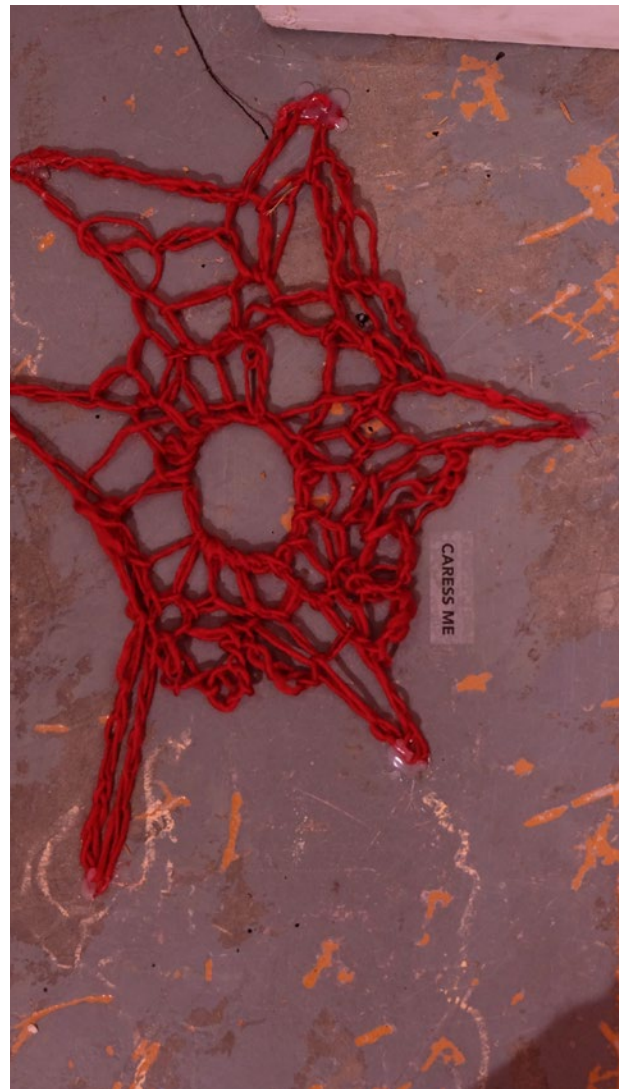
by Guy Girard

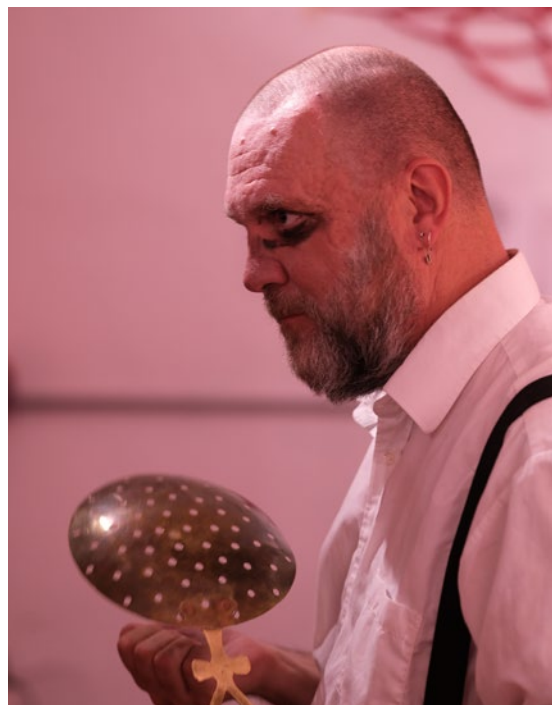
That night at the fountain the fairy
showed her breasts to the horseman
The night also later on showed its breasts
then the moon grass and the moon
which showed its hidden face
mirror with six udders of jade
The big oak showed her breasts
and the molehill between its roots
was already flooding the world with mole milk
The owl's nest up there showed its breasts
of feathers unloosed from their corset of shipwrecks
The stars all the stars showed their breasts
The whole milky way is laid bare
like colony of sea urchins
with hardened nipples against lightning
The long hair of the fairy unraveled
and smiling showed her breasts
Each strand was a pair of breasts
alert to the passing of a mage
still dazzled to have seen the breasts of the sun
The hair rose to greet the wind
who had breasts more beautiful than dust
its stubborn escort into eternity
Time in more than a thousand doors and windows
also showed its breasts a whole forest
to get lost in and guess at the meaning of love
The dream time that is the fairies' sex
expose without delay her unforgettable breasts
hourglasses in which the mercury snow of chance
rises and falls again and again
The skull of the fairy showed her crystal breasts
on which I thought I read a message
signed with the wing of a nightingale
before it fades under the breasts of the air
The brain of the fairy rose like a wave
or as a cloud of steam before the rainbow
Her two breasts are flush in the palm of dawn
Two breasts and dew
forever the beginning of the end of the world

LES SEINS DE LA FÉE

by Guy Girard

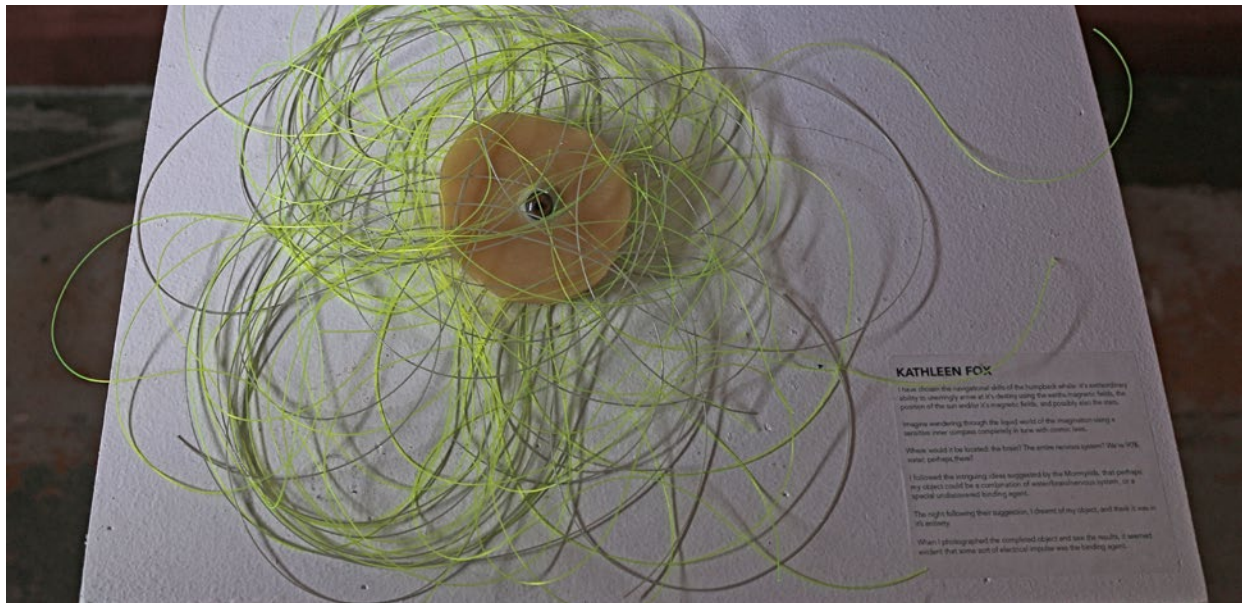
Ce soir-là à la fontaine la fée
montra ses seins au cavalier
La nuit aussi plus tard montra ses seins
puis l'herbe de lune et la lune
qui montra sa face cachée
miroir aux six mamelles de jade
Le grand chêne montra ses seins
et entre ses racines la taupinière
inondait déjà le monde de lait de taupe
Le nid du hibou là-haut montrait ses seins
de plumes dégagés de leur corset de naufrages
Les étoiles toutes les étoiles montrèrent leurs seins
Toute la voie lactée se dévoila
pareille à une colonie d'oursins
aux tétons durcis contre la foudre
La longue chevelure de la fée se dénoua
et montra ses seins en souriant
Chaque cheveu était une paire de seins
en alerte au passage d'un mage
encore ébloui d'avoir vu les seins du soleil
Les cheveux se soulevèrent pour saluer le vent
qui avait des seins plus beaux que la poussière
son escorte obstinée jusque dans l'éternité
Le temps en plus de mille portes et fenêtres
montra lui aussi ses seins toute une forêt
où se perdre et deviner le sens de l'amour
Le temps du rêve qui est le sexe des fées
dénuda sans tarder ses seins inoubliables
des sabliers dans lesquels s'élève et retombe sans cesse
la neige de mercure du hasard
Le crâne de la fée montra ses seins de cristal
sur lesquels j'ai cru lire un message
signé de l'aile d'un rossignol
avant qu'il ne s'efface sous les seins de l'air
Le cerveau de la fée se souleva comme une vague
ou comme un nuage de vapeur avant l'arc-en-ciel
Ses deux seins affleurèrent dans la paume de l'aube
Deux seins et la rosée
ce fut à tout jamais le début de la fin du monde





Unconscious rhythms of massage made manifest

Feel with your eyes, grind with your lashes



THE NAVIGATIONAL SKILLS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALE

by Kathleen Fox

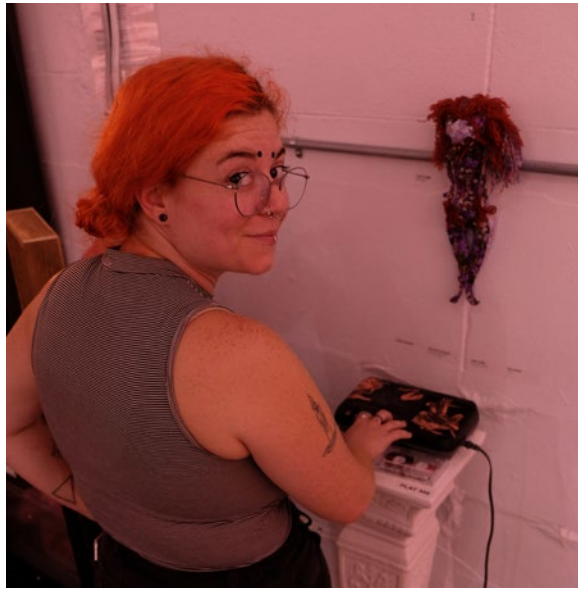
I have chosen the navigational skills of the humpback whale: it's extraordinary ability to unerringly arrive at it's destiny using the earth's magnetic fields, the position of the sun and/or it's magnetic fields, and possibly also the stars.

Imagine wandering through the liquid world of the imagination using a sensitive inner compass completely in tune with cosmic laws.

Where would it be located: the brain? The entire nervous system? We're 90% water, perhaps there?

I followed the intriguing ideas suggested by the Mormyrids, that perhaps my object could be a combination of water/brain/nervous system, or a special undiscovered binding agent.

The night following their suggestion, I dreamt of my object, and there it was in it's entirety. When I photographed the completed object and saw the results, it seemed evident that some sort of electrical impulse was the binding agent.





SOLAR PLEXUS (THE GORDIAN NODE)

by David Nadeau

An angel
in infiltration mission in the lower layers of the unconscious
His stylized ornamental arrows purify the human Astral

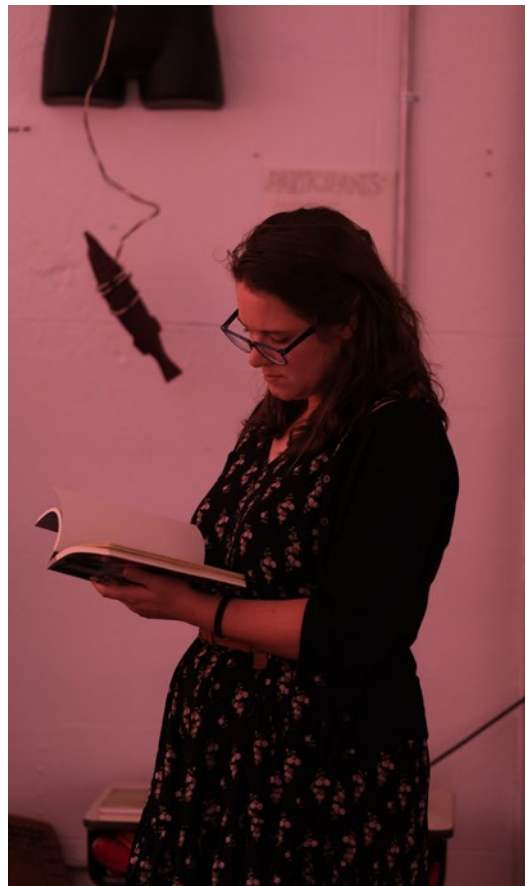
The tactile blazons wake up the emotional memory

THE OPTIC SKULL

by Craig Wilson

The optic nerve of internal sight is attuned to the “majestic and fertile river*” of primary process imagery that flows always through the mind. This skull is made of imagination alone. It’s my space-ship skull and its surface is constantly in motion. It appears here like a snapshot.
(*Lautreamont)





THE PHANTOM LIMB AS DYSMORPHIC CRITIC

by Jason Abdelhadi

“This foot’ he cried ‘will make a great headline’”.

-Gaston Leroux

“I’m haunted by the ghost of my entire body.”

-Cliff, Doom Patrol

One often feels things that aren’t there, but should be. One might even consider this a fundamental category of experience.

The phenomenon of the “phantom limb” is well-reported among amputees. An understanding at the level of nerves and sensation—to say bodies have thoughts here fits with striking Cartesian clarity. Whenever an interesting pathology is at hand, I make it a point of honor to consider it from the perspective of Breton and Eluard’s Immaculate Conception and ask whether there might not be some poetic potential or unexplored capacity for knowledge buried within the curious aberrance?

One starts to wonder if the ability to feel a phantom limb easily be extended—yes, perhaps every person has the potential to extend “feelers” throughout their body, and to pinpoint with frightening degree of poignancy where a “special something” might be missing. Fourier might have been exercising this capacity when he described the famous archibras tail. I often have a strange feeling that there should be an extra opposable “thumb” on my foot, for gripping. And then there is the wider dysmorphic community, including many people who feel a certain limb that they do have does not actually belong.

And indeed, sometimes it applies to bodies not our own, not even human. How many times has a person, when encountering a waterfall, been absolutely certain that on just the other side of the curtain lay fantastic realms of treasure and wonder? Or when childishly digging for treasure? Indeed one can make a very pertinent connection between the drive for some people to become “treasure hunters” and the concept of the “phantom limb”. One does not simply seek for a perceived lack, or for something one has had before. One pushes forward, like some Lamarckian Long John Silver, extending signals to unknown parts, hoping for a reaction.

Could this technique be exercised voluntarily for poetic purposes? The researcher has only to make a slight change to her already well attuned surrealist sense of observation. The notion of reception and recording is a primary one in surrealist activity. But there is no reason the emphasis cannot be placed at less experimentally on the ability to push outwards. It is a question of allowing the imagination to manifest itself in the physical existence of an actual sensing organ. To allow the actual sensory perception to correspond through analogical free-play with the functioning of thought. To focus magically on incarnation and

growth, and to be rigorously honest in recording the results. This could also mean relying on feeling and instinct to axiomatically declare where a treasure is, to make it necessarily so from a deep inner conviction confronting external phenomena. Or to make marking the X on the map one's business, in one's ignorance or illiteracy for a given situation. I think of "dowsing", or the great magical treasure hunting techniques of old, as found in the *Petit Albert* or *Le Poulet Noire* etc.

And one needs only to consider the profound relationship between the body-part and crime—the striking nature of the "missing limb" as the clue to the whole affair, the treasure-clue, to realize the necessity of butchery to the fixation of a narrative event. But also the cool capacity to analyze and prop the limb in question, to treat it simply as an algebraic variable or stand-in for the criminals themselves. This is a new kind of "metonymy"—a part for the whole, in literature, which extends much more convincingly into the real world through violent and strange dismemberment. So really, what we mean when we talk about sensational or gruesome crimes is the power of the severed limb to affect our memory. In classic memory theory, the palace is of course chock full of severed limbs of all sorts. A gallery of phantom limbs is a record of all the marvellous intellectual and imagistic crimes committed for the sake of remembering something profound. Or maybe, in case of a crime scene, it is the revelation of the phantom limb which makes things really memorable in the first place.

In today's environment of technological capture the surrealist critique needs to "embody" itself in a new way. Rather than pursuing the classic technique of assembling and interpreting disparate parts of the body as a single whole, we have proposed a "dysmorphic-critical" method. We want to problematize the parts we already have, question them, drive them apart, and see precisely, when the fragments are re-assembled, which pieces of Humpy-Osiris don't come back together again.

It's in the parts that resist the cohesion of the whole that we hope to see the potential for a new bodily-poetic departure.

What would a methodology of "dysmorphic criticism" look like? One starts with the chalk outline of the body, as it were, *habeas corpus*. We then use the supposed "whole" of the body itself against itself by doing a geographical or topographical assessment. As a child delights in noticing the puzzle-piece fit between Africa and South America, so too must we be on the lookout for breaks, fissures, inexplicable missing pieces, potential crevices and corners that are supposed to attach somewhere else. Intuition, hypnagogic assessment and dreams can play a role in extending the use of certain limbs. Once the area of trauma has been designated, it is then up to us to outline the phantom itself. What are its characteristics? Why did it go missing? What does it do now, in its detached life? Is it on display, or in an evidence locker? One understands that this procedure can be applied to all of reality itself, and any of its component parts. A true form of poetic body modification, we extend the capacities of our flesh to feel for the new onto any aspect of the world.

Who is that magus in the mirror?



Intimate concerto by the chicken thigh orchestra





MEGAN LEACH

THE HOMUNCULUS WHO GROWS OUR HAIR AND NAILS - COMMENTS ON AN OBJECT

by Ottawa Surrealist Group

“The human body consists of innumerable little human bodies.”

-Homoiomereia of Anaxagoras

Our object started with an impulse from L to chase down a luscious thicket of hair. The four of us assembled at a thrift store to catch what we could. We assembled a strange menagerie of objects which actually seemed to fit together quite naturally. We formed a monster, which we then proceeded to interpret.

1. The farmer’s body grew a bee for a head and becomes the beekeeper.
2. With the strange insert shaped like a cod-piece the beekeeper begins to wear a chastity belt.
3. The giant golden key is what unlocks the belt. “Found” keys with no locks will be hung on the giant key. These can be inserted into the codpiece.
4. The holder of the key is the beekeeper’s keykeeper.
5. The circular halo containing the palm tree is a sigil that depicts the beekeeper’s myth as prophecy.
6. The bee is fuzzy but also has a stinger, which is analogically linked to the growing of nails.

During our hunt, SH was also distracted by a copy of the *Gashlycrumb Tinies* which he proceeded to read aloud. This led to a discussion about violence in children’s literature which later blossomed into a realization that the creature we had assembled was strikingly similar to Hoffman’s *Struwelpeter*. This demonic little boy expresses the exact riddle our object depicts, namely the demonic capacity to grow hair and nails. It incarnates a very strange nexus of childhood revolt, body horror, buffoonery and at the same time a kind of beautiful naturalist enjoyment of the body’s own extreme tendencies. A reversion to a violent wilderness in the heart of the bourgeois home.

On the topic of nails, it’s worth considering Ferenczi, who says in his *Thalassa*, Ferenczi says that the tendency for animals of all kinds to pull, scratch, detach, castrate etc. at themselves have roots, psychoanalytically, in the theory of genitality. Here the unpleasure of the body is gathered up into specific spots and expelled (Thalassa, tr. Bunker, 28). So it is possible to in see the capacity for the growth of “unpleasure” hotspots, like the nails and hair of the dirty boy, as a magnificent and convoluted flowering of eroticism in all its strangeness. PP was

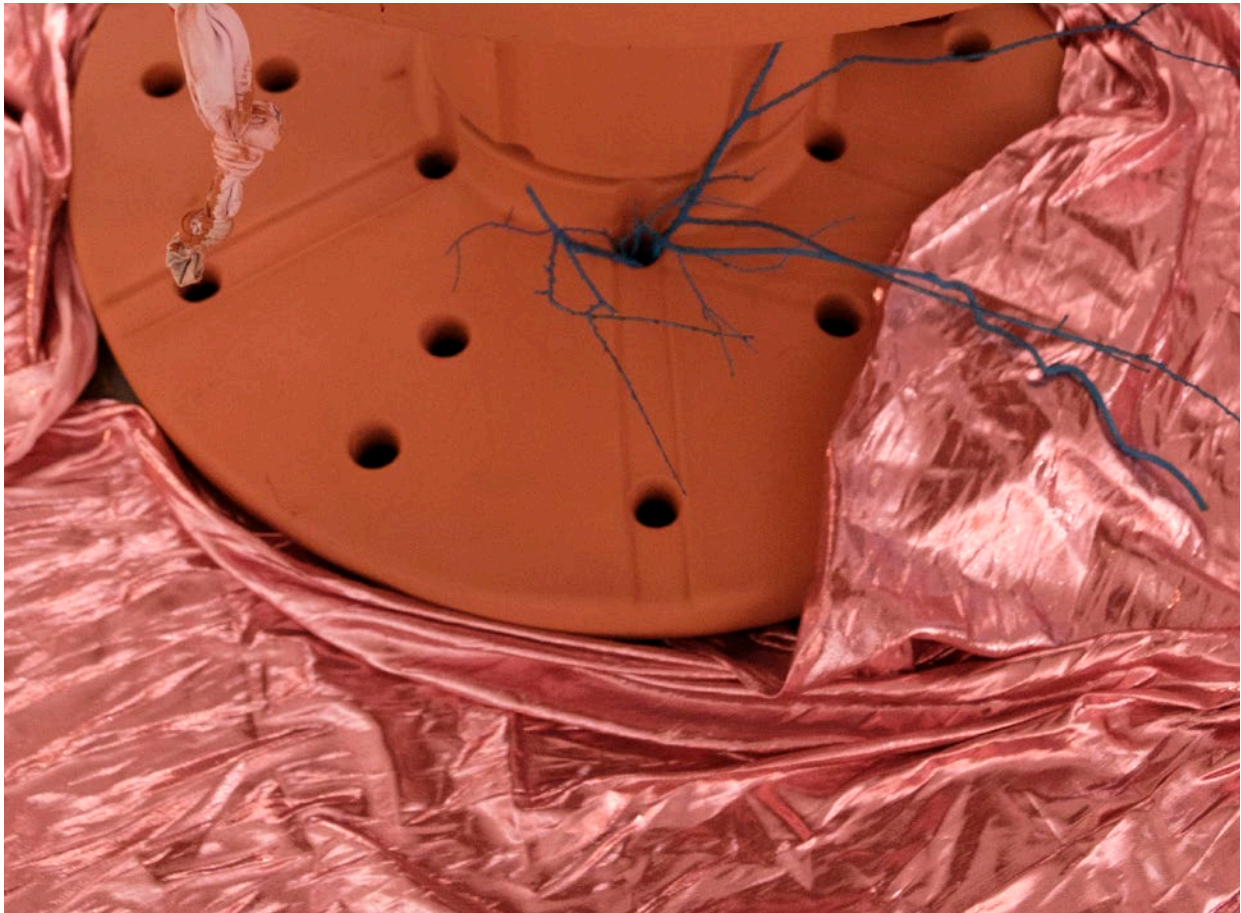
able to capture the final symbiosis of the homunculus and its new growth capabilities in his drawing, glued to the back of the object container.

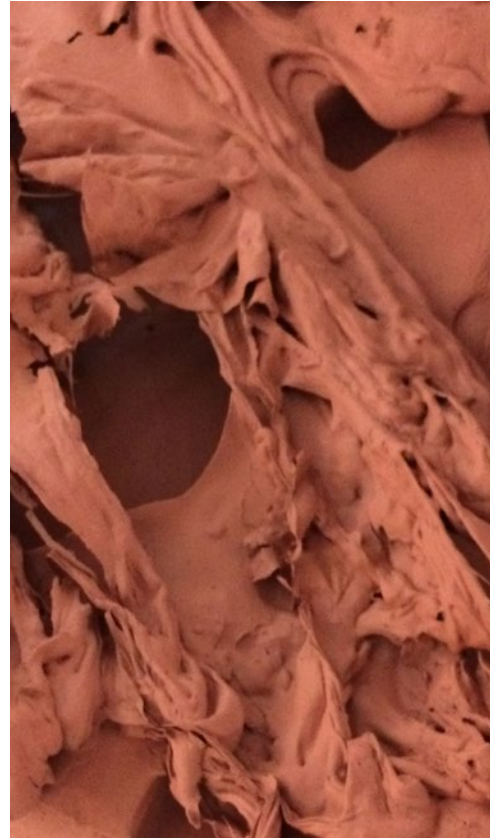
The final assembly of the object strove to incarnate PP's outline. Feathers were added as a stand-in for hair, and the aggressive looking nails of the beekeeper were expressed through the addition of sewing needles. A slit was made in the chastity belt so that anybody could insert their "keys" into the lock and see if they might find what they have always been looking for.

*Jason Abdelhadi, Sa'ad Hassan, Lake, Patrick Provonost
Ottawa Surrealist Group, April-July 2019*



Interlude





Material projection of an umbilical extension



Ecstatic mechanism for questions and answers



My veins are not ladders for you to climb on



Listen at <https://soundcloud.com/peculiar-mormyrid/>

SHOPPING FOR A FACE AS SEEN IN A DREAM

by Sebastián Jiménez Galindo

At a reasonable distance
between your right eye and its murky counterpart
tiger lilies bloom in atypical postures
that make you think about the sex life of other people
and above everything else,
the way it would look
through the eye of a needle.

The face is a critical organ
In the process of identifying, recognizing,
naming and testing a metaphor
for all the things you'd like to be
when you're bored.

How to unmake the face?
Try to sleep with a smartphone under your pillow
and listen to what it whispers to your unconscious while you dream.
Ask yourself: "What is the next thought
What will come clouding my mind?
Do I recognize this face, my face?
Is it necessary that I donate more sperm
or go out to meet singles in my area?"

Turn off the modem, cut the power
and go outside to stare at a plant
for thirty minutes.

Find a hole infested with fragile words
like amazing tricks from a bloodsucking tick,
and remember all the quiet baths
you wish you had disintegrated in.

Listen to the all-purpose, multifaceted flowers
and their funnel-shaped tongues,
as they discuss with bare sounds
the dangers of shopping for a face
as seen in a dream.

COMPRAR UN ROSTRO VISTO PRIMERO EN UN SUEÑO

by Sebastián Jiménez Galindo

A una distancia razonable
entre tu ojo derecho y su contraparte turbia,
florecen lirios de tigre en posiciones atípicas
que te hacen pensar en la vida sexual de otras personas
y más que cualquier otra cosa,
en cómo se verían
a través del ojo de una aguja.

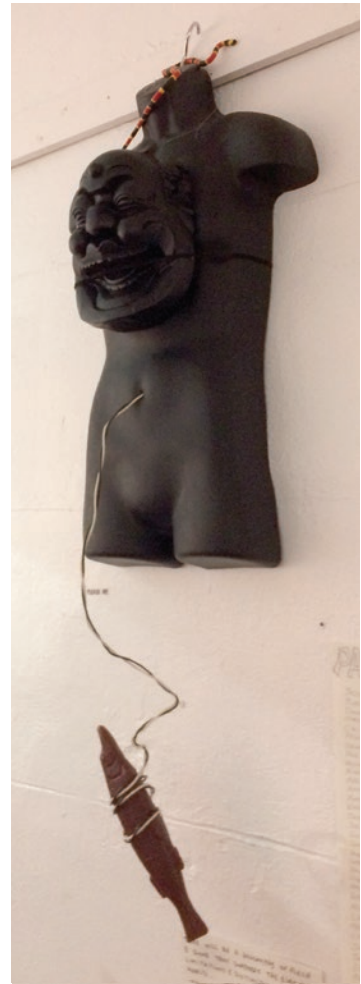
El rostro es un órgano crítico
en el proceso de identificar, reconocer,
nombrar y ensayar una metáfora
para todas las cosas que quisieras ser
cuando estás aburrido.

¿Cómo deshacerse del rostro?
Intente dormir con el celular bajo la almohada
y escuche lo que le susurra al inconsciente mientras sueña.
Pregúntese: “¿Cuál es el siguiente pensamiento
que vendrá a nublar mi mente?
¿Reconozco este rostro, mi rostro?
¿Necesito realmente donar más esperma
o salir a conocer solteros en mi área?”

Apague el módem, corte la corriente
y salga a mirar una planta
por treinta minutos.

Encuentre un agujero infestado de palabras frágiles
como alucinantes trucos de una garrapata chupa sangre
y haga memoria de todos los baños tranquilos
en los que le hubiera gustado deshacerse.

Escuche las flores versátiles
y sus lenguas en forma de embudo
que discuten con frases cortas
los riesgos de comprar un rostro
visto primero en un sueño.





Private View: Self-Portrait (Long Hair)



**ODY SABAN AND
THOMAS MORDANT'S
INVOLUNTARY FIRST
CONTRIBUTION TO
"POLYMORPH BODYSHOP,
A SURREALIST GAME
AND EXHIBITION."**

Recent tactile experiences with the splendidly sweet and pink parts of trees, far removed from their primary functions.

On April 12, 2019, just before receiving your email and the news of your game-exhibition, I lingered in a very small public garden where young people from North Africa gather. There was a beautiful tree, part of which was a sphere of pink petals. The tree was otherwise surrounded by a disc of similar petals. I asked two young Magrebi-ans to get me a branch of this tree. But before I left the little garden the petals of the flowering branch that one of these young people had offered me was spreading a path of petals behind me on the ground. What surprised me was that on April 15, Thomas had an experience that overlapped with mine in several ways that I did not tell him about. II had before told him about your game-exhibition project on the phone (we have been for a few days apart at a distance of 500 km).

As he was walking on a small winding path between swamps he saw a very beautiful tree about 4 meters in height (like mine) of which about a hundred golden leaves swirled around the trunk in a regular way, well attached to the branches. These golden leaves had taken on, with the setting of the sun, an entirely pink color, though very pale. He was astonished at this color, which he had trouble explaining, because another tree of the same species, just next to it, ostensibly kept its golden color. Thomas circled the tree whose leaves took on the strange, diverse and unusual shapes. He wondered if he might bring a part of the body of this tree home, but it was impossible or at least uninteresting because the leaves would have fallen and in any case they would not have been pink any more. He had, however, caressed part of these leaves for a long time, taking care that they do not fall.

This is how Thomas and I made two new friends (parcels of plants of a comparatively similar quality). In both cases, they were organs of trees, pink in appearance, having lost their initial function (chlorophyllian or reproductive). However, it cannot be said that these organs have lost all ecological functions, far from it. They probably still have a lot, whether nature has planned it or not. For us, these organs have a visual function, a tactile function and a charming function. They also formed a subtle and new connection between us at a distance.

Ody Saban, after a telephone conversation with Thomas Mordant: I wrote this in pen before going to bed.

Paris April 16, 2019 at 1:27







MAGICAL TACTILE PLACENTA BOOK OBJECT

by Ody Saban

Paris, June 2019

In 2012 I sewed for my little girl Victoire her first stuffed dodous (teddys): rattles in fabrics with rice seeds inside. In 2019, I started to create a tactile book object with these stuffed doudous (teddys). I added in the same fabric object, a doll, also in fabric, representing a mother with her baby on her back, from the forest of the Lacandon Indians of Chiapas, a gift from Michael Löwy. Michael has the habit of often offering us objects that he brings back from his multiple journeys. My desire was to slowly gather blankets that I had sewn for Victoire and create with several tactile books to offer her as a souvenir of her early childhood.

At the moment I created this book object, I received the invitation of my U.S. friends, Peculiar Mormyrid, to play a collective game and exhibit at the collective surrealist event “Polymorph Bodyshop”.

My friends asked me to choose an organ. So I chose without hesitation, that this object would be the “Placenta” organ. The object, symbolically, was not only tactile but tactful, because it was ephemeral; it was about to be born, to give birth and then disappear. A magical organ. It was born by the love of a man and a woman to birth a baby. A creation of an organ for love. “Get out of your placenta, get out, otherwise it’s your death” hummed in my ears, sentence of Françoise Dolto that Thomas Mordant and I had integrated in our text “The feminine”, in the early 90s.

While I was in the middle of embroidering the word “Placenta” on the organ, my friend the psychoanalyst Tamara Landau offered me her book that had just been published, *Delivering and Giving Birth, Dialogues and Separations During Pregnancy* by Imago editions.

This book opened my eyes and I was thrilled about the idea that there is a memory of the experiences lived by the embryo and the fetus and, more generally, a memory of all the metamorphoses that have taken place during pregnancy. And after each metamorphosis, like that of the embryo that becomes fetus, the work of mourning must be done. Tamara talks a lot about the placenta in her book. She thinks there is an intergenerational transmission of the memory of the unconscious body’s image between the grandmother, the fetus and the mother. She calls this process “the inverted tree” following the drawings of patients. According to this hypothesis, the fetus transmits the memory of the grandmother to the mother as well as the mother’s own memory to the fetus through the placenta.

All of us carry a memory of this first placental link. This memory is in our unconscious and it reveals itself through our dreams and our symptoms. In the dormant state of the fetus, which lasts for seven months (a state that is neither sleep nor sleep) there are already the formation of thoughts in images and colors. This precedes the formation of the dream, which takes place only during the eighth month. The olfactory system produces colorful images because it connects all sensory modalities (vision, hearing, smell). Thus the fetus can

transmit dreams to the mother or vice versa through placental communication; we sometimes see mothers and children who are both adults that have the same dream at the same time. Thus, can assume that following the process of the inverted tree, the placental link is the unconscious communication mother-fetus.

This book is a source of inspiration for surrealism, concerning men and women, because the primordial notions of surrealism, of sharing, gifts, mad love, dreams, and chance are also present in the ideas expressed by Tamara Landau in her book.

After having practiced the work of Mordyssabath which is a fusion work created by two but with a single name, an invented character called "Mordyssabath", born from the fusion of the work, is very close to the idea that Tamara proposes to us.

The role of the placenta as an organ, one for two, is superimposed, it is picked up, it is complete. Like the embryo, the fetus and finally the baby, the work of Mordyssabath is accomplished during its creation through complete metamorphosis through fusion and birth.

These chances filled me with full joy in my universe. The whole in its entirety has taken on a magical meaning.

Writings embroidered and written in black felt on and in the PLACENTA book-object

Desire of. Placenta.

Signifiant of the father's name.

Umbilicus of the fetus dream.

The origin of the dream is the mother. Umbilicus of the world.

Communal skin.

To repress (original repression) the fusional experience of the primitive placental bond.

Doudous (Teddys) of Victoire.

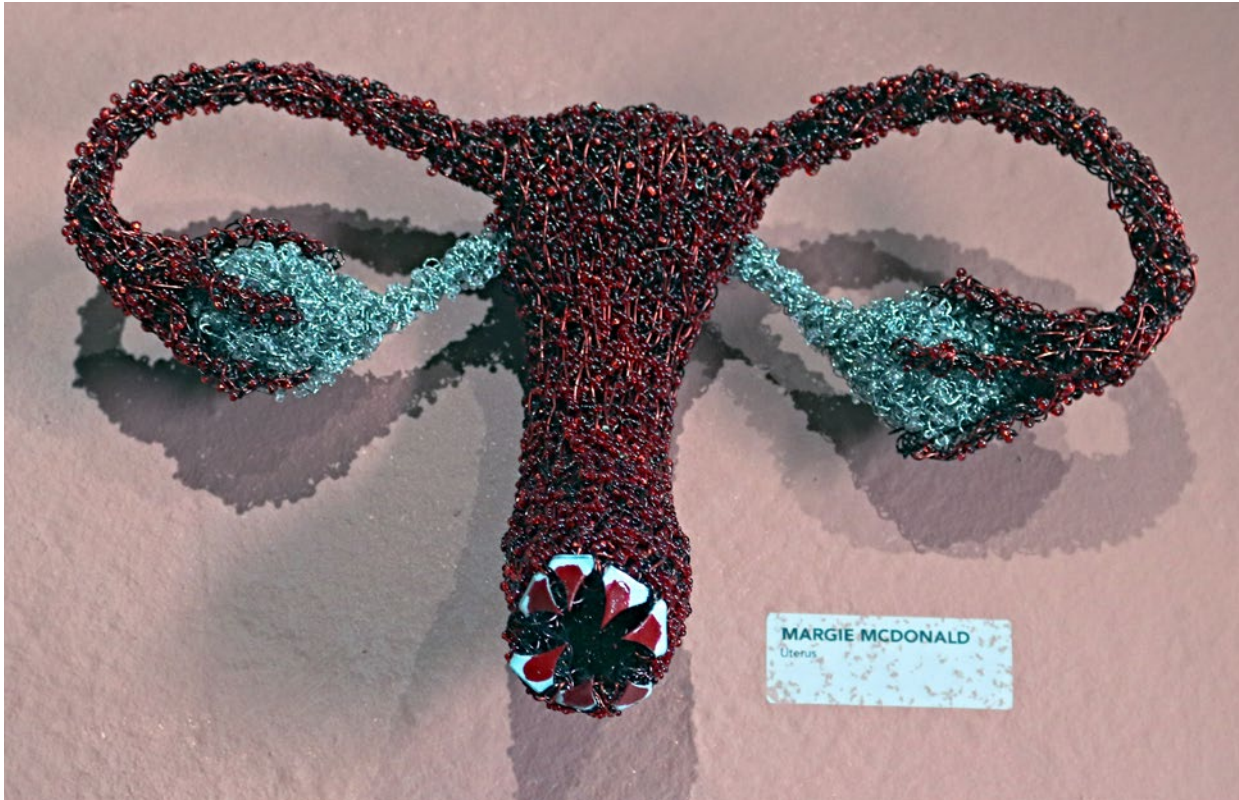
Shared oceanic jouissance.

Berishite (in the beginning).

Kous (sex of the woman). Black hole. Fusion. 3 generations. Metamorphosis. Lived from collapse. Separation. Sound. Born. Repression. Snatch. Death of Placenta.

Mourning. Ody. 2019

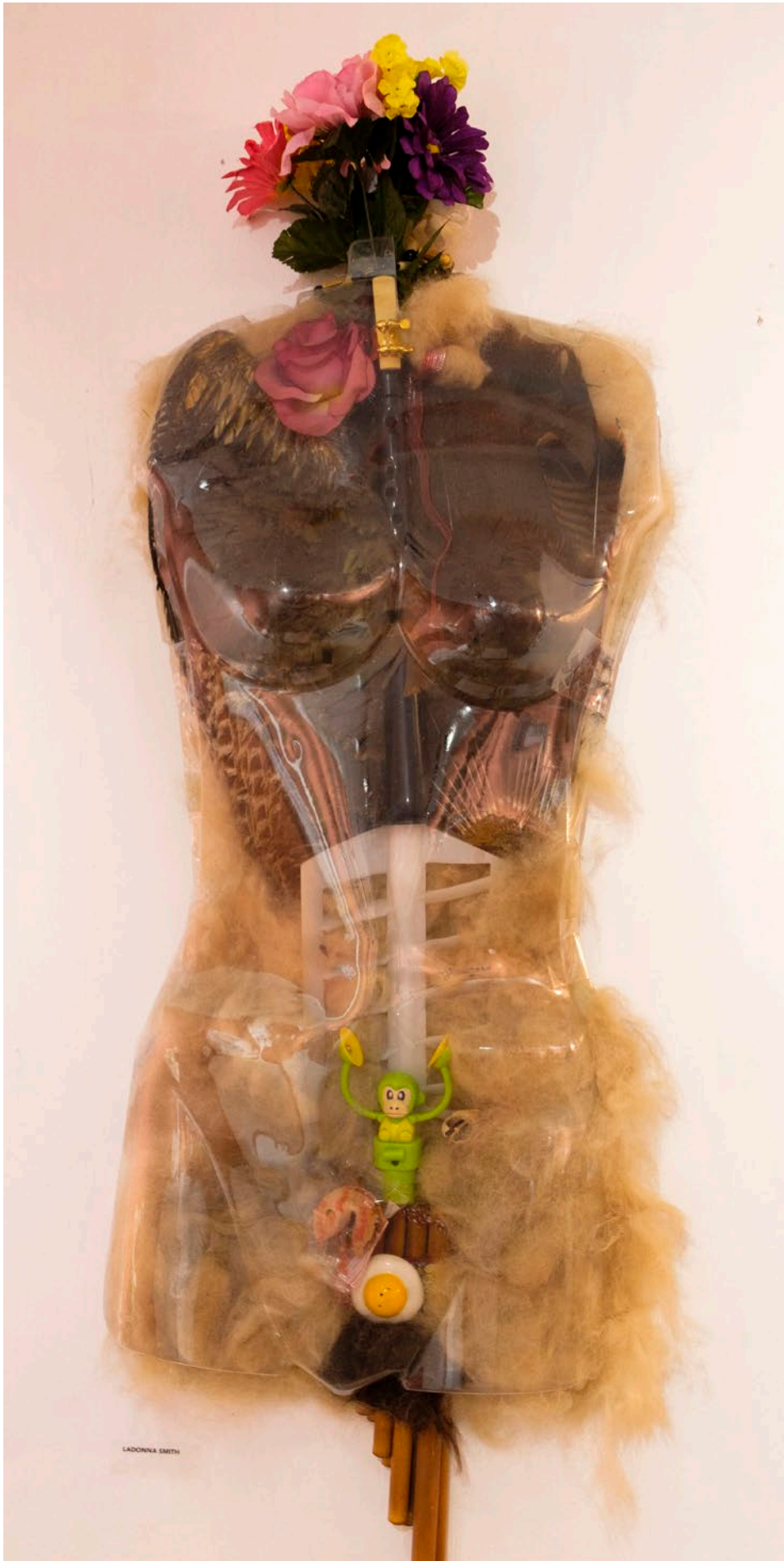
A child if, if I want.





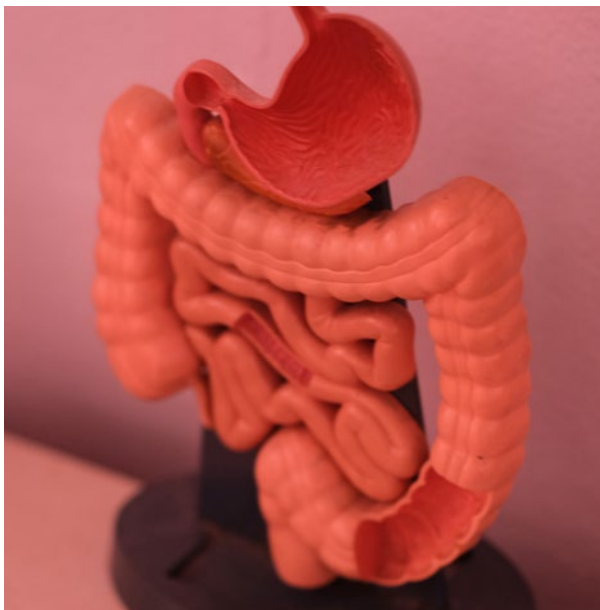
LADONNA SMITH

SMELL ME



LADONNA SMITH

Feet are for flying





BEATING IN THE FACE OF THE WEATHERS

by Mattias Forshage

Beating in the face of the weathers

Turn me around to a torchlight procession
if the world depicts the situation of the trail
west if the wind would be rising
partly concealed in the grinder of weathers
and if these swords carefully depict the situation of the year
standing on the pale greeting of the diurnal
soft fur of quiet forest edges
between trunks faint echoes still slithering
words whispered wobbling still stuttering
still loops blowing through the fur of the moss
still this view of the world is hoping to depict the situation of the wound

chiming on a stale doll one and the same hour of the day
those two hours that will occur when the portal is opened for the western wind

and for the frail calm in the peephole when it already blew through
and to be able to find again one's lost pipe in the darkness on a bed of glass
loose ends fluttering in the wind like on a mummy
there was still some snow left we should have submitted our requests earlier
and we should have caught something to eat if the following days are going to be difficult
such as one's mirror image and a flock of baboons and whirls of wind
it wasn't possible to swim in those very civil clothes
or in this very civilised weather

the crossbow which is being pulled
a feather as vigilant as the gaze trailing those who wake up and moving towards the desert
if that triumph arc is a lyre then the strings running across it are razorsharp
and the mild cobblestones on the other side may be potatoes
remain out of reach and the meadow is shifting colours
the trap pans are being set out and admittedly dawn is poisoned
no ships to embark upon and sail away no not here
a drastic handicraft for bloodied fingers but not now as the audience is gathering
that beautiful crushed rock that extends the elastic purple curtain
and keeps blinking and trying the jointed jaw
since now the unfettered wind will be sneaking out
and it is imperative to remember the position of body parts
and the absence of scattered objects that haven't yet been left here
here where this window is being kept open towards the forest edge
every single time that the doll opens its eyes









FIG. I.



FIG. LV.

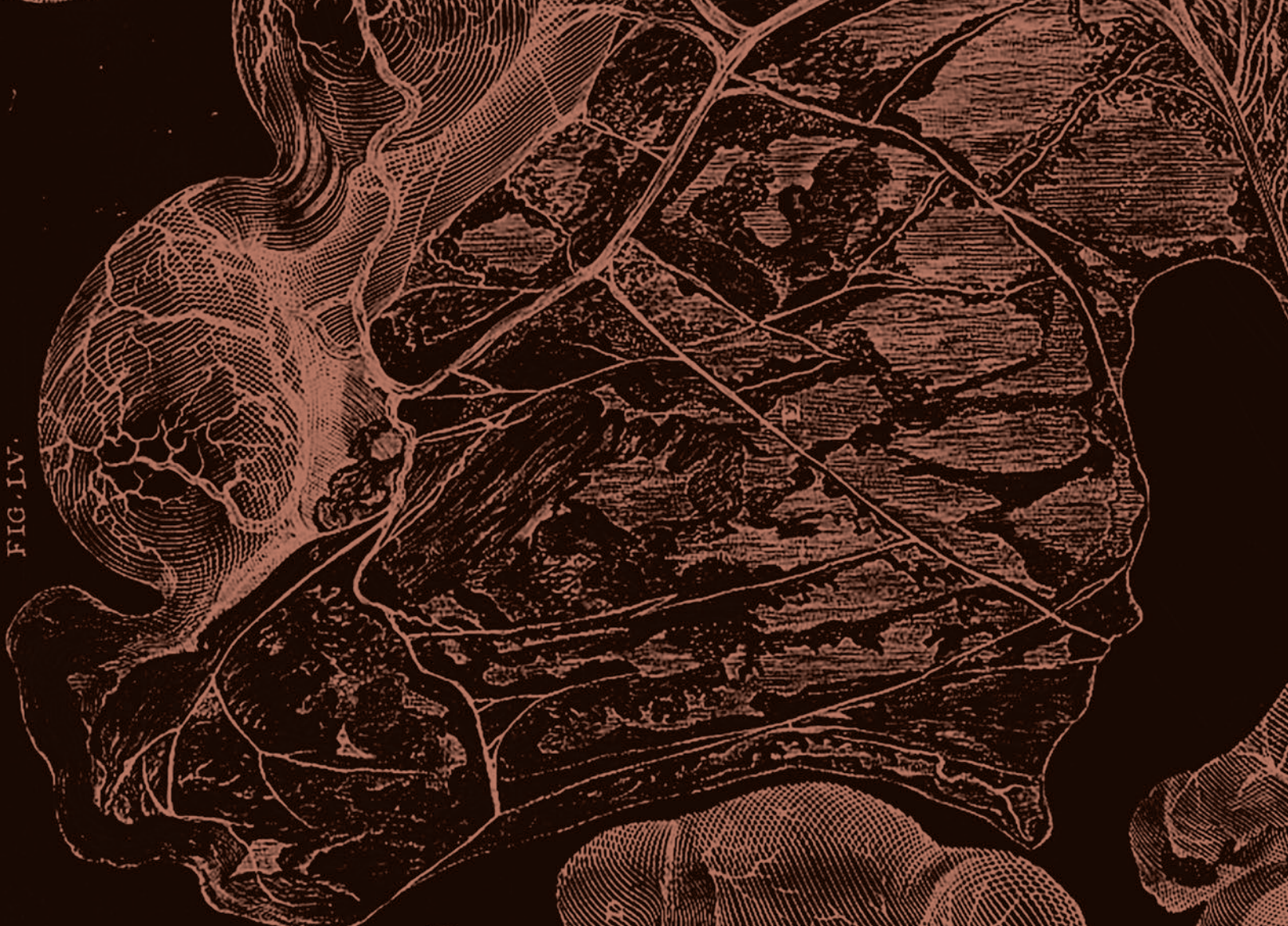


FIG. LVI.





CHASING THE HOMUNCULUS

*How the newly liberated bodyparts came to follow
the players on the streets and in the shadows.*

FIG · I · IX ·



FIG · LVIII ·



Simple or non-ruminant
STOMACH.



Fig. 6.

DAY OF THE HUMERUS

(to be played on
or around September 7)

There is a bone that is pointing the way today.
Find the pointer in your city.
What is it pointing towards?

JUAN CARLOS OTAÑO

Rio de la Plata Surrealist Group

There is a sculptural group in Buenos Aires. It seems calcified and looks towards the Rio de la Plata or River Plate. There, on a pedestal that features a cliff (perhaps a Norwegian fjord), looking in the direction of the muddy waters, a sculptural ensemble rises that challenges in terms of its quality of creepy with everything that could be offered in this specialty. Arranged symmetrically on both sides and on a lower level, there are some “allegorical” figures: a man in a state of ecstasy, with his naked torso and a hand resting on the back of his neck, and a woman raising his son to the sky in a pain gesture. On the cusp of this promontory, dressed in a wind-stirred frock coat, the character, physically squalid, advances and raises his forearm (in an attitude of grief and tension at the same time), as if he wanted to represent a titanic struggle that he was engaging against Destiny or the Elements. And curious spots of urine or rust, of a yellowish green color, splashed frontally, just as if an indignant and disdainful painter had thrown a brush stroke at him. This pathetic gesture of wanting to protect him from some infamous stigma, the signs of the splash, the scandalous complaint that the group seems to announce, and its directionality, made me imagine that one morning it could have risen, emerged from the depths of the river, between fogs, a giant fly - of the “carnifex” genus - which, after a rapid exchange of expletives, would have ended up throwing a filth at him.



STEVE MORRISON

When the Great Toreador Heliogabalus donned his obsidian diving suit, descended to the bottom of the Indian Ocean, and plunged his rapier into the Earth's heart, the blade was nineteen inches longer than Earth's diameter and so the tip (stained with molten orange blood) arose from the soil in the southeastern part of North America, where I witnessed it today. It points towards the constellation Scombrus.



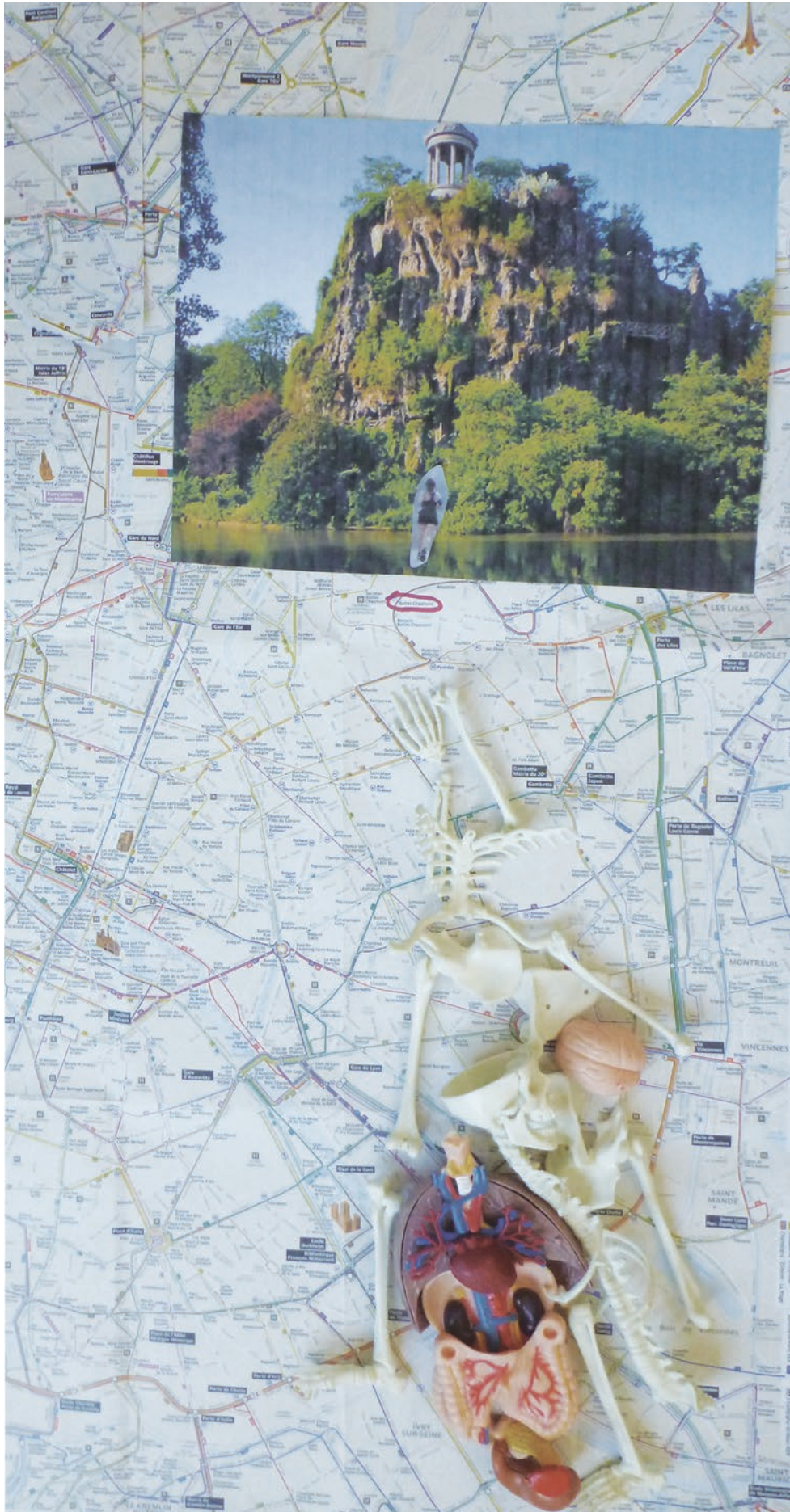
ODY SABAN

A Humerus bone points to the Parc des Buttes-Chaumont in Paris.

On March 18, 2019 around 17h I run in the street of Montreuil which is located in the 20th arrondissement of Paris, with fresh eggs in my bag that I had to buy at the organic store “Naturalia”. I followed “Avron street” then and I entered onto “Planchat street.” I ran on the sidewalk with all my strength and behind me, a friend of the neighborhood, Martine Lequenne the surreal collagist, wife of Michel Lequenne the Parisian surrealist, followed me also, in order to catch me. We played cat and mouse. I felt like I was training for a marathon. She was almost going to catch me a little in front of the restaurant “Fleur d’Asie”. So I decided to go across the street but I stumbled against the sidewalk in front of the restaurant “Fleur d’Asie”, fallen with all the energy of the weight of the race on the road. The cars stopped. I felt right away that my left arm (I am right-handed) was no longer working, I could not feel it anymore and I could not lift it anymore. I felt that my arm and my shoulder were no longer coordinated, a very weird sensation that continued to be felt until a month after the operation. I tried to lift my arm but it did not obey me anymore. I was no longer a flying bird or a mouse. I was no longer a bird that flew away, nor the mouse. Firefighters arrived to take me to the hospital and I was operated on March 19 at 8 pm by the surgeon Mamane William, by coincidence a teacher of my little cousin who is also an orthopedic surgeon near Paris. Mamane entered my body at the level of the humeral head because my humerus broke into pieces and stuck the pieces with a long nail and screw.

The strangeness is that not long ago, Michel Lequenne had also fallen and was treated in 2019 in the same establishment after the operation, “Clinalliance Buttes-Chaumont”, where I treat my humerus every day with physiotherapists and where I cross part of Buttes-Chaumont Park to arrive at the “Clinalliance Buttes-Chaumont”. On my way, close to “Clinalliance’ there is a “Naturalia” organic shop where I buy three eggs each day and I play at catching them with my left hand throwing them in the air. I use my left hand as well as my right hand. Today I am left-handed and right-handed at the same time.

According to this truthful story I decided that for me, in the game of “Humerus Day”, the Humerus points to “Planchat Street” from Buttes-Chaumont park.



PAUL COWDELL

Led by a bone.

Neither Merl Fluin nor I had found evidence of a humerus, specifically, or a bone more generally, on 7th September. Two days later we went to London to meet two people we'd not previously met, Penelope Rosemont and Frank Wright.

Arriving early, we strolled aimlessly around sidestreets and squares near PR's hotel. In one quiet square we passed a woman on her mobile. She was explaining that 'I broke my upper arm. My upper arm. It's the humerus'.

This was clearly our instruction to head off to our appointment.

WEDGWOOD STEVENTON

Hello, the bone is balanced on a thin wire. No matter what the wind direction it always points North east towards an open area of the City. A flat ground, no vegetation. Roughly 50 yards square. Here a tower will be built from the top of which it will be possible to view uninterrupted the North and South poles by day and the Aurora Borealis and the Aurora Australis by night.

DAVID NADEAU



Constitution Lake, Atlanta, Sept 7th 2019.

JA, CC, SC, MF, ML, SM follow multiple pointers including on the famous doll's head trail. Some signs stand still, allow their portrait to be taken or are retained in a forcedly self-contained circulation, others keep changing the compass including numerous dragonflies, two yellow-bellied watersnakes, and a hammerhead worm.







DAY OF THE PLASM

(to be played on
or around September 12)

What's building up today?

Keep an eye out for a strange accumulation.

What happens when it bursts?

DOWNTOWN ATLANTA

Players: Jason Abdelhadi, Casi Cline, Steven Cline, Aaron Dylan Kearns, Megan Leach

What was accumulating? We decided to mimic a gathering function of some unknown cluster of bodily cells. In our walk we would pick up as much as possible, everything that stood out or called to us in our activated state. We had no clear conception what we would have assembled by the end. The walk took itself on four distinct atmospheric phases.

Downtown Atlanta / Peachtree

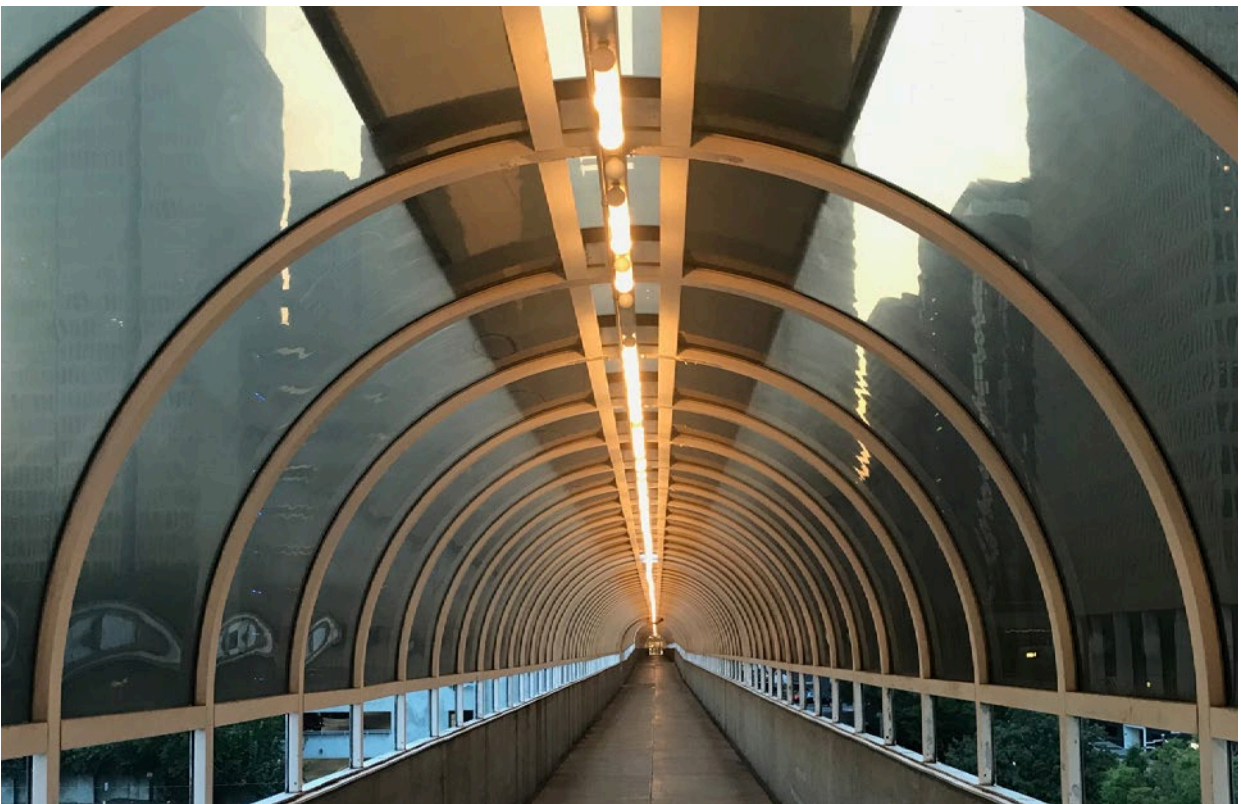
We began with the intention to accumulate as much as possible. Were we cleaning up? Were we treasure hunting? Very soon our cells started specializing: ML made a note of encountered objects. ADK took video. JA, CC and SC gathered up objects, pointed, and took photos. Here we let the dusk push us along the streets, and pretty soon we were already loaded down with ridiculous items: a miniature concrete temple, a fake plastic gold coin, a glove, a plant leaf. Wires stick out from the bottom of lamps like exposed veins. A scrambled bit of writing on a discarded advertisement: “people people people...”

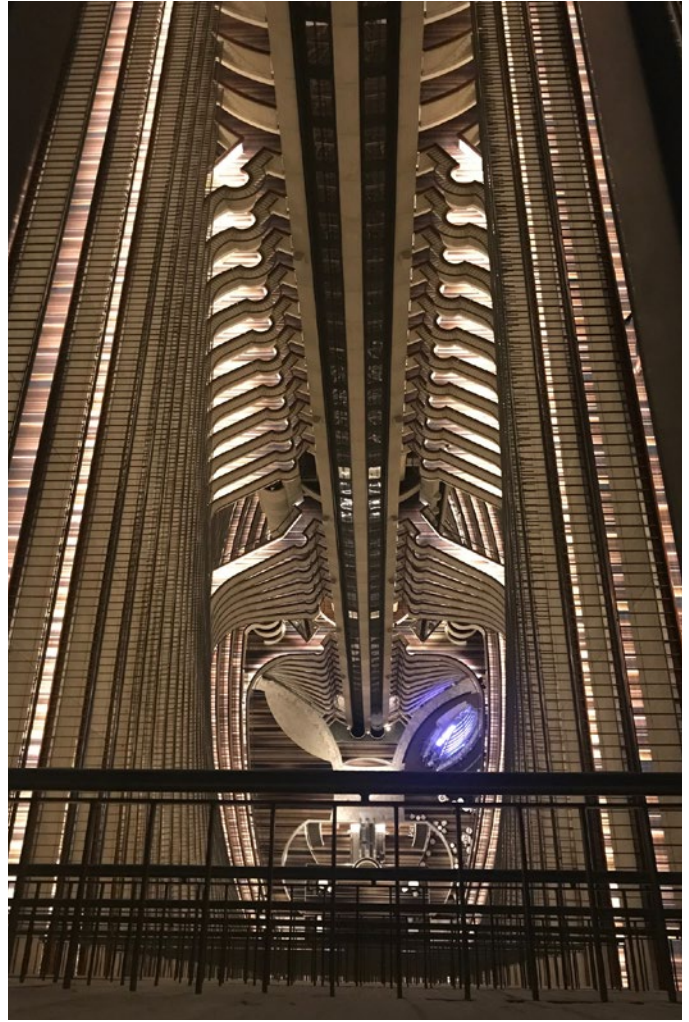
The Esophagus

SC directed us to a decrepit sky-tunnel that immediately indicated we were to be swallowed. It occurred to JA that we were cells in a great body carrying out some grand function. Other times (it was a long tunnel) we felt like a great millipede. The curious windows at arm level, presumably to prevent suicide, invited a thousand arms to extend themselves outwards and flap. Here, ADK refers to “cracked vein textures”.

In the Shadow of The Great Teat

A multicoloured fountain weirdly glows in a parking area in the dusk. ML comments that this strange rainbow statue is a great Atlantaeian teat, feeding us all. The dark is now increased to the point where night feelings come to the fore. CC does a bit of frottage on a strange surface. A powerful smell. We find a bike-seat secured to a fence with the rest of the bike missing. It resembles, since it is upside down, a kidney. CC notices a dark splotch on the ground that resembles a “thumb’s up”. A white object with double metallic circles seems to invoke castration. So much for the thumb.





Up the Ribcage to Acromania

SC decides the time is right to ride the ribcage. The Marriott hotel in downtown Atlanta has a design that resembles a ribcage. The elevator plummets upward to a dizzying 47 stories. A staircase of DNA. Primed and carrying our accumulations, we went upwards. The delirium at the top was indeed climactic. What was it about those small gaps in the railing that were scarier than the main view? Were we going to get sucked down them? Distant figures swimming out the window. We do a round making breathless jokes and surmising our own deaths in so many happy ways. Before leaving, JA discovered a door in the corner with the word “FLECTRICAL” written on it. This word seems to accurately describe the giddy charge that came over us at this height. Afterwards, outside the hotel, CC finds a translucent plastic turtle simultaneously as JA finds a small lock. A chicken finger and a chicken foot spray painted on the concrete pointed the way back to the beginning of time.

What Have We Here?

A colourful catastrophe. The assemblage looked back at us in the apartment like a dismantled clown. Or maybe an internal clown, like a new kind of organ playing dress-up.

In the end, it was not the mass of objects that waved to us which made the biggest impression. It was the atmosphere that emerged from the collective search. Something we felt we were “inside”, the surprise at how significant the enchantment of the world can be, if only one allows oneself to be, with a few friends, “swallowed up”...

ML Bodily Accumulation Poem

anti theft tracking
one way south
early morning special
don't cross
panther, baker, exit, wrangler
mountain yellow leaves
green glass, bench seats
hydra, FDC, FDC

straw sleeve sirens
smoke stained cigarettes
scuffed insect wood
mai tai running water
stone steps
Courtland, "a villain you can't trust"
gum hardened asphalt
87654321
walk the sky, pay here upon exit
Vertigo, tom thumb
Cable wires, bone marrow
neverending tunnel, the great millipede
convenient secure extinguisher
bulbs, rusted metal eagle
The hub, marquis spider
fasts railing
sprinting dinner jacket
sphinx photage
Spliffs smoked 2334
Gear, pulse, chlorine
Dripping from the great blue teat, irrational curvature
Two towers - BIRD BIRD BIRD BIRD
whiskey bottle, newport normita
Sandpipe auto sphere

Fished thai chili, Thomas Dodd pole portrait
huskey, 6' 6" clearance, turquoise truck
four sisters of mercy. Potholes:locked bicycle seat.
empty orange conference chairs

Escalator breeze, oracular stones
ML, ML our reflections in blue
47 floors in a glass elevator
47 47 47 down 47, 47, 47

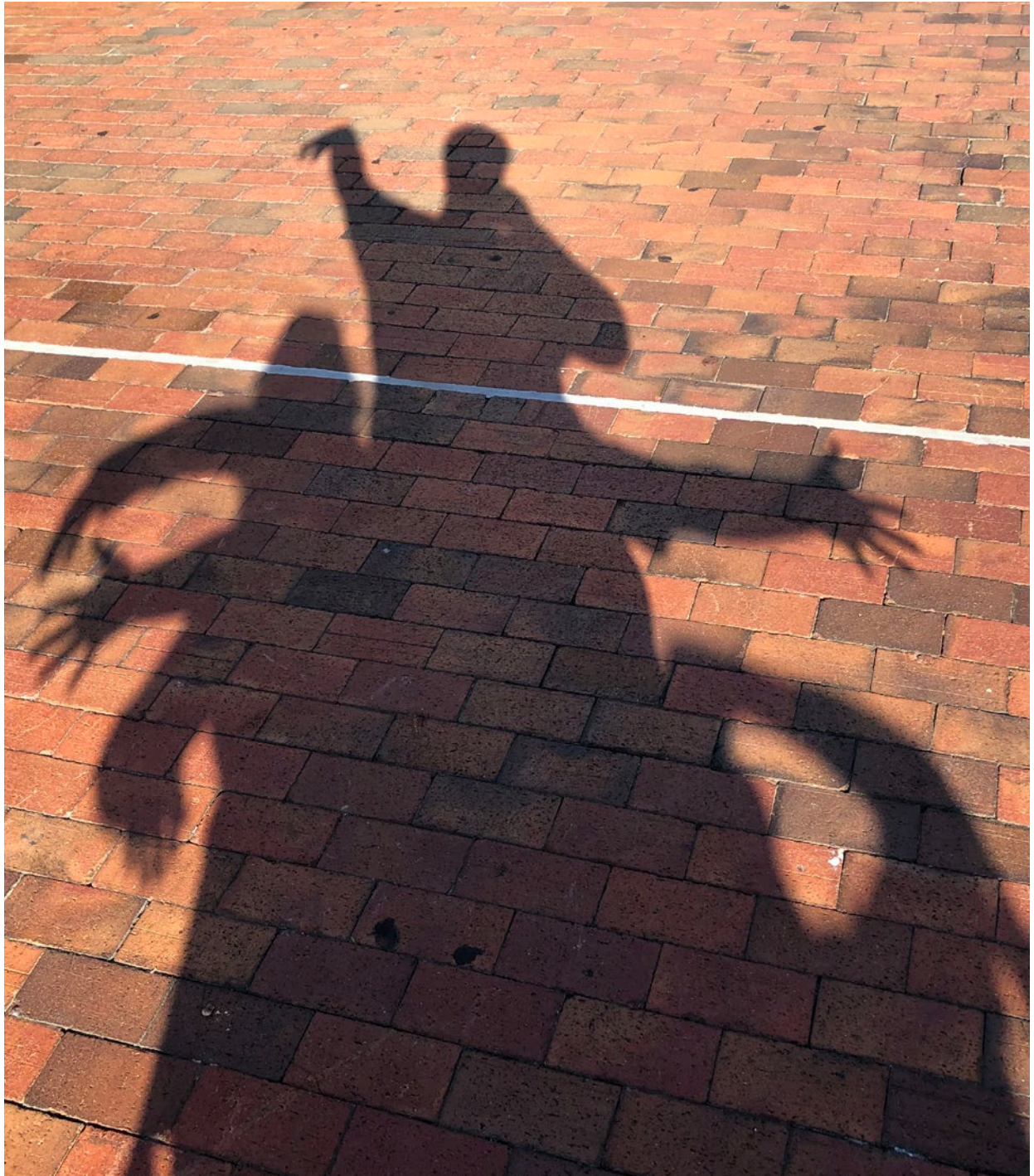
"are you prepared to live to 100?"



JUAN CARLOS OTAÑO

Rio de la Plata Surrealist Group

When you live under bad systems of government, bad things accumulate. External debt interests accrue that most peoples do not enjoy, but pay; inequalities accumulate, gaps; all kinds of difficulties accumulate and, on the individual level, frustrations, anguishes, illnesses, disagreements in couples, nightmares in dreams accumulate. In the face of bad accumulation processes, good processes must be multiplied. Go after the search for everything that strengthens the preeminence of disdained, minimized or declared suspicious values for being transformative values, and in doing so, never lose sight of the fact that the horizon to conquer is a world and an existence where poetry, freedom and love can prevail. Surrealism is able to demonstrate in this field what its specialty is: to penetrate the heart of things and their meaning, to take them there and spread the seeds of the new world to come.



ATLANTA UNDERGROUND, ABOVE GROUND

JA, CC, SC, and MF form a shadow exquisite corpse while exploring the remains of Atlanta Underground.



Complicated or ruminant
STOMACH.

PLATE I. ANATOMY OF THE STOMACH OF A RUMINANT. FIG. 1. THE STOMACH OF A RUMINANT. FIG. 2. THE STOMACH OF A RUMINANT.

NIGHT OF THE LONG LIMB

(to be played at any point)

Send us your dreams involving bodies or bodyparts,
as well as any interpretations you might have.

JASON ABDELHADI

flesh egg - May 13 2018

I am in some kind of antiquarian bookstore with some students in traditional university robes. One is a girl and the rest are boys. The bookstore is only one room and has a rail bench going around it. A deer walks in and starts eating all the books, so the owner has all the books moved to other shelves. We discuss some friends whom the girl says are going on a casual kayaking trip with their parents, apparently to kill a monster named "OvO" after which a certain mountain is named. We notice a horrible smell when we try to crack and eat some eggs, which have been tampered with and reglued together with worms. One of the other friends tries to get our attention since the deer has found some leatherbound books. I open another egg - it is hardboiled and it is entirely flesh pink on the inside, and has also been sewn back up with worms. We now suspect the deer is an evil entity.

mummy finger - April 28, 2018

My mother has made some things for dinner, following the instructions of my grandmother, including two very creepy looking Egyptian mummies made entirely out of dark green rice. They have forearms raised at the elbow and their fingers are delicately spread in a semi threatening gesture. I am asked to wrap them in plastic but I accidentally break off a finger. My mother is angry but I get angry back and complain the whole conceit is just too much for a simple dinner.

the "arm period" etc. - February 6, 2018

There is an art collective that dedicates itself exclusively to the creation of works about bodies. They focus on one single part of the body for years at a time. So far example years spent in the "arm period", the "leg period" etc.

corpse contest - November 23, 2017

I am somehow in the army. I am in a very gruesome corpse-filled area. Mostly women work there joking about this and that as they dismember and derange corpses. Different elements work in different sections. It is quite disturbing, limbs everywhere. I am assigned the role of "coffin retriever from enemy lines" for 7 years. I am terrified and want to refuse. I am told that this isn't done. I am on the verge of breaking down when it is revealed this is all a joke and I won a contest. I take a tour higher up in the building and see the executive suite where you get beautiful open concept shelves and where they buy you books.

CASI CLINE

12 September 2019

I am in the front yard of a childhood home. It is daylight out. I am pruning bushes by dragging my hands along the stems to pull all the leaves off. I go to prune some very tall trees growing the front flower bed, but every time I touch a tree, it falls down, completely uprooted. I become distressed about the trees and start crying. The next thing I know, I am surrounded by some kind of cops or army guys, who restrain me. I ask for an explanation and they tell me that I am an evil witch who kills all life and that is why the trees fell down at my touch. They say that I have taken part in the most evil witch ceremony yet known, but I can't remember being a witch at all or any of the rest. The cops press some kind of electronic cylindrical device that emits a kind of whining noise to my head to force me to remember. The dream shifts over the memory. A beautiful, elegant witch very unlike me is standing in a dark room in the middle of a circle of people who are all dancing around and playing instruments. The witch is naked, wearing the chest and belly skin of a woman who had been sacrificed over her chest and belly. This is a mating ritual and her intended mate is a pale humanoid creature with a very ridged and lumpy face. He might be a demon or vampire or alien. The witch and her mate go into an adjoining room to copulate. A little time goes by before he emerges covered in blood and chewing the skin of a hand. The people in the room are incensed and ask him what they have done to their princess (or priestess). But, then, she appears in the doorway with a smirk and says, "The greater the torment, the greater the climax." She has skinned her own hand and some other patches on her body herself. She says that it was not enough and asks for another mate, but before she can get one, a bunch of cops storm in to raid the ritual. The witch turns and saunters back through the door unconcernedly. She doesn't need to rush her escape because she is powerful. As she strolls leisurely through room after room of a series of abandoned warehouses, she grabs particles out of the air and flings them behind her to erect brick walls. She walks through the dilapidated, cluttered rooms for a long time until she gets to an opening in a brick wall that leads outside. Now she is wearing a long black dress with a plunging neckline and she has magically healed her skin. It is bright and sunny outside. She goes to the opening and sees that she is high up in the side of a building with a pond down below. There are three men down there in boats fishing and drinking beer. Two of them are tanned and sort of stereotypical country types, but the third is younger with pale skin and dark, curly hair. The witch immediately falls in love with the pale young man. She climbs down the side of the building using the broken pipes and rebar that is sticking out over the pond. One of the tan men see her and takes his boat out to meet her. She falls the last couple of feet, but the tan man catches her and puts her on his lap. With a lewd smirk, he says that he thinks she should give him a reward for saving her. She figures "why not" and has sex with him, but it is so obvious the whole time that him and the act mean so little to her that it was actually an insult. The tan man finishes anyway, despite his hurt pride. The witch has been watching the pale young man and notices him leave through a broken gap in a brick wall next to the pond. The witch decides to follow him. She goes through the opening and the scene changes completely. Now it is night and we are in a city that has been mostly destroyed by bombs, which are also audible in the background. A bus full of cops speeds up and they throw

out tear gas. The pale young man has betrayed his revolutionary comrades and called in a raid on his fellows in exchange for a pardon. After they are finished the army people go up to the pale young man to give him his pardon, but instead of handing it to him, they drive a massive spike through it, pinning it to a brick wall. They all laugh at the traitor's distress. It is raining, so he is worried that all the ink will run and his pardon will become null. The witch, who has been watching from the side and making herself invisible, does a spell so that the pardon will be forever preserved. The pale young man goes about his business and, because she is so in love with him, the witch follows him everywhere and torments him in small ways. She moves in next to him, but their houses are just raised platforms with no walls, so she can see him and everything he does very well. When he cooks, she takes bundles of herbs and throws it in his fire to make his food burn.

Early September 2019

I am laying in bed looking at the ceiling. Right above me, I see a soft, gooey gold blob. Despite its innocuous appearance, I feel afraid at the thought of it coming closer. As I watch, it slides across the ceiling to the right, which is my side of the bed, leaving a liquid gold streak behind it like a snail trail. After it gets all the way to the corner of the ceiling and the wall, it starts to slide down the wall, again leaving a streak, until it is out of my sight. I strain to look next to the bed, but I realize that I can't move or speak. Even though I can't turn my head to look, I know that the gold blob is next to the bed and will be headed in my direction next.

6 September 2019

This dream occurred on the way back from visiting Birmingham with SC, JA, MF, and SM. I was squished in the back middle seat between JA and SM. Everyone was having interesting conversations, but I could not keep my eyes open.

There is an empty space, not white or black, but kind of grey. Sitting in the middle of the empty space at a child's school desk is a bird man. He is humanoid, but he has a beak. He is featherless and kind of rubbery-looking. He has a feather pen and a piece of parchment, which he is using to take down notes about all the interesting things everyone is saying the car while I am asleep.

Early September 2019

Through glass double doors, there is a room that used to be a laundromat. The floor is checkered with black and white tile that has gotten very dingy, dirty, and scratched up over time. The lighting is low and shadowy because the lights are off in the building but the light from the streetlight is coming in through the glass. Directly across from the door is a scuffed up piano, which looks pretty ordinary, except that, where the foot pedals should be, there are two animate cat heads sticking out. They look kind of crusty and sinister. Thus far, I have been looking through the perspective of a teenage girl, but now, from an outer perspective, I see her walk into the room and sit on a wooden chair to the right of the piano. She realizes that she is pregnant, and she is not sure if she should be glad or not because she is worried the baby might be a demon cat.

STEVEN CLINE

I am at some trendy fashion show, watching models glide up and down the catwalk. Yet the models here are not wearing any clothes, because the human body alone is the subject.

MATTIAS FORSHAGE

The Urge for Selfpreservation - March 10, 2017

Among the collections over which I dispose are the remnants of a poor music-loving boy who was obsessed by the idea of conserving himself as music, but not in the form of recordings, but in his actual body. One by one he took his musical bodyparts, and musical (non-essential) viscera, and put them in formaldehyde or in ethanol in big glass vessels so that the transparency would preserve the timbre for eternity. He had also carpentered some large wooden frames which no one really understood the function of, but where some of these bodyparts supposedly were supposed to be hanging. His friends could do very little to restrain his absorption in these compulsory thoughts, and very soon he had to be counted as a suicide.

The Baseline for Coordinates - November 2010

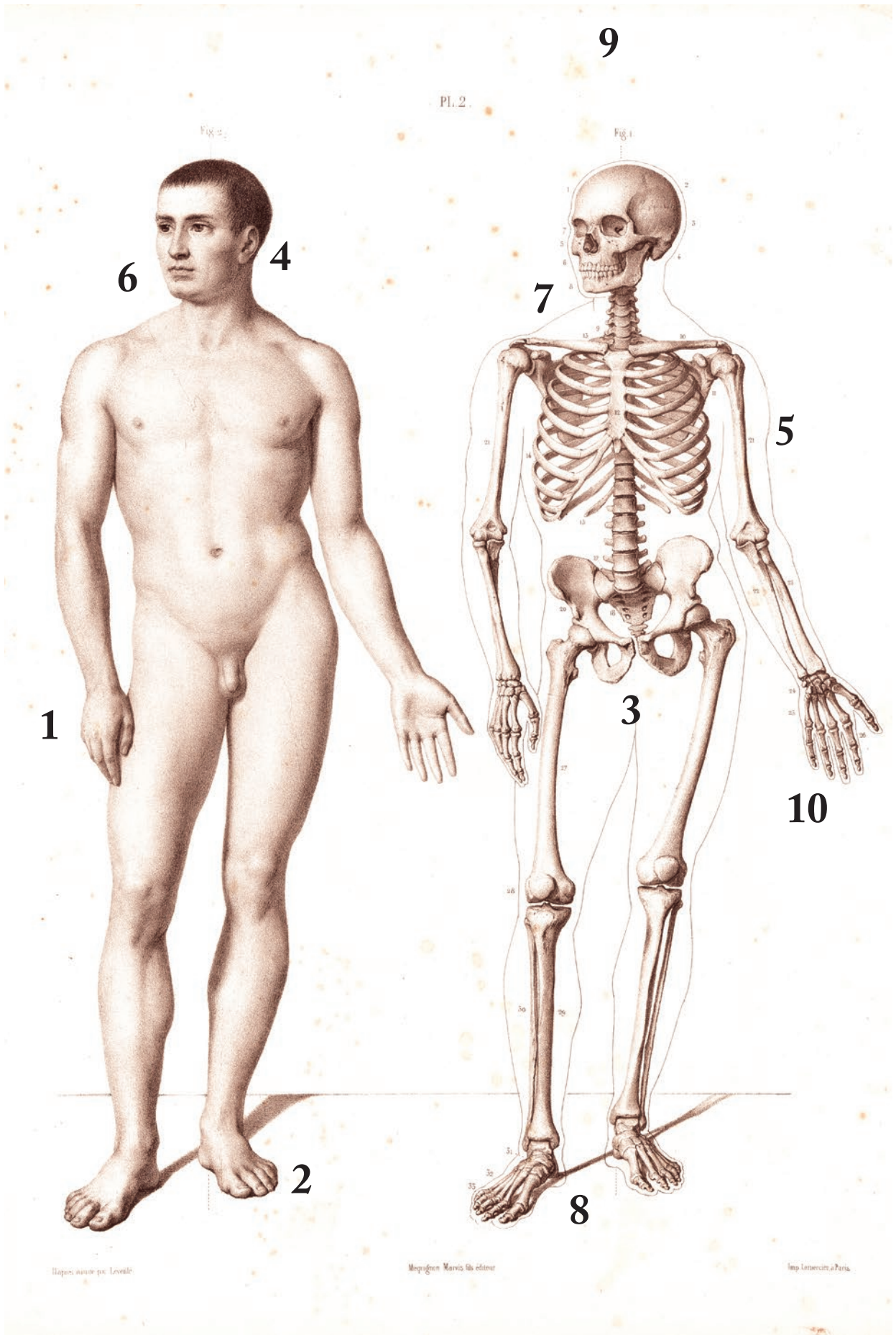
I become a woman in order to increase the usefulness of the data we're providing. My beloved colleague emphasises that under these circumstances one has to be very careful about bodyparts. When I agree, she is sad, and extremely beautiful, and she is actually in mourning clothes. Yes, her boyfriend is dead, even Captain America comes to pay condolences, and I am wondering if this means that she and I will automatically team up.

The situation is chaotic, and I need to climb to a vantage point with my bulldog. The dog is huge, with a spike collar and huge jaws. The slopes are dramatic, like in many Norwegian cities, but the vegetation is nemoral and the buildings are English, so I know intuitively that this must be Greenwich, the baseline for all coordinates.

BODILY PLEASURES GAME

We left a sign at the show asking people to anonymously submit one secret bodily pleasure they indulge in.

- 1.** When I flail my right hand in a certain aimless manner, the joint in my wrist pops continuously. I don't feel much from it, the disgust others express from it is funny though.
- 2.** Picking toenails and peeling chunks off of foot calluses.
- 3.** I get such pleasure from sucking a penis (consensually!) when another person sleeps. It often gives me a sacred peak experience.
- 4.** I love to Q-tip my ears with my eyes closed.
- 5.** Picking scabs and reopening small wounds repeatedly.
- 6.** Running my hair along my lips.
- 7.** Biting the inside of my mouth.
- 8.** I like it when my wife sits on my feet.
- 9.** Losing my sense of place in a pool. A moment of being suspended in a flip where the light is coming in from a strange angle and I don't have a sense of ground but I have to find it for a small moment and then lose it again.
- 10.** Putting my 5 fingers in between my lover's toes.



THE PLEASERS GAME

Directions: As a group, choose a building which you are unable to enter or see into, but which feels somehow special to you. Describe what you think is inside it, then fold the paper, hiding your response, and pass along to the next person for them to describe.

Players: Jason Abdelhadi, Steven Cline, Casi Cline

Inside Pleasers there is a massive Golden Bear, hands outstretched, nails dripping teal salamanders. A pile of manikin become slug and slime, they circle the Golden Bear. A galaxy-faced bartender howls to no one in particular, shaking a drink. A hole in the decaying floor opens to a laughing river of pink sewage and orangutan climax. The ceiling is bleeding out stars.

Inside Pleasers there is a dripping stalactite, soft and glistening with honey and insects. However, the vultures are sated with redolent dreamtime and they rinse their eyes with vinegar and dust their leaves with cemetery seeds. But they aren't the only ones bricked into Pleasers by the tongue. No, there are many squirming flatworms and humanoid fishes with clinging torments to drink. And drink they do and deeply from the stalactite teets of Pleasure embodied by weeds and edible creepers that sting.

Inside Pleasers the wall is licking the front paws of a grey beast. It is a washing machine filled with amniotic fluid, a fishbowl of inarticulate masturbation that flickers on and off. In the corner, a silhouette of a broken statue makes a lewd gesture at a nearby graveyard. A person made of kudzu is making out with a transparent larva and the music is weirdly harmonic. There is a fountain of red in Pleasers and if you drink from it your skin becomes a dialectical punch line of itself, a feeling in a bathtub before you drop the toaster in, a candle of orgasm in Antarctica.



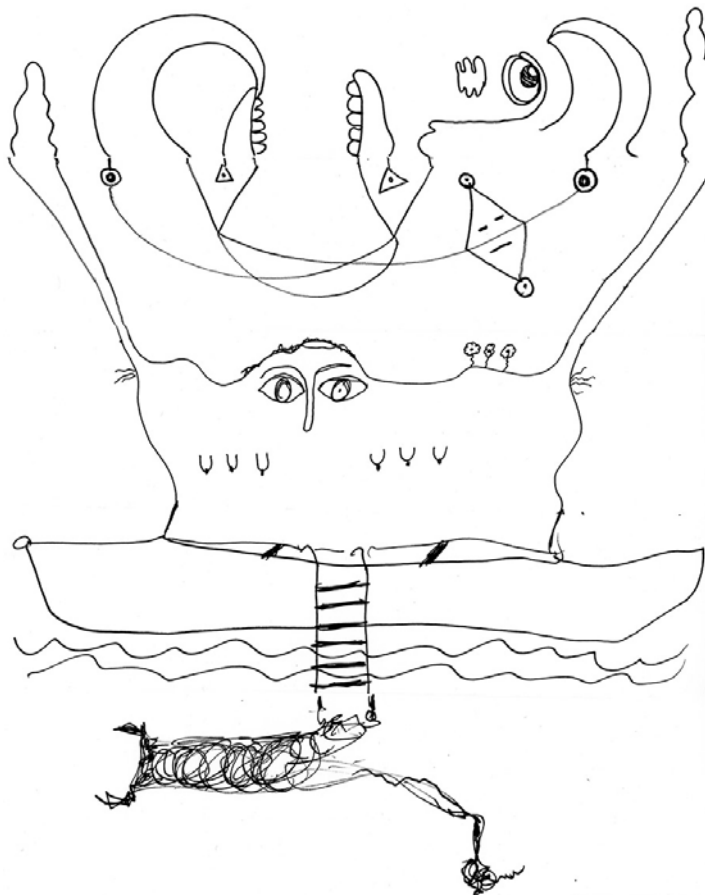


BODY STEALING

Sept 15th games at the Polymorph Bodyshop.

*Players: Johnny Williams, Mary Foshee, Macy Goodwin,
Jason Abdelhadi, Casi Cline, & Steven Cline*

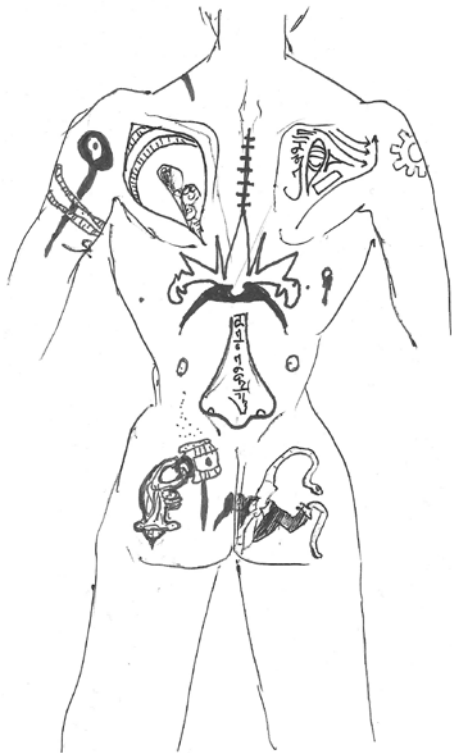
If the bear is wearing chain mail today...then maybe I could see the light on the other side.
If the north wind blows...then the doorknob will become volcanic
If love is real...then where will the children play?
If the cream spoils...then the tulip will become covered in red ants.
If the plant blooms...then how will they know how tall it could get?
If the possum becomes a blues singer...then reset the knob.
If the earlobes are dangling...then the chicken wing will fly off.
If you touch your nose to your knee...then the motor explodes.
If only I could reach the top shelf...then everyone would leap with joy.
If the corpse flower blooms...then the green caterpillar will grow spots.
If the sinkhole swallows the drowned...then the eyeball will become an astronaut.
If birds lose their timbre...then fingernails on the chalkboard will sound.
If larvae dance to the tune of dawn...then a plucking of whiskers should occur.
If I get stuck in the space there...then the cat screams in joy.
If the torrents lisp in sweetness...then and only then would I do it.
If the missing octopus spits gold...then the sinuses will clear.



TATTOO GAME

Ottawa Surrealist Group - Players: JA, SH, PP, L

A collective drawing game in which players take turns tattooing different body parts.



SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

The following entities emerged as intersubjective or otherwise externalized confirmations of collective obsessions, observations, or coincidences during the course of the game. Visitations and special deliveries. We wish to acknowledge them.

The Greenfaced One

A greenfaced woman who appeared at the opening ritual strumming a zither. She later appeared in puppet form and elsewhere in our adventures. She is probably a witch.

The Hitchhiker

A bearded man in a full white bodysuit. His face is painted like the Leyak Head. He appeared barefoot at the opening toting a suitcase with entrails spilling out. He eventually stumbled off into the road and, diligently sticking his thumb out, managed to get picked up.

Redtop

A somnambulant entity who wandered here and there on opening night. Its head was featureless and red, with the exception of a strange little nodule near where its mouth should be. It didn't talk but did seem to enjoy squeezing a musical rubber chicken bone.

Herr Tintenfisch

A tall lurching figure with corpsewhite flesh and an octopus stuck to its face. It enjoyed playing with the mechanical object to make a variety of bizarre clattering sounds. Also enjoyed its own reflection, and feeling the bodyparts with deep intent. Possibly one of the Bremen musicians mentioned below.

Lion-Headed Fiddler

At one point during Ladonna's set, her head fused with her strange headpiece and became a lion-headed musician. This could also be one of the Bremen musicians mentioned below.

The Boar

A boar pushed its way into our exhibition. MF made a fortune telling machine out of a boar's head. Possibly again an extra musician of Bremen.

Bremen Town Musicians

We invoked the Bremen musicians when we saw there was a sign for Bremen on the way to Birmingham. The stacks of musical animals started appearing everywhere: in a chalk drawing on the ground of a swamp trail we made, in museums and in all sorts of places. The noted additions to the usual gang of rooster, dog, ass, cat included for example a snake, a cicada, and many other unexpected wild soundmakers.

The Pregnant Surrealist

A surrealist about to give birth.

Hammerhead Worm

A hammerhead worm discovered in a log on the doll's head trail. It must stay moist.

Black Metal Earwig

An all black earwig discovered at Cheaha state park, which is actually not an earwig at all but the *Dicaelus* groundbeetle larva. This ever shifting re-identification spawned the “Earwigs to Eternity” game.

Santa

Santa Clause haunts SC with relentless pursuit. The Leyak’s head. The Santa in the cemetery antiques store. When will it end?

2 Hours from Everywhere

The Bodyshop location in Atlanta was determined to be two hours away from every single thing and place in the known universe. No more, no less.

The Heat

Bodies react to heat in strange ways.

Corpseflowers

During the course of the game, a *Lycoris radiata* bloomed in SC and CC’s backyard. This is referred to in Japanese culture as a “hell flower” or “corpse flower” and has associations with the autumnal equinox, parting, loss, and the mythology of the underworld.

Barbecue Bob

Fed the body with delicious barbecue and blues, sometimes in the strangest places. Hunger and satiation.

The Underground

Both Atlanta and Cartersville have undergrounds that provided the unconscious id for our collective body.

The Pregnant Surrealist

A surrealist about to give birth.

The Dream Relayers

There’s a sport of dream relay. Players take turns passing off details to dream about like a relay race. The last person to dream successfully of a chosen detail gets to pick the next feature.

Ella Seago Love

A strange and beautiful name from a tombstone in the Oakland cemetery. Did Ella see love go, or did the sea love Ella going?

A Prophetic Madman

A madman on Peachtree street asked JA if he understood the implications of facing the sun; that “if you take your glasses off facing the sun, you get a horizontal line across your eyes, and that your hair will get all fuzzy like you’ve rubbed your feet on the carpet...” Later, on the way from the rather childless museum of puppetry, JA and MF encountered a similarly prophetic entity. This person screamed at the two of them to “beware your blessings”. JA was puzzled at first but eventually recognized “blessings” as a euphemism for children when he saw a busload headed for the art museum where they were going. While JA, MF, CC and SC were taking in the Clarence John Laughlin exhibition, a guard repeatedly and humorously rebuked JA at comic intervals for not wearing his backpack in front, which he eventually did, realizing then that he too was bearing a sort of child.

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Exhibit Photographs by Juli Maria Kearns & Tom Baumgaertel

NB: The participants in the game of mounting the exhibition itself and giving shape and voice to additional connections and emergent entities in sight were JA, DB, CC, SC, MF, ML, and SM.